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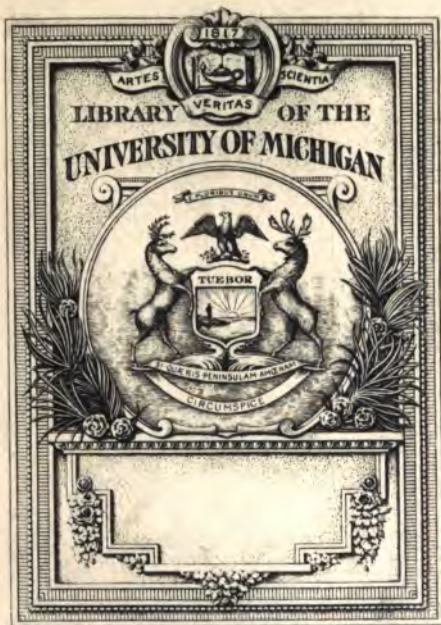
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THE
VISITOR,
= OR
MONTHLY INSTRUCTOR,
FOR
1849.

New Series.

THE WORKS OF THE LORD ARE GREAT, SOUGHT OUT OF ALL THEM THAT HAVE PLEASURE THEREIN. HIS WORK IS HONOURABLE AND GLORIOUS: AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS ENDURETH FOR EVER. HE HATH MADE HIS WONDERFUL WORKS TO BE REMEMBERED: THE LORD IS GRACIOUS AND FULL OF COMPASSION.—PSALM CXI. 2—4.

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE HONEST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE JUST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE OF GOOD REPORT; IF THERE BE ANY VIRTUE, AND IF THERE BE ANY PRAISE, THINK ON THESE THINGS.—PHILIPPIANS IV. 8.

LONDON:
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

Instituted 1799.

SOLD BY WILLIAM JONES, AT THE DEPOSITORY, 56, PATERNOSTER-ROW, AND
65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD; AND BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

1849.

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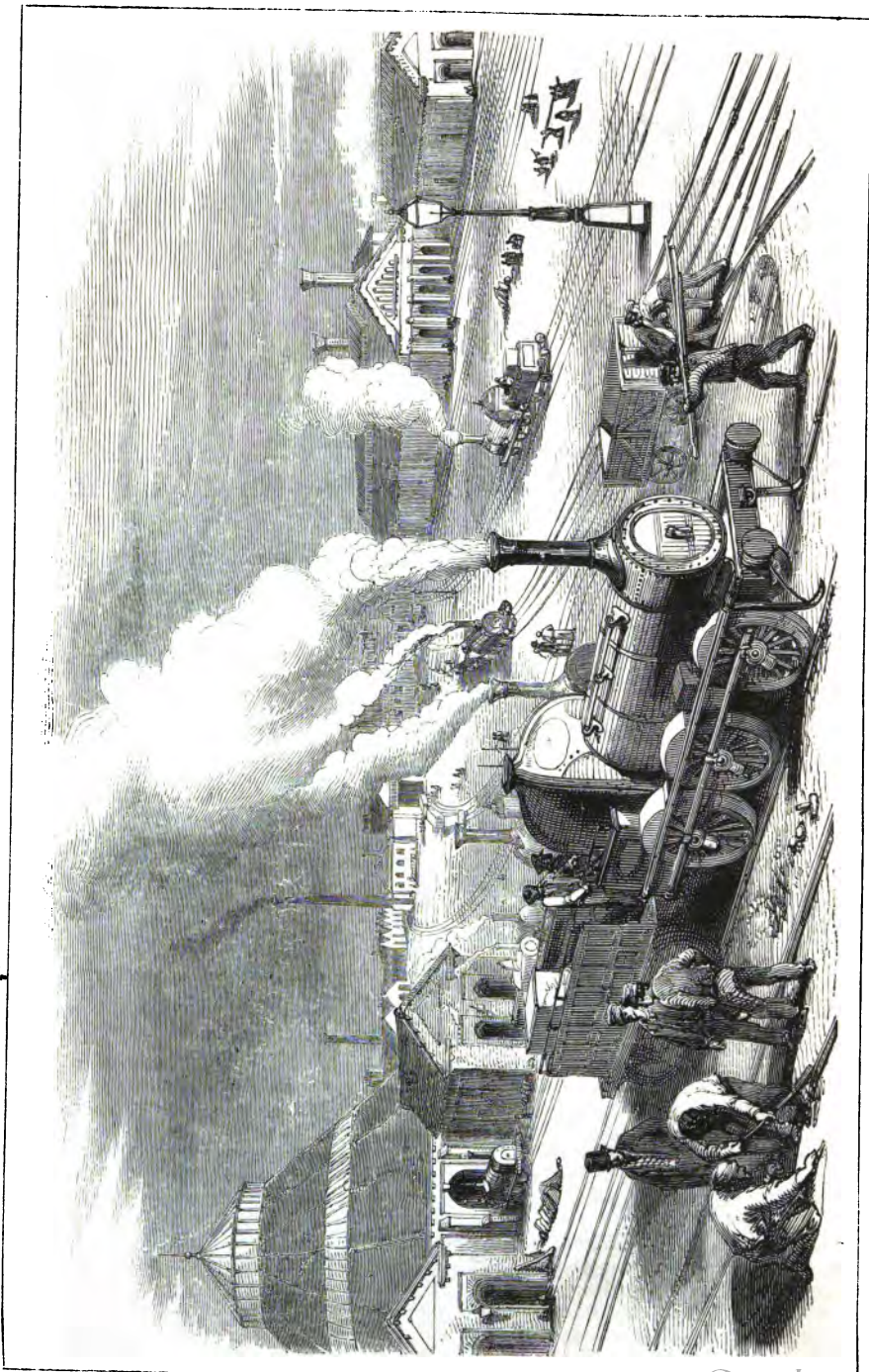
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NORTH VIEW OF THE CAMDEN STATION OF THE NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

THE

V I S I T O R,

OR

MONTHLY INSTRUCTOR,

FOR

1849.

THE NORTH-WESTERN RAILROAD.

I.

THE triumphs achieved by man over the material world are monuments of the grandeur of his spiritual nature; and to all, who would not inclose themselves from contact with the world within the sphere of their own selfish individuality, an exhaustless source of interesting and profound investigation is supplied. The history of locomotion, especially in our own day, affords of this illustrations sufficiently numerous. The "railroad system," so recently held up to general suspicion or contempt, as the imaginary creation of the heated brains of engineering fanatics, now stands forth a sober reality. The opposition it sustained from all classes of the community, is exchanged for the approval of the wealth and intelligence as well as the poverty and ignorance of the nation; and whether the subject be considered in its individual, social, commercial, or political aspect, it is alike worthy of regard, as illustrative of the success with which intellect, perseverance, and enterprise have been crowned.

Many of the lower orders of animals have been provided with means of rapid communication between distant regions; man has been left to the exercise of his faculties, whose native energy has enabled him to surpass every means which has been provided for the animal world. He has the mind to plan, and the hand to

execute; these he has directed to overcome the obstacles which space would supervene, and as Wordsworth says:

—"Time
space,
crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime."

Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother
Accepts from your bold hands the proffer'd crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime."

The North-Western Railroad, uniting as it does the affluence and civil authority of the metropolis with the commercial, manufacturing, and mining districts of the north, cannot but be regarded with interest by all unbiassed spectators, whether it is viewed in relation to the magnitude of the undertaking, or its influence on the social and political prosperity of the empire.

The success which had rewarded the exertions of the friends of the "railroad system" as it then existed, encouraged others to engage in similar undertakings. Two companies for some time determined to construct a line from London to the north, but in 1830 the rivals, having united their interests, attempted to obtain an Act of Parliament for the accomplishment of their proposed scheme. The opposition they encountered, however, was most strenuous and persevering; for proprietors of land, and the representatives of "vested interests" imagined that their broad acres would be deteriorated in value, or their per centage diminished; and the result was that the Bill was thrown out in the House of Lords in

1832. The efforts of the projectors, renewed in the following year, were rewarded with success, and the Act received the royal assent in May, 1833.

At that time, the very idea of a railroad filled the minds of almost every class of the community, except the engineer and capitalist, with alarm. A rumour that it was proposed to bring such a thing within five miles of a particular neighbourhood was sufficient to elicit an adverse petition to Parliament, or a subscription to oppose so fearful a nuisance. Thus Oxford and Eton would not permit the Great-Western Bill to pass without special clauses to prohibit a branch to Oxford and a station at Slough; nay, when the directors attempted to infringe the latter prohibition, by only stopping to take up and set down at Slough, proceedings were immediately commenced in Chancery, and they were interdicted from making a pause, where is now a station honoured by the habitual use of the Sovereign, and not more enjoyed, it is believed, by any class of Her Majesty's subjects than some of those who a few years ago instigated hostile proceedings. The plan of buying off opposition indeed became a systematic thing, and enormous sums have thus been expended. Amidst much to condemn, it is, however, agreeable to have to state that the late Mr. Labouchere, having made an arrangement with the Eastern Counties for a passage through his estate at Chelmsford, at the price of £35,000, his son and successor, the Right Honourable Henry Labouchere, finding the property not deteriorated to the degree that had been anticipated, voluntarily returned to the Company £15,000.

In the present case the Parliamentary and surveyors' expenses amounted to £72,000, "which," it has been remarked, "will be viewed by many as a reproach to our system of legislation, which thus throws an impediment that, in many cases, would be insurmountable, in the way of works of great and acknowledged usefulness." It must, however, be remembered that the power thus granted to a railway company is extraordinary. It enables them to construct a line of road across the estates of any individual, which shall be exclusively their own, while old-established interests and private convenience must succumb.

The estimated expense of the line, including the purchase of land, the erection of stations, embankments and cuttings, tun-

neling, masonry, rails, sleepers, engines, and carriages, and the capital which the Company was empowered to raise, was £2,500,000 or £21,756 a mile, by subscriptions of £100 a share. The real expense, however, was far beyond the estimate; a petition presented to Parliament declared that £4,300,000 had been spent, and in February, 1840, the total amount received was more than £5,276,000, nearly the whole of which had been expended. Of this sum, the price paid for land was £600,000.

In surveying "the geological map of England," it must be evident to any one acquainted with the different formations, that no canal or railroad can be made from London to the western or north-western counties, without a tunnel or summit level on the chalk hills, as at the Kennet and Avon, between Wilton and Devizes, and on the Grand Junction Canal at Tring. The oolitic range of hills, with its basis of lias, presents a similar and parallel obstacle, conquered by tunnels on the Thames and Severn at Shepperton, the Oxford Canal at Claydon, the Grand Junction at Braunton and Blisworth. The work, however, was commenced in June, 1834; and despite these obstacles, the line was reduced to some approximation to a level by cutting through hills, and employing the soil thus removed to form embankments across valleys. The first twenty-four miles and a half of the line were opened to the public in July, 1837, and in the following October it was finished to Tring; the train which first traversed this part of the line consisting of about a dozen carriages, drawn by an engine of thirty-horse power, and conveying about forty passengers, the whole under the superintendence of the secretary, Mr. Creed. It left the Camden station at nine o'clock in the morning, and reached Tring soon after ten, being a distance of about thirty-one miles, amidst the acclamations of the country people, who assembled in various places along the line to witness the scene. The road thus opened is carried along embankments of considerable height, sometimes commanding an extensive range of scenery, and at others inclosed between precipitous cliffs, especially as it approaches Tring. The strata of the chalk at this part are particularly rocky, and the labour of digging proportionate. The arches of the tunnels, the bridges, viaducts, and the stations on this as well as other por-

tions of the line are built with as much regard for taste as is consistent with convenience and strength. The line was opened throughout on the 7th of September, 1838; the first train completing the distance of $112\frac{1}{2}$ miles in four hours and fifteen minutes, and the second train carrying 200 passengers, in about six hours. With the exception of the inclined plane between Euston-grove and Camden-town, the least favourable inclination is equal to only one in 330, or sixteen feet in a mile; only about thirteen miles of the road are perfectly level, the remainder forming a series of inclined planes; and the station at Birmingham is 250 feet above the level of the London station.

But we must now visit some parts of the line to see their present condition. The Euston-square station is entered through the propylæum, often called a portico. It was built by Mr. Philip Hardwick, at an expense of £30,000, after a Grecian model, and its Doric columns are the largest of modern construction. Their diameter is eight feet six inches, and their height forty-two feet, and to the top of the pediment seventy-two feet; the stone being obtained at Bramley Falls, in Yorkshire. The spot now occupied by the station was, till 1825, the quiet scene of nursery-gardens for the London markets. Proceeding along the platform and descending the steps at the end, which is only permitted by persons duly authorized, the visitor passes under the Hampstead-road, and for a considerable distance brick walls line the sides. These are twenty feet in height, and of great strength to resist the pressure of the London clay, being seven bricks thick at the foundation, and three at the top; they are also curved inwards. These were, however, found insufficient; the various fluids of the soil forced their way through the brickwork and stained it with various colours, and it was found necessary to add no fewer than forty-four massive iron beams, which stretch across and provide a counterpoising lateral pressure. On approaching nearer to the Camden station, by passing the short tunnel which intervenes, the line is on a level with the land around, and we soon see the platform where the tickets are taken from passengers who are going to London, in order that, as soon as the train arrives at Euston-square, people may attend to their luggage instead of to the tickets, which would be necessary if this plan were not

adopted. At the northern end of this platform is the Regent's Canal, on traversing which the Camden Station is seen ahead.

When the line was first constructed, the metropolitan terminus was situated at the present Camden Station, which is now unused for passengers. On its being determined, however, to make an extension from hence to Euston-square, Parliament refused to allow the locomotives to approach any nearer than formerly, as it was considered that they would greatly annoy the inhabitants. A stationary steam-engine was therefore constructed at the end of the inclined plane which leads from the Camden to the Euston Station, and an endless rope 10,000 feet long, and seven inches in circumference, acting on two large wheels or cylinders, one at each station, was employed for the purpose of drawing the trains up the incline. The carriages were attached to the rope at the lower end, and on a given signal the wheel at the upper end revolved, coiling the rope round its circumference, so as to draw the carriages along. The two stationary engines of sixty-horse power each, drew the train up the inclined plane in three minutes, while two lofty and well-constructed chimneys indicated the site of the engine-house. The engines and rope cost £25,000. In proceeding from Camden Station to London, the train descended by its own gravity, as it does now, its speed being checked, as desired, by the application of the breaks.

The sketch which forms the frontispiece of this year's *Visitor*,—for the permission to draw which we have much pleasure in expressing our acknowledgments to the directors of the North-Western Railway,—represents a view of the Camden Station, from the North. The line here makes a graceful curve as it sweeps round from London, which is continued till it enters Primrose-hill Tunnel in the rear; and the appearance of a train, as with shrill whistle it hastens onward,

“Swifter than flight,”

to the north, is probably unsurpassed in effect; while solitary locomotives ever and anon crawl about the station-yard, in various directions, as if “instinct with life,” and something prevented their resting peaceably. On the right will be seen the locomotive depôt for passenger engines, and on the left the rotunda, for

the reception of those used for good's trains. If either of them be entered, a number of engines of various sizes and shapes attract attention and elicit admiration as they stand motionless to be prepared for the journey they have soon to undertake. Here a greasy-looking being, in a mass of soiled fustian, clammers mechanically around, and under the "Vulcan" or the "Leviathan," listlessly rubs the gleaming metal with a handfull of oily rags, or inserts long-handled oil tins, with still longer spouts, in various parts of the machine. Another is pushing an iron rod up the tubes of the boiler, to clear away the cinders and soot that may have accumulated; a third stands on the boiler to "rub down" the funnel; while a group of others are talking together on subjects of mechanical or political criticism. Situated to the right are a series of smaller buildings, into which we may look. The largest is a smithery, for making slight repairs in engines at this station, all important defects being rectified at Wolverton. Here are four forges, with all the necessary apparatus complete; the lathes being turned by an engine which is situated in the next building. This is of about twenty-six horse power, and also pumps water for the use of the Euston Station and Hotel. The well is 220 feet deep, and the engine, which works about ten hours daily, pumps sixteen gallons every stroke, and makes twenty-five strokes a minute. Of the four pumps, two are forcing and two lifting; the diameter of the driving-wheel is sixteen feet. The boilers of this engine are in a separate building, from which the steam is conveyed by a large tube, so as not to endanger the engine by the heat of the furnace or the water.

On the left of the sketch are represented the goods' buildings, belonging to the carriers on the line, the Company having nothing to do with this department of traffic; but allowing the regular carriers to use the railway, on the payment of a certain toll for the warehouses, weight of goods at per ton, trucks, and locomotives. The whole business of the goods' department is transacted, by open competition, at the Camden Station; and as soon as these trains emerge from Primrose-hill Tunnel, they proceed from the passenger lines to some on the left, made exclusively for them, and advance into a large open area intersected by pairs of rails. In the early history of the application of

steam as a locomotive power, it was generally supposed that the railways would resemble common roads and canals, inasmuch as all might avail themselves of them, by the payment of an adequate toll, for their own locomotives and carriages. Experience, however, has shown that such a course would be eminently hazardous; and now, even though public competition is allowed on this line between various carriers, yet the goods' trains are all under the control of the Company.

The firm of Pickford and Co. carry on, we believe, the largest amount of goods' business on this line, their depôt being built by Mr. L. Cubitt, with express reference to the requirements of railway traffic, as the depôt in the City-road has been for canal business. The extent of the area of the warehouse will be understood when it is stated at twice that of Westminster-hall; being about 230 feet long by 140 wide. The roof, divided into three sections, and supported by two rows of pillars, has nearly an acre of slating, and 100 skylights. The whole is vaulted beneath; and so enormous are the weights that these are intended to support, that of the more than 3,000,000 of bricks which were employed, a large proportion were in their construction.

If a parcel of goods be sent to one of the offices of this firm in London, (as, for instance, the "Castle" in Wood-street, which is the centre of the City traffic,) in the evening it is transferred to the Camden Station, and even long after midnight wagons continue to arrive, belonging to various carriers. The empty trucks used by the firm are then brought alongside of the platform, to receive the goods for the ensuing "down" train. These are laden from different groups on the platform, which have been collected according to the places to which they are consigned; care being taken to pass them under a gauge, which is less than that of the arches and tunnels through which they will have to pass, that the loads may not be piled too high. A cloth is then used to protect the goods from the weather, a printed ticket is affixed, with the name of the town to which each wagon is consigned, and the train is then arranged so as to avoid confusion where a truck has to pass on two or more railways in succession.

When an "up" train arrives, arrangements have to be made for the removal of the goods from the train to the differ-

ent dépôts. Accordingly the various packages are transferred by cranes from the trucks, the weight is entered, and they are classified into different London districts. "The clerk, on hearing or reading the inscription on each package, knows the group to which it should be consigned, and the porter takes it accordingly. As this plan is acted on with respect to every package, and as the operations of the 'up' and 'down' traffic are going on at the same time, the warehouse presents, as the night advances, a very remarkable scene. The platform becomes occupied by an enormous mass of valuable merchandise, apparently in the utmost confusion, but really classified according to unerring precision. All the posts on the eastern side have become the centres of town groups of goods; while all those on the western side are similarly the centres of country groups. The two classes of operations are carried on independent of each other at the same time; a totally distinct staff of clerks and porters being appropriated to each." *

Meanwhile the horses, having brought the goods from London for the "down" trains, have been unharnessed, and immediately proceed down an inclined plane to the stables which are constructed underneath, and afford excellent accommodation for more than a hundred horses, where they are "baited" to prepare to take the return loads to the London offices. In connexion with these buildings are a pump and harness-room, and a sick-box for invalids; an apartment is also provided for drying the canvas covers of the wagons. F. S. W.

PLANT LITERALLY OR MORALLY.

I LOOK with a sort of respect and affection on those five gray poplars (*populus canescens*) in my own small home meadow, which some of my townsmen can also see from their dwellings. They were, I think, nearly of the same size more than half a century ago, when I stood gazing up their trunks as a boy. Indeed, they are now in old age, and the top branches of some show marks of decay. Loudon states that this timber is much more durable than is commonly thought, though when employed for flooring, it requires to be seasoned two or three years. He considers the old

distich quite correct, said to be inscribed on a poplar plank:

"Though heart of oak be e'er so stout,
Keep me dry, and I'll see him out."

In January, 1756, my grandfather, William Sheppard, composed some lines, which I have in his handwriting, termed by him, "Extempore thoughts on observing a grove of tall trees in the late hurricanes;" meaning those violent storms that accompanied or followed the great earthquake, by which, on the 1st of November, 1755, ten thousand lives were destroyed in Lisbon.

I doubt not he referred to those trees when he wrote:

"There a grove of lofty poplars, trembling,
Stand tall and naked to the furious sweep
Of the tempestuous winds.
Waving and bowing their aerial heights
So near the earth, as scares the gazing traveller,
Who, far advanced within their bended reach,
Swift flies, with frighted look thrown back
askance,
Expecting instant death beneath their crush.
But scap'd that dreaded awe, he, pleased, beholds
Those steely powers exert their utmost force,
And, still superior, raise their heads erect,
Firm to sustain the impetuous blast."

Probably the clump had then more trees composing it, and might be named a grove more fitly than now; but it is wonderful that the five trees now standing, much alike in height, the tallest of which I have had measured as one hundred and eight feet high, and which lean considerably from the perpendicular, should have withstood the storms of ninety winters since those lines were written, and especially the tempest (eighty years after that date) of Nov. 1837, which blew down several of the largest and best-rooted elms, of greater girth, but much less lofty, at a very short distance in the same valley. I have of late planted a small half-moon-shaped group of young poplars, off-shoots of these ancient trees, beside them; hoping that they will flourish when their tall predecessors and myself shall have long disappeared; more truly a crescent than those formed of stone, still growing as summers revolve.

Let me conclude by inviting those of my respected hearers, who have opportunity, to do the like. If in the decline of life, there is, in one sense, the stronger motive for it. A near kinsman of my own, in the county of Dorset, planted in his later years—on the borders of a high newly-formed causeway, passing over

heathy land, which belongs to the earl of Ilchester,—many hundreds (I believe thousands) of firs and other trees, which now form a flourishing and beautiful wood below the traveller's eye, on each side of the elevated road, and will be for years to come, among those who knew him, a living monument of the planter; who could have no motive except to create a noble view for the public, as well as greatly increase the productive-ness of the soil for the owner.

To plant a tree—especially in later life—is to do something for the unborn. It expresses concern in what shall be the aspect of things when we have vanished from resorts with which we are now most conversant. But if some of you, my friends, cannot do this, remember you may do what is far better, and what it would behove us and reward us most to do, even if we had planted groves or orchards with the utmost assiduity and skill. By your sincere example and benevolent endeavours, you may implant the best principles in some other minds; especially in the minds of your children, and of the young around you. By God's blessing, you may sow or engraft there Christian thoughts and sentiments, which shall germinate, and bloom, and bear fruits of usefulness and happiness when you are here no longer; which "shall still bring forth fruit in old age;" shall be worthy of transplantation to a happier soil, and shall there be laden with verdure and luxuriance, never to decline or fade.

The well-known lines of Thomson

"Delightful task, to rear the tender thought.
To teach the young idea how to shoot,"—

are indeed (like many and better verses, ancient and modern) grown very trite by recital and quotation. The term "shoot," besides, seems not the happiest; and has become mean and ludicrous for some, from the perverse misuse of a punster: but still the fact is not the less true, nor the figure less apposite. The "task" is "delightful;" and culture is its best emblem, nay, is almost its synonyme.

Be it never forgotten, that a mother's, or even a sister's care in the nursery, has trained (as it were from slips or seedlings) the most fruitful *moral* trees which ever blossomed, and which became as standards for the nation and for mankind. If the good be fitly imaged in sacred writ as "a tree planted by the rivers of water," whose "leaf shall not wither,"

then should our groves and gardens at times suggest to us those happier instances of moral growth and fertility.

The great larches in the duke of Athol's grounds, at Dunkeld, are said to have been nursed as tiny exotics in a conservatory, which became too low-roofed for their aspirings. And so the great spirits of the same land—Leighton, Scougal, Maclaurin, Playfair, Robertson, Stewart, Brown, Erskine, Chalmers, and many more, were each reared and guarded in the mother's conservatory; till at length transplanted, and retransplanted, to positions whence their mature and masterly thoughts—like leaves of the Sibyl, stirred by the breath of fame—are still sounding in the ear of their posterity.

Remember, also, that plants of intellect, cherished in their littleness by maternal care, have thriven in the darkest nook or the sternest exposure. As that flowering shrub, described in the beautiful tale called the "Picciuola," sprang up between the walls of a prison-court, and taught theology to a desponding captive,—so have plants of philanthropy yielded their noblest fruit in sites and aspects the most gloomy. Howard, amidst the lazarettos and dungeons of the east, invested himself unawares with growing wreaths of better verdure than the Olympic. Mrs. Fry in Newgate, and Sarah Martin in the obscurer gaol of Yarmouth, developed a moral bloom and wealth whose fruits, we trust, ages cannot destroy. But we are prone to forget the very obvious fact, that each, not many years before, was a feeble scion in the nursery.

I venture, then, to prompt my respected hearers to pleasant works in two short words: "Sow, plant." If you can, literally. Sow the acorn—wait for the sapling—bequeath the oak to other generations. Plant the mulberry, or quince, or walnut, with the same design. I would beg a "mule's burden of earth," rather than not have a little altar for the Dryads.

But with or without this—yes, if you have no foot of land, or tub of soil, or planter's and pruner's skill—you may have or get what is still better, aptness or kindness to "rear the tender thought."

And, be it well observed, for it is a momentous truth—thoughts, whether good or evil—like many weeds that are self-sown, and many good plants and trees, by seeds or suckers, slips or layers—wonderfully spread themselves.

Some may know the story of the first weeping willow, introduced here by the poet Pope, who found one twig in a Turkish basket of figs that had been given him, putting out a bud; and having planted it in his garden, reared it to a tree, whence all those beautiful trees, in this country, have been propagated. The weeping willow of Twickenham, like its poet planter, is no more; but its graceful offspring, bending over many a stream, live far and wide. And so, how many a thought, slight in the outset, conveyed or sprung up by seeming chance, has led to inventions the most important, to institutions or endeavours the most valuable, or has had other influences most extensive! Yet we need not the stimulus of such wide present results. "A few things" done "faithfully" may be but as a few seedlings here; yet become as cedars in a higher region hereafter.

Try, then, to sow and plant well mentally. Take pains or rather pleasures in moral and Christian culture. If you have no seedlings in the nursery, bring some from the hedge, or heath, or wayside. Sow, plant, or graft what shall adorn and cheer the land when we are gone. Only few of us may see an oak or poplar which we have sown, or a pear-tree which we have grafted, promising to be valuable in the coming age. But each—the least favoured among us—if we acquire, and cherish, and disseminate right principles and habits, may be hopeful of successes in a far higher sort of culture; may be able to say or feel, "There, as the instrument of God's providence, I sowed a useful thought; here, I engrafted a just or kindly feeling. Having set an acorn of truth, having 'budded' a rose of charity, I will trust the one shall be great, and the other fragrant, in His Eden above."
—*John Sheppard.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON THE JUBILEE FUND
OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

FORTUNATELY a man is not required to make a noise in the world proportionate to the magnitude and importance of every cause he happens to advocate; for if it were so, then must I, as a matter of course, on the present occasion go forth with a flourish of trumpets and rattle of kettle-drums, instead of taking up my

old pen and sitting down quietly to the paper that now lies before me.

The Religious Tract Society was instituted in 1799, so that the coming year will be its year of Jubilee. No wonder, then, that its successful conductors should be anxious to avail themselves of the circumstance by calling on their friends to support them in their plan of forming a Jubilee Fund for important ends. The avowed objects of the Society are, to diffuse cheap literature on Christian principles at home, to circulate religious books and tracts in Ireland, to aid the friends of the Redeemer in France, and to assist Christian labourers throughout Continental Europe and the world at large. And now, my kind readers, give me your best attention. Before to-day I have found the way to your hearts; but it sometimes is the case that we are least happy in our efforts when most anxious that they should be successful. I hope it will not be so with me on the present occasion. Listen to me, if you can, with more than your customary forbearance and kindness.

It is not often that I ask you to contribute money to any object, though willingly, if I could, would I persuade you to give, if you have the ability, to every Christian charity beneath the stars, feeling sure that such a course would be consistent with principle and policy. Most people like to make a good bargain, and never do we get so much for our money as when we lay it out in acts of mercy and kindness. He must needs be very hungry, or very poor, or very parsimonious who would wish to eat his "morsel alone;" and he who, having riches, has no desire to do good, can hardly be thought deserving of his possessions.

It would really raise my spirits if I could move you to unstring your purses in aid of the Society, or to unclasp your pocket-books where the five, ten, and twenty-pound notes lie so snugly together. Hardly do I think that you would much miss one or two of them; but I am speaking now to such of you only as are in circumstances of affluence or comfort. Much reason have I to feel grateful for the kindly spirit in which, from time to time, you have received my papers; but it would really do me good, and be regarded by me as a personal favour, if on the present occasion you would embody your kindly feelings by some substantial proof of good-will to the Religious Tract Society on the ap-

proaching Jubilee. Take a little time to consider of it, if you like; but I should much rather that you would make a handsome offering at once, and hereby give you my promise that, should you ever regret the deed, I will never again appeal to your liberality on the occasion of any future fiftieth year Jubilee of the Society! The gray hairs on my head are a sufficient pledge of good faith, on my part; but I have no fear of your repenting of your well-timed benevolence.

It is no light matter in a world wherein are so many jarring opinions, to have such an Institution as that of the Religious Tract Society, where, with unruffled temper and Christian love, every one may do good without a compromise of conscience. Having to do with the Society in this respect, is a little like taking a walk in the park or the fields, where we can get a mouthful of fresh air, a glimpse of the green grass, and a shake of the hand by a friend, without the annoyances we meet in the crowded streets. I do not know whether I am embodying your feelings or not, but I do know that I am truly expressing my own.

According to the last Report of the Society, the total circulation of publications, in about one hundred languages, amounted to 463,000,000. The other day, when on board the Chinese junk, in the East India Docks, I stood for some time, looking on the idol Chin Tee, in the Joss-house. This idol has eighteen hands, all pointing to error; while the Religious Tract Society, though no idol, may be said with truth to have 463,000,000 fingers, every one of them truly pointing out the way of salvation.

Let us take a glance, for a moment, at the objects of the Jubilee Fund, and first that of diffusing cheap literature on Christian principles at home. It may be that you are but indifferently acquainted with the Augean stable of obscene literature that requires cleansing, and the rolling flood of infidel publications which is sweeping before it so many thoughtless heads and unrestrained hearts. Did you know the fearful amount of pollution and error that is abroad, you would see the necessity there is for the counteracting influences of purity and truth. Hardly could we, as a nation, have been placed in such jeopardy as that from which the goodness and mercy of God has so lately delivered us, had not infidelity and immorality fearfully prevailed. Oh that Christian books and tracts could swallow

up all profane publications, as the rod of Aaron swallowed up those of the magicians!

The circulation of religious books and tracts in Ireland has always been necessary, but now it has become doubly desirable. Ireland! warm-hearted, hot-headed Ireland indeed requires your aid. A more than Egyptian darkness rests on the minds of millions of her people. Many are her troubles; but the light of gospel truth would do more towards their removal than thousands of gold and silver. Come to the help of Ireland! put into the hands of her poor those tracts which, with a Divine blessing, may make them rich in heavenly treasure, and wise unto salvation.

Aid the friends of the Redeemer in France. Is not France, light-hearted, war-loving, unbelieving France, a fair field for your benevolence? Look at her position. Fancy the population of a vast city, living from day to day, and from night to night, over a mine of anarchy that may explode upon them without the notice of an hour. France has been stricken and wounded; she is bleeding now, nor are her sorrows likely to be suddenly assuaged. Play the part, then, of a good Samaritan; pour the oil and wine of your Christian sympathy into her wounds, and take out your money in the same spirit with which the Samaritan took out his "two pence," freely and generously for her aid. Never is the heart so softened and accessible as it is in the season of adversity. Show kindness and love to France, put into the hands of her workmen your tracts of truth, remind them of the things that belong to their peace, and point them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

Forget not Austria in the dark hour of her adversity, but let her children feel when they sit down by the waters of the Danube and the Po, whether weeping or rejoicing, that there are those in England who are interested in their welfare. Tell Austria, while yet the sword of anarchy is reeking in her hand, and the echo of her thundering artillery hardly subsided; tell her where, in the midst of earthly trouble, heavenly consolation may be found.

And let Italy know, torn as she is by contention and violence, that England is her friend. Aonio Paleario, one of the sons of Italy, 300 years ago, in answer to the questions—what are the first, second, and third grounds of a sinner's salvation,

replied, "Christ! Christ! Christ!" Give back to Italy her own assertion! let it resound amid her temples, be echoed by her mountains, and mingle with the music of her flowing streams. Now is the time to show kindness to the suffering nations of the earth. Taught by a heavenly Instructor in the school of adversity, princes and people may learn wisdom, not only for a world of future glory, but for a world of present gloom.

Here may the proud, whose breasts aspire,
Whose hearts, with unexpressed desire
And lust of empire burn;
And they who sternly would withstand
The haughty ruler of a land,
A mutual lesson learn.

Assist Christian labourers throughout Continental Europe, and this you will do if you assist the Society. The different powers of civilized Europe are being shaken. May they come out of the trial fire purified; but as a worldly and wilful spirit is abroad, the diffusion of Christian knowledge and Christian principle is greatly needed.

What can we do to help others on the way to heaven, is an important consideration, that concerns every follower of the Redeemer. We were told long ago, by an American Missionary, that when residing at Malta, he witnessed for many years, on every Monday morning, an affecting and admonitory scene. A man passed through the streets, ringing a bell with one hand, and rattling a box in the other, crying at every corner, "What will you give for the souls? what will you give for the souls?" The women and children, poor as they were, failed not to cast their mites into the box, which when full was carried to a neighbouring convent, to pay the priests for praying the souls of the dead out of purgatory. Why cannot we, then, give money for souls, in a very different manner, by helping Christian missions, and by aiding the circulation of God's holy word and religious books and tracts? In this way, without ringing a bell, or rattling a box, we may show that we are really interested in the welfare of the souls of our fellow-sinners.

The publications of the Society are widely spread in the east, and truly there is great need of them there. How dark are the pictures of ignorance and idolatry, and how numerous are the instances of cruelty and superstition among the heathen of the east! At Calcutta, when the Nabob Surajah Dowlah took the place,

146 prisoners, mostly British, were shut up in the Black-Hole prison, where, through heat, and the want of room and fresh air, 123 of them miserably perished. At Seringapatam, Tippu Sultaun used to amuse himself with the mechanical figure of a tiger springing, with a roar, upon a fallen soldier. This machine is now in the museum of the India House. At Bokhara the Rajah had a den of vermin, into which he cast many a miserable captive, who died in dreadful agonies. At Kirman, in Persia, Aga Mohammed Khan beheaded 600 prisoners, and dispatched their heads to a certain spot by 300 other prisoners, compelling each man to carry two skulls. These unfortunate wretches, on their arrival, shared the same fate, and a pyramid of the whole of the skulls was then formed. At Orissa, unnumbered self-devoted Hindoo victims have flung themselves beneath the crushing wheels of the ponderous idol of Juggernaut, and women in various parts have been burned alive on the funeral piles of their husbands. An occasional backward glance at these things will serve to endear Christianity to us, and to render us more alive to the wants of the heathen world.

In contributing towards the Jubilee Fund you will do well to remember the great improbability of your ever having another opportunity to give on a similar occasion. When young people build their grottos with oyster-shells, on the 1st of August, they pick up a few pence from different persons who pass, by making the influential appeal, "It is but once a year!" but the appeal on behalf of the Jubilee Fund is only once in your lives. There is much of solemnity in the thought that few, comparatively very few, of those who now contribute to the Fund, will be alive when another contribution will be made.

Among the readers of the "Visitor" are many young friends, who will do well to remember that they can take a part in this labour of love. It is the united accumulation of great and small sums that is to form the Jubilee Fund. The penny of the poor and the pound of the more wealthy are of equal value in the sight of God, when cast with faith and love into the treasury of Christian benevolence.

A few days ago, two young friends called upon me, who were collecting on behalf of another Jubilee Fund. They had with them for sale a number of

pretty little jugs, formed of Berlin wool of different colours, beautifully contrasted, in crochet work. These pretty, little, elastic Jubilee Jugs, only about two inches high, would each hold twelve pennies, and they really look quite ornamental. When my young friends had left me, I took up my pen, and looking a moment at my two little crochet Jubilee jugs, standing on the chimney-piece, playfully wrote the following stanzas to place beside them :

Scarcely need the truth be told,
When hearts are kind and willing;
The jug that will a penny hold
Will better hold a shilling.

I mention this little circumstance to show that while knitting, netting, and crochet-work are so much followed, such young people as are favourable to the Society, may in different ways add to the Jubilee Fund. Try, my young friends, what you can do.

Cannot the Sunday-school teachers and their scholars give one penny each to the Jubilee Fund on the first sabbath in January, or at some other convenient time before the end of the Jubilee Year? This would be a nice and grateful acknowledgment of the 14,000% given by the Society to the day and Sunday-schools of our country, and for the great things it has done, by publishing so many books for the young.

If we had a jubilee of thankfulness in our hearts, for all our blessings, our hands, our money, our time, and our influence would be more constantly devoted than they now are to the promotion of benevolence and piety. Many of us have had more than our "seven sabbaths of years," and might well commemorate our mercies by causing "the trumpet of the jubilee to sound," or by praising the Most High on an "instrument of ten strings;" but whether old or young, we are alike bound to consecrate what God has given us to his glory. To him let us commit ourselves, what we have, and every object in which we engage, knowing that without his blessing, all our efforts will be in vain. May the Jubilee seed become a spreading tree, the Jubilee stream a mighty river, and the Jubilee Fund an abundant source of spiritual good to ages yet unborn!

NOTE.—Jubilee Collecting-books may be obtained gratuitously, on application to Mr. Jones, 56, Paternoster-row, London. All collectors of one guinea and upwards will be entitled to the Jubilee Volume now preparing.

A DAY WELL SPENT.

EVERY day is a little life: and our whole life is but a day repeated: whence it is that old Jacob numbers his life by days; and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number not his years, but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mispend it, desperate. We can best teach others by ourselves; let me tell your lordship, how I would pass my days, whether common or sacred, that you (or whosoever others, overhearing me,) may either approve my thriftiness, or correct my errors: to whom is the account of my hours either more due, or more known? All days are His, who gave time a beginning and continuance; yet some He hath made ours, not to command but to use.

In some way we forget him; in some we must forget all, besides him. First, therefore, I desire to awake at those hours, not when I will, but when I must; pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health; neither do I consult so much with the sun, as mine own necessity, whether of body or in that of the mind. If this vassal could well serve me waking, it should never sleep; but now it must be pleased, that it may be serviceable. Now when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever awake with God; my first thoughts are for Him, who hath made the night for rest, and the day for travail; and as he gives, so blesses both. If my heart be early seasoned with his presence, it will savour of him all day after. While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity, nor yet with rude neglect, my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task, bethinking what is to be done, and in what order, and marshalling (as it may) my hours with my work; that done, after some whiles meditation, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books, and, sitting down amongst them with the best contentment, I dare not reach forth my hand to salute any of them, till I have first looked up to heaven, and craved favour of Him to whom all my studies are duly referred: without whom, I can neither profit nor labour. After this, out of no over great variety, I call forth those which may best fit my occasions, wherein I am not too scrupulous of age; sometimes I put myself to school to one of those ancients whom the church hath

honoured with the name of Fathers; whose volumes I confess not to open without a secret reverence of their holiness and gravity; sometimes to those later doctors, which want nothing but age to make them classical; always to God's book. That day is lost, whereof some hours are not improved in those Divine monuments: others I turn over out of choice; these out of duty. Ere I can have sat unto weariness, my family, having now overcome all household distractions, invites me to our common devotions; not without some short preparation. These, heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me by intermission and variety: now, therefore, can I deceive the hours with change of pleasures, that is, of labours. One while mine eyes are busied, another while my hand, and sometimes my mind takes the burthen from them both; wherein I would imitate the skilfullest cooks, which make the best dishes with manifold mixtures; one hour is spent in textual divinity, another in controversy; histories relieve them both. Now, when the mind is weary of others' labours, it begins to undertake her own; sometimes it meditates and winds up for future use; sometimes it lays forth her conceits into present discourse; sometimes for itself, after for others. Neither know I whether it works or plays in these thoughts; I am sure no sport hath more pleasure, no work more use; only the decay of a weak body makes me think these delights insensibly laborious. Thus could I all day (as ringers use) make myself music with changes, and complain sooner of the day for shortness than of the business for toil, were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast; I must yield to both; while my body and mind are joined together in these unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker. Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts, and now would forget that I ever studied; a full mind takes away the body's appetite no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind; company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome: these prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous, but medicinal; the palate may not be pleased, but the stomach; nor that for its own sake; neither would

I think any of these comforts worth respect in themselves but in their use, in their end, so far as they may enable me to better things. If I see any dish to tempt my palate, I fear a serpent in that apple, and would please myself in a wilful denial; I rise capable of more, not desirous: not now immediately from my trencher to my book, but after some intermission. Moderate speed is a sure help to all proceedings; where those things which are prosecuted with violence of endeavour or desire, either succeed not, or continue not.

After my later meal, my thoughts are alight; only my memory may be charged with her task, of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day; and my heart is busy in examining my hands and mouth, and all other senses, of that day's behaviour. And now the evening is come, no tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, clear his shop-board, and shut his window, than I would shut up my thoughts and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably, which like a camel lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God. Thus do we rather drive away the time before us, than follow it. I grant neither is my practice worthy to be exemplary, neither are our callings proportionable. The lives of a nobleman, of a courtier, of a scholar, of a citizen, of a countryman, differ no less than their dispositions; yet must all conspire in honest labour.

Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows, or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men, which spend the time as if it were given them, and not lent; as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for; as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning: *Item*, spent upon my pleasures forty years! These men shall once find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God, than that which they desire to cast away—time. Such are my common days; but God's day calls for another respect. The same sun arises on this day, and enlightens it: yet because that Sun of righteousness arose upon it, and gave a new life unto the world in it, and drew the strength of God's moral precept unto it, therefore justly do we sing with the psalmist; "this is the day which the Lord hath made." Now I forget the world,

and in a sort myself; and deal with my wonted thoughts, as great men use, who, at sometimes of their privacy, forbid the access of all suitors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conference, are the business of this day, which I dare not bestow on any work, or pleasure, but heavenly.

I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other; but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion, easy in profaneness. The whole week is sanctified by this day; and according to my care of this, is my blessing on the rest. I show your lordship what I would do, and what I ought; I commit my desires to the imitation of the weak, my actions to the censures of the wise and holy, my weaknesses to the pardon and redress of my merciful God.—*Bishop Hall.*

“HE BROUGHT HIM TO JESUS.”

RELIGION, although strictly a *personal* matter, is in no way a *selfish* one. The sinner must feel for himself the need of a Saviour, and by faith take hold of Him; but if he think that he has then done all he is required to do, he has yet to learn “the way of God more perfectly.” When Andrew had found the Messias, he at once communicated the joyful news to others; and having “first found his own brother Simon, he brought him to Jesus!” What a beautiful picture is this of disinterested Christian love. He lost nothing by telling his brother of the Jesus he had found; and if we are true disciples of Christ now, we shall like him be eager to bring others to a knowledge of the Saviour which we have found to be precious to ourselves. When a man would live to himself, and draw round him merely the contracted circle of his own wants and comforts, we should be ready to doubt if ever he has gathered the honey of true godliness, or tasted the exceeding sweetness of a Saviour’s love. If the farmer were to lay by every seed of corn in his granary, never would the wheat crop cover his field. He must sow in order to reap; and thus when a man hives up his hours and talents in a lonely cell, how shall we not expect at last to find a barren field, or to harvest a very scanty crop!

In the words of the Lord Jesus, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” Doubtless king Alfred enjoyed the half of his loaf far more, when he knew that he

had stayed the hunger of a poor famishing fellow creature, and cheered up a sorrowful heart by dividing his scanty portion with him, than if he had fully satisfied his own wants, and given no thought to the misery of others. There is something so pleasing and gratifying in the feeling of being able to relieve want and wretchedness, that if we could imagine any sort of covetousness to be innocent, it must surely be that which would desire “this world’s goods” only to be God’s almoner in distributing them to his poor. And if in things temporal there accrue to the giver so great a blessing from the act of giving, what a far higher blessing is that which must result from bestowing eternal benefits on those who are “in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity.” In the restrictions of a poor-house, or in the liberty of a palace, the Christian is equally the steward of God’s eternal wealth. There is a fulness in the Saviour which no application can exhaust; a freeness in his salvation which can never prove exclusive. He is the fountain to which we must all repair, before we can drink of “the waters of life;” and when once we have tasted them, and found them “sweeter than honey to our mouth,” thither let us lead others to sip those streams of comfort, and prove the sincerity of our love to Jesus, by bringing many to him.

Will it be no satisfaction here to feel that we are not living in vain? Will it not cheer us onward towards our “Father’s house” to think that some are there, already gone before us, who from our lips first heard of a Saviour’s love, and felt the need of his salvation? And hereafter too will there be a bright reward, for “they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever,” Dan. xii. 3.

Let us then strive to share this eternal splendour by now living as “children of the light.” Let us not forget that the lamp must be trimmed on earth, or it will never burn in heaven. It must be our first care to see that we have oil in our own lamps, and then to lead others to the fulness whence we have been supplied. Christians are represented by our Lord, as the “light of the world,” and it is his holy command, “Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven,” Matt. v. 16.

How then has our light shone? Has

any heart yet glowed before its warmth? Has any one been melted by its brilliancy, or fired by its flame? Or have we been always putting it under a bushel, afraid lest some rough wind might blow it out, or some impure touch dim its brightness? Have we ever sought to bring any one to Jesus? Have we ever told poor sinners of their own nothingness and of their Saviour's sufficiency and willingness to purge away all sin, and sanctify all sinners? and have we pointed them to Him, and urged them to flee at once for refuge to the only hope set forth in the gospel?

If we have never been heard thus speaking of our Saviour, can we ever yet really have loved him? Surely those we love most, we speak about most frequently. Oh! let us heed in time our Saviour's warning, "If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" Matt. vi. 23.

What a lovely sight would be an earthly family, every member of which was a true disciple of Christ! As we ponder on the beauty of such a scene we almost seem to catch some faint glimpse of the love and unity of heaven, where the whole family of the redeemed join in one loud and eternal song of praise and thanksgiving! And such a scene is not beyond the power of realization. If every one who has found the Messias, resolved to be an Andrew in his own family, how many "brother sinners" would be "brought to Jesus!" How far lovelier still would grow the name of home: as gathered round the festive hearth, or standing over the bed of suffering, each felt there was one among them whom all were loving, the mention of whose name could never be intrusive! Bright characters then would shine in the dark world, and brilliant examples adorn the church, living here beneath God's smile, to dwell hereafter eternally in his presence!

S. F. J.

EMPLOYMENT OF BOYS.

"A VERY interesting experiment," says Mr. S. Turner, "has been made during the last two or three years as to the profitable employment of boys in farm and garden labour, in the Union of Bridgnorth, Salop. Mr. Wolryche Whitmore (of Dudmaston,) a gentleman distinguished by his intelligence and skill as a scientific agriculturist, induced the guardians of that Union to separate the

children in the Union-house from the older paupers, and to hire a house, with four or five acres of land for their accommodation and employment. Without any other assistance than that of the master, the boys, who are all under fourteen years of age, and of whom there are only about fifteen or sixteen equal to any effective labour, have raised from their little fields and gardens, crops of turnips, potatoes, man-gold wurzel, cabbages, rye, vetches, etc. which have realized a clear annual profit to the establishment, after the payment of all expenses connected with the cultivation of the land, purchase of fresh stock, seed, etc., of upwards of seventy pounds. The cultivation of the land is entirely carried on by spade husbandry. The success which has attended the experiment is chiefly attributable to the abundance of labour and of manure which the managers have at their command—the latter is applied mostly in a liquid state, and is amply supplied, without expense, by the drainage and sewerage of the school being conducted into one large cesspool. As a remedy for that hereditary pauperism, which the workhouse system in its common shape engenders, this separation of the children from the adults is in itself a great advantage. But the chief use of the experiment may be said to be the proof which it affords of how readily those more useful classes of the community which are now only a source of expense, could be taught to contribute towards their own maintenance, and thus be made useful to society and to themselves, if only a really practical education, leading them to self-support and self-control, were given to them, instead of the merely intellectual instruction now too generally thought sufficient. Were the boys in all our workhouses, and it may be added in all our prisons, thus trained to industrial habits, and instructed in agriculture or other useful arts, it would be difficult to estimate the beneficial results, especially if the means and the encouragement to emigrate were also afforded."

To this we may add, and we do so joyfully, the Philanthropic Farm plan is now carrying out. An agreement has been made for 130 acres of land in the north of Middlesex, and the experiment of what can be done in this way for a part of the criminal population will be fairly tried in the course of next summer.*—*Literary Gazette.*

* Since writing this, we observe in the daily press:—"At the quarterly meeting of the Philan

AMAZING FOLLY.

"It is amazing (speaking of the inattention of men to their best interests,) that a danger so strongly set forth should be disregarded; and this is the more amazing, when we take a view of the particular casts and complexions of character among which this disregard is chiefly found. They may be reduced to three different classes, according to the three different passions by which they are severally overcome,—ambition, avarice, and sensuality. Personal consequence is the object of the first class, wealth of the second, pleasure of the third. Personal consequence is not to be acquired but by great undertakings, bold in the first conception, difficult in execution, extensive in consequence. Such undertakings demand great abilities. Accordingly, we commonly find in the ambitious man a superiority of parts, in some measure proportioned to the magnitude of his designs; it is his particular talent to weigh distant consequences, to provide for them, and to turn everything, by a deep policy and forecast, to his own advantage. It might be expected, that his sagacity and understanding would restrain him from the desperate folly of sacrificing an unfading crown for that glory that must shortly pass away. Again, the avaricious, money-getting man is, generally, a character of wonderful discretion. It might be expected that he would be exact to count his gains, and would be the last to barter possessions which he might hold for ever for a wealth that shall be taken from him, and shall not profit him in the day of wrath. Then, for those servants of sin, the effeminate sons of sensual pleasure, these are a feeble, timid race. It might be expected that these, of all men, would want firmness to brave the danger. Yet, so it is—the ambitious pursues a conduct which must end in shame; the miser, to be rich now,

thropic Society, the donation of 100*l*. was received from her Majesty and Prince Albert, as an earnest of their patronage to the Farm School; and that the chaplain stated also, that nineteen of the elder lads in the school in St. George's Fields had gone out as voluntary emigrants to Western Australia, careful arrangements having been made to secure them protection and employment, and that his list of candidates for the same advantage already contained nearly twenty names, the boys and their friends thankfully accepting the Society's offer to grant them, after such a probation as shall show them to be really trustworthy and of good character, a free passage and outfit to the colonies. It was mentioned that eighty-five lads had been received from different prisons and police-courts since the 1st of January, and that upwards of seventy had been provided with situations or been placed under the care of friends."

makes himself poor for ever; and the tender, delicate voluptuary shrinks not at the thought of endless burnings! These things could not be but for one of these two reasons; either that there is some lurking incredulity in man, an evil heart of unbelief, that admits not the gospel doctrine of punishment in its full extent, or that their imaginations set the danger at a prodigious distance."—*Horsley*.

THE OCEAN.

"LET the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear," was the Divine command; and the consequence was, that the watery element assembled on one portion of the earth into seas, while the rest of the earth became habitable ground. No detail is given of the causes or movements by which this mighty result was effected. Here then the geologist is left free to form his most scientific speculations. If the globular surface was a uniform level, with an equal diffusion of the waters upon its whole circumference, some parts must have been then raised up, in order to produce adequate concavities, into which the aqueous masses could subside and collect. The exterior form of the earth is manifestly of this kind. Vast ranges of mountains and rocks are now seen standing in various places, as high above the common ground as the depths of the ocean seem to be below it, in which the seas are permanently assembled. The surface of the earth arises, in some parts, into high table land; but the general level of both land and sea is now nearly the same. The ocean is therefore obviously occupying cavities equal to its bulk of fluid; and the supposition has been recently made, that in order to form these hollow spaces, the mountain masses were raised up. It seems a reasonable idea that the surface of the earth covered by the sea, much resembles, as to its plains, heights and cavities, that which we inhabit. There may be depths in the ocean extending to four or five miles, as there are mountains of this height on our dry land; but until we can find the means of measuring so deep a descent, this must be mere hypothetical calculation. Our soundings have not yet been found practicable to the extent of two miles. The state and phenomena of these stupendous elevations, in many applicable points, favour the idea, and recommend it to our consideration.—*Sharon Turner*.



Congratulations offered to the Emperor.

CHINESE CONGRATULATIONS.

THE Chinese always keep some holidays at the beginning of every new year, which is a time of great festivity to the whole people. The streets are crowded, and old and young appear with smiles on their faces. Boxes are fastened to the walls of houses, in which written papers are deposited, and these are burned, according to custom, when the new moon begins. No written or printed paper is ever wholly overlooked by the Chinese, who will save even a piece of paper that lies under their feet, because everything written in their language is considered by them as sacred. Other writings are also fastened to the walls in many public places. These contain moral counsels from the works of the wise men of the country, exhorting others to the practice of virtue. Some of them have pictures. I have seen such a tract, which describes the progress of wickedness in the human

heart, which at first is represented as white and spotless; presently, a black streak appears—the beginning of evil—from a neglected education, as the Chinese say; and this spreads far and wide, until at length the whole heart is covered with black, to signify its total depravity. Underneath follow six comparisons, or allegorical sentences, all of which describe the heart as adverse to that which is good.

Sayings or proverbs of the same kind are fastened to the doors and doorposts of most of the houses, carefully written out from the learned books of the Chinese. Those young men who make it their business to copy out and dispose of these extracts, often gain considerable sums of money. Poor students sit and write them out at the corners of the streets, and invite the passers-by to purchase them. At the return of every new year, the last year's motto is thrown away, and a new one chosen in its stead. The papers used

are of all colours, but a dull red is that most commonly used. White papers show that the families who adopt them have lost one of their number during the past twelvemonth. If two years of mourning are required, blue paper is used upon the death of a father, yellow for that of a mother, and flesh-coloured for a grand-parent. Bright red paper denotes three years of mourning; after that time, the dull red is generally used. The Chinese do not know how Jesus is the resurrection and the life, having taken away the sting of death.

On the last day of the old year, all work is generally finished, and provisions prepared before the holidays begin. Many porters are seen in the streets, loaded with the presents that friends are accustomed to purchase for each other. At sunset, the heads of houses of business are seen, deeply engaged with their sons or assistants, in adjusting their accounts and setting all matters in order. The Chinese are so strict on this point, that they say they could not enjoy their festival, or even sleep at night, unless they had first released their minds from all the cares of business. While the fathers are thus employed, their families are burning gold paper, as an offering to their idols. Afterwards, they all meet for a plentiful supper, with, perhaps, a pan of coals placed on the centre of their table. This is to remind them to honour the fire as the mightiest of the elements.

The children at this time are particularly attentive in waiting upon their parents and friends, filling their glasses, and fetching spoons or chop-sticks for them to eat with. Conversation is kept up, and when the coals are burned out, and the old people are sleepy, the young ones are ready to sit up half the night. After supper, the next business is to destroy the lanterns, which are always kept alight in these gloomy dwellings. From the burning of their ashes, they endeavour to foretell whether the next year will be wet or dry; for they dread a dry season, as causing famine. These ashes are divided into twelve little parcels; and that which is burned first, is supposed to betoken the month when there will be most rain and least sunshine. Mr. Smith, an Englishman, saw this done by one family, in 1846, and he observed, that the people seemed pleased at the result. He asked them if it were the same in their neighbours' houses also. They answered, that they had nothing to do with that.

Early in the morning they go to the temples, and then spend the rest of the day in social visits. Many of them pass the holidays in games of chance, which occasion quarrels and other evils; and all the people, as is very evident, are destitute of the one thing needful,—the only source of happiness. When we think of their blindness, in bowing down to gods that cannot save, we should be thankful that we were not born in China.—*Dr. Barth.*

THE HALL ON THE HILL.

ANY one of three distinct roads will bring the visitor to the clean looking, quiet, and apparently comfortable village of Merston. Taking that from the nearest market town, and descending a slope, after crossing a rustic bridge, a large iron and handsomely-formed gate, surmounted with armorial bearings, richly coloured and gilded, starts into view. As it is gradually approached, the eye glimpses shrubs, flowers, and verdant grass, over which tower elms, oaks, and acacias, while beyond, fruitful fields and pastures stretch out in graceful undulations, and blend with the base of distant hills;—a favoured scene in one of our midland counties, divested indeed of sublimities by which others are adorned, yet, having no ordinary beauties, to delight the eye, and refresh the heart, in the contemplation of the richly varied gifts of our bounteous Benefactor.

The hall is not visible from the high road; it is situated considerably to the right of the entrance, at which stands the porter's picturesque lodge; and placed on a hill which commands a view of no ordinary extent and fertility, is reached by a broad carriage sweep. The modern edifice, on the site of one which long stood there, contains all the elegances and indulgences of the present age; and if happiness always followed in the train of wealth, nothing would remain for its inhabitants to desire.

The village itself, which is gained after making another descent, stretches out for a considerable distance. The inn, with its glaring red lion moved backwards and forwards by the wind in its old iron frame, with a saddle-horse, or a light cart, standing before it, cannot fail to be noticed. Right and left, farm-houses are seen, with their homesteads, and perhaps a few cattle in the inner close, while the dwellings of the pea-

santry present the usual variety of care and neglect, of comfort and discomfort; here one little better than an Irish cabin, and there another with some flowering shrubs; nor will the vigilant observer fail to notice a little shop or two for various commodities, or the window which tempts the young with its net of balls, its cakes, and gingerbread, and its bottles of indescribable sweets; intermingled with the history of "Good King Pepin," or "Simple Simon," which, with ballads, still more exceptionable, are, unhappily, not yet banished from our village lore.

The most striking object to the passer-by is the blacksmith's shop, having a corner of its own, looking fierce and repulsive in the warmer months, and casting a glare around on winter nights, which threatens to dismount the timid equestrian, who suddenly comes upon it in the gloom. A little time may well be spent by those unaccustomed to such spots, in intelligently looking into that murky place. The occasional sojourner may see what in other places will not meet his view—as the brawny-armed men fashion the iron that has been heated till it becomes plastic as lead—weld two pieces brought to a dazzling whiteness together, so that no mark of union exists—skilfully adapt the shoe to the horse's foot, or the tire to the huge wagon wheel—or file the iron or steel, till it has a form and polish, which would seem hardly attainable by such rude artisans. But more than this—he who would learn the state of thought and feeling among our peasantry, should listen to the conversation which often takes place there; for the forge is visited for some purpose or other by every grade. The freedom that prevails is favourable to truth, though discoveries may often be made which are not only painful but deeply afflictive to the benevolent mind.

It was one day in the early part of last year, that several persons had met at Clare's shop, when popular topics came under discussion, which may not only deserve to be recorded, but deeply and frequently pondered. Watkins, the chief of the village politicians, had just been reading some paragraphs from his weekly paper, (for which he subscribed with two or three others,) relating to the threatened disturbances in London, and complacently closed the perusal by saying, "Well! it's high time there was a change!"

Happily at that juncture, Caleb Ford (for those most intimately acquainted with him always called him Caleb) brought in a lock which he wished to be repaired. He had not long retired from business and settled in the neighbourhood; his qualities gained for him the esteem of all classes, and on hearing Watkins' remark, he did not fail to express his hope and belief that the most judicious and determinate means would be employed to put down insurrection, and to bring its instigators to the punishment they deserved.

"You know, Mr. Ford," rejoined Watkins, "that some people have a great deal too much money, and others far too little. Just think of the difference between old Tom Atkins and Mr. Clifford at the hall. Now, I would have an alteration, to set these matters to rights; and a pretty large one it should be, I can tell you."

"There goes Thompson, the lawyer," said Sims, (the echo of Watkins, who admitted at once whatever he said, and often affirmed that his friend ought to be "a Parliament man")—"I hate all such people," he added; "why, what can be worse than our laws?"

"Let us look a little into the matter, my friend," said Caleb, with his usual calmness and benignity;—for he never thought it well to assail an antagonist with some opprobrious epithet, to mortify him by a sarcasm, or to sting him with a repartee;—"I wish every one of you to be well off—every man, woman, and child to be happy as the day is long; but how to secure to you these great benefits is the question. Were a stranger at Merston, wishing to reach the nearest market-town, he would gain it, you know, if he took the right-hand bridle road after passing the inn; but if he chose the left, the further and faster he walked, the greater distance he would be from it."

"Exactly so, Mr. Ford," said Watkins.

"Now, Sims," said Caleb Ford, "suppose a man went to a tribe of savages, and taught one to make such bows and arrows as the rest had never seen, and another to lay up a store of good provision, to which he might go when the chase failed, and a third to render his hovel better than any other; what would be the consequences? Why, some would be inclined to envy what others possessed, to coax them out of it, or to seize

it craftily by violence. Nothing of value can be safe among the uncivilized. 'That they should get who have the power,' is the one great thought of barbarous life, and trickery and force its common and invariable history. The only way to put an end to outrage is, to establish a *right* of property; it is done in the earliest stages of society, and on it depends the security of whatever *you* possess, as well as the hall to Mr. Clifford, or any other of his houses and lands."

"Ah! that's all man's doings," said Watkins, (coming to the rescue of Sims, who was a little perplexed,) "I hold that property is a natural right. The patriarchs went where they liked to feed their flocks and herds; no lawyer ever stopped them. Why, there was not one of these people in those days."

"True," said Caleb Ford; "but we are not in the condition of the patriarchs. It is absolutely impossible, according to the arrangements of Providence, that we should be; and in the state to which we have come, right *is* established, and to this all our comfort and security is owing. Many a frightful and continued strife was endured before this precious boon became ours, and anarchy and confusion, misery and death would result from its loss. Mr. Thompson is a worthy member of a profession often abused and belied, but as much trusted as any other; and were all to act as he does, the tongue of calumny and falsehood would be silenced."

"Times are not what they were, Mr. Ford," said Watkins. "Let me read to you a little piece from my newspaper:

'A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
But now, alas!
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose.'

There! does not that show that I am right?"

"The lines you have just quoted," Caleb Ford replied, "are well known to me. They were written by Oliver Goldsmith, who was a far better poet than a politician; for when land is too much divided, experience has shown that there is only a multiplication of wretchedness. The case of a day labourer is far superior to that of a very little farmer, for he not only works harder, but fares worse. There is still many a farm on which the tenant, let him do what he will, can obtain extremely little. How often have *you* heard of farms being given up,

because their costs eat up all their returns! Look, too, how population increases. For all that come into the world, provision should be made; and if we had only to depend on 'the single rood of land' for each, multitudes must perish. Even in the patriarchal age, to which you have referred, arose Tubal Cain, 'an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron;' and without such persons, and others on whom they are dependent, the people at large could not live. We cannot do, except by the aid of the useful arts. Here, for instance, is Clare, who not only shoes the horses, and keeps the cart and wagon-wheels ready for service, but looks after the ploughs and other agricultural implements, while some of these can only be made in large works at a distance; and for these there must not merely be a felling of timber, but a moulding and working in various metals, all of which have to be dug from the bowels of the earth, and to be smelted in huge furnaces, before they are ready for use. Now tell me, Watkins, what is required by the farmer, that he may obtain what he wants, and by Clare, for what he supplies?"

"I should say capital, Mr. Ford," said Watkins.

"Very true," replied Caleb. "But property, be it what it may, must not be exposed to wanton invasion. Not long ago, as you must remember, the hall of one of our nobles was entered, under the idea that it belonged to another party; but it was shown that they had no legal claim to it, and were rightly punished for their outrage. We should all be at the mercy of the stronger, apart from what we have being made ours by law. And not only so, but without this there could be no improvement; the improvement which is constantly and absolutely necessary to feed and to clothe a people who double in numbers in about thirty years. Would you do all you could to culture your land, Hilton," (Caleb asked, of a bluff and hard-working yeoman, living in a farm close by,) "if you were in danger of your crops being carried off as soon as ripe, or of your land being taken from you at any time?"

"Indeed I should not, sir," said Hilton. "I think, too, Sims's wife would not have made his cottage so clean and sleek, nor would he work in his garden to make it so trim, if he thought he should be turned out at Midsummer or Martinmas."

"I fully agree with you, Hilton," said Caleb Ford; "it is so in other instances, and in every part of the world. Were Sims the possessor of ten thousand pounds, he would not invest it in Ireland, which is now just like a volcano threatening an eruption; or in France, where the revolution has just taken place. There must be property in land, and property made safe, before it will be cultured; and what would become of us without its produce?"

"I would have the people gather the crops they have grown," said Watkins, "and I would have them sell their corn, their sheep, and their cattle; but when the law comes in, and takes away parcels of land which belonged to all mankind, to give them to a few, and make them rich, while the rest are poor—why then these are deprived of their natural rights, great injury is done, and there is a state of things that requires alteration."

"That is," said Caleb Ford, "you would secure what is produced, but not the means of producing it. In other words, you would let Clare sell all the horse-shoes and wheel-tires he could make; but as to his forge, anybody who pleased might work that, and his tools would belong to those who could first lay hands on them. A stronger man might eject him at once, a few might shut him out of his shop, and put out another sign."

"You see," said Watkins, (evading the force of the appeal,) "I am for liberty. What is man without liberty? and what freedom can there be, when one man is as rich as Mr. Clifford, and another poor, as old Tom Atkins?"

"I am for liberty too," said Caleb Ford; "but strange ideas are abroad as to what liberty is. A few weeks ago, a man in London was carrying long poles on the pavement, and running helter-skelter against everybody he met. In spite of all remonstrances, he went on, endangering the heads and limbs of the passengers, until at length he was very properly taken before a magistrate, when his only defence was, he had liberty to do as he liked. To this the magistrate justly replied, he had liberty to do what did not interfere with the well-being of others; that any invasion of this liberty was an offence; and that if he transgressed in this way again, he should be committed to prison. Every man when he enters into society, as Blackstone tells us, gives up a part of his natural liberty,

as the price of so valuable a purchase; and in consideration of receiving numerous advantages, obliges himself to conform to those laws which the community has thought proper to establish. No man, who considers a moment, would wish to retain the absolute and uncontrolled power of doing whatever he pleases; the consequence of which would be, that every other man would also have the same power, and there would be no security to individuals in any of the enjoyments of life. Civil liberty, therefore, which is that of a member of society, is no other than natural liberty, so far restrained by human laws, and no further, as is necessary and expedient for general advantage."

Watkins wanted to reply to this, but after a vain attempt, he adopted the course usually taken on such occasions, by trying another expedient: "What good is the rich people's money to the poor? And then who likes to live on charity?"

"The humbler classes of the people," said Caleb Ford, "do not live on charity, but labour. You cannot obtain crops of corn where these plants are in a wild state. They are rendered what they are by the blessing of God on the labours of man. Thousands of the people are therefore employed in their culture, and thousands on thousands more in supplying the implements with which they work, the clothes they wear, the materials and furniture of their dwellings, and various articles of their food. Have you been, Watkins," he added, "to see your brother since he has settled in Lincolnshire?"

"I have," said Watkins, "and have not been home more than a fortnight."

"Well then," said Caleb Ford, "you have actually seen what once was called 'the fen,' changed into rich pastures and plenteous corn-fields. The drain-plough has worked wonders in many an acre of bog; and let but the same enterprise and skill and perseverance be displayed in other places, and the fruitless soil will yield abundant harvests. The capital of the man in humble life is his labour. In using it he is a valuable member of the community; the noble is dependent on his tenants, tenants on the people in their service, and all can only go on well when each one discharges his duty in the fear of God and in love to his neighbour. Were you to have property left you, and were to live upon it, it would grow less

and less, until it was gone, unless it was very large, or your demands were very small. But suppose you employed it, in which case others would be benefited by its use as well as by what you spent, you might retain the capital, and live partly or wholly on the interest. Which would you do, Watkins?"

"I should put it out where it would bring in most," he answered.

"Would you lodge it with those who were likely to stop payment," inquired Caleb Ford, "or where you believed it would be secure?"

"Trust me for that," replied Watkins.

"Well, then," said Caleb Ford, "you would only do what Mr. Clifford does; he holds his property by law, and when he lends any money or buys any land, he employs Mr. Thompson to see that the bonds and title-deeds are all right; and he spends a large income to the advantage of labour and trade and commerce. And now tell me, if when you come into this property, some one were to forge your signature and get the money you had in the funds, or burn down your barns, or your house, what would you do?"

"I would have them prosecuted, as they would richly deserve," said Watkins.

"Then," said Caleb Ford, "you and I are not so far apart as when we began. You could only have wished for the changes which some men contemplate, without due thought. To render property insecure, is not only to take vengeance on the rich, but to deprive the humble classes of the means of subsistence. The men who give themselves out as 'friends of the people,' are frequently their direst enemies. I trust, therefore, that the violence of which we hear will be put down by the strong arm of the law, that the wrong-doers will be justly punished, and that the diffusion of just views among the people will render the transgressors few and feeble. Above all, I look to God for his preserving mercy, and his overruling of the commotions that prevail, for great and lasting good. He makes the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of that wrath he can restrain. Other topics, on which I should like to have touched, we must defer till a future day." V. V.

after finishing his education, resided, from choice, in his native city without any regular profession, except the instruction of the young, to which he voluntarily devoted himself. His attainments in Hebrew and rabbinical literature gained him considerable renown, and brought many strangers to visit him, who were desirous of instruction from him; but these circumstances also led to his withdrawal from the Jews, who were very numerous at Hamburg, and his becoming acquainted with the truths of Christianity. In the course of time, he was himself converted, and resolved to raise a fund for the promotion of the work of conversion among the Jews.

He made a beginning on October 9th, 1667, by setting apart two hundred dollars from his own stores. By the kind assistance of his relatives, connexions, and pupils, either given at once, or in annual contributions, the fund was so considerably increased, that supplies were afforded, not only to the Jews who were under instruction, but also towards the support of those who were baptized. Until his death, which took place in 1702, Edzardi, in connexion with his friend Everarel Anhelmann, the professor of oriental languages in that academy, devoted his time to the instruction of his countrymen, and had the satisfaction of seeing that his labours among them were not wholly in vain. The amount of his fund also gradually increased. First, books and clothes were purchased for those who were under his instruction, then the hire of dwellings and the expenses of funerals, afterwards marriage presents were given, and a physician was engaged, so that the annual expenditure amounted to one thousand Prussian dollars. The two sons of the founder, who were both professors in the Gymnasium of Hamburg, undertook the management of the concern, and after their death, it went to their male descendants.

The last of these died in 1760, and the female branches of the family found difficulty in undertaking the charge of it; but, after some time, it was intrusted to five individuals, who were all connected with the family of Edzardi, and the institution has been carried on, under various changes, down to the present time. In the year 1835, a school was established in connexion with it. The number of proselytes, who receive baptism, varies; on an average four are annually received, but none were admitted between the years 1786

THE FIRST MISSION TO THE JEWS.

ESERAS EDZARDI, a German Jew, who, was born at Hamburg, July 28th, 1629,

and 1792, or between 1812 and 1815. There is no printed account of this mission, but its beginning is noticed by bishop Kidder, a contemporary writer.—*From a German Magazine.*

THE NEW YEAR BEGUN.

THE departure of the old and the arrival of the new year are events well-fitted to suggest serious thought. Another of the way-marks in the ceaseless race of time—another point of vision from which to survey the operations of Providence—another call to personal inquiry—another inducement to self-examination—another voice from Him “who rolls the stars along”—and another stroke from the great time-piece of creation! Shall these events pass like a midnight dream, without abiding impression, without intelligent interpretation, without wise resolution? Has memory no work to review, consciousness no topic to dwell on, hope no field to scan? The past, the present, and the future seem concentrated into a single point, and to utter a single sentence in the form of appeal, “To you, O men, I call!”

We may imagine a thoughtful person impressed with considerations similar to those at which we have hinted, entering his closet, say, on the first day of the new year, and, secluding himself for a short time from the activities of life, soliloquizing thus:—

The year 1848 has gone! All its events are historical; all its transactions are past; its joys and sorrows are over; its tears are shed; and its giddy laughter has grown fainter and fainter on the ear of the wayfarer, until he hears it no more. It was a year of extraordinary vicissitudes in relation to countries and kingdoms. Monarchs who sat securely upon their thrones when it opened, and who had read no writing on the wall, and seen no vision of disastrous reverses, experienced during its first months' sudden calamity, and were driven from their elevated places, powerless, forlorn, and disgraced, to seek refuge on foreign shores. The sudden outbursting of popular commotion spread dismay over many lands. Some unseen affinity, some unknown sympathy among nations, appeared simultaneously to have excited in them the desire of change; and the result of this excitement was so extensive in its operations as to sweep away many of the

ancient landmarks of the European nations. Governments were destroyed, formed, changed, and supplanted, as if by some unseen power, whose authority was at once irresistible and inexplicable. Men felt themselves in the presence of this unseen power, the giddy became for a time serious, the thoughtless began to reflect, the devout had new petitions to present at the thrones of grace, and felt the necessity of increased fervour in view of these mysteries; whilst infidelity itself was heard, once and again, rendering involuntary homage to the Omnipotent by exclaiming, “The hand of God is in this!”

But what is all this to me? I need not anticipate the thoughts of the historian. Let me, after drawing from these great events a fresh illustration of the instability of every thing earthly, hold converse with my own heart respecting its attainments during the past year in things heavenly. I have to do with myself. I have to do with God. I have to prepare for eternity. Have I made progress in the divine life during the year? Have my prayers been increasingly marked by reverence, fervour, and faith? Have I had joyful communion with the Father and with the Son, Jesus Christ? Have I loved, more than before, the habitation of my Master's house, and listened to his glorious gospel with fixed and grateful attention? Has the love of the brethren increased in my heart, and has the fellowship of saints been more clearly realized in my experience? Has my benevolence been exhibited to the afflicted and necessitous according to the ability which God gave me? How much have I done to warn the unruly, to comfort the feeble-minded, and to support the weak? To what extent has my zeal for the honour of Christ in the diffusion of his gospel been manifested? Has any evangelist, or minister of Christ, or missionary to the heathen, given thanks for my liberality? Have I regularly shown forth the glory of God in my walk and conversation, and illustrated the power of those religious principles which I profess by my conduct and temper among my fellow-men, and in the domestic circle, where my influence for good or evil must be great? Have I conquered any besetting sin, or triumphed over any old passion? Am I, in a word, nearer to heaven by being more like to Jesus, than I was when my eyes first opened upon the past year, through which God has

mercifully conducted me, notwithstanding a thousand provocations?

Alas! I cannot give an affirmative answer to these questions. It is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed, and because his compassions fail not that I am yet in the land of the living. For the retrospect of the year which has just passed shows me many an hour trifled away, many a privilege lightly esteemed, many a mercy which called forth but slight gratitude, and many an opportunity of doing good overlooked. How much do I see on the one hand to excite thankfulness, and on the other to produce humility! It is surely evident that, but for the perpetual intercession of the great High Priest, I could not now be in the possession of so much to call forth praise, and of those hopes which, by his grace, will never make me ashamed. It becomes me also to think gratefully of my temporal mercies. What a list of gifts, blessings, and deliverances memory recalls! And they were all unmerited on my part; they were all for the sake of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." Such language is as truly appropriate in my lips as it was in those of the grateful psalmist. How great is the goodness of the Most High!

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

"When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace."

And in humble but earnest reliance on the continuance of that grace, and in the promised strength of Him for whose sake I have been hitherto upheld, I would venture to add,—

"Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew."

"Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter half thy praise!"

But that I may not lose sight of this voluntary purpose, nor forget my need of Divine assistance, let me be constantly impressed with the weakness of my heart, my responsibility as an intelligent and highly-privileged being, the purpose of God in so freely and wonderfully redeeming me, and the shortness and uncertainty of time. The future I see not. I know not what a day, far less can I know what a year may bring forth. Yet, whether I have entered on my last year on earth or not, it becomes me so to live as within sight of the judgment-seat and the eternal world. What is time for, if not to prepare for eternity? Grace is given to lead to glory. And all things intimate the wisdom of doing with my might whatsoever my hands find to do, of giving diligence to make my calling and election sure, of setting my affection on things above, and not on things on the earth; and of having my conversation in heaven, whence also I look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall, in the appointed hour, change my vile body, that "it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself." And whenever my last hour comes, may I be enabled to say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." W. L.

INFIDELS DO NOT EXAMINE THE TRUTH.

"DR. DARWIN," says Coleridge, in one of his letters, "possesses, perhaps, a greater range of knowledge than any other man in Europe, and is the most inventive of philosophical men. He thinks in a new train on all subjects but religion. He bantered me on the subject of religion."

"I heard all his arguments, and told him, 'It was infinitely consoling to me to find that the arguments of so great a man, adduced against the existence of a God and the evidences of revealed religion, were such as had startled me at fifteen, but had become the object of my smile at twenty.' Not one new objection; not even an ingenious one! He boasted 'that he had never read one book in favour of

such stuff, but that he had read all the works of infidels!

"What would you think, Mr. W——, of a man who having abused and ridiculed you, should openly declare that he had heard all that your enemies had to say against you, but had scorned to inquire the truth from any one of your friends? Would you think him an honest man? I am sure you would not. Yet such are all the infidels whom I have known. They talk of a subject, yet are proud to confess themselves profoundly ignorant of it. Dr. Darwin would have been ashamed to reject 'Hutton's Theory of the Earth' without having minutely examined it; yet, what is it to us how the earth was made—a thing impossible to be known? This system the doctor did not reject without having severely studied it; but all at once he makes up his mind on such important subjects as, whether we be the outcasts of a blind idiot, called Nature, or the children of an all-wise and infinitely good God?—whether we spend a few miserable years on this earth, and then sink into a clod of the valley; or, endure the anxieties of mortal life, only to fit us for the enjoyment of immortal happiness? These subjects are unworthy a philosopher's investigation! He deems that there is a certain self-evidence in infidelity, and becomes an atheist by intuition! Well did St. Paul say, 'Take heed lest there be in you an evil heart of unbelief.'"

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN ANIMALS AND VEGETABLES.

ANIMALS have ordinarily been briefly characterized as living, sentient, and capable of motion; and vegetables as merely endowed with life. But in order to arrive at more clear and definite ideas, let us examine particularly the difference that is manifest.

Vegetables are fixed in the earth, by the root, while another part is raised into the air, and consists of the stem, the branches and the leaves. In the disposition of these portions, we look in vain for rigorously symmetrical arrangement; there is, indeed, order, harmony, and a due adjustment of parts: one vegetable is the type of its species, one leaf the type of every leaf on the same plant, and consequently of the leaves of every plant of the same species; but this is all. The elm, for example, has its peculiar leaf,

bark, and adjustment of branches, so that it cannot be mistaken for the oak; but one elm, though a type of the species, does not present the same number of branches or leaves, nor the same proportions between one part and another. Moreover, the vegetable, fixed to the earth, is incapable of removing to another locality, nor does it possess the power of voluntary motion. It is, therefore, incapable of avoiding injuries; but with this incapacity of self-protection, it is as insensible to pain as it is to pleasure. A sentient being, that is, one susceptible of pleasure and pain, must be capable of voluntary action, and endowed with the power of locomotion.

A near approximation to animal existence appears in a plant commonly known as Venus's Fly-trap, which inhabits the southern part of the United States of America. Certain of the leaves are fringed at their sides with a row of long spines, and have the power of folding their two sides towards each other, so as to inclose the insects which settle on their surface. On each half of the blade of a leaf, three thorns are placed, and when any one of them is slightly touched, the action of the trap is complete. So perfectly do the spines cross each other, that the captured prey cannot possibly escape; and, indeed, the more it struggles, the greater is the pressure it experiences. The victims thus made, appear to supply the plant with needed and beneficial nutriment, probably nitrogen from animal matter. When kept in hot-houses in England, from which insects were excluded, it has languished, but little pieces of meat placed on the leaves have restored its vigour. And yet, these leaves, like all the foliage of the vegetable kingdom, so change the crude fluid—the water, in which is dissolved a small proportion of the substances of the surrounding soil—that it becomes nutritious sap, on which the life and functions of the plant primarily depend. Still, notwithstanding the analogy which is presented by this curious plant to animal functions, its action is not voluntary, like that of a sentient being, and it must continue rooted in the earth.

If now we consider the animal, we find it composed of parts symmetrically arranged, and constituting a body possessed of certain definite members. Fixed by no root to one spot, in which to live and perish, it is free; it moves, it

feels, it exerts the power of locomotion. Such are the obvious differences between animals and plants; but if we proceed to a closer investigation of their respective organization, we shall discover yet wider lines of distinction.

In all animals we find an internal apparatus for the reception of food, which there undergoes the process of digestion. From the inner surface of the stomach arise a multitude of minute tubes, termed by anatomists, *lacteals*, which take up such particles as are digested, and ultimately convey them into the circulating fluid, where they lose all traces of their former appearance, and become incorporated with the body. Now, the very existence of such an apparatus, for the preparation of food previously to its admission into the system, supposes a complication of organs, both internal and external: internal, as to the accomplishment of the change necessary to be wrought on what is subjected to their action; external, as to the powers of searching for food, and its acquisition when found.

No common internal cavity for the reception and precursory digestion of food is discoverable in plants: it is received into their system at once; the fibres of their roots resembling the absorbing tubes which arise from the inner surface of the stomachs of animals. The food of plants is already prepared, so as to adapt it to their support; it consists of various fluids and gaseous elements, presented by the soil and the atmosphere, and has only to be absorbed. Where the seed germinates, there the plant finds its nutriment; and if it be accidentally denied, there must it prematurely perish. Nature has fixed the plant, and has also placed its nutriment in external contact with it; nature has made the animal locomotive, and has consequently given it an internal apparatus for the reception of a supply of matter, whence the system may be duly nourished and sustained till more can be acquired.

When, however, we say that animals are locomotive, we do not forget that there are some, low in the scale of being, which are destitute of this faculty; but, in such instances, we find a plant-like simplicity of structure, and a plant-like arrangement of external organs. Even in these there is an internal digestive apparatus, simple, it is true, while the animal seeks its food. If it cannot quit its local station, it spreads abroad its

arms or feelers in search of what the teeming waters of the river or the sea may bring, to be received internally and digested. There is, then, between the polyp and the plant a clear, yet narrow line of demarcation.

It is equally worthy of remark, that the plant possesses no true sensation, as animals do, and that the power of locomotion is necessarily connected with the faculty of sensation. That a being, susceptible of pleasure and pain, endowed with various senses, and having affections and passions should, statue-like, be fixed motionless upon a life-enduring pedestal, would be an outrage upon the harmony and laws of nature. Where such endowments exist, the power is also given of seeking the good and avoiding the evil.

The leading differences between animals and plants may therefore be summed up by observing, that all animals possess an internal cavity for the reception and digestion of food; that, with some exceptions, they have organs of locomotion, symmetrically disposed; that they are endowed with a sensation or feeling; that the greater number have additional senses, as of sight, hearing, taste, and smell, a condition connected with a high degree of organization and nervous development; and that in such as are thus gifted, there are exhibited various instincts, and a diversity of affections and passions.

The conclusion thus gained has not, however, satisfied that intense thirst for knowledge, to which we owe some of the most remarkable and valuable attainments of the human mind. The microscope has been plied minutely, accurately, and perseveringly, to examine the tissues or component structures of animals and vegetables, and with some degree of success. The Corallines are chiefly animals; but some of these, admitted by Cuvier into the same series, have been demonstrated, by the employment of high magnifying powers, to be actually vegetables. In some instances the microscope reveals a broad distinction between an animal and a vegetable tissue, but in others it is diminished until any difference is scarcely, if at all, perceptible. A further study of the different tissues of organic bodies will doubtless add important facts to the knowledge already acquired.—*Curiosities of Animal Life. Just published by the Religious Tract Society.*

ANECDOTE OF A TERRIER.

A LADY residing in the neighbourhood of London had a terrier which was much attached to her. She gave this dog to a friend, who was going to reside at Bremen. In about a week after her friend had reached his destination, he wrote her word that the dog, after pining and appearing completely wretched, had disappeared, and that, after a most active search, nothing could be heard of him. In less, however, than a fortnight, just as she was retiring to bed, a loud barking was heard under the window, and the lady said to her maid, "If it were possible, I should say that is Viper's bark." The noise continued, accompanied by pushing at the door. On opening it the dog sprang in, rather thinner than when it left home, but in good plight. How it got home could not be ascertained.—*Jesse.*

THE FLOWERLESS PLANTS—FERNS.

No. I.



The Hard Fern.

BOTANISTS have separated the vegetable kingdom into the two great divisions of flowering and flowerless plants. The latter includes the ferns, mosses, lichens, and mushrooms, as well as the seaweed tribe; which last comprehends also plants of the fresh waters producing no flowers.

Of the flowerless, or cryptogamic plants, the ferns rank the highest. They are the largest among them, and both by their appearance and structure approach much more nearly than either of the others, to the herbs and trees, which with their blossoms grace our gardens, and woods, and meadows, and to which the

great Creator has given a more complete organization. Cryptogamic plants are formed chiefly of cells, and the lower orders are composed entirely of them. Some of them seem mere masses of slime, or trembling jellies, or cobweb-like meshes, and have often led naturalists to question as to whether they belong to the vegetable or animal kingdom. They form a connecting link between the two, seeming to act from voluntary impulse, performing spontaneous motions, and, when chemically examined, exhibiting characters peculiar to the animal, and yielding, while subjected to burning, that fetid carbon, which resembles the decaying animal substance; whereas their mode of growth and propagation has induced scientific men to consider them as vegetables.

Of all the flowerless plants, the ferns possess the most remarkable beauty for the general observer of nature. None but those who, having gathered the green slime from the pond, or the moss from the ruin, have examined them beneath the microscope, can form any just idea of their exquisite loveliness. But all who love the brown moorland, all who linger over the plants of the shady lane or the "good greenwood," delight in—

"The green palmy fern, which the softest and mildest
Of summer's light breezes can ruffle."

These plants have great elegance of form, and their bright, glossy, green boughs, "fronds," as the botanist calls them, enliven the dim dark forests and wave above the mossy cushions from which peep the tiny wild-flowers. Sometimes the ferns hang like miniature trees by the side of the spring which wells from the rock, and sometimes the dry and crumbling wall, or the trunk of the gray tree, is brightened by their verdure. In general features they differ very greatly from all the other orders of flowerless plants. They consist of a number of branches, on a kind of stem sometimes rising up above the earth, at others lying prostrate on it. Little brown masses are collected at the back or around the margins of the fronds of most of the species, which, when looked at through a microscope, are found to be small brittle bags, formed of cellular membrane, and in most cases partly surrounded by a thickened elastic ring. They are very beautiful when thus examined, for they glitter like bags of brown clear crystal. These capsules, or *thecæ*,

as they are called, burst open when ripe, and thence issues the powdery matter, the grains of which the botanist terms sporules, and which are analogous to the seeds of the flowering plants. These brown masses, covering as they sometimes do the whole of the back of the frond, are often so heavy, that if the fern had no support from the wall in which it grows, they would bow it to the earth by weight.

Besides these peculiarities, the ferns have another very obvious one. Their fronds, previous to expansion, are usually rolled up in the form of a scroll,—an appearance which may be seen in the common bracken, or brake, in which the whitish green shoots seem as if they were hiding from the light of day, as they roll inwards upon their stem; but which gradually open and present a broad, bright green, glossy surface to the sun-beam.

But the ferns of our native island, beautiful as they are, yet must yield in size and symmetry to the arborescent ferns of tropical climates. There they rival the graceful palm-tree, and give a characteristic vegetation to the regions in which they flourish. Their foliage and stems are totally distinct from those of the trees and flowers, and preserving exactly the appearance of the cryptogamous order, they cast their light shadows to the ground from a summit of thirty-five or forty feet, and occasionally even twice that height, and are at once recognised as ferns by any one at all conversant with the tribe as they appear in our own country. Tree ferns are found south of the tropics, as far even as to the southern coast of Van Diemen's Land, and at Dusky Bay, in New Zealand; yet nowhere are they to be seen above the northern tropic. The beautiful tree fern, called *Cyathea*, is the highest of all the fern tribe. One species of this is a lofty tree in the Isle of Bourbon, and in the West Indies, where tree ferns are very abundant, as well as in some other tropical lands. In those regions of equinoctial America, where vegetation in general is remarkably magnificent, it often grows beside the tall cabbage-palm, with its feathery and sharply-pointed leaves. Humboldt, who, with M. Bonpland, discovered in the thick mountain forests of these regions several species of arborescent ferns unknown to earlier botanists, thus remarks on them: "We observed that the ferns in general are much more

rare than the palm-trees. Nature has confined them to temperate, moist, and shady places. They shun the direct rays of the sun; and while the *Pumos*, the *Corypha* of the steppes, and the other palms of America, flourish in the naked and burning plains, these ferns, with arborescent trunks, which at a distance look like palm-trees, preserve the character and habits of cryptogamous plants. They love solitary places, little light, a moist temperature, and stagnant air. If they sometimes descend towards the coast, it is only under cover of a thick shade. The old trunks of the *Cyathea* and the *Meniscium* are covered with a carbonaceous powder, which, probably deprived of hydrogen, has a metallic lustre." This writer adds that these are the only plants which present us with this phenomenon, for the mass of those gigantic trees of these primæval forests, with their stout woody trunks are, in spite of the heat of the climate, and the intensity of the light, less burned under the tropics than in the temperate zones. The trunk of ferns is a hollow cylinder, containing a loose cellular substance, and the coat is a hard, cellular, fibrous rind, composed of the united bases of the leaves. Humboldt remarks that a plant of this structure is more easily burned by the action of the oxygen of the atmosphere, than trunks formed like those of our oaks, of a succession of substances regularly disposed, because the former decays from the circumference to the centre, and is thus deprived of the organs by which its elaborated juices descend toward the roots. This naturalist brought into Europe some of the powder of metallic lustre, which he collected from some very old trunks of the tree ferns. Some of the gigantic fronds of the tree ferns have been brought to England, but they seldom reach this country in an entire state.

Tree ferns have been hitherto little cultivated, as they offer little which can benefit man in the arts or domestic purposes of life. One species of *Cyathea*, however, which abounds in the forests of New Zealand, produces a starchy substance, which the natives use for food, and term *marnaga*. Two kinds of tree fern only are said to grow in the forests of this country, yet New Zealand might, from the abundance of the herbaceous species, be termed the Isle of Ferns. Polack, in his work on that country, describes the difficulty of travelling over plains, when the fern, growing to a great

height, was matted in interminable confusion, so as to render it impossible for any one to get through it without cutting the hands, face, and feet with its wiry fibres and sharp angular branches: and thus the natives who acted as pioneers to the party, were greatly distressed by it. This writer adds that the fern, or, as the natives call it, the *rohi*, flourishes in an infinity of varieties, and attaining in some places, the height of twelve feet, renders some of the plains and acclivities quite impassable. The women are much engaged in pounding and preparing fern root for food, which, having been first baked or roasted on the embers of a fire, is beaten till it is fit for eating. "A European," says our traveller, "has at first little taste for this food; but custom reconciles to its use, perhaps for the same reason that bread and water seldom satiate us, because possessing little taste." Some diseases are prevalent among the natives, which our author considers to be the result of an excessive use of this food. The roots are so deep in the earth that they cannot be extracted by the plough, and several seasons are required to work the land, previously to the entire extirpation of this indigenous edible. The fronds of the fern are used for thatching the New Zealand huts.

But we need not travel far on the lands of our own island, to seek some of the tribe of plants which we are just now considering. Let us go, as the poet did—

"To the meadows all gemm'd with the primrose
and gowan,
And the ferny braes fringed with the hazel and
rowan,
When the foxgloves look out from the osiers
dauk,
And the wild thyme and violet breathe from the
bank,
And green fairy nooks 'mid the landscape are
seen,
Half hid by the grey rocks that over them lean."

And on such a spot we shall be sure to find our most common fern—a fern indeed so common, that the very mention of the tribe at once brings this plant to the memory. The common brake, or bracken, with its bright green branches, brown at the edge, and its long blackish stem, is known to every one at all conversant with plants. If we go to the north of England, we find its fronds, sometimes a yard in length, bound down on the cottage thatch, or serving as litter for the horses. If we come away to the south, and visit the bright fruit orchards of Kent, when rich with their ruddy cherries, we see it lying in heaps beneath the trees,

ready to be laid over the fruit in the baskets, which is to be sent to the London market for sale. The ashes which it produces when burned, yield a quantity of alkali, which is made into balls, and used for soap, and sold under the name of ash-balls; and ovens are heated with the bracken, which is said to yield an intense heat.

Wander into any of the parks in which the bounding deer are leaping over the greensward, and we shall see them seeking its boughs for their place of repose when they choose to rest awhile from their play. And the game, when started from the wood or moorland, rise from among its plentiful covert. The poet sings of the waving, feathery brake,—and its Latin name, *Pteris*, significant of a plume, though now confined to that particular genus, was among the ancients the common name for all ferns. This plant, too, appears to have been the *fearn* especially of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and its abundance probably suggested the names of some English towns and villages, as, Farnham, (Fearnham,) Farnhurst, Farnborough, Farnworth, and Farningham.

The stalk of the brake is stout and strong, and the angles on its surface have cut, by their thin, sharp edges, the hand of many an unguarded gatherer. Children often pull them, that they may cut the stalk across, for a black mark is seen in the interior cellular substance, contrasted conspicuously with the white portion. The ancients fancied that it resembled an eagle with outspread wings; hence they distinguished this species by the name it still bears, *Pteris aquilina*. Later observers imagined that they saw the letters *r c*, which were said to signify the Royal Charles, who acquired a melancholy interest from his misfortunes.

Not only is the common brake indigenous to almost all parts of the United Kingdom, but its geographical range is very extensive. Not a list of native plants furnished by a botanist of any part of Europe but enumerates the brake among them. Asia and Africa, too, have the wild bracken, and North and South America have more than one of the species of this fern. The common brake is the only British kind. In the Canary Isles, where it is abundant, it is indeed a useful plant; for though the natives have crops of rye, barley, and potatoes, yet these do not furnish nearly enough food for their consumption: and in Palma, one of these islands, the poor people are fain to con-

tent themselves chiefly with the roots of the fern. It is powdered, and either used with or without the admixture of flour. The black bread which is made of it is said by Von Buch to furnish the principal article of food for two-thirds of the people. Baron Humboldt states that in Palma and Gomera, this powder when mixed with barley meal and boiled, is called *gofio*, and justly remarks that the use of so homely an element is a proof of the extreme penury of the poorer inhabitants of the Canary Islands. He adds that nowhere in the temperate regions did he see such an abundance of this and some other of our common ferns, as on the mountains of Teneriffe.

The bitter and astringent stem of the brake is occasionally used medicinally, and was employed by the ancients in making diet drink. These stems have also been used in tanning and dressing red and chamois leather, and they have been sometimes substituted for hops. But the time has passed away when the mother made for her sickly child the green bed of bracken, and laid him down upon it, that his weak limbs might regain the strength and straightness which they had lost from want of care or other causes, though in Haller's time this was a common remedy.

A very handsome British fern, which continues through the winter, and looks green and beautiful on the old tower or ruined wall, is the Hart's Tongue. The young fronds of this are to be seen in April, both on ruins and in shady woods, and it is in perfection in September. Though not quite so frequent as the brake, yet it is by no means a rare plant. Its form is unlike most of our British ferns, for it has long, narrow, bright green leaves, or fronds, uncut at their edges. It would, however, be easily known as a fern, by its thin, crisp, brittle frond, devoid of succulence. And it presents the common character of masses of brown capsules at the back of the frond. These are arranged in a row at each side of the leaf, slanting inwards towards the middle rib or vein, which is a continuation of the leaf-stalk. This fern is commonly about a foot long; but professor Hooker mentions having gathered this handsome plant with fronds more than two feet long in the moat at Kenilworth Castle. There are three or four varieties of the fern, and some writers consider them as distinct species, but to the ordinary observer they are much alike. The Hart's

Tongue has an old renown for curing wounds when made into an ointment. Like all the ferns, its properties are astringent.

But no fern has had a repute as a remedial agent equal to that which was in old times given to the most magnificent of our native ferns. The tall *Osmunda*, or flowering fern, throwing upwards its panicles of brown masses of inflorescence, looks almost like a beautiful shrub, and is found in many moist bogs or shady valleys of our island. In the north-west of Scotland and the south of Ireland it is very common. Its usual height is three or four feet; but a handsome tuft, growing on the banks of the Clyde, was found by a botanist growing to the height of eleven and a half feet. In England, though not so frequent as the ferns hitherto noticed, yet it is rather a local than a rare plant, being unknown in some districts, but common in others. The panicle of brown masses of capsules, which is commonly called the flower, rise from the margins of the fronds, and gradually form themselves into this loose and branched mass, which is in perfection during the months of July and August. The name of *Osmunda* is thought to be of northern origin, and to have been derived from *Osmunder*, which was one of the appellations of Thor, and which it received because of some wondrous properties which it was supposed to possess. The Anglo-Saxon word "mund" is significant of force or power, and therefore aptly applied to a plant which was deemed so efficacious a remedy in disease.

At the same season in which the flowering fern rises in graceful beauty in the copsewood, the long feathering plumes of the graceful lady-fern are bowing before the passing winds of summer. This is one of the many species of the shield-fern; and another of this genus, called the male-fern, is to be found too in shady places, where the root, composed of many matted fibres, forms a turfish head as large as the finger. Some very pretty species of shield-ferns are indigenous to Britain; but the genus is chiefly remarkable, as furnishing that very singular plant called the Scythian or Tartarian lamb, which, however, has by some botanists been placed in another genus. This vegetable curiosity received its familiar name on account of the resemblance which its brown hairy, or rather silky rootstalk has to an animal, but it is

more like a little reddish brown dog, lying down, than a lamb. In earlier times, when marvels, either in the vegetable or animal kingdom, seemed to be perpetuated with diligence, rather than investigated with carefulness, men delighted in the belief of a vegetable lamb, and a barnacled goose, which latter was said to grow out of a shell-fish. A number of fables were then current respecting this plant, which received confirmation from the actual fact that the colour of its juice is a rich sanguine tint, very similar to animal blood, and which becomes thickened on exposure to the air. Struys, an old traveller, gives an account of this production, which though not correct in some of its minor details, yet is so in the main. "On the western side of the Volga," says this writer, "there is an elevated salt plain of vast extent, but wholly uncultivated and uninhabited. On this plain, which furnishes all the neighbouring countries with salt, grows the boranez, or *bornitsch*. This wonderful plant has the shape and appearance of a lamb, with feet, head, and tail distinctly formed. Boranez, in the language of Muscovy, signifies "a little lamb," and a similar name is given to this plant. Its skin is covered with very white down, as soft as silk. The Tartars and Muscovites esteem it highly, and preserve it with great care in their houses, where I have seen many such lambs. The sailor who gave me one of these precious plants, found it in a wood, and I had its skin made into an under waistcoat." The traveller adds, that those acquainted with these plants told him that the lamb grows upon a stalk about three feet high, and that it turned round and bent towards the herbage which serves for its food, and that it dies when the grass fails. The imagination of the rude tribe in whose lands this plant vegetates, would be active enough to lead them to fancy the former of these statements, and the latter is likely enough to be true, as the withering of the grass might be at the same season as that in which the fern would die. Dr. Darwin alludes to the notion that the lamb fed on the plants around it. Thus he says of it:

"Crops the gray coral moss and hoary thyme,
Or laps with rosy tongue the melting rime;
Eyes with much tenderness her distant dam,
And seems to bleat—a vegetable lamb."

Koempfer says that the boranez is a kind of sheep, common on the borders of

the Caspian Sea. These Tartarian lambs are considered to possess medicinal virtues, and are on this account brought in a fresh state to the markets at Macao for sale, and dried specimens have reached England. It is sold in the markets in India, under the name of golden moss, and used for stopping hæmorrhages. There is no doubt that the plant actually bears some resemblance to the animal from which it receives its familiar name.

A. P.

RUINS OF PINARA AND XANTHUS.

The port of Makri, the western point of the Lycian coast, stands on the site of ancient Termessus, the ruins of which have been described by several travellers. At a few miles distance, and not far from the coast, is the village which stands near the site of Pinara, the ruins of which are thus described by Lieut. Spratt and Dr. Forbes.

The next day was devoted to visiting the ruins of Pinara. Our expectations had been greatly raised respecting this wonderful city, by the account of it which we had received from Mr. Hoskyn, who had told us that it was the finest of all those in the valley of the Xanthus; and the little sketch given by its discoverer had also excited our curiosity; but the reality far exceeded both the report and the picture. At about a quarter of an hour's walk from the village, we suddenly came upon a magnificent view of the ancient city, seated in a rocky recess of Mount Cragus. A stupendous tower of rock, faced by a perpendicular precipice, perforated with a thousand tombs, and crowned by ruined fortifications, rose out of a deep ravine, which was thronged with ruins and sarcophagi, and intersected by ridges bearing the more important edifices. Dark precipitous mountains, of the grandest outlines, overhung the whole. After gazing with astonishment at this wondrous scene, we plunged among the maze of ruins, making a hurried ramble through them, so as to become acquainted with the localities of the site, intending to pay future visits for the purpose of more minute exploration. We first visited a fine theatre, excavated in the side of a woody hill fronting the city. The Lycian theatres are invariably so placed as to command a grand prospect, or when by the sea-side, a broad expanse of ocean. For a scene of rocky magnificence, none

of them could vie with the theatre of Pinara. Opposite the theatre are the remains of a building of much later times, with Ionic columns, some of which are double, and have the fluting grooved in a coating of cement. Close by are several very fine arch-lidded tombs, with Lycian inscriptions. Above is a lower Acropolis, a long ridge of buildings, many of them of Cyclopæan architecture. Among them is a small theatre, or odeum, and a gigantic portal, shattered apparently by an earthquake. We then ascended to the base of the rock of the greater Acropolis, finding on our way a remarkable group of sarcophagi. They are arranged so as to form a square round an enormous central sarcophagus, with a pedestal-formed summit. This sarcophagus was the largest we met with in Lycia. Its interior is remarkable, the sides being surrounded by a projecting ledge or shelf. The tombs of the square bear no inscriptions, but are peculiarly ornamented; the cement which covers their sides being scored so as to represent the appearance of a regularly-built stone wall, exactly as we sometimes see on plastered houses at home. The stone at Pinara, though hard and durable, being a conglomerate, is not favourable for inscriptions; and the ancient inhabitants seem to have been in the habit of coating it with a fine mortar, or cement, and on that carving the letters. We ascended the acropolis rock by the only pass, a steep and difficult path cut on its side. On its level but sloping summit, we found the remains of many fortifications and cisterns, not, however, of the most ancient architecture. Such parts of the margin as were in any way accessible, were strongly defended by walls. On the highest part of the summit is an isolated fortification, or stronghold, furnished with tanks, and surrounded by a ditch. The view from this is very grand, whether upward among the gloomy gorges of Anticragus, or forward over the fertile plains of the Xanthus, and the snowy ridges of Massicytus. The tombs which perforate the perpendicular face of this gigantic rock, are oblong holes, occasionally with a semi-circular top. They are most irregularly arranged, but occasionally form perpendicular rows. There are no traces of panels or doors to their entrances. They must have been excavated by workmen suspended from the summit. They are now inaccessible, and are the dwelling-places of eagles.

Descending from the rock, and passing the quadrangle of tombs before mentioned, we came to the remains of an early Christian church, at the head of a deep, dark, and narrow ravine, walled by the precipitous rocks of the lower Acropolis, and filled with oleanders and chaste-trees. In this gloomy depth are many very perfect and beautiful rock tombs, hewn in imitation of wooden buildings, and bearing on their ledges carved and painted Lycian inscriptions. On the front of the same ridge of rock, in that part facing the valley, are still larger and finer rock tombs, some of which Uruk families had adopted as their winter habitations. Some of these are temple tombs, with sculptured pediments; and on one are the curious representations of the walls and buildings of an ancient city, figured by Fellowes. This tomb is now much injured by the fires lighted in its interior by the Uruks.

We returned to our village from the city of king Pandarus, greatly delighted with our first visit, and convinced that we had seen but a fraction of its wonders. The site is known to be Pinara, from inscriptions, from its situation exactly agreeing with the accounts given by ancient geographers, and from the ancient name being retained, with the alteration of a letter, in the name of the modern village.

The site of Xanthus, though beautiful, is not imposing. The hill on which it stands rises abruptly from a level plain, in some places marshy and alluvial. The rapid torrent of the river rushes along the base of the steep precipice of a lower Acropolis, at the back of which are the theatre, and several of the more remarkable monuments, especially the square columnar tomb which bore the bas-reliefs descriptive of the story of the daughters of Pandarus, now in the British Museum, and that on which is the longest Lycian inscription known. Above them rises a second rocky eminence, the upper Acropolis, the summit of which is mostly occupied by the ruins of an early Christian monastery. On the south-western slope of the city are several remarkable sarcophagi and other tombs, including the tomb of Payara, figured in the frontispiece to Fellowes' first tour. Elevated on platforms of rock, immediately above the plain, stood a group of temples, of which the friezes and statues, now in the British Museum, were the principal ornaments.

Whilst we were there, these sculptures were daily dug out of the earth, and brought once more to view. The search for them was intensely exciting; and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, our admiration of their art was, perhaps, a little beyond their merits. As each block of marble was uncovered, and the earth carefully brushed away from its surface, the form of some fair amazon, or stricken warrior, of an eastern king, or a besieged castle, became revealed, and gave rise to many a pleasant discussion as to the sculptor's art therein displayed, or the story in the history of the ancient Xanthians therein represented,—conversations which all who took part in will ever look back upon as among the most delightful in their lives. Often, after the work of the day was over, and the night had closed in, when we had gathered round the log fire in the comfortable Turkish cottage which formed the headquarters of the party, we were accustomed to sally forth, torch in hand, Charles Fellowes as cicerone, to cast a midnight look of admiration on some spirited battle-scene or headless Venus, which had been the great prize of the morning's work.

We remained three days at Tlos. It is a most delightful place. Few ancient sites can vie with it. Built on the summit of a hill of great height, bounded by perpendicular precipices and deep ravines, commanding a view of the entire length of the valley of the Xanthus—the snow-capped Taurus in one distance, the sea in another, the whole mass of Cragus and its towering peaks, and the citadel of Pinara in front, itself immediately overhung by the snowy summits of the Massicytus—a grander site for a great city could hardly have been selected in all Lycia. Pinara has perhaps more majesty, but there is a softness combined with the grandeur of Tlos, giving it a charm which Pinara has not.

The Acropolis hill terminates on the north-east, in perpendicular cliffs. These cliffs are honey-combed with rock tombs, some of which are of great beauty. The older tombs are similar to those at Telmessus; but there are others, of an apparently later period, having their chambers excavated in the rock, but with the doorways regularly built. Such tombs have often long Greek inscriptions. The oldest tomb, to all appearance, at Telos, is the largest and most interesting. It

is a temple tomb, fronted by a pediment, borne on columns of peculiar form and Egyptian aspect, having no carved capitals, and being wider at the base than at the upper part. From such columns the Ionic might have originated, for we can hardly suppose this, apparently the most important and ancient tomb in Tlos, to have been left unfinished. Within the portico is a handsome carved door, with knocker and lock, on each side of which are windows opening into large tombs. On one side of the portico is carved a figure, which we may recognise as Bellerophon, mounted on Pegasus, and galloping up a rocky hill, which may represent Mount Cragus, to encounter an enormous leopard sculptured over one of the tomb entrances on the right side of the door. This animal may be a form of chimæra, but presents none of the mythological attributes, and is, in all probability, the representation of a "caplan," the leopard which infests the crags of Cragus at the present day. An ornamental flourish appears on the door-side, near the leopard, and is repeated on the corresponding panel on the other side; but there is no animal carved on that panel. On the panels beneath the tomb are carved dogs, and there are also traces of others on the pediment. Pegasus is a Persian horse, having a topknot and knotted tail. A saddle-cloth of ornamental character has been painted on his back. The group of figures appears to have been originally painted. The head-dress of Bellerophon is very peculiar, as also the arrangement of the beard. The eye is rather full, and Greek. There is no inscription on the tomb. A few feet from it, on a level with the pediment, is a Lycian inscription in a panel on the rock, the characters of which are much larger than any we have met with elsewhere. Two other Lycian inscriptions occurred at Tlos; one on a tomb on the opposite hill, and another on one near the base of the Acropolis hill. None of these had been previously noticed.

In a field, at some distance, we discovered a quadrangular pedestal, or perhaps top of a tomb, on one side of which is a representation of Tlos itself during a siege. In this curious view, we recognised the disposition of the walls on the Acropolis, and of the more remarkable tombs as they are still to be seen. In the other compartments are represented warriors in various positions. Near this

relic there is a remarkable tomb, a sarcophagus elevated on a towering pinnacle of rock, cut away on all sides, so as to be inaccessible. From this we went to the theatre, which is large and handsome, and of the Greek form. The rows of seats are thirty-four, and near the avenues are ornamented with carved lions' paws. Near the theatre is a great group of remains of Roman buildings, apparently palaces, the arched windows of which are so placed as to command a magnificent view of the valley. Great clusters of ivy gave a rich effect to these ruins, and the "golden henbane was in flower upon their walls."

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

WHAT ARE YOUR PROSPECTS ?

I AM not going to inquire about the past or the present, but about the future. I want to ask what are your prospects? You may be very rich, or very poor; very well, or very ill; very happy, or very miserable: but these points I will not dwell upon. If you are rich, well, and happy, and have reason to fear that this state of things will soon be otherwise, you have quite enough to depress you; and if you are poor, ill, and miserable, and have a full expectation of a change for the better, you have quite enough to make you cheerful. What, then, are your prospects?

Are you looking forward to fair weather? My advice is, prepare for a storm. Are you calculating on riches? If you get them, you may not be able to keep them. Are you depending on a long life? There is, as it were, but a step between you and death. On the contrary, is your future darkened with doubt and difficulty? Fear not! Why are you cast down, and why is your soul disquieted within you? Hope in God, and you shall yet praise him, and he will be the health of your countenance and your God. What are your prospects? Some are ever hopeful: they have a sunny spirit, always looking on the bright side of things. Others are ever desponding, and seeing nothing but shadows. How is it with you? Is yours the glowing summer or the gloomy winter? Do you gaze on the blue sky, the green tree, the singing bird, the blooming flower, the ruddy fruit and the waving harvest? or on inclement skies, and leafless trees, and mist, and

ice, and snow? Speak out! What are your prospects?

Quite enough in the world there was of olden times, and there is now, to pull down the proud man. Nebuchadnezzar ate grass as an ox; Belshazzar lost his kingdom and was slain; and Haman, proud Haman, was hung on his own gallows. Quite enough in the world to raise up the humble man, there always was, and there ever will be. David was brought up out of a horrible pit; Daniel was delivered from the den of lions; Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were preserved in the fire; and poor Job, notwithstanding all his afflictions, was blessed more in his latter end than in his beginning. You are not so proud, I suppose, as Haman and the kings of Babylon were. If you are, I hope you will be brought down. Your straits are not like those of David, Daniel, and the rest that I have mentioned; but if they were, God is able to deliver you. Believe it or doubt it, this is still a truth—"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord," Jer. xvii. 7.

A man drenched to the skin may have a good fire and warm clothing before him; a man walking in darkness may yet look for the rising of the sun; and a man, while enduring heaviness at night, may yet look for joy in the morning. The hope, the expectation, the belief, the confidence we have that relief is near, brightens the sky, lightens the burden, strengthens the frame, smooths the path, quickens the foot, and animates the heart. Sweet it is, when trudging along a hot and dusty road, to have a prospect of entering the green fields and of walking beside the still waters.

What are your prospects for life and for death? for earth and for heaven? These inquiries may set you thinking; they may make you look wider afield; they may open your eyes to some things you have not noticed, and bring back to your memory others that you may have forgotten; they may throw you upon your resources, they may solemnize your reflections, and lead you to the mercy-seat of your heavenly Father.

I ask you what are your prospects for two reasons: the one, that if they are good you may gratefully rejoice; the other, that if they are bad you may try to amend them. Who can tell but that you may have fallen into mistakes? You may, even now, be looking in a wrong direction. You may be looking to the freezing north instead of the glowing

south; to earth instead of heaven; to man instead of God. You may be regarding your own sins instead of the Saviour's sacrifice, and God's righteous judgments instead of his marvellous mercies. If you are doing this, it is a sad course, a very sad course, robbing God of his glory, and your own soul of hope, peace, and joy. Alter your plan, change your course; look to the rock whence ye are hewn, to the hills whence cometh your help, even to Him who saith, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," Matt. xi. 28.

What are your prospects? Are they growing darker or getting brighter? Are they worse than they were, or better? Are the black clouds gathering closer around you, or are they gradually dispersing themselves over the distant hills? Do your hopes master your fears, or do your fears gain the ascendancy? I am not speaking of temporal things now, but of eternal things. What are your prospects with regard to that everlasting inheritance prepared for the people of God?

Are you going on smoothly, peacefully, pleasantly, hopefully, and confidently? Have you no doubts, and no fears? If this be the case, I have many doubts and fears as to your real, spiritual prosperity. Are you going on doubtfully, tremblingly, and at times almost hopelessly? if so, I have a lively hope of you; for it so often pleases our heavenly Father to try his children, and to draw them to himself through tribulation, that I have more reliance on one who walks softly in his Christian course, taking heed to his steps, and rejoicing with trembling, than I have in one who is ever singing hallelujah. Willingly would I exult with one that rejoices, but still more willingly would I comfort one that mourns.

Again I say, What are your prospects? Do you walk more humbly, read God's word more diligently, pray more fervently, and praise God more ardently than in days gone by? Do you see more clearly that you are a sinner, and rely more unreservedly on the atonement for sin, offered up by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ upon the cross? If so, you have a good prospect, and may encourage a good hope of fighting a good fight, finishing your course with joy, and finding the end to be eternal life.

All the prospects in the world are nothing when compared to the prospect of heaven. The silver, the gold, and the

precious stones, the power, the influence, and the glory of the world are as the dust of the balance, when weighed with the hope of eternal life. With this every prospect is comparatively bright; without it every prospect is beclouded. For the last time, What are your prospects? If they are good, forget not the mercy and goodness that made them so; and if they are bad, and you cannot mend them, away to Him who can. Be in earnest in your application, be urgent with him; for he can give you the desires of your heart, he can improve your prospects:

Make plain the rough, the unsightly take away,
And turn the darkness to eternal day.

THE KINGDOM OF HANOVER.

HANOVER, a kingdom of north-west Germany, is situated between lat. $51^{\circ} 18'$ and $53^{\circ} 52'$ north, and long. $6^{\circ} 43'$ and $11^{\circ} 45'$ east. It is bounded on the north by the German Ocean and the river Elbe, on the east by Prussia and Brunswick, on the south by Prussia and Hesse-Cassel, and on the west by Holland. Its bounding line is very irregular; a portion on the west is almost divided from the rest of the kingdom by the grand duchy of Oldenburg.

It is composed of seven districts—Hanover, Hildesheim, Lüneburg, Stade, Osnaburg, Aurich, and Clausthal. The most populous of these is Hanover, the capital. The united population of the seven districts, in 1823, according to M'Culloch, amounted to no fewer than 1,434,130; since which date there has been a yearly increase of about 21,000.

The kingdom of Hanover occupies a gently-sloping plain from south-east to north-west, which, with the exception of a few eminences, exhibits no elevation higher than two hundred feet above the sea. Its geological formation is granite, covered with grauwacke slate and clay slate; in the latter of which are found valuable minerals. Above these strata lie the floetz and tertiary formations. The great plain of the north, excepting a few limestone hills in Lüneburg and Stade, is of diluvial formation, and consists either of immense tracts of sand, whose surface is thickly covered with furze, or of extensive moors and marsh-lands. The heath of Lüneburg comprises about a sixth of the kingdom, in which are often found

granite boulders of extraordinary size. There are also peat-moors, of which the largest is Bourtangour on the Ems, and Hoch moor, in east Friesland. The lowlands are below the sea level, and similarly to those of Holland and the Bedford level, are kept dry by means of drainage, which involves a large amount of expenditure—several thousand dollars yearly. These lands, however, being the most productive in the kingdom, it is deemed but an inconsiderable sum.

Near to the Hartz Mountains, a gigantic figure has, from time immemorial, occasionally appeared in the heavens. It is indistinct, but always resembles the form of a human being. Its appearance has ever been considered a certain indication of approaching misfortune. It is called the Spectre of the Brocken (the name of the hill). It has been seen by many travellers. In speaking of it, Mr. Jordan says, "In the course of my repeated tours through the Hartz Mountains, I often, but in vain, ascended the Brocken, that I might see the spectre. At length, on a serene morning, as the sun was just appearing above the horizon, it stood before me, at a great distance, towards the opposite mountain. It seemed to be the gigantic figure of a man. It vanished in a moment." In September, 1796, the celebrated Abbe Haüy visited this country. He says: "After having ascended the mountain for thirty times, I at last saw the spectre. It was just at sunrise in the middle of the month of May, about four o'clock in the morning. I saw distinctly a human figure of a monstrous size. The atmosphere was quite serene towards the east. In the south-west a high wind carried before it some light vapours which were scarcely condensed into clouds, and hung round the mountain upon which the figure stood. I bowed: the colossal figure repeated it. I paid my respects a second time, which was returned with the same civility. I then called the landlord of the inn, and having taken the same position which I had occupied before, we looked towards the mountain, when we clearly saw two such colossal figures, which, after having repeated our compliment, by bending their bodies vanished."

All these phenomena proceed from one common cause. When the atmospheric fluid is throughout of equal density, the rays of light pass without obstruction or alteration in their shape or direction: but when they enter from a rarer into a

denser medium, they are refracted or bent out of their course; and this with greater or less effect, according to the different degrees of density in the media, or the deviation of the ray from the perpendicular. If the second medium be very dense in proportion to the first, the ray will be both refracted and reflected; and the object from which it proceeds will assume a variety of grotesque and extraordinary shapes, and it will sometimes appear as in a reflection from a concave mirror, dilated in size and changed in situation.

The kingdom of Hanover might with propriety be called the country of rivers, a well-watered garden "like the garden of the Lord." The magnificent Elbe, which rises in the plateau of Bohemia, and enters Hanover at Schnakenburg, forming, with a slight exception, its whole north boundary, as far as its mouth; its affluents, within Hanover, the Jeetze, Ilmenau, Este, and Oste, on the south bank. The Weser, formed by the junction of the Werra and Fulda at Munden, which flows north-west as far as the junction of the Aller; its tributary the Leine, and thence north, past Bremen into the German ocean: the Ems, which rises in Westphalia, and flows north through the moorlands of Mappen and East Friesland to Emden, at its mouth and throughout the flats of north Germany there are innumerable lakes and pools, which in winter and spring extensively cover the country. Steinlindermeer in Hanover is five miles long and two and a half broad, beside Dummer-see and Seeburgee. The subterranean lake of Jordan in East Friesland is so thickly covered with vegetation that it supports the weight of large wagons passing over it. There is also the mountain lake Oderteich, in the Hartz, which is 2,200 feet above the level of the sea. Surely there is water enough to irrigate any country; but of districts unsusceptible of agricultural improvement it might be said as of mental culture:

"Tilling the brain is useless toil,
If genius dwells not there."

Certain it is, whatever may be the high quality of that portion of the kingdom which is cultivated, there is much waste land wholly unavailable for tillage; vast sandy tracts, which extend like a band across the kingdom, giving rise to the term "the Arabia of Germany." These tracts for the most part are covered with heath, which, especially when in blossom,

presents a wild and beautiful appearance, spotted over as they are with a multitude of small but hardy breed of sheep, called, "*Staidchnucken*," which seem to enjoy their pleasant, though scanty fare. The flesh of these little creatures is considered of very excellent flavour; the pureness of the air, and the freshness of the vegetation making up for their smallness. Their wool is of the very coarsest description.

The richest land of the kingdom is the alluvial soil and weald-clay of the Hadeln-land, at the mouth of the Elbe, and of East Friesland at the mouth of the Weser. It is taxed as belonging to the first class. The secondary classes are those of the limestone districts of Hildesheim, Göttingen, Grubenhagen, Bremen, and Werden. The lowest class is that of the duchy of Aremberg Meppen. Much of this, however, is laid out in meadow land, especially the rich soil of East Friesland.

The climate in the low country about the coast is very unhealthy, but the winter is less severe than in the interior, where it usually sets in so early as September, and continues with but little mitigation till May. The spring, on account of the prevalence of easterly and north-easterly winds, is deemed the duller part of the year. What of summer is known is blest with the balmy south-west wind.

The rain that falls in Hanover during the year is said to average 23·5 inches; but it is very unequal in different parts of the kingdom. Fogs are prevalent in the dyke-lands, and violent storms frequently occur in winter, which cause great damage to the embankment and drainage.

On account of the quality of the greater portion of the soil, much labour is requisite to make it even moderately profitable to the proprietor. This, however, is but rarely met with, owing to the smallness of the estates into which the land is divided. It has been calculated that at least three-fifths of it is possessed by small proprietors, whose average property is only twelve acres; and that one-fifth only belongs to those whose capital is adequate to scientific cultivation. The crown and nobility hold the best cultivated lands, and on them is bestowed all that art, labour, and science can effect for their improvement. The best farms of the small proprietors are in the marsh lands, and these yield rich and abundant crops, and supply sustenance to a multitude of cattle.

Next in order as respects tillage, are the freeholds in the principalities of Hildesheim, Göttingen, Grubenhagen, part of Halemberg, and those near the large towns. There is a singular custom in this country of parcelling the land out into a certain number of fields, in proportion to the number of the owner's cattle, and his consequent power of keeping the land properly dressed. The small proprietors of sandy districts, and the stewards of the nobles' estates and crown lands adhere to the old plan of three courses,—fallow winter corn, chiefly rye; summer corn, barley or oats, with clover on the fallow, when the land will bear it. Rye is generally used for bread, the quantity of wheat being insufficient, on account of the scarcity of rich soil. Of barley and oats there is usually an abundance, and when in demand, is largely exported to England. Clover and lucern are prolific articles on good farms. Turnips, flax, hemp, tobacco, and hops are also very generally cultivated. Potatoes are universally grown, and form the principal sustenance of the poorer classes.

The most remarkable feature of the country is its forests of beech and oak trees. The forest lands are said to equal in amount 1,400,000 English acres, and to yield annually 51,848,000 cubic feet of timber, exclusive of inferior wood. In the Hartz districts the timber is of fir; and in Kalenberg, the duchy of Bremen, and the Upper Weser, large beech and oak forests are found; they are, however, notwithstanding their abundance, even those which are private property, always entrusted to the care of men regularly educated for their management, and are moreover licensed for the purpose. How vividly is brought before the mind that beautiful passage in the Psalms: "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills."

The more prominent branches of industry among the Hanoverians are cattle-breeding and mining; the former is assiduously followed in almost every province of the kingdom. But industry, valuable and indispensable as it may be, in order to success, is of comparatively little use alone; there must be a knowledge also of the work we undertake, in order to achieve the object desired. It is thus in the case before us; grazing being but imperfectly understood, the efforts of these men prove unavailable to the produce which their industry deserves. The horses of East Friesland are the most

esteemed, the pasturage of that district being more favourable than in some others, and a vast number are exported yearly. In this particular, however, as with others, there is a gradual improvement discernible among the graziers. McCulloch (to whom we are indebted for many particulars) states, that in 1817, the number of horses in the kingdom was 224,627; it is now 250,000. Of horned cattle, at the same date, 640,633; now 900,000. Of sheep, 1,564,355; their number is now estimated at 1,611,284 head, and the produce of wool yearly, is said to be 3,224,000 lbs., two-thirds of which are exported.

Mining is extensively practised, and is highly productive. It would seem, however, that for want of other regulations than those at present in force, it is much less so than it might become, the administration of the mines being entirely in the hands of Government, and most expensively directed, officers being appointed for this purpose who, having an insufficient stimulus, are not likely to facilitate their working to anything like the full extent. It is stated that the amount of ore, at an average of ten years, was 1,647,023 cwt. yearly, produced at an expense of 877,700 rix-dollars, and realizing a nett revenue to Government of only 633,100 dollars! The Hartz mines at Clausthal, Tellerfeld, and Andreasberg are worked exclusively by the Hanoverian government, on a most expensive scale. Sampson pit is 1,900 feet deep, and there are many 700 and 800 feet deep. The one at Clausthal is very rich in lead, yielding seventy-five per cent., and from one and a half to four per cent. of silver. Those of the Rammelsberg, near Gostar, are worked by the states of Hanover and Brunswick jointly. Silver, copper, and lead are produced here in good quantities, and gold is occasionally found.

The iron mines are not in the hands of government, but let out to speculators, who are, however, obliged to deliver all their produce to the royal smelting-houses, to receive whatever price may there be decided on; and to an amount of quantity alike optional. Thus it is easy to see that the quantity yielded has nothing to do with the gain of the workers. It is to be greatly deplored that an average of five years, according to careful calculation, gives only 290,000 cwt., as iron is so extensively spread through the hilly districts of Hanover. The salt-

works, as well as the metallic mines, are also for the most part under the same enthralling fetters. Coal is found in great abundance in many of the hilly localities that divide the Weser from the Leine; and were there better conveniences for transit, it might supply every want of a mining district, instead of which coke and wood are used in the smelting-houses.

But perhaps some of our readers are saying to themselves, "What to us are all these details of horses, salt, and minerals? we have no interest in these things." Probably not, and it may be that the writer has still less; but we have not merely to meet individual, but general, taste. There may be others to whom the foregoing particulars may be highly acceptable; for, be it remembered, that there is as great a diversity in tastes as of subjects to meet them; and it is not our province to select for another the object of his preference, since these, we think, for the most part, depend on constitution of mind, or peculiar situations in society, or the influences of particular associations. That taste is not universally the same, needs no argument to establish; and that it was not intended to be so, appears to us equally obvious, by the infinite variety displayed in the works of God. Has not every country its own peculiar features? and have not the people of every nation their own distinctive physical and mental characteristics? And thus it is with individuals. So far, then, as we keep within the range of lawful subjects, we feel bound to study the tastes of every class; and while we provide minute detail for the more matter of fact among our readers, we wish by no means to deny the imaginative food for their finer and more delicate susceptibilities, which have been alike abundantly provided for by the great Creator. Those who object to the cultivation of taste, must be wholly unconscious of its delights. Surely it opens to the mind an extensive field of lawful enjoyment. We have no sympathy with those who fear that the pursuit of its pleasures must necessarily diminish our attention to those objects which are more exclusively spiritual and divine. Every lawful indulgence may be rendered sinful by excess, the legitimate enjoyment of which would not only preserve from this error, but serve to increase our ardour in all the sublimer tendencies of the soul. If, for instance, the works of nature are sur-

veyed; if we gaze on the huge dark rock, or the mighty ocean; if we behold the mountain rill, or the tender plant; if we look on the broad expanse of heaven, when calm as the summer's eve, and see the full-orbed moon threading the ethereal mead, attended by ten thousand twinkling stars; or watch the electric flash between the dark clouds, lighting up the Ethiop brow of night, our hearts must be indeed insensible, if we do not respond to the sentiment:

"Thyself how wondrous then!

We will, however, close for the present our remarks on Hanover; first availing ourselves of the moral lesson to be deduced from the flagrant neglect of privileges presented in the bad working of the mines. May it not aptly be compared to that indolent and sinful disregard of advantages which those born in Christian lands too often evince, or but inadequately improve? Rich stores of wealth are to be found in God's word, and in his works; these are treated, frequently, with indifference, if not contempt: "He hath showed to us the great things of his law, but we have counted them as a strange thing," as an idle tale, and even turned a deaf ear to his condescending invitations and entreaties to possess ourselves of them. How many of the creations of that rich spiritual mine are left unexplored, the sorrowful regrets of those who have proved their inestimable value can testify; while they weep over the unyielding hearts of relatives, whose immortal interests are dearer to them than life, and on whose behalf they cease not day nor night to wrestle with God, "if so be they may yet be found of him."

May those among the young, who peruse these facts in reference to Hanover, seriously ask the question, whether they are availing themselves of the means afforded to them of obtaining "the pearl of great price," with which the combined treasures of the earth are not to be compared, and all of which in a dying hour will be esteemed as baubles, and

"Earth and seas seem dust upon the scale."

In our next we shall dwell more particularly on the features of the principal town of the kingdom of Hanover; in which we hope, that what may be wanting in poetical interest, may be compensated by an amount of information that may be more practically useful.

S. S. S.

CONVERSIONS IN FRANCE THROUGH THE READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

THE Rev. A. Monod stated the following circumstances in a public meeting at Edinburgh, during the autumn of 1846, in connexion with conversions in France through the reading of the Scriptures:—"One question with me was, whether conversion could be brought about simply through the reading of the Scriptures. I remember one person, a peasant from the environs, who came to Lyons, and finding a Bible lying on the table of a friend, he took it away and read it. He began with the history of Joseph, and was, of course, delighted with it; he read not only the Old, but the New Testament, and in the most quiet and, humanly speaking, unaccountable way, he was brought to the knowledge and to the confession of the truth, which he has ever since most faithfully held. Another, and a most interesting and instructive instance, was the conversion of the sister of that man, who came to Lyons about the same time, and was also converted: but she had not the humility of her brother, and trusting to her own powers, went about disputing concerning her new faith, especially with the priests. What was the consequence? She was overcome by those whom she ought to have been most able to overcome, and went back to the Roman Catholic church. She died in a most lamentable condition. Let us take heed from her case!

"Another person, who had read a most shameful book, published by some of our worst poets in the last century, a wicked commentary on the Bible, saw the Testament in the possession of one of his friends who had been converted. He wished to compare the text with the commentary which he had read with sinful delight. He got the book, and very soon his attention was arrested by some passages in the Old Testament. He was struck with awe on reading the prophets, and when he came to the New Testament, his heart melted with the love of Christ. How wonderful are the ways of the Lord! How wonderful the conversion of Paul, when he was arrested on his way to Damascus! These things show that it is "not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy," that sinners can be saved. There are many other instances of the wonderful providence of God which I might relate.

"I know a man in Lyons, who obtained a copy of the Bible from a colporteur, and after just running his eyes over it, he put it aside. He came afterwards accidentally to my chapel. I was preaching on Paul's injunction, 'Pray without ceasing.' When I went home, I told my own dear wife (who originally came from Scotland) I had done no good, that if I did not preach better, I might as well not do it at all. Well, that sermon did more good than perhaps any one I ever delivered, for the mind of the young man was struck; he heard the preaching and the prayer of a Christian; he understood for the first time what they were, and he made up his mind on the spot to become a new man: so he did. From that moment he walked as a Christian during the whole time I was in Lyons. He was a silk-weaver, and when he was thrown out of employment, as is very often the case with silk-weavers there, he used to come and obtain New Testaments, which he sold in the environs. Our most expert colporteurs never had such success as that man. He sold in a few days hundreds and hundreds of the New Testament. The same man, a few days before the riot which took place in 1834, was visited by two friends, members of a Radical society, got up to overthrow the government. These two friends urged him to join their society. He took out his Bible to consult it. 'I do not recommend that way of consulting the word of the Lord; I would rather not recommend it. But the Lord blessed that man's faith on this occasion. He turned up the passage in Proverbs xxiv. 21: 'Fear thou the Lord and the king: and meddle not with them that are given to change: for their calamity shall rise suddenly; and who knoweth the ruin of them both?' In his simplicity, the man thought the latter words referred to his two friends. In a few days, the riot came, for being engaged in which one of them was thrown into prison, and most justly; the other was killed on the spot.

"As to the Toulouse Book Society, for which I am here to claim your support, I shall explain its object. There are two ways of working conversion—by preaching and reading. I cannot say that reading is a more powerful means than preaching, but it is at least quite as powerful. Nothing is more powerful in France than the press, but it generally puts the worst books into the people's hands. Now the object of the Toulouse Society is to pro-

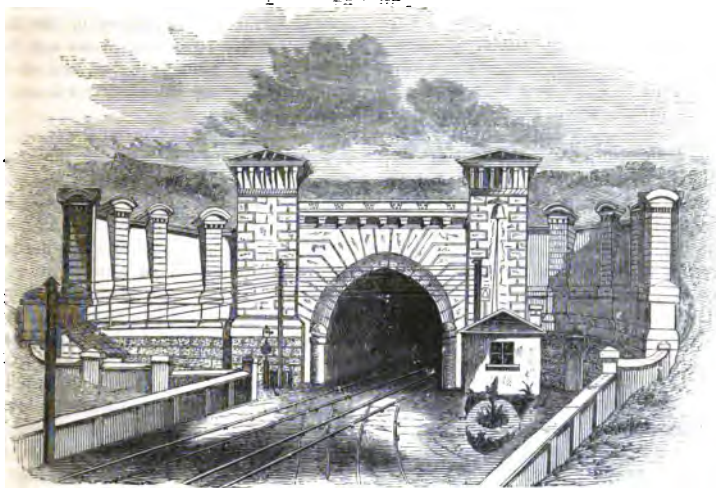
vide for them good spiritual food, to print and circulate nothing but the works of decidedly evangelical writers. Its efforts extend not only through the whole of France, but to all countries where the French language is spoken."—*Continental Echo*, 1846.

MISTAKE CORRECTED.

THERE is a spirit of independence in our fallen nature, which not only spurns at all heavenly control, but actually blinds our eyes to the existence of any such control. We wish to be free, and we imagine we are so. We accordingly lay our plans and set about our projects, exactly as though we were our own masters, without any reference to God, or any suspicion whatever of his interference with us. "To-day, or to-morrow," we say, "we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy, and sell, and get gain." We go, but what takes place? Events that we did not foresee, suddenly rise up and baffle us. They first hamper our schemes, and then demolish them. We find out that we have been calculating in the dark. We are forced to feel that we are not our own masters, nor the authors of our destinies: that there is a hand which overrules us, and all that befalls us. We are reminded in fact of a forgotten God. Our ignorance of the future brings our best-laid schemes to ruin; our ruined schemes tell us of our dependence on the world's great Master. The truth comes out—we are "under the mighty hand of God;" and though we may struggle under that hand, and spurn the control it exercises, we see that we cannot escape from it. We are constrained to feel its existence, and yield to its power. And then, perhaps, at last, we are compelled to admit God into our schemes. We lay them before him; we remember that their success depends entirely upon him. It is still, as before, "We will do this, or that;" but then comes in this one short saying more, "If the Lord will,"—making all the difference between the independence of a rebel, and the subjection that becomes a creature.—*Bradley*.

OBEDIENCE.

I WOULD rather obey than work miracles.
—*Luther*.



The Primrose Hill Tunnel.

THE NORTH-WESTERN RAILROAD.

II.

"THE London and Birmingham Railway," said a writer of considerable practical experience, soon after its completion, "is unquestionably the greatest public work ever executed, either in ancient or modern times. If we estimate its importance by the labour alone which has been expended on it, perhaps the great Chinese wall might compete with it; but when we consider the great outlay of capital which it has required, the great and varied talents which have been in a constant state of requisition during the whole of its progress—together with the unprecedented engineering difficulties, which we are happy to say are now overcome—the gigantic work of the Chinese sinks wholly into the shade."

He proceeds to make an ingenious comparison between this railway and the great Pyramid of Egypt, in order to illustrate the magnitude of the undertaking.

"After making," he says, "the necessary allowances for the foundations, galleries, etc., and reducing the whole to one uniform denomination, it will be found that the labour expended on the great Pyramid was equivalent to lifting 15,733 million cubic feet of stone one foot high. This labour was performed, according to Diodorus Siculus, by 300,000; to Herodotus, by 100,000 men; and it required for its execution

FEBRUARY, 1849.

twenty years. If we reduce in the same manner the labour expended in constructing the London and Birmingham Railway to one common denomination, the result is 25,000 million cubic feet of material (reduced to the same weight as that used in constructing the Pyramid) lifted one foot high, or 9,267 million cubic feet more than was lifted one foot high in the construction of the Pyramid; yet this immense undertaking has been performed by about 20,000 men in less than five years.

"From the above calculation have been omitted all the tunnelling, culverts, drains, ballasting and fencing, and all the heavy work at the various stations, and also the labour expended on engines, carriages, wagons, etc.; these are set off against the labour of drawing the materials of the Pyramid from the quarries to the spot where they were to be used—a much larger allowance than is necessary.

"As another means of comparison, let us take the cost of the railway and turn it into pence, and allowing each penny to be one inch and $\frac{1}{16}$ ths wide, it will be found that these pence, laid together so that they all touch, would more than form a continuous band round the earth at the equator.

"As a third mode of viewing the magnitude of this work, let us take the circumference of the earth in round numbers at 130 million feet. Then, as

there are about 400 million cubic feet of earth to be moved in the railway, we see that this quantity of material alone, without looking to anything else, would, if spread in a band one foot high and one foot broad, more than three times encompass the earth at the equator." *

The magnitude of the work thus completed may be conceived from the fact, that the amount of earth excavated along the line was 15,000,000 cubic yards, or an average of 120,000 yards a mile; that the cost of levelling, excavating, tunnelling, etc., was 50,000*l.* a mile; and that for a considerable time the labourers' wages averaged 40,000*l.* a week.

The sleepers to which the rails were fixed, are either of wood, formed of larch, ash, or oak timber, split in two, with the convex side downwards, and nine feet long, nine inches wide, and five inches deep; or they are stone blocks, two feet in length and width, and a foot or fifteen inches deep. The rails are laid across them in a diagonal direction, the distance from centre to centre of the blocks varying from two and a half to four feet. The stone blocks for the whole line have been estimated at 152,460 tons weight, costing 180,000*l.*, or about a guinea a pair. This expense is nearly divided into three parts; one-third for the cost of stone, one-third for the freight from the quarries to the Thames, and one-third for delivery on the different parts of the works. The rails, which vary in weight from fifty to seventy-five pounds to the yard, weighed altogether 35,000 tons, and cost the company 460,000*l.*; nor is this surprising when it is considered that iron rose from 9*l.* to 14*l.* pounds a ton while the works were in progress, ultimately entailing a large expense above the Parliamentary estimate, although a rise of 2*l.* per ton had been allowed for therein.

But we must revisit the line; for we left the reader, in our last, engaged in examining the goods' department, and we have to direct his attention to several important objects. From hence to the entrance of the Primrose-hill tunnel is but a short distance; and if the reader will accompany us in imagination, (for to do so in any other way would be to imperil his personal safety,) he will find it well worthy of notice. Passing by a policeman's station, and under a bridge which leads from Chalk Farm on the

west, to Hampstead on the east, we arrive, by a gentle curve of the line, which is enclosed by two walls and bordered on one side by fields, and on the other by houses newly-erected, at the tunnel mouth.

On approaching, the dark cavern has a peculiar appearance from the steam, which being left by passing trains, and not clearing out if the weather is dull and heavy, remains in the tunnel, and to which a lurid tint is given by the sun at the opposite end, so as almost to induce the belief that it was occasioned by a fire. The entrance has been handsomely constructed, having finished facings of the finest Portland stone. It cost 7,000*l.* Here is situated the lodge of a policeman, who holds constant communication with another at the opposite end, by means of an electric telegraph constructed for the purpose. He also informs the policemen of the Camden station of the arrival of trains from the north as soon as they enter the tunnel. The face of the telegraph has on it the words, "train in," "train out," "line clear," "line closed," any of which communications he makes to his colleague with the passage of every train, according as the case may be; and in this way perfect order and regularity are observed. Fastened against the framework of the tunnel is a large bell (as shown in the engraving), according to a rough estimate, about three-quarters of a yard in diameter, weighing ten cwt. As soon as the bell of the telegraph at this end rings, the policeman knows that a communication is made from the opposite end, and looking to the pointers, he finds that there is a "train in" the tunnel. Acknowledging the information, he proceeds at once to the great bell, and pulling a rope attached to it, which acts in a similar manner to the drawing up a clock, the bell is set "a ringing" some twenty or thirty times, and gives due notice to all the people at the Camden station; who make the necessary arrangements for the reception of the train, and the examination of the tickets of the travellers.

The engraving represents the entrance of the tunnel, with the four pairs of rails, two for goods' trains, and the two main lines for passengers; the policeman's house; the implement chest; the signals for passing trains; the two bells, one being employed in case of accident to the other; and the telegraph wires may also

* Mr. Lecount.

be remarked, which change from one side of the line to the other. The tunnel is 1,250 yards long, twenty-five feet high, and twenty-two wide, and is ventilated by five shafts, eight feet in diameter. In some places the line is fifty feet below the surface. It cost 400,000*l*. The difficulties which were encountered in its construction were far greater than had been anticipated, and Mr. Stephenson, the engineer, declared that it was "absolutely indispensable to increase the prices of mining, timbering, and brick-work formerly paid to the sub-contractors, an expense which was proved to be altogether inadequate. In the quicksand especially," said he, "although effectually drained, the utmost caution in mining has been required, and an expenditure of timber unavoidably incurred, which would appear excessive and lavish to any one whose experience has been confined to ordinary tunnelling."

Much having been said before the line was opened, about the inconvenience and danger of tunnels, it was determined by the company that the question should receive a thorough investigation; this was accordingly done by Dr. Paris and Dr. Watson, Messrs. Lawrence and Lucas, surgeons, and Mr. Phillips, lecturer on chemistry, on this tunnel. In February, 1837, they accordingly visited this tunnel, then in progress; and though the steam of the engine collected near the roof, the air for many feet above their heads was dry, clear, of an agreeable temperature, and free from smells; the sensation experienced as they passed along, they reported to be "precisely that of travelling in a coach by night, between the walls of a narrow street. Judging from this experiment," they said, "and knowing the ease and certainty with which thorough ventilation may be effected, we are decidedly of opinion that the dangers incurred in passing through well-constructed tunnels are no greater than those incurred in ordinary travelling upon an open railway, or upon a turnpike-road; and that the apprehensions which some have expressed, that such tunnels are likely to prove detrimental to the health, or inconvenient to the feelings of those who go through them, are perfectly futile and groundless."

No one travelling by the North Western line from London, within the last few months, can have failed to notice that vast alterations have been made at

the Euston Station, in the erection of an immense building, containing offices for the transaction of the railway business; and also great improvements in the station yard by the construction of additional "sheds." These alterations have incurred an expense of not less than 150,000*l*., under the direction of Messrs. Braure and Gwyther, of Birmingham; and the station, as situated between Seymour-street and Whittlebury-street, comprises an area of about 2,100 feet in length by 500 in breadth. On either side is a platform: the one on the east side, for arrival trains, is 1,100 feet long, and about forty wide, and the departure platform is about 800 feet in length. In this space, on the various lines, there are sixty turntables, while above are about 700 feet by 350 of glass roofing. There are also 16,000 feet of drains and sewerage, which have been constructed under the direction of Mr. M. A. Watkins. On the west side, adjoining Codrington-street, a number of coach-factories have been erected, their area occupying 300 feet by 400. A smithy, with every convenience for the manufacture of vehicles, is attached. The waste materials which were sold at the completion of the work, realized nearly 1,000*l*.

Since the completion of the London and Birmingham Railway, there has been an arrangement, as our readers are doubtless aware, between that and other lines, forming what is now designated as the London and North-Western Railroad. The aggregate comprises the Birmingham Railway, the Grand Junction, the Manchester and Birmingham, the Liverpool and Manchester, the Bolton and Kenyon, the Trent Valley, the Peterborough and Northampton, and the Leamington and Coventry lines, besides the Bedford and Bletchley, Dunstable, Aylesbury, and West London branches—making a total of 438 miles; on which have been expended more than 18,000,000*l*., to which a considerable sum must be added for their completion. The working stock of the company, comprising engines, carriages, etc., is worth 1,674,660*l*. Besides these lines, there are some in course of construction, but not yet producing revenue. These are the Leamington extension, the Rugby and Leamington, the Grand Junction section, the Ashton branch, the Rugby and Stamford, and some other works, including sixty-two miles of road, which will ultimately cost between two and

three millions. The company is also interested by subscription, contribution, or guarantee in a number of lines—forming, with those already mentioned, an aggregate of 641 miles of railroad—on which they have advanced more than three millions sterling, which will ultimately be increased to five.

Besides all these, there are fifteen branch lines, for which Parliamentary powers have been obtained; but which, according to a recent decision of the company, have been shelved for the present, as it was deemed most important to restore public confidence, which had been shaken by the repeated calls for money. These will not be attempted without due warning, and better railway times. Something of this kind had indeed been contemplated for some time; and in July last the secretary stated, that several lines, for which the company had powers, would not be undertaken. At the same time it should be remembered, that there is no express undertaking in the terms of the statement which was given in October last; nor indeed can there be, as the directors cannot answer for their own continuance in office; but the railway world was glad to hear that these lines were not to be proceeded with at present.

The sum required to complete the remaining lines amounts, altogether, to little more than three millions, or a million a year, looking to the probable termination of the works. This is a very inconsiderable amount under ordinary circumstances, and only likely to be regarded as severe in conjunction with many other similar demands, and in times of pressure and distress. The total contemplated outlay, when this has been expended, will amount to 25,862,012*l.*; for which the company will possess 500 miles of railway, and a pecuniary interest in 641, which may be considered as tributary to the parent line. So colossal an establishment, connected not only with the interests of a large class who are involved in the undertaking, but with the public in general, is indicative not only of the magnitude of the wealth of the nation, but a proof of the power of the mental over the physical world, worthy of Britain in the nineteenth century.

On the advantages which all derive from the facilities thus afforded of communication, we cannot now dilate. To one point, however, which is frequently overlooked, though comparatively in-

significant, it may be worth while to allude. It is with respect to the comparative advantages in point of healthful exercise between riding on the railroad and by coach, and on this there appears but one opinion,—the oscillating motion of the railway carriage being much more salutary than the swinging and jolting of a stage-coach. A medical man of eminence says, that “the former equalises the circulation, promotes digestion, tranquillizes the nerves, and often causes sound sleep during the succeeding night; the exercise of this kind of travelling being unaccompanied by that lassitude, aching, and fatigue which, in weakly constitutions, is the invariable accompaniment of the ordinary coach-travelling, and which so frequently in such constitutions produces sleepless nights.”

The difference in a pecuniary point of view, as well as in comparative comfort, is very important. It will be remembered by many, that the mail fares to Birmingham before the introduction of railways, were fifty shillings inside and thirty-five out; and by the ordinary coaches forty-five inside and thirty out, exclusive of fees to coachmen and guards, averaging from five shillings to seven and sixpence. Thus, altogether, fifty-seven shillings was the expense for travelling through the whole night, and reaching Birmingham to a late breakfast; which is now exchanged for a first-class carriage, a twenty-shilling fare, and the liberty of retiring to rest at five minutes past twelve, supposing London to be left in both cases at the same time.

Nor is accommodation unprovided for the poor. One train, consisting entirely of third-class carriages, covered in, with side doors, and seats, starts from London every morning, between six and seven o'clock, and arrives at Liverpool, Manchester, or Leeds the same evening—travelling at an average speed of about fifteen miles an hour, including stoppages; but when in motion, at twenty-five, to avoid the danger of being overrun by other trains. On its arrival at Blisworth, sixty-three miles from London, it is detained an hour and a half, to allow the mail and three other quick trains to pass, and for the purpose of warming and refreshing the passengers, for which a large and commodious room has been erected, where a substantial and plentiful dinner may be had for a shilling: the sale of spirits is prohibited. Another

half-hour is allowed at Birmingham and Derby. The main, though not declared, object of these stoppages is doubtless to prevent the use of the train by those for whom it is not intended; while the accommodation which is provided in the refreshment-room, where excellent fires are kept up, and where all charges are restricted by the company, (the rent of the building being but five per cent. on the cost of its erection,) is on a footing highly advantageous to all by whom it is made available. A similar train leaves Birmingham at one o'clock, and arrives in London at seven.

We mention these facts not so much as arguments against a certain small body of individuals, who have determinedly blinded themselves against many of the advantages of the "railway-system," as to show the real benefits it confers on a class of the community which, extensive as it is, was in by-gone times almost excluded from the migratory advantages of the day. Now all receive the desired assistance, and we rejoice that almost the poorest of the nation are able and willing to avail themselves of it. The result will be beneficial, not only in bringing together into more intimate communion those who are united by the ties of blood and friendship, but in removing the prejudices which are often entertained in reference to those of whom we are ignorant, and in breaking down many arbitrary barriers which an unmeaning formalism would impose.

F. S. W.

THE ARCTIC NAVIGATORS.

"No description," says sir John Ross, "can convey an idea of the scene presented to the eye; and as to the pencil, it cannot represent motion or noise. And to those who have not seen a northern ocean in winter—who have not seen it, I should say, in a winter's storm—the term 'ice' exciting but the recollection of what they know only at rest, in an inland lake or canal, conveys no idea of what it is the fate of an Arctic navigator to witness and to feel. But let them remember that ice is a stone—a floating rock when in the stream, a promontory or an island when aground—not less solid than if it were a land of granite. Then let them imagine, if they can, these mountains of crystal hurled through a narrow

strait by a rapid tide; meeting, as mountains in motion would meet, with the noise of thunder; breaking from each other's precipices huge fragments, or rending each other asunder, till, losing their former equilibrium, they fall over headlong, lifting the sea around in breakers, and whirling it in eddies; whilst the flatter fields of ice forced against these masses, or against these rocks, by the wind and the stream, rise out of the sea till they fall back on themselves, adding to the indescribable commotion and noise which attend these occurrences."

Mrs. Sigourney thus describes such circumstances :

"It was a time
Of bitter dread, and many a prayer went up
To Him who moves the iceberg and the storm,
To go their way and spare the voyager.

Slowed sped the night-watch, and when morn came up
Timid and pale, there stood that frowning host,
In horrible array, all multiplied,
Until the deep was hoary. Every bay,
And frost-bound inlet of the Arctic zone,
Had stirred itself, methought, and launched amain
Its quota of thick-ribbed ice, to swell
The bristling squadron.

Through those awful ranks
It was our lot to pass. Each one had power
To crush our lone bark like a scallop-shell,
And in their stony eyes we read the will
To do such deed. When through the curtaining
mist
The sun with transient glimpse that host surveyed,
They flashed and dazzled with a thousand hues,
Like cliffs with diamond spear-points serried o'er,
Turrets and towers, in rainbow banners wrapp'd,
Or minarets of pearl, with crest of stars,
So terrible in beauty, that methought
He stood amazed at what his glance had done.
I said, that through the centre of this host
'T was ours to pass.

Who led us on our way?
Who through that path of horror was our guide?
Sparing us words to tell our friends at home
A tale of those destroyers, who so oft
With one strong buffet of their icy hands
Have plunged the mightiest ship beneath the deep
Nor left a lip to syllable her fate.
O Thou! who spread us not on ocean's floor
A sleeping-place unconsecrated with prayer,
But brought us to our blessed homes again,
And to the burial-places of our sires,
Praise to Thy holy name!"

Monday, April 19, 1841.

The morning of Sunday, April 18th, was serene, but cold. Walking on the deck before breakfast, I could not but imagine that I detected the latent chill of ice in the atmosphere; but the apprehension was not admitted by those who had more knowledge of those watery regions than myself. Our noble ship, the "Great Western," vigorously pursued her way, and the deep, slightly agitated and strongly coloured, was exceedingly beautiful.

We had Divine worship in the saloon,

and the deadlights, which had been in for nearly a week, were removed. The service was read by captain Hoskins, and the rev. President Wayland gave an impressive discourse on the right education for eternity, from the passage, "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."

At seven we went on deck, to see a most glorious sunset. The king of day, robed in surpassing splendour, took his farewell of the last sabbath that we were to spend at sea. While we were gazing with delight, a huge dark mass arose exactly in the brilliant track of the departed orb. It was pronounced by the captain to be an iceberg three-quarters of a mile in length, and its most prominent points one hundred feet high. Of course, its entire altitude was four hundred feet, as only one-third of the ice-mountains appear above the surface. It presented an irregular outline, towering up into sharp and broken crags, and at a distance resembled the black hulks of several enormous men-of-war lashed together. Three others of smaller dimensions soon came on in its train, like a fleet following the admiral. We were then in north latitude 43°, and in longitude 48° 40'. We literally shivered with cold; for on the approach of these ambassadors from the frigid zone, the thermometer suddenly sank below the freezing point, leaving the temperature of the water 25°, and of the atmosphere 28°.

On this strange and appalling scene the stars looked out, one after another, with their calm, pure eyes. All at once a glare of splendour burst forth, and a magnificent aurora borealis went streaming up the concave. The phosphorescence in our watery path was unusually brilliant, while over our heads flashed and dazzled this vast arch of scintillating flame. We seemed to be, at the same time, in a realm of fire and in a realm of frost; our poor fleshly natures surrounded by contradictions, and the very elements themselves bewildered and at conflict. And there they were, dashing and drifting around us, those terrible kings of the Arctic regions, in their mountain majesty; while, like the tribes in the desert, our mysterious path was between the pillar of cloud and the pillar of flame.

At nine, from the sentinels stationed at different points of observation, a cry was made of "Ice ahead! ice starboard! ice leeward!" and we found ourselves suddenly imbedded in field-ice. To turn was

impossible; so a path was laboriously cut with the paddles, through which our steamer was propelled, stern-foremost, not without peril, changing her course due south, in the teeth of a driving blast.

When we were once more in an open sea, the captain advised the passengers to retire. This we did a little before midnight, if not to sleep, at least to seek that rest which might aid in preparing us for future trials. At three we were aroused by harsh grating, and occasional concussions, which caused the strong timbers of the ship to tremble. This was from floating masses of ice, by which, after having skirted an expanse of field-ice fifty miles in extent, we were surrounded. It varied from two to five feet in thickness, namely, from eight inches to a foot and a half above the water, and was interspersed with icebergs, some of them comparatively small, and others of tremendous size and altitude. By the Divine blessing upon nautical skill and presence of mind, we were a second time extricated from this besieging and paralysing mass; but our path still lay through clusters and hosts of icebergs, which covered the whole sea around us. The captain, who had not left his post of responsibility during the night, reported between three and four hundred distinct ones, visible to the naked eye. There they were, of all forms and sizes, and careering in every direction. Their general aspect was vitreous, or of a silvery whiteness, except when a sunbeam pierced the mist; then they loomed up, and radiated with every hue of the rainbow, striking out turrets, and columns, and arches, like solid pearl and diamond, till we were transfixed with wonder at the terribly beautiful architecture of the northern deep.

The engine of the "Great Western" accommodated itself every moment, like a living and intelligent thing, to the commands of the captain. "Half a stroke!" and its tumultuous action was controlled; "A quarter of a stroke!" and its breath seemed suspended; "Stand still!" and our huge hulk lay motionless upon the waters, till two or three of the icy squadron drifted by us; "Let her go!" and with the velocity of lightning we darted by another detachment of our deadly foes. It was then that we were made sensible of the advantages of steam, to whose agency, at our embarkation, many of us had committed ourselves with extreme reluctance. Yet a vessel

more under the dominion of the winds, and beleaguered as we were amid walls of ice, in a rough sea, must inevitably have been destroyed.

By nine in the morning of April 19th, it pleased God to set us free from this great danger. Afterwards, when the smallest sails appeared on the distant horizon, our excellent captain caused two guns to be fired to bespeak attention, and then, by flags and signals, warned them to avoid the fearful region from which we had with such difficulty escaped. Two tiny barks came struggling through the billows to seek a more intimate conversation with the mighty steam-ship, who, herself not wholly unscathed from the recent contest, willingly dispensed her dear-bought wisdom. There was a kind of sublimity in this gift of advice and interchange of sympathy between the strong, experienced voyager, and the more frail, white-winged wanderers of the trackless waste of waters. It seemed like some aged Mentor, way-worn in life's weary pilgrimage, counselling him who had newly girded on his harness, "Be not high minded; but fear."

As we drew near the end of our voyage, we felt how community in danger had endeared those to each other, who, during the sixteen days of their companionship upon the ocean, had been united by the courtesies of kind and friendly intercourse. Collected as the passengers were from various climes and nations, and many of them about to separate without hope of again meeting in this life, amid the joy which animated those who were approaching native land and home, the truth of the great moralist's axiom was realized, that "There is always some degree of sadness in doing anything for the last time." Hereafter, with the memory of each other will doubtless blend the terrific sublimity of that Arctic scene which it was our privilege to witness, and the thrill of heartfelt gratitude to our Almighty Preserver!

VARIETIES OF RANK.

It was bright, early in the morning; there was hope that the rain, which had been frequent and heavy, was about to pass off; and that the clear shining of the sun would speedily prepare the earth for many agricultural purposes which had then become urgent.

Caleb Ford was, as usual, up by times;

for he well knew, that if an hour is lost in the morning, it may be chased during the whole day without finding it; and after his morning exercises, which preceded his repast, left home, fully calculating on a fine day—a day in which, according to his invariable habit of carefully arranging his plans beforehand, he expected much would be accomplished.

As, however, he was approaching Merston, dark clouds suddenly gathered and increased; the rain fell in torrents, and looking out for a cottage in which he could seek shelter, the one belonging to Sims, who was recently described, met his view. Hurrying in through the little gate which opened into the garden, where the spring-flowers were drooping from the ungenial weather, the door was quickly opened by Sims, who had been looking out at the window, and who received him with many expressions of pleasure.

Watkins was also there, and Caleb Ford took his seat with them by the fire,—for fires were then common, as they were till very late in the summer of last year, in the midland counties,—and various were the topics that soon arose in conversation. The chief of them was the quiet conclusion of the assemblage on Kennington Common, on the 10th of April, which afforded joy and hope to tens of thousands, not a few of whom recognised the hand of Him who can control the designs of evil men, as he does the rivers of the earth. Well may we say: "When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? and when he hideth his face, who then can behold him? whether it be done against a nation, or against a man only?" It is with us to employ the best means we can devise, in reference to all desirable objects; it is with Him alone to render them effective.

Caleb Ford did not fail to remark that his observations of this kind were not very palatable to Watkins; his notions, ill-defined to himself, had involved an idea of change, as the result of recent agitations; and the summary mode in which they had so far been put down, had produced disappointment, which was attended by a soreness he could ill conceal. Nor could he forget that Caleb Ford was "too much" for him at the last interview—a fact not a little depressing, in the prospect of a renewed discussion. Again and again did he look to the window, hoping that the rain had

ceased, or was likely to be soon over; but still the torrents fell; and the occasional dash and rattle against the panes of glass, were sufficient indications of its violence.

Meanwhile Caleb Ford availed himself of the unlooked-for opportunity of renewing his previous argument; and seeing exactly the state of Watkins, with which Sims would certainly sympathise to some extent, he proceeded with that caution which was one of his striking characteristics. Another man might have made an attack, only to have violence repelled by violence,—he preferred the calm and discriminate employment of truth; and though this may be resisted for a time, its triumph is certain.

He might, for example, have condemned or ridiculed the notion, often announced, and recently repeated with the utmost emphasis, that the different grades of society violate natural rights; but with this fully in his eye, he proceeded to demolish it, as the sapper and miner does the citadel.

"There are some of the people of the village," he said, "with whom I wish to make a further acquaintance; I know them by sight or by name,—but you, Watkins, who know them all, or Sims, to whom they must be equally familiar, can give me all desirable information."

A keen-eyed observer, just for that moment looking on, would have marked an expression of pleasure on the countenances of the persons addressed; human nature, indeed, is gratified, when anything it has, however little it may be, is appreciated; and strange is the common obtuseness which leads many to withhold what is even just and true, lest it should feed pride or vanity. How different is their spirit from that of Him, who, when nothing can be done, accepts the desire, and puts special honour on "the willing mind!"

The avowal was immediate on the part of Sims, and especially of Watkins, that they should be happy to answer any questions about the neighbourhood.

"What can you tell me of Robert Poole?" asked Caleb Ford.

"Clever fellow that!" replied Sims: "he does not look it,—but he is the most active and strong man about. I will venture to say he makes better furrows with the plough, washes and shears more sheep, pitches more hay, and reaps more corn in a given time, than any man for miles round. Why, he has now all the agricul-

tural prizes he has entered for; and it is only for him to try for the rest to get them. A right-down clever fellow that; take my word for it, Mr. Ford."

"Ay, I thought *you* could tell me, Sims," said Caleb; "and what of Joe Anderson?"

"A very different man," said Sims; "you see Poole can do anything he likes; but he does not stick to it, like Anderson. I do not call Anderson clever at all; but just see how he works,—up early and down late, as may be required. And then, though not very stout, he seems always well, and one might think he was never weary."

"There are many men of that class," said Caleb Ford; "the tortoise, you know, ran with the hare, as the fable tells us. We should have supposed that the hare was sure of the advantage: but

"Slow and steady won the race."

There's John Ratcliffe—what of him?"

"What, one of Clare's men?" said Watkins; "he is a mean fellow. You never see him with a pipe—he never drinks anything stronger than water; and as to any amusement, why he would as soon think of going up in a balloon with a monkey,—as I hear they are going to send one up in London."

"He is trusty, I suppose?" said Caleb.

"Trusty enough, I dare say," said Watkins; "at least I never heard anything to the contrary; and he has worked for years at Clare's."

"I have heard that he supports an aged mother by his labour," said Caleb; "perhaps his wages are not high, and he denies himself to help her."

"It may be so," said Watkins; "I do not know; but if he did support his mother, I see no reason for his being such a screw."

"We will hope," said Caleb, "he is better than you suppose him to be: what is niggardliness in some is only proper economy on the part of others. We require a full view of the whole case, before we are prepared to decide upon any one. When the man killed a dog, he was said to be cruel; when it was known the dog was slain on the sabbath, the deed was declared to be much worse; but on its being stated that the dog was killed in the church, and while the people were assembled for worship, no words were considered sufficient to describe the atrocity. But how was the tide of reproach turned, when it was

added—the dog was *mad*!—But I had almost forgotten Stephen Brown.”

“Ay, Stephen,” said Sims, “he is a curiosity. He knows how to turn a penny, and to make another out of it. And then he spends next to nothing; but goes on saving his sixpences and shillings, till nobody knows what he is worth. Many cottages in the village belong to him,—and you may see him, as regular as clockwork, going for his rent. I will warrant he lets no one be behind-hand; and then, every now and then, we hear of a piece of land being sold; and often, if you were to inquire about the purchaser, you would find it was no other than Stephen Brown. His wife, too, is just like himself—always busy in her way, and always scraping. I wonder what they are heaping up their money for; why they must have a mint now; and who can tell what it will be by-and-by?”

“Nobody, I should think,” said Caleb; “‘Many a meikle makes a muckle,’ says the Scotch proverb: unhappily, the inspired saying is often forgotten, ‘A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.’ I know nothing of Stephen’s private character; and I can only wish that he may always act justly, and that the blessing of God may rest on what he has; for we know, on the highest authority, that ‘As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.’”

“Then some people are not very wise now-a-days, Mr. Ford,” said Watkins, fairly brightened up: “Make money and keep money is all the rage. Why they say Mr. Clifford, at the Hall, has come in for another fortune; and I could mention many with their tens of thousands, ay, hundreds of thousands, a year! Only think of that!”

“I see no reason to blame Mr. Clifford,” said Caleb, “for the addition to his fortune, which I understand has occurred; he is the only heir, and it falls to him as a matter of right. Could you have changed places with him, Watkins, you would have taken it, and rejoiced, too, that it was yours. There are people who talk, and write, and print about putting all classes on an equality—on a system of levelling: but it is not a new one; for it is only the revival of old notions which ought long since to have been

exploded, and which will be effectually when people are brought to think rightly and to judge fairly.”

“How do you make out that, Mr. Ford?” asked Watkins, somewhat taken aback by the assertion.

“In this way,” said Caleb; “man must be changed, thoroughly changed, and changed as he never will be, before such schemes can be realized. In the neighbourhood where I once lived, dwelt sir Thomas Robinson, who lived far beyond his means, and got fearfully into debt. One morning, he said to his steward, an old confidential servant, ‘I shall go to the continent, and retrench;’ but the steward’s reply was, ‘I do not think, sir, it will be of much use, if you take sir Thomas Robinson with you.’ He saw that there must be a change in his master, before there could be a change in his course; and that expensive habits abroad would never repair the consequences of expensive habits at home. And so it is here; men must be totally different from what they are, to be put or kept on a level; and, therefore, these vaunted notions of equality, which are bruited about, will and ought to come to nothing.”

“I do not quite see that they *ought*, Mr. Ford,” said Sims, coming to the help of his friend.

“Why,” said Caleb, “to go no further than your own village, whose inhabitants may be taken as a sample of people generally, and the result of the present conversation, what is the conclusion to which we are driven? Suppose, for the sake of argument, that by some public convulsion all could be placed on the same level to-day, this equality could exist only for a very short time. Robert Poole, with his natural tact and agile movements; Joe Anderson, with his plodding habits, and apparently exhaustless energy; John Ratcliffe, with his self-denial, unabated by reproaches, taunts, and ridicule; Stephen Brown, with his strong disposition to thrift and accumulation, would still be what they are,—they would remain totally unchanged, and their several qualities would tell powerfully on others, and gradually, if not suddenly, raise them above the rest, just as they have been elevated now by their native powers and dispositions, and by the habits they have acquired. Moral worth has also a powerful influence wherever it is felt, and it is felt wherever it exists; so that our modern levellers,

like all that have preceded them, know not what they say, nor whereof they affirm."

"Well, Mr. Ford," said Sims, "there is, I must say, something in that."

"I am glad to hear your remark," said Caleb; "and I am persuaded, that the more you and Watkins ponder the matter, the clearer and the more satisfactory it will appear to you. I will tell you a story:—A mathematical instrument-maker, residing in one of our foreign cities, forsook his respectable business, and wandered about the country, living by his wits. Arriving in a town, he went boldly to the chief magistrate: 'Mr. Mayor,' he said, 'would not a change of weather be of use to you? I have been examining your town lands, and find that the low-lying fields have had too much rain already; and yet, on the high grounds, the growth is still very backward.' The mayor did not doubt the fact, but thought the evil more easily noticed than removed. 'Indeed!' exclaimed the other, 'for what purpose then do I travel? I am the weather-maker from Bologna. In Italy, where oranges and lemons grow, the weather is always bespoken. You Germans are in such matters very far behind.' The mayor, an easy man, wishing rather to be rich quickly than slowly, but wishing to be considered cautious, replied: 'Well! make for me, to-morrow, just as a little sample of what you can do, a clear sky in the morning, with a few fleecy clouds here and there, and a bright sun, showing those fine shining threads in the air, which I like so much; at noon, the summer birds may fly about; and in the evening, it may get cool again.' 'I cannot enter into any bargain for a single day,' said the instrument-maker; 'it would not pay my expenses; I can only arrange for a year; but then you will find a difficulty in finding storage for your corn and wine.' 'How much, then, do you demand for a year?' asked the magistrate. 'Nothing in hand, except half-a-crown per day,' was the reply, 'and free board and lodging until matters are in train, which may perhaps take three days. Afterwards, however, I expect to receive one quart out of every gallon of wine you make above the produce of your best previous years, and likewise one-fourth of the surplus fruit.' 'That,' muttered the magistrate to himself, 'is not unreasonable;' and taking his pen, he began to dictate im-

mediately what weather was desirable month after month. But then came a new objection: 'Nay, nay, Mr. Mayor, that will never do; you must take the advice of the common-council; the weather is a matter of general concern, and you cannot expect the whole community to be satisfied with your weather.' 'Very true,' answered the mayor; 'let them settle it for themselves.' 'And now,' continued Caleb, 'you may guess the result: the common-council could not agree as to the weather that was best; at the first meeting nothing was decided, and it was exactly so at the sixth and seventh. In the eighth the dispute ran so high, that a judicious member recommended, as the only way to restore harmony, that the man should be paid off, and summarily dispatched. Accordingly the mayor sent for him, and said, 'Here are your nine half-crowns, you mischief-maker; and now leave the house, which you have thrown into confusion, before murder breaks out.' The quack hastily gathered up his money and decamped, leaving at the inn a long bill, and the weather, of course, just what it was. Now, he is a fair specimen of the demagogues who are going about the country, prating about equal rights and equal possessions. They can no more alter the settled order of things, involving a variety of rank in society, than he could the weather. He who sitteth on the circle of the earth, the God of providence, laughs them to scorn. They may prey on their dupes, and fatten on their spoil, until they violate the law, and then their career will be arrested. Meanwhile we cannot but deplore that many may suffer who fall into their wiles, and that great anxiety and apprehension may be excited. My consolation amidst all is, that the Lord reigneth.—Good morning, Sims and Watkins," added Caleb; "I see the rain has stopped; I shall be glad if we yet have a fine day. But do not forget the pretended weather-maker."

V. V.

TRIALS OF THE VAUDOIS.

THE archbishop of Turin visited the valleys with a numerous retinue. Great effects were looked for from his presence. The Vaudois, it was thought, dazzled by the splendour that surrounded a prince of the church, would throw themselves at his feet; or at least, if they still delayed their passage to popery for a while, they

would lend a favourable ear to missionaries under his high patronage, and appointed by him. Some of these missionaries were Jesuits in the valley of Lucerna; others, reverend Capuchins, in the valleys of Perosa and San Martino.

These servants of the pope did not spare themselves. They were everywhere, in public assemblies, in private houses, in shops, in fields, on the roads. They entered into discussions with every one, passing as rapidly from one hearer to the next as from one subject to another. There was nothing but perpetual wrangling. The ministers had yielded to the temptation to reply; they even thought that their honour and their office engaged them to take part in these contests. But they soon perceived that they were spent in words, without any real edification, owing to the versatility of their adversaries in changing the ground of debate, when they felt that which they were upon failing them. The shafts of truth were scattered without hitting the mark. The ministers then resolved only to hold discussions at regular and public sittings, on a subject announced with precision; and they kept to this resolution. The first of these disputations was held at San Giovanni, in 1596, at which the count of Lucerna presided. The turn it took was so decidedly against the Jesuits, that the count being urged to speak his sentiments and to give his reasons to the minister, had recourse to an evasion, and precipitately closed the debate.*

In the valleys of Perosa and San Martino, the Capuchin fathers were equally busy, especially as they felt themselves supported by having the duke's troops in the neighbourhood, who were fighting in the vale of Clusone with those of the king of France. Among other things, they succeeded so far that the governor of Pinerolo undertook to deprive a large number of evangelicals at Pinache of the use of their temple, ravaged the village, and sent the father and brother of the pastor Ughet, who had escaped them, to prison at Turin. Others also were sent, and many died there. They obtained their release with

difficulty, and rarely without abjuring. The pastor of Pravihelm, Antoine Bonjour, who was shut up in the fortress of Revel, was more fortunate, for, having let himself down the wall, he gained the woods, and then the mountains, and returned in peace to Bobbio, his native place, where he was settled as pastor till his death.

The Capuchins, who were sent to the valleys of Perosa and San Martino, being filled with presumption, wished also to have the honour of a public disputation at Saint Germain, in 1598; but they had not much reason to congratulate themselves on the result. They then had recourse to a more skilful method for making proselytes, and less likely to compromise themselves. They informed the evangelicals, with an air of mystery, that there were serious and alarming designs on foot against them, which would suddenly be carried into effect. This confidential communication, which they begged them to keep secret, lest any harm should come to its authors for their charitable imprudence, had no other object, they said, but to induce those who were interested to turn to the right side before it was too late. These rumours, it can scarcely be doubted, occasioned many fears; but they had not the effect which their authors expected.

The monkish missionaries, being dissatisfied with their fruitless efforts, thought of another method, the force of which they perceived, and which from that time has been too much practised to the detriment of the honour of those who use it, and of the religion which could sanction it. They attached themselves to persons in debt, or in bad circumstances, burdened with a family, and of little integrity, promising them a sum of money, and further assistance, if they abjured the gospel. They also promised a full pardon to persons who, by their crimes, were exposed to the vengeance of the laws, if they would go to mass. This immoral expedient was the most successful. The Vaudois would have consoled themselves for the loss of unworthy men, who were only a disgrace to their church, if their children had not also been drawn with them into the abyss of error by their apostasy. Two persons of a higher class, one of Pramol, the other of the valley of San Martino, also abjured: the first, in order to avoid the punishment which threatened him

* "If you were disputing," he said, "about the qualities of a good horse or a good sword, I would give you my opinion, for I understand something about such things; but I do not understand your controversies, and therefore do not wish to intermeddle with them. Besides, I must tell you that I have his highness's orders to go immediately to Turin," etc.

for abuse of authority and acts of extortion ; the second from vanity, being flattered by the attentions of the gentry and magistrates of the country. These defections served at least to show the Vaudois into what new dangers pride, the love of money, and every immoral act, might precipitate them.

Towards the end of the year 1599, the duke, having taken a journey to France, the adversaries of the Vaudois thought it was a favourable opportunity for molesting them. They wished to oblige them to keep the popish festivals in some places where it had never been the practice to do so, and they shut up the schools in other parts. On the least resistance, the people were dragged to prison, from which they could be released only by paying a fine, or by promising to go to mass. An enterprising man, moreover, named Ubertin Braide, was appointed parish priest at La Torre, who claimed from the evangelicals the tithes from which they had been freed since 1561, and on their refusal, caused their goods to be seized by the officers of justice. The irritation produced in many quarters was excessive. An outbreak was expected. But a deputation sent to the duke, who was then in Savoy, produced a redress of these grievances. The priest, having been defeated in his claims, a calm seemed to be restored. But some ill-advised young men, by their reprehensible conduct, rekindled the fire that was scarcely concealed among the ashes. One evening they terrified the priest, by their cries, after he had retired to his parsonage ; and fearing some act of vengeance, he took refuge with a gentleman in the neighbourhood.

The affair was regarded as criminal. An investigation took place. The young men, who were well known, were to be conducted to Turin. On the arrival of a detachment of archers, they took to flight. Not making their appearance in court, they were condemned for contumacy, and banished from the duke's territories. This event was a source of great sorrow to the pastors, the watchful guardians of the public morals, and a prolonged source of trouble, and even of offences and crimes ; for these youths, being constrained to flee from their homes, and having no regular means of subsistence, often claimed by force what they could not obtain by good-will. Some abandoned people, many of whom were papists, took advantage of the

general confusion to commit crimes in secret, which they hoped would be attributed to these outlaws.—*History of the Vaudois Church, published by Religious Tract Society.*

THE FLOWERLESS PLANTS—FERNS.

No. II.



The Flowering Fern.

IN consequence of the prevalence of ferns in humid soils, they are more frequently found in shady lanes and secluded spots than on the open heath, although some, like the brake, are found there. Among these the common *Blechnum*, or hard fern, is often to be seen on the wide rocky moorland. There is but one British species, which is the northern *Blechnum*. Its name is said to be derived from a Greek word signifying insipid, on account of its powerless nature as a medicine ; but growing in clumps, it is a very pretty fern, as well as a plentiful one, especially on a poor light soil. It may often be found, too, on bogs,—

"Where pits of crags, with spongy plashy base,
To some enrich the uncultivated space ;
For there are blossoms rare, and curious rush,
The gale's rich balm, and sun-dew's crimson blush,
Whose velvet leaf with radiant beauty drest,
Forms a gay pillow for the plover's breast."

Delightful places to the botanist are these plashy bogs, presenting to him a flora peculiar to themselves, where the tall cotton grass waves its white tuft like a flag of triumph over the black mossy soil, enlivened by the marsh orchis, and the water violet, and the bright yellow spearwort, and sedges and rushes, too many to mention.

The common moonwort is another elegant fern which grows on open places, flourishing on hilly pastures and wide heaths, almost throughout our island. This is one of the ferns much esteemed in the olden days of "simpling." Gerard says of it: "It is singular to heal green and fresh wounds;" and adds, that it had been used by witches to "do wonders withal;" and many were the calamities which were said to befall the horses who eat it as pasturage. The alchemists, those old dreamers, valued this plant much. Among them it was known as the *martagon*, and they sometimes wandered from their dim laboratories to the breezy heath, to gather the moonwort, which was to be collected only what time

"The moonbeam sleeps upon the bank,"

and went back probably with handfuls of the plant, to the weary work of transmuting the humbler metals into gold, uncheered by any success save now and then, by the discovery of some fact of real science, which, like the finding of phosphorus and the sulphate of soda, called Glauber's salts, might, in some measure, redeem their labours from the charge of being worse than useless. Better both for body and mind had it been that they should have left their dreams of gold and silver, and sturdily cultivated some of those wild waste lands on which they sought the moonwort. This plant may be distinguished from the other ferns by its frond, composed of leaflets crowding on its stem, and each leaflet of a crescent shape. Our native species is a small fern. One kind of moonwort is known in North America, as the rattlesnake fern, as it is said to grow very abundantly in those lands which this formidable reptile frequents.

On the old church wall, or on the fissure of the rock, we may often find some species of a very pretty fern—the spleenwort. The wall-rue, with its leaves something like the garden-rue in shape, is often quite covered in its under surface with masses of brown fructification. It was once found that this fern would cure all diseases of the spleen, and that if used to excess it would totally destroy the organ. There are several British species growing mostly on rocks; one kind, the sea spleenwort, being found only on rocks near the ocean.

The fern called the true maidenhair, puts forth its tender green fronds in May,

on damp rocks and walls, especially near the sea; but it is not a common plant. The slender delicate stalks of some of the species on which the small leaflets are waving to the air, suggested its familiar name. Loudon says of the maidenhair, that it is the prettiest of all ferns; and professor Hooker remarks, that he has seen the graceful fern lining the inside of wells, in the south of Europe, with a tapestry of the tenderest green. It is very abundant there. Its scientific name, *Adiantum*, was made from the Greek word, "to dry;" and Pliny says of it, "In vain you plunge the *Adiantum* into water, it always remains dry." The true maidenhair has a pleasant and delicate odour, and when boiling water is poured on it, it yields a rough mucilaginous extract, which is considered useful in pulmonary complaints. A syrup of this plant, flavoured with orange-flower water, is brought from France, and sold as a remedy for cough; and it is from this fern that confectioners prepare the syrup which they call capillaire. The Canadian maidenhair, sometimes cultivated in this country, and brought hither from Virginia by John Tradescant, is often used by the Parisian apothecaries instead of the true maidenhair; and Kalm says that an infusion of it has been used from time immemorial by the North American Indians for complaints of the lungs. This plant is so abundant in Canada, that when the French were in possession of that country they were accustomed to send it to France as a package for goods.

Some handsome species of polypody are among our native ferns, growing chiefly on shady banks and the trunks of trees, and forming near the surface of the soil a thick matwork of entangling roots. The common species called polypody of the oak, when burnt, yields a quantity of carbonate of potash, which is sometimes used in preparing flint for the manufacture of glass.

As early as May we find the glossy green *Grammitis* on the old church wall, or the calcareous rock, or the trunks of trees; and in the autumn the under part of its frond is crowded with the brown capsules. One species is the celebrated *Chesterach* of the Persian physicians. At the same season, too, the little narrow-pointed green leaves of the common adder's tongue, peer up on their long stalks among the meadow-grass, and might well suggest to our forefathers the

resemblance of a snake's tongue half hidden among the verdure.

On mountainous rocks and hills some pretty species of the bladder-fern may be found; and two species of the filmy-fern are wild in our island. One of these is known as the Tonbridge filmy-fern, from having been first discovered at that place; but it grows among the moss on moist rocks of mountainous countries, and is abundant in the north-west of England, and in Wales, as well as in some parts of Ireland. It is a tender and delicate fern, and possesses a degree of elasticity.

But more delicately beautiful perhaps than any other British species is that delight of the botanist, the rare bristle fern, or *Trichomanes*, with its clear thin foliage. Seldom does the English fern-gatherer add this to his collection; but it is found in great beauty beside the lake of Killarney, and also in other parts of Ireland. Its scent and texture resemble those of the sea weeds, and its appearance combines the characters of the true ferns, mosses, and marine weeds. The beauty of those species of *Trichomanes*, which unite with the canary houseleek in covering with verdure the old roofs and walls of Laguna, in Teneriffe, is mentioned by almost every traveller who visits that city. Deserted and barren as are the old streets and houses, yet, as Humboldt observes, botanists cannot complain of them, for the antique structures give a resting place to this most elegant fern, which is nourished by the frequent fogs with which the atmosphere is filled.

We have before remarked, that of all the cryptogamous plants the ferns are the most beautiful. Perhaps of all they are the least useful to the arts or domestic purposes of civilized life. Their shadow, even when they attain to trees, is small and flickering, and is too little to be welcomed anywhere unless it were found on some desert spot, where even the sight of a green leaf would seem like a refreshment. The fern tribe yields no luxuries and little nutritious food, yet thousands of men in savage life subsist on its roots, and some who dwell in cities, as we have seen, make their bread of its flour. The leaves of several sorts contain a thick mucilage, and their uses in medicine have been adverted to. Some species have been used in beer, and a scented kind of shield fern has been substituted for tea. The natives of

the Sandwich Isles use one kind of fern to make an aromatic, with which they perfume their fixed oils; and of another the Brazilian negroes make tubes for their pipes.

Several very pretty ferns are now commonly reared in this country in those closely-glazed cases in which Mr. Ward has so successfully cultivated even the most rare plants. These glass cases, so often placed in the window of London houses, seem particularly well fitted for the ferns, as moisture and shade can both be had by this contrivance; and it is delightful to see the bright frond of the fern flourishing in the midst of smoky crowded places, unhurt by the sudden alternations of cold and heat, or by the heavy fogs which hang in the atmosphere. These glass-cases have also much facilitated the observation of the growth and changes of plants, and they afford to those who cannot rove at will into the fields or over the mountain, a wreath of flowers as pure and bright as those which could be found there. By means of these cases plants have also been conveyed to us which no skill has ever before availed to save from perishing, amid the various changes of temperature to which they must otherwise be exposed.

The seeds of ferns have excited much attention among botanists; for the old writers thought that the brown masses which we by the aid of the microscope discern to be capsules or bags, were themselves the seeds. In some centuries earlier, the fern tribe were thought to produce seeds very rarely, and by many believed to increase by root only; but the seeds were thought to have the power of rendering him who gathered them invisible—a legend which would have been probably forgotten had not some of our older poets alluded to it in their dramatic writings.

Until late years the vegetation of the seed of ferns was supposed to be remarkably slow; but Loudon mentions several instances in which they seem to have vegetated with tolerable rapidity. Thus some seeds of a fern brought from Jamaica on the 10th of July in 1817, were brushed off and sown, and the plants perfected seeds by the 5th of August in the following year. Some ferns sent were from Serampore by Dr. Carey, who, amid all his diligent zeal in preaching the word of God, yet loved to mark also the works of God in nature; and these plants, having reached Liver-

pool July 10th, 1818, and their seeds sown immediately, they produced some plants by the 18th of September.

The term *Noeascolae*, or new settlers, which Linnæus gave to the ferns, is very appropriate; for barren lands are colonised by these beautiful plants long before the other tribes of plants, the gay flowers, and the umbrageous trees, could take root there. After the lichens and mosses have done their work on the barren heaths or the coral rocks, then the ferns gather together above them. Such, Burnet has observed, were doubtless the primeval operations by which the earth was fitted for man's abode; for from the strata in which ferns are found, it is more than probable that they preceded and prepared the way for the production of many other vegetables, for the higher animals, and for the human race.

The oldest fossil vegetable remains exhibited by the earth's strata, consist almost entirely of the gigantic fern tribe, other plants seeming few in number compared with them. Dr. Lindley remarks that "even in these islands where the ferns form an unobtrusive feature in the vegetation, grasses, herbs, and trees were represented by herbaceous and arborescent ferns and fern-like plants; and earth had, in its oldest stages, forms and developments of plants as well as of animals quite different from those of modern days." This writer, however, remarks that the same enormous disproportion between ferns and the rest of the flora is even now exhibited in some tropical islands, such as Jamaica, where they are one-ninth of the flowery plants. Dr. Mantelo mentions that some of the tree-ferns found in the carboniferous strata of our land are fifty feet in height; and arborescent club-mosses attained a height of sixty or seventy feet, while plants similar to the mare's tail, which, as we shall presently state, is a fern-like plant, are sometimes eighteen inches in circumference, and ten or twelve feet high. And this was the vegetation which once prevailed, where now the woods and forests and the grassy turf present features as unlike to those of the older eras, as the gigantic fossil remains of the animal world are unlike the living groups which are now subject to man's sway.

There are about fifty species of British ferns; but so much more abundant are these plants in intertropical countries, especially in islands, that one botanist collected one hundred and sixty different

species in the islands of St. Domingo and Martinique only.

Botanists generally include in this tribe some flowerless vegetables, nearly allied in some particulars to the true ferns, but which are more justly called fern-like plants than ferns. The club-mosses are considered as intermediate between the true ferns and the mosses; for they have the seeds of the former plants, although their much greater resemblance to the mosses would induce the general observer to class them with the latter. They grow occasionally to a height of two or three feet, but their stems are mostly prostrate. They are abundant in damp moist situations in tropical lands; and though generally fewer towards the north, yet in Sweden and Lapland they are sufficiently plentiful to cover immense portions of land, and some of the species are to be found in all parts of the world. The roots of the club-moss were supposed to bear some resemblance to a wolf's foot. Hence their scientific name of *Lycopodium*. The species called the *Selago*, or fir-club moss, which is like a very large moss, is not uncommon on our alpine bogs. It was once believed to be very efficacious in the cure of complaints of the eyes, and its name, which appears to be of Celtic origin, is made of "sel"—sight, and "jack"—salutary. Selma, the hall of Fingal, is said to have the same root, and to signify the same as the word *bellevue*, so often applied to modern villas. This plant is used in Sky instead of alum, to fix colours in dyeing, and it is still used in the Highlands as a medicine, but it is too powerful in its properties to be safely employed by the inexperienced. The Swedes use this infusion to destroy insects. Two other kinds, the Alpine club-moss and the species termed the interrupted club-moss, both of which grow wild on the bogs of Great Britain, supply the Icelanders with a yellow dye. They boil their woollen cloths in a decoction of this plant, mixing it with the leaves of the whortleberry. This produces a good deep yellow colour, and a brown dye is obtained by substituting the bearberry for the whortleberry leaves. A large handsome species of club-moss grows upon some of the trees of Hindostan, where it hangs in great beauty, its tufts nearly a foot in length. These plants appear to have attained in the Pre-Adamite earth a size so gigantic as to rival that of our forest trees, and the remains

of the species of club-moss are abundant in the coal measures. The powder of some of these mosses is inflammable, and is used in making fireworks; and woollen cloths boiled with some species of this plant becomes of a blue colour if afterwards passed through a decoction of Brazil wood.

More general in our country landscape than the club-mosses are the equisetums, or horse-tails, which are also classed with the ferns. These plants are commonly called jointed ferns, and leafless ferns, and the French term them *prêles*. They are found in rivers and ditches, and some of them in meadows. Sometimes they are scattered like a crop all over a meadow land; sometimes, as at Camberwell, near London, they are frequent weeds in the garden; one kind is very common on Hampstead Heath. They are abundant not only in our own land but in almost every country both in and out of the tropics; but their resemblance to ferns is not so obvious as that the observer who is not a botanist would class them with that tribe. The name equisetum literally signifies horse-hair; and their long slender-jointed branchlets, whirled round their stem of several spears, render the name sufficiently expressive. Some of them are very troublesome weeds on deep loamy soils; and several are used for polishing hard materials, as ivory. The plant known in commerce as Dutch rushes is a species of the horse-tail; and from their uses in polishing rough substances they have acquired the familiar name of shave-grasses. They were once used to clean pewter vessels, and the milkmaids of Norway still scour their pails with them. Their use in polishing is owing to the quantity of flint contained in their stems, which is so great that when the vegetable matter is burned away the horse-tail still preserves its form. These plants have been used as astringents, and one kind is used for tea. Haller mentions that the great water horse-tail served as food to the poorer people among the Romans. Several species are found to form tubercles on subterranean stems, like potatoes, which are nutritive and full of starch, and it is thought probable that this might be the portion of the plant which was eaten. They were much recommended both by the ancients and the earlier herbalists for their virtues.

Dr. Drummond has observed an interesting fact in the horse-tail. "Each

seed," he remarks, "has four (sometimes three or five) pellucid threads, clavate or club-shaped at their extremities, proceeding from it. These curl and twist about in a very curious manner, and move the seed along with them in various directions. If a spike of the equisetum, when ripe in spring, be shaken over a piece of white paper, the seeds will fall out in the form of a fine brown powder; and if they be damped a little, by gently breathing on them, and be then examined by a magnifier, they will be seen crawling about on the paper like so many spiders." The fossil equisetums show that these plants were in former ages large trees.

The pepperwort tribe, the quillworts and pillworts, all creeping or floating, flowerless plants, bearing some affinities in their structures to the ferns, form an order of that class. They are little known to any but botanists, and are found in ditches and inundated places in various parts of the world.

A. P.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

THERE was one very singular instance of outward conversion which occurred. One day some heathens, while walking around the dwelling-house, and carefully observing every part of it, espied a lad cleaning the table-knives in a shed, and were so enamoured of the shining blades, that they could not resist the temptation of appropriating some of them to their own use. Having, therefore, drawn off the attention of the youth, and, unnoticed by him, stolen four of these knives, they decamped in great haste to their canoe, and set sail for Savaii. But on the voyage the wind became too strong for their fragile bark; and more alarmed by the voice of conscience than of the storm, which they deemed a punishment for robbing the missionary, they held a council, and resolved, as their only means of deliverance, to rid themselves of their ill-gotten booty. Accordingly, but with much reluctance, they treated the knives as the shipmen treated the prophet, and on arriving at Savaii, proceeded direct to the native teacher's house, confessed what they had done, and declared their desire henceforth to become "sons of the word."—*Williams.*



The Sociable Grosbeak.

THE SOCIABLE GROSBEEK.

THE sociable grosbeak, or weaver bird,* of Southern Africa, belongs to a sub-family of the *Fringillidae*, and excels any of its feathered race in the extent, if not the workmanship, of its habitation. This is usually constructed on a large and lofty tree, often a species of mimosa or sensitive plant, which is selected because of its ample top, and strong, wide-spreading branches, forming a good support to the extensive erection which has to be made. Where, however, such trees are not to be found, the birds will even form them upon the leaves of the arbo-

* *Præceus socius*.—*Losia socia*, of Latham; *Tinaria republicana*, of Daudin.

rescent aloe, (*Aloe Arborascens*), as has been occasionally found towards the Orange River.

The situation being selected, the operation of building the general framework is commenced by the community at large, which will receive a common advantage by its completion. It is firmly interwoven with the branches of the tree on which it rests, and often a large part of a principal branch is included within its substance. This being accomplished, each pair proceeds to the construction of its own nest, which, like the roof, consists of grass, and this is used both for repair and enlargement. The whole forms a very complete protection, which

is especially needed against the violent rains which descend in Southern Africa; while the small leaves and scanty foliage of the trees would expose nests of ordinary structure to injury or destruction.

Mr. Paterson says, that he examined one of these erections, and found that the interior was equally ingenious with the outside. The entrances, he observes, were numerous, "each of which forms a regular street, with nests on both sides, at about two inches distance from each other." In this, however, he appears to have been mistaken, and Le Vaillant corrects the error, as we shall hereafter see. Mr. Paterson says, that the one he examined had been inhabited for many years, while some parts were much more complete than others; the additions being gradually made according to the wants of the increasing community. Their industry, he remarks, "seems almost equal to that of the bee," and "throughout the day they seem to be busily employed. Though my stay in the country was not sufficient to satisfy me, by ocular proof, that they added to their nest as they gradually increased in numbers, still, from the many trees which I have seen borne down by the weight, and others which I have observed with their boughs completely covered over, it would appear that this is really the case. When the tree which is the support of this aerial city is obliged to give way to the increase of weight, it is obvious that they are no longer protected, and are under the necessity of building in other trees." The seeds of the Boshman's grass, as it is called, with which the nests are built, furnish food; but the wings and legs of different insects have also been found in their habitation.

Le Vaillant* states, that on seeing the nests of these birds for the first time, (to which he gave the name of republicans,) he despatched a few men with a wagon to bring one to the camp, that he "might open the hive and examine its structure in its minutest part." He found that the grass was so compactly basketed together, that, without any mixture, it was impenetrable to the rain. "Figure to yourself," he says, "a huge, irregular, sloping roof, all the eaves of which are completely covered with nests, crowded one against another, and you will have a tolerably accurate idea of these singular edifices. Each individual nest is three or four inches in diameter, which is suffi-

cient for the bird. But as they are all in contact with one another round the eaves, they appear to the eye to form but one building, and are distinguishable from each other only by a little external aperture which serves as an entrance to the nest; and this is sometimes common to three different nests, one of which is situated at the bottom and the other two at the sides. According to Paterson, the number of cells increases in proportion to the increase of inhabitants, and the old ones become "streets of communication, formed by line and level." No doubt, as the republic increases, the cells must be multiplied also. But it is easy to imagine that, as the augmentation can take place only at the surface, "the new buildings will necessarily cover the old ones, which must therefore be abandoned. Should these even, contrary to all probability, be able to subsist, it may be presumed that the depths of their situation, by preventing any circulation and renewal of the air, would render them so extremely hot as to be uninhabitable. But while they would thus become useless, they would remain what they were before, real nests, and change neither into streets nor sleeping-rooms."* One of the largest of these structures examined by this traveller contained 320 inhabited cells, which, supposing a male and a female to each, would form a society of 640 individuals. Such a calculation, however, he admits, could not be very exact; and it appears that one male is often simultaneously the parent of several broods of young ones, as is also found in the environs of the Cape and in the colony. Many cells, therefore, would contain but one bird. Le Vaillant also mentions, that whenever he fired at a flock of weaver birds, he always shot four times as many females as males; though from the greater caution of animals of that sex, it is generally found that this ratio is inverted.

These birds never use the same nest a second time, though they continue for many years attached to the same roof. With the return of the breeding season, fresh ones are built on the lower surface of those of the preceding year, which then form an addition to the general covering. Each female lays from three to four eggs, of a bluish white colour, and freely mottled towards the large end

* See "An Introduction to the Study of Birds, or the Elements of Ornithology."—Religious Tract Society.

* Travels, Second Series, vol. III.

with small brown spots. When once this species has attained maturity, it never afterwards exhibits any change with respect to colours, nor has the male any tints which it exchanges for a winter garb.

The favourable position of the nests of the weaver birds protects them, in a great measure, from their enemies the monkeys, but more especially from the deadly attacks of the snake tribes which abound in these uninhabited districts. Dr. Smith, in his "Zoology of South Africa," expresses his decided opinion, that the fear of injury from small quadrupeds and snakes operates upon the birds of that country in their choice of trees, especially those which overhang pools of water. "There can be no doubt," he says, "that parental affection dictates the choice;" and as "no position is so likely to secure them against such misfortunes" as these, they are selected under that instinct with which they have been provided by nature.

The same distinguished author, in his elaborate account of the varieties of *Bucephalus capensis*, boom-slange of the colonists, which he does not consider poisonous, gives an interesting illustration of the fascination of serpents: "The boom-slange," he says, "is generally found upon trees, to which it resorts for the purpose of catching birds, upon which it delights to feed. The presence of a specimen in a tree is generally soon discovered by the birds of the neighbourhood, who collect around it, and fly to and fro, uttering the most piercing cries, until some one, more terror-struck than the rest, actually scans its lips, and almost without resistance becomes a meal to its enemy. During such a proceeding the snake is generally observed with its head raised about ten or twelve inches above the branch round which its body and tail are entwined, with its mouth open and its neck inflated, as if anxiously endeavouring to increase the terror which it would almost appear it was aware would, sooner or later, bring within its grasp one of the feathered group. Whatever may be said in ridicule of fascination, it is nevertheless true that birds, and even quadrupeds, are, under some circumstances, unable to retire from certain of their enemies; and what is even more extraordinary, unable to resist the propensity to advance from a situation of actual safety into one of the most imminent danger." F.

AONIO PALEARIO.

ANTONIO DELLA PAGLIA, or, as he more generally called himself, Aonio Paleario, was born about the year 1500, at Veroli, in the Campagna di Roma. After passing several years in Rome, Paleraio removed to Sienna, where he married a lady by whom he left two sons and two daughters. By the senate of Sienna he was appointed public teacher of Greek and Latin, and he also lectured on philosophy and the belles-lettres. His diligent study of the Scriptures, and of the works of the German divines, imbued his instructions with a spirit very different from the lectures of his colleagues; and this, while it gratified his pupils, provoked the anger of the authorities. A remarkable proof is afforded, in one of his letters, of the real ground of opposition to him. "Cotta," says he, "asserts that, if I am allowed to live, there will not be a vestige of religion left in the city. Why? Because, being asked one day what was the first ground on which men should rest their salvation? I replied, 'Christ!' Being asked what was the second, I replied 'Christ!' and being asked what was the third, I still replied, 'Christ!'"

The charges against him were brought to a point by the publication, in 1543, of his treatise of the "Benefit of Christ's Death." The vast reputation which it had, and the eagerness with which it was read, being in the Italian language, increased the virulence of his opponents. Otho Melius Cotta, above-mentioned, was his most determined enemy; and with this person three hundred leagued themselves in a resolution to destroy Paleario. And, in order to insure his condemnation, twelve of these were selected to bear witness against him. He had, in consequence, to defend himself before the senate of Sienna, which he did with so much spirit, that for the moment his defence was successful.

On the accession of Pius v. to the papal chair, the accusation against the author of "The Benefit of Christ's Death" was directed to be re-heard. He was then seized by the inquisitor, Angelo di Cremona, conveyed to Rome, and committed a close prisoner to the Torre Nona.

The charges against him were disposed under the following four heads:— That he denied purgatory; that he disapproved of the burial of the dead in

churches, and preferred the ancient Roman mode of sepulture without the walls of the cities; that he ridiculed the monastic life; and, lastly, that he ascribed justification solely to faith in the mercy of God forgiving our sins through Jesus Christ. In his examinations, he appears to have manifested great firmness. When questioned by the cardinals of the inquisition, he addressed them (it is an enemy who reports his words): "Seeing that your eminences have so many credible witnesses against me, it is unnecessary for you to give yourselves or me longer trouble. I am resolved to act according to the advice of the blessed apostle Peter, when he says, 'Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.' Proceed, then, to give judgment: pronounce sentence on Aonio, and thus gratify his adversaries, and fulfil your office." Judgment was given, and he was condemned, after more than three years' imprisonment, to be suspended on a gibbet, and his body to be committed to the flames; though, according to some authorities, he was burned alive.

"Many are of opinion," says Vergerio, "that there is scarcely a book of this age, or, at least, in the Italian language, so sweet, so pious, so simple, and so well fitted to instruct the ignorant and weak, especially in the doctrine of justification. I will say more: Reginald Pole, the British cardinal, and the intimate friend of Morone, was esteemed the author of that book, or partly so; at least, it is known that he, with Flaminio, Priuli, and his other friends, defended and circulated it." So great was its popularity, that 40,000 copies are said to have been sold in six years; and it was translated into several other languages. It was, however, as before noticed, particularly distasteful to the Romish authorities; and consequently the most strenuous attempts were made to suppress it. It is forbidden by the various prohibitory indexes, in which the title only is recited, without Paleario's name; and, indeed, in one index, it is ranked amongst the books of which the authors were not certainly known. How successful the attempts to suppress this treatise were, shall be told in the words of Mr. T. B. Macaulay. In

a paper published in the "Edinburgh Review" for October, 1840, entitled, "The Revolutions of the Papacy," he says, "It was not on moral influence alone that the Catholic church relied. In Spain and Italy, the civil sword was unsparingly employed in her support." The inquisition was armed with new powers, and inspired with a new energy. If Protestantism, or the semblance of Protestantism, showed itself in any quarter, it was instantly met, not by party-teasing persecution, but by persecution of that sort which bows down and crushes all but a very few select spirits. Whoever was suspected of heresy, whatever his rank, his learning, or his reputation, was to purge himself to the satisfaction of a severe and vigilant tribunal, or to die by fire. Heretical books were sought out and destroyed with unsparing rigour. Works which were once in every house were so effectually suppressed, that no copy of them is now to be found in the most extensive libraries. One book in particular, entitled 'Of the Benefit of the Death of Christ,' had this fate. It was written in Tuscan, was many times reprinted, and was eagerly read in every part of Italy. But the inquisitors detected in it the Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith alone. *They proscribed it; and it is now as utterly lost as the second Decade of Livy.*"

But it was not lost: "it was translated and printed in the French tongue, and out of French into English by A. G.," and published by "Andrew Hebb, dwelling at the signe of the Bell in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1638." So says the title-page; and a new edition, with an introduction by the rev. John Ayre, has recently been published by the Religious Tract Society.

Another fact is worthy of record. In various interviews with Dr. Achilli, formerly the president of the Theological College of Minerva, at Rome, who has embraced the great principles of Protestantism, it was determined to send Paleario's work back into Italy. Dr. Achilli has faithfully translated it into Italian; it is now under revision by competent friends in Italy, and will soon be issued from the press. To this object a portion of the Jubilee Fund will be appropriated. Let Christians pray that this book may be greatly blessed to the people: then, though dead, the martyr will speak from the fires of persecution; and though he has rested from his labours,

his works will follow him. May they lead many to know that "there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

ON EXAGGERATION.

THERE are certain persons in the world whom we can never read. Their actions, at different times, are so contrary and irreconcilable, that the opinion we formed of them yesterday is completely overthrown by something which occurs to-day. And yet these persons "call themselves Christians." They make an outward profession of religion, and go among their neighbours as current coin, though somewhat battered by use,— "good sort of people in their way, though sometimes given to exaggerating a little!" Now it is just this practice of exaggeration which prevents our reading such people. To-day, we hear them relate a story of wonder or distress, admiring the shrewdness or lamenting the ignorance of its subject. To-morrow, the scenes have shifted, and our hero seems dressed in a manner which baffles all recognition of him. Why should they wish to strip him of the simple garb which belongs to his own state of society or feeling, and dress him in the gaudy and unfitting attire of another? To which did he originally belong? We are puzzled to know. How strange is it, that if a tale be worth relating at all, it should not be worth most when dressed in its own colours, and told with its own facts; yet there are some who seem to fancy anything would sound better, if slightly altered; and so we can never be sure how far we may believe things to have happened, just as they describe them to us.

If, then, we trace up this habit to its source, we shall find it springs from an overweening self-love. It was St. Paul's caution to "every man, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think;" but some people are always seeking a sort of self-elevation. Exaggeration is a fine instrument for them; for having always the semblance of truth, and generally, too, including something of the truth, it is very easy for them, like the frog in the fable, to assume sometimes an unnatural size, without leading others to suspect they wish to change either their character or position. Thus is it, that having casually been thrown into the society of some great

man, his name will be afterwards associated with the familiar prefix of: "My friend;" or having accidentally found another breakfasting or dining, we hear the occurrence described in so ambiguous a manner, as to lead us to imagine that a formal invitation had been given and accepted to visit at such a time. These occasions, and a thousand others quite as common, clearly evince a desire, on the part of the narrator, to be esteemed more highly than is justly his due. "See what company he keeps," people will say; "he must surely be more than we took him to be!" How contrary are all such feelings and desires to the spirit of Him who, "being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant!" His life was a continual lesson of humility, meekness, truth, and self-denial. Alas! how differently do some of his professed disciples live!

But we do not doubt that the habit has arisen, in some cases, from what would be called "merely an innocent desire to afford additional amusement to a listener." But we cannot view such a habit, or the motives which induce it, as a harmless sport, or mere fancy. Truth is a sacred thing, and must not be violated in the least, more than in the greatest affair of life; and there is no less a violation of it in addition, than there would be in detraction or contradiction. Asserting a falsehood is denying some correlative truth,—and garnishing a tale is trying to outstrip the truth. If any good end is to be gained by the relation of an incident, let us have it in all its naked reality. If it be to the purpose, it will apply itself without the aid of exaggeration to varnish its colours, or insinuation to blunt its force.

The habit of exaggeration is a growing one. People get into it, unintentionally perhaps at first, but it soon becomes a part of themselves; and after a time, (we can easily believe unconsciously to them,) more or less tinges all their actions. Sometimes it borders very close upon a lie;—and in a professor of religion it is much worse than a lie; for in proportion as falsehood comes nearer to truth, its real colours become less defined, and thus it is the more dangerous and difficult to grapple with. A lie is an open enemy to truth; exaggeration is a false friend. It is like the flush which spreads over the cheek of a dying

man, and seems to hide awhile the ravages of the disease within, which is every moment making new inroads upon his vitals, and drinking fresh drops of his life-blood. A worldling will tell a lie and brave it out. An inconsistent Christian will sometimes so nearly copy his example as to exaggerate.

It may be that there is often more thoughtlessness than design in this practice. We forget that society is built up of individuals, and that each one of us forms a living part of the mighty fabric. Thus we do ourselves and our fellows an incalculable injury, by distorting the truth. We swell, as it were, in our places; and how should not, then, the building grow tottering or unsightly? Carried out to the full, this course must produce some such awfully corrupt state of things as that pictured by the prophet Micah, (vii. 5,) when there was no trust in a friend, and no confidence in a guide, and the doors of a man's mouth were kept from her that lay in his bosom; the dreary prelude of speedy and inevitable downfall,—a state of living death.

But there is even a deeper forgetfulness than this, which is a more fertile life-spring of exaggeration. Did we fully realize the idea that there was One ever compassing our path and lying down, acquainted with all our ways, understanding our thoughts afar off, and knowing altogether every word of our tongues, (Psa. cxxxix. 2,) surely there would be no moment when His eye beheld our hearts leaning towards falsehood, or our tongues harbouring deceit. It is because we so often virtually forget his presence, and fancy we can lead away poor fellow-mortals as weak as ourselves, without any one being the wiser, that truth becomes disregarded; and the smallest events still seem to need the polish of exaggeration, before they are fit for us to retail.

Let us, then, henceforth be watchful over our hearts—those sources of evil thoughts, words, and deeds—and we need be in no fear of our tongues acting treacherously. Above all, let us be constant in prayer to Him who is the "God of truth," that all our ways and actions may be directed to his service, and every will moulded by his Spirit;—and "laying aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith," Heb. xii. 1. S. F. J.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION FROM SYRIA.

It is evident that no country was ever more favoured from on high than Syria. The religion that began in the manger of Bethlehem was soon embraced by the people from Gaza to Antioch. By the power of its Divine Author, the infant church grew to maturity, and schools and colleges were established at Alexandria, Edessa, Damascus, Neapolis, Beyritus, and throughout the land, as we learn from Eusebius, Mosheim, Milner, and other ecclesiastical historians. As Protestant authors will have the greatest weight with you, I refer you to Dr. Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Vol. i, page 59, for the truth of what I relate.

Our manufactures, and knowledge of the arts, and cultivation of land, made our forefathers happy; each dwelt under his own vine and his own fig-tree: and this prosperity continued as long as they served the Lord God with zeal; as long as they manifested their faith by their works; as long as they stood by the doctrine of the glorious gospel. But they were severely punished when their faith waxed cold; nevertheless God supported them during the long course of suffering. How can it be otherwise? A people who have been deprived of everything dear to them on earth, and who have been offered, on the other hand, every worldly honour to renounce Christianity, and who have borne the cross for many, many hundred years, ought to have the sympathy of every Christian community. In short, their existence is a monument for the truth; and in the language of a pious English visitor, one cannot but admire the firmness which supports them in their faith, standing thus alone in the midst of contempt and persecution from their Moslem neighbours.

And now let me show how their very existence as a body of Christians in that land has preserved to us many manners and customs to illustrate the Holy Scriptures, as well as some vital doctrines of the gospel, which, humanly speaking, had they been altered, would have stood as doubtful; nay, they would have been used by the enemies of our holy religion as great arguments, which I shall state as I go on.

Now to illustrate the Holy Scriptures, let me begin with the names of the places of the country, and I shall reserve the doctrinal points to my account of the eastern church. First, we begin with the

general name of the country. It is called "Bar Alsham," or the country of Shem. This at once proves that it is named after the great patriarch Shem; and by this name it is called by the natives until this day. Syria, or Soria, is only a name given to the country by foreigners, on account of the enterprise of the Phœnicians, whose capital was "Soor," Tyre, ("Soor" is the Hebrew word for Tyre;) and the navigating and commercial and colonizing inhabitants had been called Soorians, after their capital, "Soor." I give this little explanation, for I think they have erred who suppose Sham was a name given by the Arabians for *Shemal*, left; for it is more likely that Sham is after Shem, the patriarch, than Sham after Shemal, "left" (that is, left of Arabia); and to prove my supposition, I have to appeal to the Holy Scriptures. The most ancient city on the face of the globe is Damascus; it existed before Abraham, whose steward was "Eliezer of Damascus." Jerusalem from the time of Melchizedek till now bears the same name, till now with its additional titles, such as "Beit almookdes," the Holy House, and "Alkoodes," the Holy. The same might be said of Joppa, Nazareth, Cana of Galilee, Sidon, (bearing the name of the patriarch, its founder, till this day.) Antioch, where the believers have been called Christians, bears the same name till now. This will be more remarkable to us, when we find that places of great fame in Syria have been called by almost all foreign authors by other names, yet in the country these names are unknown; for example, Tyre is the Greek name for "Soor;" Tyre is the word used almost in all translations of the Bible, except the original, and yet no one in Syria understands what Tyre is; and though the city has received its fate according to prophecy, its recollection is known according to the original "Soor." Again, Palmyra is the name given to "Tadmor." By the name Palmyra it is spoken of by all travellers, and ancient and modern authors; yet if you ask a Syrian anything about Palmyra, you might just as well ask the name of any place in the moon; but if you ask about "Tadmor," any one will tell you Tadmor is in the desert, built by Solomon, son of David, king of Israel. Again, in the same country there are places not mentioned in Scripture—their names are now changed; for example, Aleppo, for the ancient Eölea, etc. There are two principal rivers in Syria—Jordan and

Orantes; Jordan has retained its name until now, whereas Orantes is now called "Assie," and no one amongst the natives knows it by its former name. These things will be more striking when we reflect that the country had had many conquerors and masters, with new languages, religions, and habits—the Greeks, the Persians, the Romans, the Saracens, the Crusaders, the Turks, etc.: yet in spite of all attempt to introduce fresh names, religions, and habits, the original names and customs have remained, and all modern vanished away. For example, all recollections about the stupendous expedition of the Crusades have no tradition in the country now, nor are they known by the natives; yet the bathing of Naaman the Syrian in the Jordan, and the cure of his leprosy, has its tradition. The birth of our blessed Lord in Bethlehem, the conversion of St. Paul near Damascus, are believed by the natives as facts; and the very street called Straight, and the remains of the house of Ananias, are till this day seen in Damascus.

The preservation of the manners and customs is also very striking; and this will astonish us the more when we know that the inhabitants of the country have gone through all stages of prosperity and adversity, wealth and poverty, independence and dependence, learning and ignorance, and yet preserved the names, the manners, and customs unaltered. This must be all by an overruling Providence; otherwise, as they are human beings, there is no reason why they should not be the subject of mode and fashion, and no reason why they should not have adopted the religion and manners of their conquerors, who have offered them every earthly advantage, privilege, and liberty, if they would embrace a new religion; nevertheless, they preferred to be called Nazarenes and Christians to any honour they can have. They have kept up the custom of dressing their favourite children with coats "of many colours," after the one given by Jacob to Joseph. In the matches, the bridegroom sends to his bride the pair of bracelets and the earrings, as did Jacob to his beloved Rebecca. They keep up till this day the form of the writer's inkhorn by his side, mentioned by Ezekiel; until this very day, "the white asses" are as favourite as in the days of the judges of old. Their teachers use the salutation of the blessed Lord, "salam," or "peace." Until this very day the bridegroom comes at night, and a cry

always precedes his coming. Until this very day they speak by parables; until now the shepherds go before their sheep, and they know his voice, and they follow no stranger's, and he calls them by their names; until this day you see two women grinding on a mill. And when the Consul-General Farren, of Great Britain, visited Bethlehem, the natives being very fond of him, and knowing his interest in their welfare, came out to meet him. Did they take off their turbans? did they salute him with the shaking of hands? did they sing or beat the drum? No (I was present); they threw off their garments and cut branches from the trees to welcome their favourite visitor, the same as their ancestors did to the blessed Redeemer. In short, time and space will allow me to say no more; what I have said will suffice to any reasonable mind. These, therefore, are the people whom Providence has kept to illustrate his book; and if it had not been for them, lord Lindsay, Mons. De la Martines, lord and lady Ellesmere, and the rev. George Fisk, would have been disappointed in their visits, and could not have written on their tours in favour of the truth. If Jerusalem had been changed to Tautrum, Damascus to Bawarta, Antioch to Zuk, and Lebanon to Marween, the traveller could not find them with ease; and the schoolmasters and mistresses would be at a loss how to point them out on the map to their youths. Neither should we have had a pictorial Bible, nor illustrated Biblical lessons at the Infant Colonial Schools.—*Assaad Y Kayat.*

THE ASPIRATION.

"LET me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" Such was the aspiration of Balaam, when he saw the unity, the happiness, and the safety of Israel. Multitudes who, like him, love the wages of unrighteousness, are brought by the providence of God amidst scenes and circumstances which compel them to utter a similar cry. Perhaps there lives not a man who, having heard of the alternatives of bliss or woe in eternity, has not at some period of his life expressed the wish that after death he might be happy. Every thing tends to create this wish. Dissatisfaction with the present, the consciousness of something wrong within, the undoubted certainty of death, and the

fear that all is not right between the soul and God, concur in giving energy to this exclamation. We believe it is often uttered by multitudes who, nevertheless, die in their sins! Nay, that it is earnestly uttered, that these parties really mean what they say, and that the blessing after which they aspire is prized for the moment, there cannot be a doubt; and yet they pass away to darkness and death, without God, without Christ, without hope, without salvation! This is very melancholy; and were it not that the reasons of the non-attainment of the object of their desire are discoverable for the benefit of the living, we should turn away from it as from a gloomy mystery which only grows darker as the attempt at investigation proceeds. But the fact is explicable. It is not mysterious. Its causes are obvious. Let the living learn them! "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" "Hear counsel, and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end." When Jesus came near Jerusalem, "He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." On another occasion he said, doubtless with a throbbing heart at the stubbornness of the people, "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life."

Thus it still is. Men express the wish for future happiness, but refuse to comply with God's mode of realizing their desire. They would die in peace, but neglect the atonement. They would enter heaven, but despise the road that leads to it. They would share in the future lot of the righteous, without assimilating to their faith and practice now. They would enter the city, but not through the gates. They would depart in the enjoyment of Christian privileges, but refuse to prize them in the day of health and activity. They would appear at the judgment as saints, but scorn the honourable name whilst travelling thither. They would be recognised among the redeemed in that day, but prefer sin to salvation in this. They would go in to the marriage supper of the Lamb, but refuse to put on the wedding garment in time. They would dwell among the ransomed for ever, but refuse to be redeemed with the blood of Christ whilst it is called to-day! Is their disappointment sur-

prising Where is the mystery of the fruitless aspiration? Vice, immorality, crime, sin, are rank enough in our world, notwithstanding all the genuine practical Christianity which is happily in it. But what would be the state of things, were the cry of every man for a happy death and immortality attended to by God without reference to justification, regeneration, conversion, and sanctification? Who would walk with God? who would love Jesus Christ? who would bring forth fruit to his glory? who would live in the Spirit? who would enter the strait gate, and keep the narrow path, and journey heavenward as children of light? who would deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow the Son of God? who would be witnesses to the truth, and condemners of the world, and preachers of righteousness?—Not one!

A religion which promises safety in death is surpassingly valuable; but to know that the promise is no delusion by the influence which it exerts upon the living, the healthy, and the strong, is an additional element in its value, which no wise man will despise. Christianity is such a religion. It anticipates the cry of the aspirant for the blessings which it promises in death, by securing to every evangelical believer spiritual blessings in life. "Heaven begun below" is no poetic figure, but a real verity, in the possession of which tens of thousands daily rejoice. It is no embellishment of the fancy, but a treasured fact. The gospel system of redemption takes into account the whole man—the present and the future, the actual condition and the desired joy; and it freely provides for all. It renews now, that it may glorify then. It regenerates, that it may secure the appreciation of the glory to be revealed. It gives life now, that it may give it more abundantly hereafter. It guarantees the death of the righteous, to the man who counts all things but loss for the righteousness of Christ. Its plan is marked by wisdom and distinguished by order; and the character of its issues is in perfect harmony with that of its first operations. It has in one or two instances, as in the case of the thief on Calvary, leaped at one glorious bound with a soul from a life of sin to a glorious immortality; but this is not the law of its operation, nor a specimen of its usual procedure. He who trusts to this proves that his confidence is a thing of error. It is the presumption of ignorance, not the faith

of light. It would subvert the arrangements of grace, to protract the dominion of sin. But even in this case the ordinary law of regeneration was not suspended. From the peculiarity of the circumstances the process of illumination was unusually rapid; but even the pardoned thief died not "the death of the righteous," until he had, though but for an hour or two, lived his life, so far as "repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ" were concerned.

It is assumed, in the aspiration, that all men die. It is the world's history. It is the law. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." It is the proof of our fall. "Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." We have to do with a *fact*; and reason as we may about the origin of evil, the relation of the first man to the human family, and kindred questions, that fact looks us in the face: all die! But this is not the end of man. His being ceases not when God changes his colour and sends him away. After death there is "the judgment;" and He who loves the soul, and knows its value, has urgently cried, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

The aspirant assumes that there are differences in death. It is not the same thing, either in its moral conditions, or in its issues, to all men. Some die the friends, and others the enemies of God. Some die in peace, and others striving with their Maker. Some die with a hope full of immortality, and others with the agonies of the lost. Some die longing to be with Christ, and others blaspheming his name. Some die joyfully anticipating a welcome to glory, and others are driven away in their wickedness. Some die exulting in the love of Jesus, and others cursing the day of their births. Some die like the "star which melts away into the light of heaven," and others seem to be engulfed in the black abyss. Whence this vast difference? "All have sinned;" why not all die alike? Is the happy portion thus distinguished, distinguished thus in consequence of any moral superiority by nature? Were they inherently "better" than the others? "No, in no wise." Whence then the marked superiority in their experience and prospects? Is it by grace? Entirely. Is it of God? Only. Is it through Christ? Exclusively. But mark the operation of this grace, and the proof of its vitality, upon the living man, and the connexion of such a life with such a desirable death

will appear obvious. They were guilty; but there were repentance and pardon. They were depraved; but there was regeneration, evinced by their conversion, or turning to God. There was faith, shown by their application to Christ for salvation. There was a new heart, evidenced by a new life. There were new opinions, vouched for by a new practice. There was love to God, seen in the operation of love to the brethren. There was the reception of light, proved by walking in the light. There was submission to the righteousness of Christ, declared by renunciation of self-righteousness. There was appreciation of the gospel, manifested by attention to its ordinances. And there was the heart in heaven, significant of the treasure there. Shall such a man die the death of the righteous? Assuredly; for by walking before God in newness of life, he has given evangelical proof that he has passed from death unto life, and he cannot come into condemnation. The connexion between the life and the death is obvious. He dies in the faith, for he lived in it. He departs to be with Christ, for he loved him whilst living. He shall walk with his Saviour in light, for he followed him in the regeneration. Is there mystery here? No; for "them that honour me I will honour." But to desire "the death of the righteous" simply on account of its happiness is not religion, but self-seeking; not Christianity, but the dictate of fear; not honouring Jesus, but seeking personal repose. Personal repose however—a happy sabbatism—a glorious rest—will be granted to the man who dies the death of the righteous, after he has passed the time of his sojourning here in fear. Jesus forsakes not in the hour of extremity those whose great aim it is to live by faith upon him, to seek his honour, to magnify his mercy, and to illustrate by active piety the power of his glorious gospel. The secret of a safe death is a holy life; and the secret of a holy life is union to the Redeemer, who sends his Holy Spirit into the heart of the believer, to guide, purify, and bless. Whoever, then, may breathe a desire similar to that uttered by Balaam, may feel assured that the safe, scriptural, certain way to realize it is, not to delay attention to spiritual things until the last hour, when "heart and flesh fail," but to surrender the soul, body, and spirit into the omnipotent hands of the Divine Redeemer, and then learn to say with Paul, "I am not ashamed; for I know whom I have believed, and

am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." W. L.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

IN order to form a correct idea of this affecting scene of the widow's son at Nain, we must recollect that the mode of burial among the Jews was not precisely the same as among ourselves. The dead were not shut out from sight, when they were carried to the tomb. Their bodies were carefully wrapped in linen, and then laid on an open bier. Thus after the resurrection of our Lord, we are told of the linen clothes and napkin that were left in his forsaken sepulchre, but not a word is said of any coffin. There was none.

And it is of importance, in the instance before us, to bear this circumstance in mind. It proves this young man to be actually dead. The multitude saw him dead. His restoration to life was therefore a real, and not a pretended miracle.

Behold the Saviour then turning from the weeping mother to the corpse of her son. "He came and touched the bier." Awed by that countenance before which the earth and the heavens will one day flee away, "they that bare him stood still." For a moment all is suspense and wonder; and then this compassionate Man takes on himself the majesty and authority of God. "By his word the heavens were made," and now by the breath of his mouth he controls the dead. The silent multitude hear the command go forth, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise;" and before their wondering eyes, the dead obeys. Whence the spirit came, we know not; in a moment it was there, entering and animating its former clay. "He that was dead sat up, and began to speak." And what were his words? It is useless to ask. Let us rather inquire what ought to be our own. Are they not these, "Verily this man was the Son of God?"

1. We have before us a *signal proof of the Redeemer's Godhead.*

Others have raised the dead; but they have done so by means which plainly declared that the power they exercised, was not their own. Elijah, we are told, "cried unto the Lord" at Zarephath. Elisha "prayed unto the Lord," when he restored to the Shunammite her son. Peter "kneeled down and prayed," before he said to Tabitha, "Arise." Our Lord, on

the contrary, acts like one who needs no assistance, who knows no limits to his power. He commands, and is obeyed; he speaks, and it is done. A word brings Lazarus from his sepulchre; a word raises this widow's son from his bier. Where is the mortal man who could thus perform such a work as this? Where is the angel who would dare attempt it? The power which accomplished it, is the same which breathed into man at first the breath of life. The Being who exercised it, is the mighty God. And what follows?

2. A second fact of which this miracle reminds us—the *ability of Christ to raise all the dead.*

Nothing but omnipotence could restore life to one dead body; omnipotence can quicken whom it will. He who raised one, can raise a thousand, can raise a world. He can raise us. Look forward. When a few more years are gone, we shall all be in the situation of this young man; we shall be dead. Not a man of us will breathe the air or see the sun. Our friends will carry us out of the houses we now inhabit. We shall be left alone in the ground. And what will become of us there? We shall see corruption. This breathing clay, these bodies which we love so well, will be as the clods which cover them, vile earth and dust. And what if it be so? He that said to a sorrowful mother, "Weep not," says to his dying saints, "Fear not:—I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." If, when we die, we "die in the Lord," this is the promise he gives us to take with us to our graves, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.—I will raise him up at the last day." The same voice that reached the widow's son on his bier, can reach us in our beds of dust. It will be as powerful around this church, as in the gate of Nain. We ourselves shall hear it. We shall come forth, and live.

3. We may discover also here *the power of Christ over the human soul.* When it has left the body, he can recall it at his will from its unknown abode. He can therefore reach it and control it while in the flesh. If he can by a word restore natural life, he can surely with as much ease restore spiritual life also.

Our souls are dead, brethren. Their spiritual and better life is gone; they are "alienated from the life of God;" they "are dead in trespasses and sins." The

Scripture tells us so. It discovers to us also the evil and danger of this state. It assures us that before we can see God, we must be raised out of it; we must experience within us a change as real and great, as the reanimation of a corpse. And how is this great change to be accomplished? Only by "the working of that mighty power" which can raise the dead. If then any of you are mourning over your own dead souls, Christ is your life. Neither men nor angels can help you; but this is your consolation, that he who said to this young man, "Arise," can work in you "both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

But you are mourning perhaps over the souls of others. While the sons and daughters of your neighbours go down to the grave, your own live before you, but they are not alive unto God. Their state is a grief and terror to you. Often does it force from you the cry of the supplicating patriarch, "O that Ishmael might live before thee!" This miracle shows you in whom your hopes lie. And in whom would you wish it to lie, rather than in him? Send your thoughts round all the beings you have ever seen or heard of—is there one among them all, of whom you would seek spiritual life for your child, rather than of this compassionate, this mighty Restorer of the dead? Invoke his aid. Expect it. Disquiet not yourselves because it is delayed. "At evening time it shall be light." In an unexpected hour the prodigal may come to himself. He may fill your house and your heart with joy. You may say concerning him, "It is meet that we should make merry and be glad: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—*Bradley.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON MOOR AND LOCH SHOOTING.

The grouse is eager in her flight,
And the blackcock's wing is strong;
But hark! the echoing gun resounds,
The death-shot sweeps along.
The mountain bird is on the heath,
And weltering in her gore;
And the blackcock to the neighbouring hill
Shall wing his way no more.

THE morning after my arrival at King's House, I failed not to ramble up the hill on the road to Inveronan, that I might, in some degree, take a survey of the surrounding scene. The information I had obtained at King's House, my ponderings on the past, and, lastly, the

extensive prospect of the broken ground I had traversed, altogether gave me a clearer insight than I had, into the danger incurred on my way, and seemed not a little to increase my thankfulness of heart for my preservation. It was not with my lips only, but with my heart, that I sang aloud my favourite verse from Addison :

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

"King's House," says the Guide book, "is distant twenty-eight miles and a half from Fort William. This inn was built about the period of the rebellion, 1745, for the accommodation of the King's troops, when marching through this dreary territory. Nine miles and a half beyond the King's House is Inveroran, on the left of which is Loch Tulla, scantily ornamented with pine and birch." King's House is a quiet inn, except on the arrival of the coach, which changes horses there; it then exhibits a scene of much animation. An abundant repast is provided for the passengers, so that what with the horses and stable-men on the outside, and the company within, a busier scene is seldom witnessed. The wild moors opposite the house, and the mighty mountains at the head of Glencoe, with a view of the entrance of the glen, add much to its picturesque situation.

As the shooting season comes on, many a lone Highland inn has a guest beside those who usually frequent it. En-sconced in a snug little room, with an adjoining bedchamber, some gentleman sportsman there establishes his shooting quarters, whence he can at any time sally forth to make havoc among the grouse and black cocks of the hills and the heather, and the wild ducks and widgeons of the neighbouring lochs. It was so at King's House. A sportsman, of gentlemanly bearing, habited in coarse clothes and strong shoes, with his dogs and his gun, had taken temporary possession of a part of that secluded hostelry.

Man is, indeed, a social being, and few things are more agreeable, in a lonely situation, than the circumstance of falling in unexpectedly with a pleasant companion. The gentleman in question knew much of the wild neighbourhood, and interested me exceedingly by the recital of his adventures. He said that the moors of Rannoch were hardly ex-

ceeded in extent and savage exterior by any in the Highlands. Some time before, two friends of his were overtaken by a mist, on the higher ground, at nightfall, and they were obliged to bivouac for the night on the spot, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Had I been caught by a mist in the bog, he said that I might not have again been heard of for "a hundred years."

Doubtless, the Scottish tourist has to endure much toil, and incur some danger; but he would not, willingly, on this account forego his wanderings. When an ardent lover of nature roams in a wild and hilly country, he quietly revels in the scenery around him, and the very difficulties he encounters impart an added interest to his enterprise. He is not deterred by the boggy and treacherous ground from his onward course. He is content to endure toil and privation, and is satisfied with precarious shelter in the storm. He enters the gloomy Pass, whose rocky walls shut out the expanded sky, and only admit a glimpse of the heavens above him. He climbs the mountain's side, and braves the precipice, where a false step would be destruction. He follows the mountain stream in its downward course, at one time black as ebony, shadowed by firs and dark foliage; at another glittering in the sunshine, as though it were studded with diamonds. Now smooth and clear, showing its unequalled depths; and now foaming amidst obstructions, and tumbling from the craggy precipice in a cataract that calls forth at once his awe, his wonder, and his delight.

In the solitary waste, the comforts of home seem doubled to the wanderer of the wild, when he reflects upon them, and his affection for his absent friends is increased. When the scene changes, and he has aught to admire, his inquisitive eye glances round. Each flower and moss and weed that is new to him is closely examined, and haply some curious specimens preserved. He sees the rabbit as he ventures from his burrow, the hare as he starts from the furzy, or ferny cover, and the wily fox as he skulks along to the distant wood. He gazes on the grouse, that rapidly wing their way towards the heathy hill; listens to the wailing plover and the screaming of birds of prey, marking their habits, their plumage, and their flight.

He sketches with his pencil, and adds fullness to his pictures, by his written

descriptions, with the hope and belief that his note-book, when opened in future years, will renew his pleasure, and enable him to live over again the period of his interesting tour. He converses with the shepherd and the sportsman, enters the hut of the mountaineer, and increases his knowledge of mankind by observing how situation and circumstance change the thoughts and habits of men. Thus he adds to his own information, and qualifies himself to amuse and inform others; yet, after all, he has done little more than gratify a useless curiosity, if the objects of creation he has seen have not warmed his heart with love to his Creator, and abundantly called up within it thankfulness and praise.

"Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew;
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
And beauty glow with charms divine."

The moor of Rannoch, with the neighbouring hills and lochs, forms a shelter for unnumbered birds and wild fowl; and grouse, and blackcock, and widgeon shooting is there carried on to no small extent. If the sportsmen who roam the heathy wild and wade the marshy borders of the lakes, were compelled to endure the toil they now so willingly encounter, scarcely would the labour of a galley-slave, in their apprehension, be more severe than their own. What is there that a willing mind will not enable us to endure and achieve?

In sportsmen I sometimes see a frankness, a hardihood, a quickness of perception, an endurance, a perseverance, and an ardent love of nature that are admirable. They are well acquainted with the habits of the creatures they pursue, as well as with the means of overcoming them; so that the strong cannot resist them, the swift cannot escape them, nor the cunning elude their vigilance. Were it not for the cruelty of purchasing pleasure by the infliction of pain, I would myself become a sportsman. So far am I, however, from acceding to the literal signification of the proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," when I hear the happy lave-rocks wildly warbling, my opinion is,

When the choristers fair
In their concert engage,
That one bird in the air
Is worth ten in the cage.

Sportsmen are very choice in their dogs, for on them their success much depends. A thorough-bred, strength

pointer, well set on his legs, with a hard, round foot, and a broad head, long nose, soft and damp nostrils, a fall-in under the eyes, and ears hanging closely down—a dog of this kind, that will neither leave it to other dogs to find the game, nor run in upon it when it drops, will hardly be parted with for love or money. Even moderate setters and pointers often sell at high prices.

The well-tutored dog is, truly, a sagacious animal; but according to the following humorous occurrence related by a sportsman, he at times may be "taken in." Walking out with a high-broke pointer, he suddenly missed him; but, after some little wonderment, discovered the cause of his absence. The pointer, in a very sober and orderly manner, was following in the wake of an old guinea-fowl, whose call of "Come back! come back!" he had thought it his duty to obey. Sportsmen, like many other people, are given, now and then, to colour their facts vividly, and this may be a case in point.

But what if the poor dumb creature was deceived by the cry of the old guinea-fowl! I fancy that many of us, after all, may have more real reason to be ashamed than he had. Endued with understanding as we are, by the goodness of our heavenly Father, how often are we led away by sights and sounds which ought not to deceive us! How often do we go headlong on in weakness and folly, instead of looking upwards for strength and wisdom.

In moor-shooting, if the sportsman be a "crack shot," and well instructed in his exciting pursuit, he can hardly fail, where birds are to be found, of some degree of success, though at times the game is very wild. To drive his packs of birds towards one part of the moor; to place himself in positions favourable to his object; to break up the packs and follow the poor scattered birds in the extremity of their distress to destruction, are among the achievements of the sportsman. His black fowl and his grouse he will have.

Wild-fowl shooting on the Highland lochs is very different to moor-shooting, requiring much of the caution, stillness, watchfulness, and perseverance requisite in deer-stalking. "A gamekeeper having seen a flock of ducks pitched upon the shore, with no way of getting near them but over a bare field, crawled flat upon his face, a distance of three hun-

dred yards, pushing his gun before him, not daring even to raise his head; and at last got within such fair distance, that he stopped four with his first barrel, and one with the other, securing them all. His gun was only a small fowling-piece. The gamekeeper had been trained to deer-stalking, under his father, from a boy."

The extreme care with which the wild-fowl shooter from his covert reconnoitres, with his glass, every inch of the ground before him, examining the very stones and tufts of grass by the sides of the loch, and the extreme caution with which he creeps, serpent-like, towards his game, can hardly be conceived by a stranger to the sport. Cold and wet feet, and clothing soaked through and through, are altogether disregarded. Rheumatism, ague, nay death itself may follow, but he will have his widgeon.

"One day," says Mr. Colquhoun, "I got within about sixty yards of three ducks asleep upon the shore; the wind was blowing very strong, direct from me to them, a thick hedge forming my ambuscade. The ground was quite bare beyond this hedge, so I was obliged to take the distant shot through it. In making the attempt, I rustled one of the twigs—up went the three heads to the full stretch; but when I had remained quiet for about five minutes, they again placed their bills under their wings. On a second trial, the slight noise was unfortunately repeated; again the birds raised their heads, but this time they were much longer on the stretch, and seemed more uneasy. Nothing now remained but to try again; my utmost caution, however, was unavailing, and the birds rose like rockets. I never hesitate concealing myself to windward of the spot where I expect ducks to pitch, feeling confident that unless I move, they will not find me out. I have often had them swimming within twenty-five yards of me, when I was waiting for three or four in a line, the wind blowing direct from me to them, without perceiving, by any signs, their consciousness of an enemy's vicinity."

Some sportsmen have a pride in bringing down the quick-sighted carrion-eating kite, when, sailing on high in wide circles, he examines the ground below him for his prey, little expecting the death-shot that reaches him in the air. And some have a delight in mounting Ben Vein, or Ben Voiria, or Ben Lo-

mond, to shoot ptarmigan, as they sit perched on the edge of a shelving rock, almost the colour of their own feathers; while others, yet more aspiring, take aim at the crook-billed, fierce-eyed eagle. Strong on the wing is the king of birds.

"He rushes in wrath from his eyrie on high,
Though the loud-howling tempest is black'ning
the sky;
And defies, with a scream, the fierce lightning
below,
As he soars o'er the summit of proud Ben-y-Gloe."

But whether it be the grouse, or black-cock of the heather; the widgeon, or wild duck of the loch; the kite, the ptarmigan, or the eagle, that awakens the interest of the sportsman, it is fatal to him. To gaze on the plumage of the feathered race, and to admire their beauty, grace, flight, and freedom, is not enough for the sportsman; he must ruffle their plumage, mar their beauty, and put an end to their flight and freedom; nothing will satisfy him but their destruction.

The following affecting story, related in "A Month at Malvern," is enough to affect even the heart of a sportsman:

"The sports of the east are upon a larger scale than ours; more daring, and consequently more exciting; they seem exalted to the very height of butchery, and yet demand our admiration at the display of courage in man and beast.

"A relation of mine, always better satisfied at succeeding in his aim than in the result of his shot, brought down a monkey from a high tree. The poor creature, mortally wounded, was able to catch at the branches as it fell; and having so reached the ground, — was shocked to see it as large as a child of three years. He put away his gun, and hastened to it. The monkey, placing its hand on the wound, looked up into his face with an expression that seemed to imply, 'What have I ever done to you, that you should kill me?' He took it in his arms, and tried to stop the bleeding; while the creature, growing weaker, yielded itself to the comfort that he gave;

"And the big round tears
Chased one another down his innocent nose,
In piteous course."

"Still there was the expression of reproach, heightened by the misery of poor —, who at that moment would have given much for the recovery of his victim. He then took it gently to a pool, to put a period to the protracted sufferings

of nearly an hour, and exerted his resolution by immersing it in the water. Holding it during the brief struggle, he turned from the sight; but when all was still, and he ventured to look, there were the monkey's eyes wide open under the water, with the same sad, reproachful expression, and fixed upon his. From that day he never used his gun, and that hour's experience embittered his life."

THE AMIABLE IS NOT THE PIOUS.

Few things can be more delightful than to see natural affection for earthly friends blending with the principles and exercises of piety towards God,—of faith, and hope, and gratitude, and holy desire. I cannot too earnestly impress the lesson, that the former without the latter—the affection without the piety—however amiable, is sadly defective. The one is too often allowed to pass as a substitute for the other; the gentle kindness and warmth of the affections of nature in a dying hour being dwelt upon by survivors with a pensive delight, as if it were a species of devotion!—when there has not been indicated any saving knowledge of God, any true faith in Christ, any scriptural hope in the grace of the gospel. Beware of this delusion; for a delusion it is, and all the more perilous for its being natural and pleasing. Nature and grace are not the same. The amiable is not the pious. The affections cherished to the creature are not the affections due to the Creator. They may exist without them. They may even supplant and exclude them. Their objects may occupy the heart, to the shutting out of God. Think me not harsh. I am no stranger, blessed be God, to the power of the social affections, or to the exquisite character of the delight accruing from their reciprocal exercise. Largely have they contributed to the cheering and sweetening of a long life. But I must maintain the rights of my God. I must plead for the indispensableness of piety. Parental, conjugal, fraternal, filial love are all very amiable and very engaging. We are pleased, and cannot but be pleased, to witness their faithful and tender expression on the part of dying relatives. But oh! they must not be alone. They are not enough alone. Nor must it be too readily assumed that their exercise is any sure sign of piety—of the heart being right

with God. The very reverse may be the truth. You may yourselves have been the objects of them; and yourselves may have occupied in the heart the place which ought to have been given to God. The dying as well as the living may make a righteousness of their affections. And when you are dwelling with consolatory satisfaction on all the recollections of their dying love—or rather of their love living in death—you may, however unwittingly, be soothing and gratifying yourselves with your having been the means of keeping their hearts from God, of robbing him of the affections which were his due, of supplanting him in their love. Beware, then, of this species of *sentimentalism*. It has deceived many: it may deceive you. Be satisfied with nothing short of God's having his proper place in the hearts of those you love, and in your own. Then will you have true comfort in their death, and they in yours. —*Wardlaw*.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

THE following instance of suspended animation, says Mr. Sharon Turner, occurred "in the life of an English officer, serving in the continental wars of 1758-9, and communicated to me by the kindness of the rev. J. O. W. Haweis, grandson of the gentleman whose unlooked-for restoration to life it relates to.

"Alexander McDowall entered the army during its operations on the continent in 1759. In one of the actions then fought he received seven musket-balls, one entering the side of his forehead. He fell, and remained all day upon the field of battle. His body was found stripped of his regimentals, and showing no evidence of life. The medical officer, however, would not have him buried until he had placed a blister on his head, and given it twelve hours to rise. This blister was removed at the expiration of the time, and an attendant observed that it had not risen. The doctor still doubted, had it replaced, and before the expiration of another twelve hours my grandfather revived. During the whole of this period he always asserted that he retained his consciousness, though unable to give the slightest sign, and expecting to be buried every hour. He married immediately on his recovery, about 1763. He died in Jamaica, from the opening of his old wounds, about 1780, aged forty-two."

"It will at once strike the reader how remarkably this incident illustrates sir Charles Bell's discovery of the twofold nature of our nervous system. The sufferer had been so wounded that a leading trunk of the nerves, communicating and enabling motion, had been paralyzed; while the nerves of sensation, giving consciousness of pain and suffering, and of the interference of the doctor and other external agents, still continued.

"But the case is very valuable, as also illustrating the independent existence and action of the reasoning and thinking faculties as distinct from the powers and agencies of the material frame. One half the nervous functions which the animating principle within us usually sets in action, were here arrested and suspended; and yet the whole process of memory, thought, judgment, and anticipation, continued unimpaired, maintaining the consciousness of complete identity throughout."

TYROLESE COTTAGES.

DESCENDING the mountain, we saw, at different distances, twelve or fourteen stables for cattle, all lately built. We entered one of them. The mistress received us kindly; she was neatly clad, and the greatest cleanliness prevailed everywhere,—even in the part where the cattle stand to be milked, every sort of litter was carefully removed. From this side of the stable there was a door into the dwelling of the owner, where even footmarks are carefully cleaned off. In one corner of this room was a fire, above which a kettle was hung, in which the cream that was skimmed was placed, that it might be curdled, and ready for making cheese. The most dainty food, according to the taste of the cowherds, was prepared for us, without our request, (a portion of the best cream mixed with meal, well salted, and cooked over the fire,) and the younger females could not understand why we scarcely touched their delicate fare. Near to the dwelling was another room, in which the fresh cheese, and the rolls of butter, fairly formed, and ornamented with the printed impressions, and the low, but broad wooden vessels for holding milk, are kept. Above, is a private bed-room, in which a little altar is not wanting, (this is among Roman Catholics,) and great

order and cleanliness may also be observed here, according to the character of the cowherds' wives.

A heavy rain detained us for some time in this cabin, and when the sky was again clear, we set out again, by a narrow footpath, which was then very slippery. At a considerable height, we found a hunting-lodge, surrounded by a neat and pleasant garden, in which a number of flowers, which are highly prized in our gardens at home, awakened in my mind both pleasing and painful recollections. These sweet friends of mine said to me, in an impressive manner, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and reminded me of the presence of Him who has said, "Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool.—Hath not my hand made all these things?" Thus I was led to acknowledge that I was not farther from my real home than when I was in my own house.—*From a German Work.*

WISDOM OF THE GREAT CREATOR.

THE manner in which the Creator has contrived a supply for the thirst of man, in sultry places, is worthy of admiration. He has placed, amidst the burning sands of Africa, a plant, whose leaf, twisted round like a cruet, is always filled with a large glass, full of fresh water. The gullet of this cruet is shut by the extremity of the leaf itself, so as to prevent the water from evaporating. He has planted, in some other districts of the same country, a great tree, called, by the negroes, *Boa*, the trunk of which, of a prodigious bulk, is naturally hollowed, like a cistern. In the rainy season it receives its fill of water, which continues fresh and cool in the greatest heats, by means of the tufted foliage which crowns its summit. In some of the parched rocky islands of the West Indies there is found a tree, called the *Water Lianno*, so full of sap, that if you cut a single branch of it, as much water is immediately discharged as a man can drink at a draught, and it is perfectly pure and limpid.—*St. Pierre.*

PRAISE AND BLAME.

If men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment; if they censure them, your own.—*Colton.*

THERE IS A GOD.

As I lay stretched on the ground, the fire covered over with ashes to keep it in till morning, I could see right out into the glorious night. The little stream gushed on with low and ceaseless babble among the stones; and a rustling whisper crept in from the acacias, just moved by the light air, that, still as it may be elsewhere, always draws along a water-course. The mist almost hid the stars: all the lesser ones were indiscernible. But here and there, far apart, a few of those of the greater magnitudes still steadfastly kept good their watch, like the last of the faithful.

My reflections again took up the great theme of the afternoon; but it was in my usual cautious sceptical way. May there not, I thought, as I looked out on the stars, and recollected what I had read about them, be some great error in all those calculations which exhibit them as so huge each in itself, and as parts of such a stupendous system? (Yet why call that a system, which to all present appearance is limitless? Who can systematize where the known is perhaps but an atomic part, the unknown infinite? It would, indeed, be amazing if such a little walking creature on the surface of the earth, should deal correctly with such a subject.) May there not be some false assumption at the foundation of all this astronomic lore; and all its strange magnitudes, distances, velocities, be after all reducible to some very common-place standard? No! that cannot be: a single error on a single point would utterly falsify a calculation, and confound the prediction. Yet these predictions are not confounded. The giant comet, at its appointed hour, comes howling in from immensity; intersects orbit after orbit; never deviates a hairbreadth from its predicted track; obeys the attraction of the sun to the very extent computed for it, and no more; but bounds away again along the arc of its own wild career for another journey of centuries. Why, the very circumstance of the calculation requiring correctness in so many points of data (magnitude, distance, density, velocity—to go no further than itself), together with the correspondence of the event to the prediction, shows that no errors are committed. For an actual error in any one of these points would require just a certain proportionate misstatement

of the truth in the others to atone for it; and it is evident, that if the astronomer could make the precise misstatement required in the many particulars, he need not go wrong in the one.

Well, then, if I am compelled to believe this stellar universe to be what it is said to be, how can I refuse to believe the existence of a God? The revolutions of even a watch do not take place, and we know could not take place, without the labours of a skilful hand; how much less the enormous and yet even more precise and enduring revolutions of the spheres? He is indeed incomprehensible. But are not these things themselves so? and them I must believe. Hence it should appear that it is not because He is incomprehensible, but merely because He is invisible, intangible, inaudible, that I am discrediting his existence. This is a ground of disbelief which I virtually acknowledge to be untenable in the case of galvanism, magnetism, gravitation;—how, then, can I hold it against the existence of a God, that furnishes a million times more of other evidential phenomena than they do? Clearly this is an error.

But is not the admission of His existence the very thing wanted to render all the other surprising phenomena of the universe generally comprehensible? Without the care of a Divine guardian, is it credible that yonder little star that revolves nearest around the sun, and traverses its orbit throughout every part so frequently, should never have been met with and struck, throughout all these countless eons by any one of those headlong erratics that have crossed its path? There can scarcely be a degree of its orbit but these monstrous projectiles have swept it again and again. But wheresoever they have been, there it has not been; no, not yet anywhere thereabouts, so that their attraction could injuriously disturb its course and seasons. Now, it is vastly more incomprehensible, more incredible, that this should take place without intelligence, without contrivance, without vigilance, than that there is a God, by whose skill, fidelity, and power, it is so successfully conducted.

But oh, what a being He must be! Let me observe only a single phenomenon. Light travels at a certain specific velocity: yon fixed star is at a certain specific distance. Then it has taken ten centuries for the rays of yonder star to travel hither. Thirty centuries has the light of yon other

little orb been in reaching us. Nay, six thousand years has the luminous image of that one now passing over the field of telescopic vision required to reach the earth. The rays that *now* impress the eye, the image of the star as it rests *now* on the speculum, are not the rays and the similitude of the star as it exists now at this day and hour. They set forth on their journey hither in the first days of the human race. That image which lies reflected there, is tidings from six thousand years ago only just now arrived. The star, apparent as it shines now to us, may have been out of existence these five thousand years: and for another thousand years may the long trail of its light have to speed towards us, before the tidings of the last hour of the departed star shall reach us. If we could distinguish some visible being walking on that little orb, it were no reflection of a man now there, but of some olden sage of sixty centuries ago.* Who talks about the incredibility of a Godhead, with these physical facts before his very senses? Who must not lift up his hands in awe, to stand in the mere presence of the Veil of the Vision! Who can deny thanksgivings to Him who avouches his beneficence by these long unfailling vigils in these miseries of interminable light!

The impressions of that night have never left me. They are as fresh at this hour as they were vivid whilst they were passing. I often go back in thought with inexpressible rejoicings to the shepherd's hut. Often, when illness or affliction overpower my spirits, or pain is almost too great to bear, so that the mind will originate nothing new, I appeal to memory for the old; and amongst all its stores, I believe this night is the most cherished. I see the misty plain, the sheepfold, and the sheep. I enter the little hut, and talk with the hospitable old shepherd. I lie down upon the sheepskins, and listen to the bubble of the brook, and the soft rustle of the trees. I look forth into the night, and watch and wonder at those "great lights" as they stand or roll, beaconing hither and thither, "a thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands" of God's

angels through immensity. However "the unreal" may have got into my soul and effaced the thoughts of "living things," I then again know *THERE* is a God. And but for those for whom it is my duty to remain here for a while, and watch over, and protect, and teach who are good and who are evil men, I would gladly take my last flight, and dwell for evermore "beneath the shadow of his wings."—*Autobiography of an Atheist.*

LABYRINTHS OF THOUGHT.

WHEN you get into a confused train of thought, and cannot see your way to any clear and good conclusion—when many solemn questions upon very important subjects arise in your mind, and you know not what answers to give to them—when you look at the future, whether for this life or that to come, and feel that you cannot tell what a day may bring forth, nor whether your eternal state will be happy or miserable—these with many other states of mind are like a maze or labyrinth.

Let us first hear a little about those curious constructions of ancient times, and then try to help any of our readers to find a clue by which they may track their way out of those labyrinths of thought in which they are sometimes sorely perplexed.

The labyrinth is an invention of very early ages, and the first and most famous was that of Egypt, built on the bank of the river Nile, at the southern end of the lake Mœris. It is said to have contained within one wall, having but one entrance, a thousand dwelling-houses, and twelve magnificent palaces fit for as many mighty monarchs. The whole was built of polished marble, and every part was wrought with such skill, that neither mortar nor cement of any kind was used for uniting the parts together. The buildings were partly underground and partly above, and had such intricate turnings and windings and passages, sometimes above and sometimes below, that none but persons well acquainted with them could find their way from one part to another, or, when once in, find the way out. The centre contained a spacious and stately hall, adorned with the statues of the heathen gods, where the most sacred and important meetings for public business were held. This

* I have lately seen this idea powerfully expressed by one of our greatest living astronomers; but it was not till after the above sentences were in MS. As it had been *bonâ fide* my own thought also, I did not see that its prior promulgation elsewhere laid me under obligation to cast it out from these pages.

labyrinth is said to have been made by Psamniticus or Psammeticus. Herodotus, who visited it, tells us that it very much surpassed the pyramids as a work of art. It was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world.

The second famous labyrinth was an imitation of this, by Dædalus. It was called the Cretan Labyrinth, because it was built at the island of Crete; but it fell far short of the Egyptian original. There was a third ancient labyrinth at Lemnos, an island in the Ægean sea; and a fourth in Italy, built by Porsenna, king of Etruria, and designed for his own sepulchre.

These curious ancient constructions, which showed so much skill and art, and with which several ancient tales and fables are connected, have been humbly imitated in more civilized nations. Hence we had in England the Woodstock Maze, designed by king Henry II. for the amusement of fair Rosamond; and have still the Hampton Court Maze, with others of inferior fame.

Thus the reader may perhaps in some measure understand what a labyrinth is, and may know what is intended by a labyrinth of thought. The unhappy man who got into one of the ancient labyrinths was a prisoner for life, unless he had a clue or a guide. Now, sinful thoughts are such a labyrinth. Infidelity is such a labyrinth. Popery is such a labyrinth. Worldly pleasures are such a labyrinth. The love of money is such a labyrinth. Have you entered either of these? Then you are in danger of wandering on under a delusion till you are utterly bewildered and lost. What else can be expected, if you have forsaken, or never sought, the true Divine guide of the mind in God's holy word. You are in a labyrinth, which will lead you into deeper perplexity and bring you nearer to misery and ruin at every step: by-and-by you will be more deeply entangled, and the recovery of liberty will be less probable. Does it not become you, is it not for your interest to pause, and seriously ask yourself, "Am I safe in my present course? Am I satisfied that I am going on right? Have I confidence in looking up to my Divine Judge? Will he approve the course I am pursuing? Can I, and do I, daily commit my way unto the Lord? Can I say, in the midst of the thoughts that pass through my mind, 'Lord, into thy hand I commit my

spirit?' " If not, then there is fear of danger. A mistake has been committed, and every step you are taking is in a wrong direction. A solemn pause is required. Look about you. Sin has wound its toils around your heart. Satan has fascinated you into his tempting but fatal labyrinth; and if your thoughts do not now trouble you, they will one day, and that bitterly, when, in the solitude of your soul, you discover that you are fast bound in a prison-house, from which there is no escape.

Here is a clue, by the help of which you may yet gain liberty and peace. It equally suits all the different labyrinths of thought by which human souls are perplexed, imprisoned, and ruined! That clue is God's holy word, with the teaching of the Holy Spirit. The word is given by your Maker for the express purpose of being a light to your feet and a lamp to your path. Out of the deepest and most intricate recesses it has, by the aid of the Spirit of God, guided many a bewildered traveller, set them on the right way for heaven and glory, cheered them through all its difficulties, and brought them to immortal felicity!

You feel perplexed and unsettled in many matters most fundamental, most essential to your peace of mind. Why should you remain so? Is there no guidance that you can trust? Surely if you think so, it is only because you have not taken the trouble to inquire, "Which is the safe guide and worthy to be trusted?" You cannot trust your own heart, for you know "it is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." You cannot trust your own speculations upon your condition, your obligations and your destiny; for they have often deceived you, and have frequently changed. You cannot trust the opinions of the world; for they are opposite as the points of the compass, and change with the wind. You cannot confide in the mere assertions of men, however sacred their profession and high their pretension; for many such lie in wait to deceive. You seek, or ought to seek, a sign of God's speaking by them. If you would escape from all the perplexity of your own thoughts; if you would lay hold on the highest security, and follow the infallible clue out of all your mental uncertainty, then you must neither trust your own heart, nor listen to the distrustful and unhappy sceptic, nor confide in the as-

sumed infallibility of men, who give no more proof of it than yourself, nor yield to the syren voice of pleasure and self-indulgence, nor dream of true happiness by means of wealth; but you must seek for a better guide than any or all of these. And where shall you find it? Surely your Saviour has removed all doubt, and his directions ought first to be tried: "Search the Scriptures," is his command. "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God."

You may be in great perplexity of soul even while you are reading these lines; and you may think you could do or bear anything if you could but see your way, have your doubts removed, and know what you must do to be saved—that is to be happy. But you have never gone the right way to get out of your labyrinth, or you would have enjoyed liberty, security, and peace long ago. There is not any perplexity of mind that concerns your eternal welfare, but you will find solved by the Book of books. There is not any question you can have a right to ask, but the Bible will give you a direct answer. Is it any question respecting your condition, your duty, or your prospects?—It will tell you all; and it will do so upon the supreme authority of your Maker: it will tell you that you are a poor, miserable, sinful man in yourself, yet that you are destined for an immortal state of existence; that your Creator has had mercy upon you, and sent a Saviour, whom to know, believe, and obey is life eternal! Take this clue firmly by the hand, and it will lead you out of all your perplexities, or at least save you from being hindered by them in the pursuit of your everlasting welfare.

But if many a web of thoughts, dark doubts, and difficult questions entangle your heart, then why should these keep you from the first and most momentous care—the care of your soul? Are you not trifling with phantoms, or prying into mysteries that belong not to you, but may reasonably and safely be left with the Almighty, while that which is of immediate concern, of supreme importance, is plain and is neglected? Trouble not yourself with seeking answers to all difficult and possible questions, while you have not yet answered these plain ones—What am I? Where am I? Whither am I going? Your labyrinths of thought are but busy idleness, and all

your curious questions and perplexing subtleties will but detain you from the great business of life. While you wander through these mazes you are stepping onward towards the enthrallment; you are going down to the prison-house. There is a voice from on high that says, "Escape for thy life." "If any man will do his God's will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." If you will receive the doctrine of Christ's gospel as a little child, then you shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. But if you try to thread your own way through this maze of life and maze of thought, then you will discover your folly and presumption only when it is too late. There is a point which once passed return is impossible. Come back, then, to the Divine Teacher ere it be too late; sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of him; then you will find rest unto your soul; then you will trace the clue out of the labyrinth, and "escape as a bird out of the snare of the fowler." R.

MANUFACTURE OF SOAP.

We have no means of ascertaining the precise manner in which soap was discovered or invented, or of pointing out the time of its introduction into use, to aid the action of water in cleansing bodies. It was known in remote ages, and was employed by nations who flourished long before the rise of the Grecian and Roman states. That the discovery of soap was accidental, we have no doubt, and have sometimes attempted to imagine the circumstances under which it was discovered. In the early ages of society men were not confined to one spot as the place of their habitation, but roamed over extensive districts, seeking subsistence from the fruits of uncultivated vegetation and the produce of the chase. In such a rude and uncivilized state of society, it would be hardly possible for the hunter to have a more elegant method of cooking than that practised by many tribes on the American and African continents in the present day, which consists in placing the raw flesh upon a fire of wood. Now, it is quite possible that, during the operation of cooking, some of the fat may have been blended with the wood ashes, and have formed a soap, and this compound

may have been observed by some inquisitive or intelligent person. Whether soap was discovered in this manner, by accident, or whether it was the result of previous knowledge and careful deduction, cannot now be determined; but the supposition we have ventured to express is at least as probable as that which attributes the discovery of glass to the accidental boiling of a pot on a sandy plain.

Soap is a compound of some animal or vegetable fat or oil, with an alkali. The alkalies principally used in the manufacture of soap, are potash and soda. If any animal fat or oil be boiled with a strong solution of caustic potash, the two substances will unite, and the combination will be an unctuous body, soft and slippery; so that when the fingers are touched with it, they slide over each other. The soaps of commerce, however, vary considerably in quality, form, colour, and, indeed, in all but their being composed of an unctuous substance and an alkali. To describe the composition of the various kinds, and the modes of manufacture, are the objects we have now in view.

Soaps are, in commerce, divided into two classes, the hard and the soft; in the manufacture of the former soda is used, and in the latter potash. The consistency of a soap, however, does not altogether depend on the alkali that is used, but is in some measure caused by the character of the oil or fat; and this accounts for the fact that the drying oils, such as the linseed and poppy, make the softest soaps.

THE SOFT SOAP.

The term "soft soap" will convey to the mind of many persons no other idea than that of the black and fetid substance used for scouring and similar purposes, requiring a very powerful cleanser. Such persons will be surprised to hear that there are some soft soaps which are greatly esteemed by the fashionable, and for which large sums of money are occasionally given.

The common black soft soap of commerce, used in many manufactures, is made with potash and the refuse of the whale blubber, whale oil, or the common black southern oils. In its general characters it is soft, semi-transparent, of a darkish brown colour, and containing a number of unequal lumps. It is often

employed as a powerful cleanser, but is not of much use in domestic purposes, on account of its extremely filthy and foetid smell. A better kind of common soft soap, and with a less unpleasant odour, may be manufactured. Dr. Ure speaks of the manufacture of soft soap, on the continent, as being carried on in the following manner: "A portion of the oil being poured into the pan, and heated to nearly the boiling point of water, a certain quantity of the weaker (potash) lye is introduced; the fire being kept up so as to bring the mixture to a boiling state. Then some more oil and lye are added alternately, till the whole quantity of oil destined for the pan is introduced. The ebullition is kept up in the gentlest manner possible, and some stronger lye is occasionally added, till the workman judges the saponification to be perfect. The boiling becomes progressively less tumultuous, the frothy mass subsides, the paste grows transparent, and it gradually thickens. The operation is considered to be finished when the paste ceases to affect the tongue with an acrid pungency, when all milkiness and opacity disappear, and when a little of the soap placed to cool upon a glass plate, assumes the proper consistency." In the manufacture of the soft soaps there is much more difficulty than in any of the harder kinds.

Naples soap.—But there is another kind of soft soap, of which we must take some notice, as having received much public attention, at least among the higher classes. It is called "Naples soap," from the circumstance of its being manufactured by some monks, who have a convent near the Sicilian capital. It is an article of great repute, and is considered so indispensable to the fashionable toilet, that no substance would be more missed than this efficacious cosmetic. The Naples soap is made of fresh olive oil and potash, scented by some preparation which contains the essence of bitter almonds. The mode of manufacture is kept secret by the community who are employed in producing it; and as it is generally scarce, it has consequently a high price in the market. But much of that which is sold as Naples soap is certainly spurious, being made in this country, and so well made as to escape detection.

Common soft toilet soap.—The common soft toilet soaps have of late come into

comparatively general use, and are exceedingly useful for shaving, and to the traveller for ordinary purposes. They are made from good hogs' lard, mixed with caustic lye, in the proportion of about thirty pounds of the former to forty-five of the latter. By slow boiling, these substances are made to unite thoroughly, and form a soapy substance; after which a more brisk ebullition is carried on, and the evaporation encouraged. When the vapour ceases to rise in large quantity, the boiling will be found sufficient, and the soap itself will have a proper consistency. When the soap has not been sufficiently boiled, it will in a few days become stringy and glutinous.

Pearl soft soap.—The pearl soft soap, or almond cream, is made in a manner similar to that already described, but with more care. The process may be in a few words explained. The soap consists of purified hogs' lard and potash lye, in the proportion of two parts of the former, by weight, to one of the latter. The lard is first exposed, in a porcelain vessel, to the heat of a sand-bath; and when half melted, one half of the lye is added, a constant stirring being kept up from the very commencement of the operation. After a short time soapy granulations will be seen to fall, and an oily film will be observed on the surface, and the remainder of the lye must then be added, and the paste will be formed. For four or five hours it must continue exposed to the same heat, when it will become sufficiently stiff for the purpose required. The pearly appearance, from which it has received its name, is acquired from pounding in a marble mortar. It is, for sale, scented with the essence of bitter almonds; but any other perfume might be added, to suit the fancy of the purchaser or manufacturer.

THE HARD SOAPS.

The hard soaps differ from those already mentioned, in the introduction of soda as an alkali in the place of potash; for that substance has the property of combining with fatty matter, and of forming a compound which is hard and soluble in water. Of these soaps there are many kinds, some being exceedingly expensive, and others, formed of the very refuse of animal matter, equally cheap. Potash alone, when mixed with

fatty matter, will not make a hard soap; but if common salt be added when the potash and oil are united, it will cause a separation of the water, and a hard soap may be obtained; one almost equal to those formed with soda. But the soap manufacturers of this country generally employ barilla, pearl-ash, or a mixture of these as a cheap alkali. In the northern countries of Europe tallow is generally used as the fatty matter in the manufacture of soap, while in the southern a coarse olive-oil is employed. All fatty substances do not form a soap with the same facility when mixed with alkalies. Among fats, tallow is the best; and among the oils, the almond, olive, and rape-seed are to be preferred. According to the present mode of manufacture, about twelve hundred-weight of tallow is required to produce one ton of soap. It would be easy to add in this place many other interesting but isolated facts which have been collected concerning the manufacture of soap, and the qualities and relative adaptations of the substances employed; but we shall at once proceed to explain the manner in which the hard soaps are or may be made, extending our remarks upon those in most common use, and best calculated to give information to the reader who is ignorant of the art.

White soap.—The common white soap employed for domestic purposes is generally made with three separate charges of lye; and it will perhaps give the reader a better notion of the manufacture, if we briefly trace the several processes by which it is formed. Supposing potash to be used as the alkali, a lye must be formed, which is done by pouring the required solution of potash into a vat containing wood ashes and lime, and this yields the strongest lye, which is run off into another vessel for use. The ashes are then turned, and more lime being added, water is introduced into the vat for the second lye.

Now supposing a large boiler to contain a quantity of tallow, a portion of the strong lye is added, and a moderate fire is lighted and kept up till they are mixed and assume a thick appearance like stiff glue. The tallow is then said to be killed, and the fire is allowed to die out. Common salt is then added, and thoroughly intermixed by continued stirring, after which it assumes a thin soapy appearance. Heat being now communicated by raising a brisk fire, the entire

liquid mass is allowed to boil for a few minutes, and the fire is again withdrawn. After this operation, and as cooling goes on, the spent lyes will be seen to sink to the bottom, and these are pumped off, leaving a soapy mass, which is then acted upon by the addition of the weaker lye, and is treated in the same manner as already described. The whole mass is at last, after the remainder of the strong lye has been added, boiled strongly for three or four hours, or in other words, until the soap is hard and dry to the touch. The lye is then pumped off, and the soap is ready for framing, or casting, which simply consists in pouring it off, while in a liquid state, into wooden troughs with movable bottoms. Here it is allowed to remain until sufficiently hard to be handled, which is generally from three to four days, according to the weather. When the soap is taken from the frames, it is cut with a brass wire into long rectangular pieces, as seen in the shop of the tallow-chandler, by whom they are called bars. After remaining packed one on the other in an airy room, for some time, they are fit for the market.

Such was the practice almost universally followed by soap-manufacturers a few years since, but the high price of potash, and the diminished price of crude soda, has led to the common, if not almost universal adoption of the latter. The barillas yield from 18 to 24 per cent. of soda, and the soda-ash more commonly employed by soap-boilers 36 per cent. To one ton of tallow, about 200 gallons of soda lye at a proper specific gravity are added, and these are allowed to boil gently for about four hours, when they are found to be thoroughly united, and the fat to be saponified. The fire is then withdrawn, as in the process already described, and upon cooling, the lye, which is no longer alkaline, is pumped off. A second charge of lye is then given, and a similar routine is followed; a third, and so on, until the soap is perfectly made and is ready for casting.

Yellow soap.—But few of our readers are perhaps aware that rosin is used extensively in the manufacture of a certain class of soaps. Rosin is a substance extremely soluble in alkaline solutions, but will not form a proper soap without the aid of some other substance. It is, however, a main ingredient in yellow soap, being added in the proportion of one-third, or one-fourth the weight of

the tallow. This soap should be of a bright yellow colour, and should make a good lather with even hard pump-water. The hard soap is generally made in the usual manner, and the rosin is added at the close of the process.

Toilet soaps.—Toilet soaps, such as the Windsor, the almond, and others, are chiefly named from the person by whom or the place where they are said to be manufactured, or from the perfume used in them. To the perfumer they are known by the fatty substance employed in their manufacture; thus there are some formed with tallow, some with hog-lard, and some with the vegetable oils. Purchasers, for the most part, are guided in their choice by the scent; but it is far more important to ascertain the substances of which the article was manufactured. A soap made entirely with oil and soda does not produce a good lather, the addition of a considerable portion of tallow is required. The soaps made of oil of almonds are exceedingly good and grateful, but necessarily expensive. The soaps made of palm oil are by no means uncommon, and are grateful in use, and have, without the addition of any extraneous odour, a pleasant smell. Windsor soap, so called under the hope of assuming for it a royal patronage, is made with good mutton suet, to which should be added a small proportion of olive oil, about one part of the latter to nine of the former.

A perfume very commonly used for toilet soaps may be formed by the mixture of four parts, by weight, of the essence of caraway seeds, to three of the best lavender and three of rosemary. Another kind of perfume may be made by the mixture of three ounces of the essence of roses, one ounce of cloves, one of cinnamon, and two and a half of bergamot.

Transparent soaps.—We cannot close these remarks without a short account of the manufacture of transparent soaps. The manufacture of these was formerly kept secret, and they were consequently only made in England; but the process is now perfectly understood. They are without doubt exceedingly elegant in appearance, but at the same time it must be allowed that they are not equal to the other kinds in quality, and frequently acquire by age an unpleasant odour. They are made by the union of equal parts of some tallow, soap, and spirits of wine, which substances are united by the

gentle heat of a water bath. When a perfect solution has been effected with as little vaporization of the alcohol as possible, the clear liquid is poured into frames, and when perfectly set, form cakes of transparent soap. The colours are given by the addition of turmeric or archil.

We have now placed before the reader all the information which we consider necessary for a right understanding of the manufacture of soap. It is a substance which contributes greatly to the comfort of society, and is, we are happy to believe, of very common use among all classes in this country. But things which are common are oftentimes thought unworthy of consideration, and a smile of contempt would frequently be seen on the face of ignorance by the proposal of a question which could not be answered. If one person were to say to another, "Tell me something about soap," he would probably be sneered at in reply. It is, however, a branch of knowledge quite worthy of study, and we have therefore introduced it to our readers. W. M. H.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

AFTER it had been seen for ages in what manner the children of the poor were suffered to spend their Sunday, it struck one observer, at last, that they might on that day be taught to read—a possibility which had never been suspected. And then the schools which taught the children to read, made some of the parents so much pleased with their children for so new an attainment, that they could not be indifferent to the opening of other schools, to continue instruction through the week. It was within the same period that there was a large circulation of tracts, by which many who might be little desirous of instruction, were beguiled by the amusing vehicle contrived to convey it. Later issues of this class of papers, of every diversity of composition, diffused by the activity of numberless hands, have solicited perhaps a fourth part of the thoughtless beings in the nation to make at least a short effort to think.

When we come down to a comparatively recent time, we see the Bible going through the breadth of the land. In passing by any given number of houses of the inferior classes, we may presume there are in them four or five times as

many copies of the sacred book, as there were in the same number, thirty or forty years ago. And when we consider how many more persons in these houses can read, and that in some of them the book may be more read for having come there as a novelty, than it is in many others, where it has been an old article of the furniture, we may fairly presume that the increased reading is in a greater proportion than the increased number of Bibles. This late period has also brought into action a new expedient,—an organization for schools, by which, instead of one or two agents being over-laboured with a mass of reluctant subjects, the whole mass will be animated into a system of mutual instruction,—a pleasure unknown to young learners before.

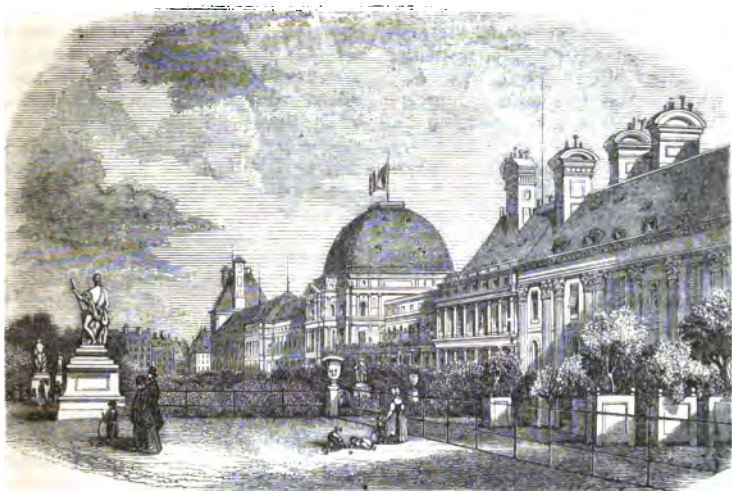
One more distinction of our times has been, that effect which missionary and other philanthropic societies have had, to render familiar to common knowledge, by means of their meetings and publications, a great number of interesting and important facts, on the state of other countries and our own, as were formerly beyond the sphere of ordinary information.

—*Foster.*

THE PROPERTIES OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

THE Scripture is suited to every capacity. It is a ford wherein a lamb may wade, and an elephant swim. And herein is the infinite wisdom of God seen, in wreathing together plain truths with obscure, that he might gain the more credit to his word, by the one instructing the ignorance of the weakest; by the other puzzling and confounding the understanding of the wisest; this also adds a beauty and ornament to the Scripture. As the beauty of the world is set off by a graceful variety of hills and valleys, so is it in the Scripture. There are sublime truths that the most aspiring reason of man cannot overtop, and there are more plain and easy truths, in which the weakest capacity may converse with delight and satisfaction. No man is offended with his garden for having a shady thicket in it: no more should we be offended with the word of God, that, among so many fair and open walks, we here and there meet with a thicket that the eye of human reason cannot look through.

—*Bishop Hopkins.* Google



The Tuilleries.

THE TUILLERIES.

THE garden of the Tuilleries is an enclosed space of sixty-seven acres, laid out, by the celebrated Le Notre, in broad walks and angular beds, and profusely ornamented with vases and statues. It is a favourite resort of the Parisians, and is separated by the Place de la Concorde from the Champs Elysées, an open space about 1000 yards in length by 400 yards in breadth, planted by Colbert, in 1670, with pavilions along the sides, provided with seats and entertainments. These parks—for so they may be called—constitute, with the Avenue de Neuilly, the Hyde Park of Paris, and like it, are often thronged.

The palace of the Tuilleries, erected in the sixteenth century, on the site of a manufactory of tiles, (tuiles, whence its name,) was greatly enlarged by Henry IV., Louis XIII. and XIV.; and additions have since been made to it by Napoleon and Louis Philippe. Its architecture is of a somewhat mixed character; but the earlier parts may be taken as a good specimen of the revived Italian style. Wings are extended from the main building on the side towards the Place du Carrousel, one of which, on the south side, connects it with the museum of the Louvre; and on the garden side are arcades extending through the central portion of the building, at the sides of which are handsome pavilions, formed

into state apartments, remarkable for their lofty windows, flanked by Corinthian pilasters. The general effect is extremely grand, especially on the garden side; but its grandeur results more from its great length and the variety of outline it presents, than from any excellence or congruity in the details. The state-rooms are on the first-floor, running the whole length of the garden front,—the principal being the Salle du Conseil; the state dining-room, known as the Galerie de Diane, from which other rooms lead to a vast saloon and state ball-room, in the centre of the building, called the Salle des Maréchaux, adorned with portraits of the great marshals of France, and unquestionably one of the finest rooms of the kind in Europe. The court of the Tuilleries, on the east side of the palace, was formed chiefly by Napoleon, and forms a wide space, separated by an iron railing from the Place du Carrousel.—*Macculloch.*

A DAY IN A COTTON-MILL.

FROM one million and a half to two millions of cotton bales are annually imported into this country. Each of these bales weighs on the average three hundred pounds; hence, from four to six hundred millions of pounds of this delicate vegetable fibre are consumed by Great Britain, either for the immediate

purposes of human clothing, or for objects indirectly connected therewith. In the preparation of this raw material there are employed, to speak roughly, a million human beings, and the power of at least one hundred and fifty thousand horses, probably more. These, however, must be taken as only approximative statements; but they approach the truth on this and not on the further side. These things being so, we need scarcely say that the cotton manufacture is one of the largest and most important of our industrial operations; one in which the widest interests are at stake, and momentous elements either for good or evil conceived.

The operations connected with its manufacture, both directly in the preparation of the fibre, and indirectly in the construction of the astonishingly ingenious and automatic machinery employed to that end, are condensed into one or two districts, and are altogether, or nearly so, unknown beyond these. That which forms emphatically the cotton district is Manchester and its environs. Manchester may be considered as the centre of this busy circle, into which are concentrated enormous displays of mechanical energies, and astonishing exhibitions of human skill in its victories over the inertia of matter and the complexities of the constructive process, which is to weave a strong and continuous tissue out of a fragile and incoherent down. We find it begirt on every side with smaller towns, in which the hum not of life but of mechanism fills the air all day, and, ceasing at evening time, is exchanged for that not less busy though less monotonous one of hard-working thousands seeking rest from toil in the open air, and by every cottage-door. Gaining any elevation in this district, a most singular and anomalous prospect is displayed at the spectator's feet. An admirable position for a bird's-eye view of the locality is the top of some lofty factory chimney in process of erection; for of necessity the summit of one in active operation would scarcely be deemed an agreeable position. Looking below is the great brick-building, with its wondrous mechanisms, to which and to its fires this chimney seems as the windpipe. Beyond are innumerable cottages of the poor, whose occupation from early dawn to evening hours lies in the roaring machine-rooms of the factory. A little further removed are the schools for the children of the operatives, many of which are well conducted and of

spacious dimensions. Then you see peeping up on some slightly elevated spot the village church, with its pretensions to architectural beauty, and the tops of sundry chapels, which indirectly disclaim all pretensions of the kind. Over against you is another sister-factory, with a chimney-shaft as tall, and a voice like the sound of impetuous "waters." On the right, on the left, in every direction, north and east, south and west, factory after factory stands up with its thousands of windows, its stern and square features, and the never-absent chimney, now of this form, now of that, but all vomiting up into the clear sky floods of smoke, such as only a genuine factory-chimney knows how to evolve. Altogether, perhaps, two hundred chimneys may be counted, each belonging to a similar number of factories, and the whole district comprises from ten to twelve hundred.

We are, however, to be occupied in the present instance with but one; and before this article is concluded it will probably be found that there is enough in one cotton-mill to well occupy a large space of our time and thoughts. It is necessary, before permission can be obtained to view this interesting manufacturing process, to obtain a written order from some person either well acquainted with the owner of the mill, or from the mill-owner himself. When this is obtained, a person is usually commissioned to conduct the visitor through the building, who explains the nature of the different operations, and will often be found to be an intelligent and interesting companion. The factory at which one "day" was spent, and spent in the contemplation of a series of objects of interest connected with the manufacture not often compressed into that time, is beautifully situated at Hyde, a town a few miles from Manchester, on an elevated position, commanding an extensive prospect on the one side of the steam-thronged cotton district, and on the other of a smiling country, where green woods and babbling brooks look as fresh and as beautiful as though there were no factories by. A hard-worked canal bathed its feet, and bore to and from it the fibre for whose manipulation it was erected, but in the different and opposite conditions of raw material and finished fabrics. Around were corn-fields "white to the harvest," laden orchards, gentlemen's private residences, the scattered and humble tenements of the poor; and but for the long

and lofty structures of the mill, but for two or three enormous worn-out boilers by the way-side, with a heap of broken and rusty mill-work, but, above all, for the gigantic chimney rearing its head into the air and venting at times its long and cloudy expirations, one might have supposed we were in the mid-country. As we approached the mill, a humming, whirling, and curiously concussive sound filled the air, telling us that the thousand iron hands of the factory were plying their daily toil with their customary rapidity of action; and nearer still, a dull, low, but far-penetrating musical note from the machine called the willow, with the clacks of hundreds of power-looms, met one's ears, producing an effect not easy to be conveyed by description. Being courteously received by the manager of the works, who himself accompanied us, we were shown in succession every operation through which the cotton has to pass, from the state in which it is imported to that in which it is sent out ready for home use or for exportation. In the factory in question we possessed this advantage, that it was both a "spinning" and a "weaving" mill; many of them being exclusively either the one or the other, and moreover that the machinery having only just been erected at an enormous cost, displayed all the most recent improvements in the manufacturing process.

But let us enter. We are first conducted into a large and rather dusty apartment, in which the cotton is received in bales and is "picked." This operation not being a laborious one, though requiring some amount of tact and experience, is generally confided to young persons. Portions of the contents of the bales are taken by each, spread out on a table, and pulled asunder, until the fibres, becoming somewhat disentangled, are thus prepared for the more strictly purifying process. The qualities of cotton are detected by the eye and by the finger; that which is at the same time the cleanest, and possesses the largest fibre, or, technically, "staple," is considered the finest; the dirtier masses, being at the same time but little coherent, indicating the shortness of their fibres, are of inferior quality. From this room it is conveyed to the next in large wicker paniers lined with parchment, and at once light, strong, and durable. Let, however, the reader, previous to our following the track of the cotton, accom-

pany us for a short period to another room on the ground-floor of the factory. In entering the power-loom department it is scarcely possible to say what strikes the mind as being the most wonderful therein; whether the horrible, clattering, quivering noise, which makes conversation impossible even with one's self, whether the bewildering multitude of moving parts, or whether the aspect of perfect coolness and indifference manifest in the countenances of the workpeople, who seem altogether insensible to an apparent confusion of movements, accompanied with a tumult of sounds to which the writer cannot bring himself to be reconciled by any ordinary effort of the mind. Along the ceiling, far as the eye can reach, behold long lines of polished shafts bearing hundreds upon hundreds of pulleys, over which leathern straps fly with amazing velocity to communicate motion to the innumerable looms on the floor. Along the ground you see long avenues, streets, and lanes, all in exact regularity of position, dividing from each other the four or five hundred power-looms, every one of which is working at its top-speed, and fabricating yard after yard of cotton cloth; and to each pair of looms are seen girls, boys, women, and men, now mending a broken thread, now equalizing the movements of the mechanism, now examining the quality of the work, and every now and then putting a fresh "coss," or coil of yarn, into the rattling shuttle. This is the very noisiest, busiest, ear-and-eye-confounding place in the whole mill, and when illuminated with gas, as it is in winter, the scene is of almost magical effect.

Looking at an individual loom more particularly, it may be rudely described as follows:—It is of rectangular form, about four feet in height, and about five or six in width. Its different parts receive motion from one axis, to which the moving pulley is fastened; this being set in motion by the leathern straps of which we have spoken. At one end is a roller, on which the long threads, or "warp," of the cloth are wound, which is gradually unrolled as the cloth is made; at the other is another roller, on which the calico, now finished, is rolled up as fast as it is made, and between these two rollers is placed a complexity of mechanism, not to be understood from description by any ignorant of the construction of the ordinary loom, and not necessary to be detailed for those who do. Suffice it to

say, that the machine does *all*; it unwinds the "warp," it performs the up-and-down movement of alternate threads; with an iron hand it sends the swift shuttle on its incessant flight and return; it presses up the cross-thread, or "weft," and the cloth being now made, it winds it up ready for removal. The power-loom is a study in itself; and only they who know its history can appreciate the patience and skill which have combined to give birth to an invention so perfect in itself, and in the work it turns out.

We have now seen cotton in the first, and in its last stage. Let the reader, with a piece of the commonest calico before him, accompany our steps as we return, and show how by a series of beautifully progressive operations the flocculent fibre of the first becomes the firm and perfect tissue of the last stage. It would be well for every visitor of a cotton-mill to be clothed in cotton garments, or at least in a cotton dressing-gown, on account of the floating filaments which abound in it, and this the scene from the door of the "willowing" and "blowing" machine-room will forcibly impress upon his recollection. Boys, with great armfuls of cotton-wool, are seen running to and fro, some feeding one, some another of the awful-looking and roaring engines which occupy the apartment. The cotton is first taken to the "willow;" being placed on a moving apparatus which "feeds" the machine, it is caught by some rapidly revolving mechanism, dragged into a box lined with iron spikes, where it is torn asunder by a revolving cylinder, also armed with teeth and moving at a great velocity; after being thus thoroughly disentangled, it is cast out of the machine on the other side. In this process the dirt which is accidentally, or, perhaps, purposely intermingled with the cotton is cast out, and the partially purified fibre comes out in downy masses of beautifully soft feel and appearance at a large opening on the other side of the engine. After having been "willowed"—a term by the way not a corruption from "*winnowed*," but originating in the fact that the machine in use long ago in France was a *willow*-frame, into which the cotton was put and whirled about for some time; an operation wonderfully more gentle than the terrible dispersing process described above;—after having been willowed, the cotton is put in baskets, which are placed by the side of the attendant of the "blowing machine." This is a very

powerful and ingenious engine for the purpose of thoroughly purifying the cotton, getting rid of all hard knots, and other imperfections in the article, and also for the purpose of "opening" the cotton fibres, that is, of separating each filament as widely as possible from the others. This operation was formerly effected by beating with rods, and the machine has been contrived to perform a similar beating process, but with far more rapidity and power than the manual operation. The "blowing machine" is a terror-inspiring engine, about five feet wide, the same height, and from twelve to fifteen feet long. When at work it emits a beating, roaring, and humming noise all combined; and being a machine the driving of which calls for the exercise of great power combined with great velocity, the floor of the room literally quivered under the drag and tear of a number of these engines, all at work at one time in it. It is, indeed, almost a surprise to the visitor that any structure can long resist the tremendous strain of the mechanisms in a cotton-mill; but if he will go to one of the windows and there measure the thickness of the external wall, his surprise will disappear. The attendant of the machine takes a bundle of the willowed cotton, weighs it in a scale at her side, hitting the proper quantity generally with great accuracy, and then spreads it over a measured space in the moving cloth, or apron, which feeds the engine. The voracious machine is seen to take it between the teeth of a pair of fluted iron rollers; after this we lose sight altogether of the cotton until we go to the end of the machine, when lo! it comes out a beautifully pure, white, soft, and downy *fleece*, passing through a variety of operations, the speed and force of which make one shudder to contemplate. After being drawn in by the rollers, it is beaten by a frame composed of several horizontal iron bars, to represent rods, which are made to revolve at the tremendous rate of four thousand revolutions a minute; after this a ventilating fan, contrived so as to produce an upward current of air of immense power, sucks up all the dust produced by the beating and all the finer impurities of the cotton. It then goes through another "scutching," or beating process, and appears at length at the extremity of the machine as a fleece, or "lap," where it winds itself up.

The purifying process, though now far

advanced, is by no means completed. The fleece to a stranger, as to us, appears already fit for spinning, but it would be found full of a number of minute hard pieces which would render that process impossible. These must be got rid of, and the machine called the "carding-engine" has this task to perform. The object of this engine is to comb out the fibres with a comb of great delicacy, and in so doing to give them a greater degree of mutual parallelism, and to remove the impurities in question, and, finally, to form the fleece into a delicate, fragile riband of wool. Our intelligent companion next conducted us to the room in which the "carding" machinery is placed. This is a most interesting part of the mill, and to any one who delights to see, as we do, combinations of mechanism which may be almost said, as far as their duty is concerned, to perform the part of rational creatures, and far better than rational beings could do, this room will prove a source of much gratification. As it is less noisy than the others, the contemplation of the mechanism is more enjoyable also. All that the bustling boys and girls who fly about this room have to do is to keep the machine clean, to feed it with material, and to remove occasionally the cotton riband, when the cans into which it is directed are filled. Now and then, also, they have to repair the riband if by accident it should be broken. In the room into which we have now entered the carding-engines are arranged in long rows, and present a very singular appearance as they are looked at in a line. The fleece is placed in a recess at the back, from whence its end is seized by the machine and presented to a great revolving drum, which is covered with an endless comb made of iron wires stuck through leather. It is carried by this drum over several smaller ones, likewise covered with the innumerable wire-teeth, and is at length delivered on to a smaller drum in front, called the "*doffer*," from its office of doffing or removing the cotton from the surface of the great drum. A curious and almost ludicrous piece of mechanism removes the now delicate layer of cotton from the "*doffer*," consisting of a long horizontal comb, which has a rapid up-and-down motion, by means of which it gently but completely removes, and in a layer like a spider's web, the cotton from the teeth of the doffing-drum. This layer is then made to converge to a central point where a

trumpet-like orifice presents itself, into which it is drawn by the tractive effect of a pair of rollers, between which it now passes, no longer a thin sheet but a beautiful band of cotton, technically "a sliver," and pours into a tall upright can, into which it is gently pressed by a weight which alternately rises and falls, pressing down the accumulating coils of the sliver before it. To have a just conception of the beauty, and even elegance, of these consecutive operations the machine ought to be inspected, since the clearest powers of description fail in conveying it. The contrast between a sliver after it has left the carding-engine, and a bunch of cotton taken from the fleece, or "lap," previous to the operation, is very striking. In the latter the fibres intersect each other in every conceivable direction, and appear inextricably interlaced; in the sliver, however, not only is the cotton more pure and free from inequalities of texture, but its filaments are laid in a straighter relative position, and the substance appears remarkably advanced in preparation for the future operations. Carding is often twice performed, or even more frequently, the slivers from the first machine being conducted to the teeth of another carding-engine, and there being torn asunder into the finest down once more, to be again collected and formed into another sliver of most beautiful texture. Cotton prepared with such care as this, is exclusively devoted to the manufacture of very fine fabrics. For coarser and the cheapest articles only one carding process can be afforded, and sometimes the operation of "blowing," or scutching, is altogether set aside, the cotton being brought from the willow to the carding-machines at once.

The cotton is now sufficiently purified to be ready for the manufacture. Another principle in its manipulation now comes into play; the fibres must be prepared for twisting. To this end they must first be laid as straight as possible, since it would be manifestly futile to attempt to twist a riband of fibres which lay across each other in all directions. We were, therefore, conducted into the division of the factory appropriated to this object, which is called technically the "drawing" process. It will be readily understood that if a flock of cotton wool were taken in the hand and gently drawn asunder, its fibres would assume somewhat of a parallel arrangement. It is, in fact, difficult to conceive of any

other method by which the same end could be effected; but that which is easy to the human finger acting under the impulses of a reasoning mind, becomes a problem of the greatest apparent difficulty when the work is to be committed altogether to the care of iron fingers, incapable of any but a fixed and determinate class of movements. How was a machine to be invented capable of representing, and with fidelity, the drawing process from time immemorial performed by the spinster's fingers, as she plied her busy wheel? In this room were twenty or thirty beautiful machines—the answers to the question. Nor are they less remarkable for their simplicity than for their beauty, and the ingenuity of the principle upon which they are constructed. Essentially, they consist of the following parts:—the cans, containing “slivers” from the carding-engine; a framework to support the moving parts; three long rows of fluted rollers, about an inch in diameter, upon which three rows of leathern rollers lie and revolve with them; a trumpet orifice and traction rollers, and a can which receives the drawn out sliver, with a falling weight to fill it as full as possible. The process is as follows: the sliver leaves the first can, being drawn out of it by the revolution of the rollers; it passes between them, and the upper leather one pressing on the under iron one causes the sliver between them to move onwards; but the first pair of rollers between which the sliver is drawn move very slowly, and the two next pairs much quicker: what must be the natural result of this adaptation? Undoubtedly, that the quick-moving rollers will tend to pull forwards the sliver more rapidly than it can be allowed to come by the slow motion of the first pair. This then is the drawing-principle, the differential rotation of three pairs of rollers, by which the cotton sliver is detained in the hinder and pulled forward by the anterior parts. The “drawing” then goes through the spout, and is received into the second can. It is customary to direct several slivers, after passing through the drawing process, into one trumpet orifice; they then pass between a pair of rollers which unites them all into one, and the sliver thus formed is received into the can; but in consequence of the thinning out of the slivers as they are drawn, the sliver composed of five or six others is only equal in thickness to one of them previous to

its being drawn. ‘Old sir Richard Arkwright used to say, when his people turned out inferior work, that “they must look better to their drawings,” so persuaded was he that upon the perfection of this apparently trifling operation depended much of the success of every future stage of the cotton manufacture.

Suppose one of these “drawings” were taken into the hand and examined, it would be found that a considerable degree of straightness had been communicated to the fibres; what then would be the result, if a number of them were again drawn and all formed into one sliver? It would be, that there were so many more chances of all the fibres being made straight, and the greater the number of times that this doubling and drawing process took place, the greater the probability that the drawing ultimately would consist of none but straight and even fibres. This theoretic principle is importantly developed in the machines to which our attention is now drawn. Conceive, reader, of twenty or thirty white bands of cotton wool, all flowing with equal speed through so many rollers and pouring into the expanded mouth of a single pipe, emerge from it in a soft, even, delicate stream of cotton, the fibres of which are straighter than the hands of man could lay them, and that the can into which it was received was set in slow motion on its long axis, so as to give a little twist to the coils as they were refined in its interior; and you have a fair idea of the doubling frame. Dr. Ure states that the doubling is sometimes carried to the extent of one hundred thousand times, by which, of course, the proportionably greater evenness is secured in the fibres of the sliver.

Another step is now taken; what we have been thus far shown were, after all, only the preliminary operations; the grand and important one by which the brittle sliver is to be converted into the tough yarn, or yet tougher and harder thread, we had yet to see. Several different machines are and have been in use for this object; but in the mill we visited, the machine for effecting it was alone that splendid monument of human patience and talent—the “bobbin and fly” frame. As we stood before one of these singular pieces of mechanism, we were lost in admiration. What an amazing complication of parts is here; what a surprising variety of motions; what an exercise of power to set in move-

ment such a number and complexity of mechanisms; at what a fearful speed do these hundreds of upright spindles fly; and what a horrid, quaking, quivering noise fills the air as they move! It will be manifest that it would be in vain to attempt its elucidation on this page without the aid of diagrams, and the expenditure of too much space; yet a pretty clear conception of the work done by its means may be given in few words. The sliver goes from the doubling-frame to this; it is drawn between rollers, thus again being attenuated; it goes from the rollers to the spindles, which are arranged in two rows down the length of the machine, and are revolving at the rate of some thousands of revolutions in a minute; on the top of each spindle is a bent fork of iron, one arm of which is hollow, and lower down is a wooden reel, or bobbin, on which the sliver, having come down the bent hollow fork, is wound by the revolutions of the spindle, and to prevent its being all wound up on one part of the reel, an ingenious contrivance directs the "roving," for so it is now called, alternately to the top and bottom of the reel, so that it is wound up with beautiful regularity. Thus it becomes evident that the cotton sliver is here elongated, twisted by the revolution of the spindles, and finally wound up upon the bobbin, which when full is removed and a fresh set put on. These engines stop themselves when they have filled the bobbins to their utmost.

Taking up a bobbin just as it is turned off by this machine, the cotton is seen to have undergone a remarkable alteration in character. Before it was a thick, soft, and easily torn riband, but now it is a thin cord, its fibres are thrown spirally across it, and it will even support some small weight; yet compared to one of the threads of a piece of calico, it becomes evident much more remains to be done; our conductor, therefore, led us to the more strictly-speaking spinning departments. In a room somewhat similar to the last, and resonant with a vibratory noise which almost amounted to a musical note, were placed the curious machines called, it is said from their noise, the "throstles." These machines reduce the "roving" by another drawing between rollers, and whirling it round at an astonishing velocity give it what is called the "twist;" that is, the fibres are thrown into a still closer spiral, and in so doing the roving becomes converted into a "thread,"

or "yarn," which the machine winds upon a bobbin, just as in the last instance. In appearance the throstle-engines much resemble the bobbin and fly-frames, only they are smaller and not nearly so complicated. Should a thread break, the whole machine must be stopped, until the "piecer," the girl attending it, with a little piece of cotton in her fingers, repairs the broken thread and sets it again in motion. The yarn thus produced is found to be hard, compact, and strong, capable of bearing up a much larger weight than formerly; it is, therefore, preferred for making sewing cottons and for the long threads of the cotton cloth. The cross threads, or weft, require to be softer and finer than can be made by the throstle; and to produce a yarn of this description is the intention of the most strange-looking machine in the whole factory, called the "spinning-mule." Picture to yourself, reader, an immense apartment, occupying the entire length and width of the building; to its remotest end it is full of moving mechanism; but, strange to say, these machines are of a locomotive character! Long shelves, full of bobbins, are arranged at intervals across the breadth of the room; below, and a little in front, are long ranges of fluted and leather rollers, between which the "roving" goes from the bobbin; it is then seen that myriads of delicate threads proceed horizontally from the rollers, for the length of four feet and a half, to an elegant long framework, on which are placed innumerable delicate spindles, upon which a coil of thread is being wound. Watch! the multitude of spindles being twisted with immense velocity, the lengths of thread suddenly stop, the framework moves up, and in so doing, behold every one of the spindles has wound up the length of thread connected with it, and all are again whirling away as the framework moves back again, and twisting a fresh length of thread, which they again wind up when sufficiently twisted; and so on incessantly. In this most interesting and remarkable operation the yarn is; 1st, drawn out; 2nd, twisted; 3rd, stretched; and 4th, wound up into a little conical coil, called a "coss." This process is altogether automatic; no human hand guides, nor directs, nor controls, nor assists the perfect mechanism to fulfil its task, save when a broken thread needs repair, or the "cosses" require removing. The yarn is now ready for the weaver, but it must yet

undergo one or two more processes. It has to be laid in a certain number of parallel threads for the warp of the cloth. This we saw effected by a most ingenious patent machine, which contained many hundreds of reels of yarn, and wound them on to a roller in perfectly parallel order. From hence the warp is taken to receive that coating of size, or paste, which is called the dressing. This is also effected by some curious machinery, which unwinds the warp off the first roller, passes it through a solution of dressing, wipes off all superfluous dressing, dries the threads, winds them up on another roller, and counts the length of the pieces, giving warning to the attendant by ringing a bell, when he marks the place in red paste, as a guide to the girl at the power-loom. This roller is then taken to the power-loom room, where we conducted the reader at the first. The yarn for the weft is wound up into a little cone, and is introduced into the centre of the shuttle.

After a visit to the magnificent new engine, which single-handed moved all the machinery in this immense factory, weary with wondering, confused and bewildered with the number and intricacy of the machines, we turned homewards, and soon lost in a pleasant walk down the greenest of lanes every remembrance, but agreeable ones, of our "Day in a Cotton-Mill."

R. E.

SPIRITS IN PRISON.

THE spiritual life and power conferred on the Saviour as the reward of his disinterested labours in the cause of God's honour and man's salvation, were illustriously manifested in that wonderful quickening of his apostles by the communication of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost; and in communicating through the instrumentality of their ministry spiritual life, and all its concomitant and following blessings, to multitudes of souls dead in sins.

It is to this, I apprehend, that the apostle refers, when he says *by which, or whereby*, by this spiritual quickening, or *wherefore*, being thus spiritually quickened, "he went and preached to the spirits in prison, who before time were disobedient." If our general scheme of interpretation is well founded, there can be no doubt as to who those "spirits in prison" are. They are not human spirits, confined in bodies like so many prisons, as a punishment for sin in some previous

state of being; that is a heathenish doctrine, to which Scripture, rightly interpreted, gives no sanction; but sinful men righteously condemned, the slaves and captives of Satan, shackled with the fetters of sin. These are the captives to whom Messiah, "anointed by the Spirit of the Lord"—that is, just in other words, "quickened in the Spirit"—was to proclaim liberty; the bound ones to whom he was to announce the opening of the prison. This is no uncommon mode of representing the work of the Messiah. Comp. Isa. xlii. 5, 7; xlix. 3, 12.

It is not unnatural, then, that guilty and depraved men should be represented as captives in prison; but the phrase "spirits in prison," seems a strange one for spiritually captive men. It is so; but the use of it, rather than the word, *men* in prison, or prisoners, seems to have grown out of the previous phrase, quickened in spirit. He who was quickened in the Spirit had to do with the spirits of men, with men as spiritual beings. This seems to have given a colour to the whole passage: the eight persons saved from the deluge are termed eight *souls*.

But then it seems as if the "spirits in prison," to whom our Lord, quickened in spirit, is represented as coming and preaching, were the unbelieving generation who lived before the flood, "the spirits in prison, who aforetime were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah." This difficulty is not a formidable one. This stumbling-block may easily be removed. "Spirits in prison," is a phrase characteristic of men in all ages. We see nothing perplexing in the statement—"God sent the gospel to the Britons, who, in the days of Cæsar, were painted savages;" the persons to whom God sent the gospel were not the same individuals who were painted savages in the days of Cæsar; but they belonged to the same race. Neither should we find anything perplexing in the statement, Jesus Christ came and preached to spiritually captive men, who were hard to be convinced in former times, especially in the days of Noah. The reason why there is reference to the disobedience of men in former times, and especially in the days of Noah, will probably come out in the course of our future illustrations.

Having endeavoured to dispose of these verbal difficulties, let us now attend to the sentiment contained in the words, "Jesus Christ, spiritually quickened,

came and preached to the spirits in prison, who in time past were disobedient." The coming and preaching describe not what our Lord did *bodily*, but what he did *spiritually*; not what he did personally, but what he did by the instrumentality of others. The apostle Paul has explained the meaning of the apostle Peter, when, in the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, he represents Christ as, after "having abolished in his flesh the enmity," coming and preaching peace to them who were afar off, and to them who were nigh, that is, both to Gentiles and to Jews. Another very satisfactory commentary may be found in the Gospels. "All power is given unto me," said our Saviour, after being quickened in the Spirit, "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world. So, then, after the Lord had *thus* spoken to them, he was received into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the words with signs following." To the apostle, who was born as one out of due time, the commission was: I send thee to the Gentiles, "to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, that they may receive the forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Christ;" and whatever Paul did effectually in the discharge of that commission, it was not *he*, but *Christ* by him. Thus, then, is Christ quickened in consequence of his suffering, the just One in the room of the unjust, going and preaching to the spirits in prison.

There are two subsidiary ideas in reference to this preaching of Christ, quickened in the Spirit, to the spirits in prison, that are suggested by the words of the apostle, and these are—the success of his preaching, and the extent of that success. These "spirits in prison" had "aforetime been disobedient." Christ had preached to them not only by Noah, but by all the prophets, for the spirit in the prophets was "the Spirit of Christ;" but he had preached in a great measure in vain. He had to complain in reference to his preaching by his prophets, and in

reference to his own personal preaching, previously to his suffering, the Just in the room of the unjust, "I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain. All day long I have stretched out my hands unto a stiff-necked and rebellious people." "Who hath believed our report?" But now, Jesus Christ being quickened by the Spirit, and quickening others by the Spirit, the consequence was, "the disobedient were turned to the wisdom of the just," and "the spirits in prison" appeared "a people made ready, prepared for the Lord." The word, attended by the Spirit, in consequence of the shedding of the blood of the covenant, had free course and was glorified, and "the prisoners were sent forth out of the pit wherein there was no water." The prey was taken from the mighty, the captive of the terrible one was delivered. The sealed among the tribes of Israel were an hundred forty and four thousand, and the converted from among the nations, the people taken out from among the Gentiles, to the name of Jehovah, formed an innumerable company, "a multitude which no man could number, out of every kindred, and people, and tribe, and nation." It was not then "as in the days of Noah," when "few, that is, eight souls were saved." Multitudes heard and knew the joyful sound; the shackles dropped from their limbs, and they walked at liberty, keeping God's commandments. And still does the fountain of life spring up in the quickened Redeemer's heart, and well forth, giving life to the world. Still does the great Deliverer prosecute his glorious work of spiritual emancipation. Still is he going and preaching to the "spirits in prison;" and though all have not obeyed, yet many already have obeyed, many are obeying, many more will yet obey.—*Dr. Brown.*

THE POWER OF THE SOVEREIGN.

"I HAVE just heard a good joke, Mr. Ford," said Watkins.* "Louis Philippe is reported to have been at Twickenham, where, you know, he lived when in exile, as duke of Orleans. On finding one of his old servants, and asking what he was now doing, he answered, 'I keep the Crown;' on which Louis said, 'I hope you will continue to do so; I tried, but could not.' Was not that good?" And

* See *Visitor*, January and February.

Watkins chuckled heartily as he thought of the witticism.

"It is a good tale," replied Caleb, "by no means unlikely in itself, and clever in its way if a piece of manufacture, which cannot be truly said of many a story now abroad, uttered though it be by the lip, and repeated by the press. It shows strange and lamentable credulity on the part of multitudes, when a tale which ought at once to be seen through, stirs them up to insurrection, or involves a country in all the horrors of revolution."

"They hope to better themselves, you know," said Watkins.

"And often without any sound reason for the expectation," rejoined Caleb, "and indeed the strongest possible against it. The robber, the murderer, may look for some advantage as the result of crime; but punishment most justly follows conviction. Neither good is to be obtained, nor evil counteracted by evil. And while thrones are crumbling, I thank God that our own is still secure. 'Woe-worth the day' when the expectations which some indulge as to a national convulsion shall make even a slight approach to such a catastrophe."

"Could not we do very well without a sovereign?" inquired Watkins, who in any other presence would have emphatically asserted the affirmative.

"I think not, and that most deliberately," said Caleb. "The Jews have a tale that the prophet Elijah still walks the earth, and that any one acquainted with the Cabala may keep him company. Accordingly, a Jew joined him, on the condition that he should ask no questions. At the close of the week they came to a synagogue, where they were courteously treated, invited to read the law, and had the rites of hospitality most abundantly offered; and on leaving them Elijah lifted up his eyes and prayed, 'May they have only one ruler in that synagogue.' A week afterwards they visited another; here they were treated rudely; no one asked them to read the law, nor did they receive a single invitation to the houses of the Jews; yet, as they retired, Elijah prayed, 'May every man in this synagogue be a ruler.' His companion, struck by what he deemed inconsistent and unjust, insisted on knowing the reasons for such prayers, when Elijah replied: 'See you not that the people of the last synagogue will have trouble enough with many rulers, and that those of the former, on having one, will enjoy peace?' Now

I am satisfied," added Caleb, "that our one ruler is a great security for our national tranquillity."

"Why, a sovereign can go to war when he likes," said Watkins, "and that is one reason why I think such people ought not to have so much power. Just look at our national debt, more than trebled within my recollection, and bringing upon us taxes without end."

"No doubt," said Caleb; "we have still to pay the costs of that frightful struggle; but though the crown can enter into treaties with foreign states, and also make peace and war, which alike materially affect the welfare of the subject, yet no war can possibly be continued without the full support of both Houses of Parliament; nor can any peace be concluded, or treaty be binding, so as to affect the interests of the people, without the approval of those bodies. The sceptre of our queen is not the iron rod of a despot. The prerogative is indeed royal, but its only effect is to give authority and vigour to the action of the government, in its care of the national defence, and its intercourse with foreign powers."

Watkins was not prepared for such a statement. He had fallen in with Mr. Ford, on walking towards Merston one fine evening, and had not anticipated the result of the story with which he had been so greatly amused. Accustomed to take his weekly paper for authority, which was often chanting the advantages of republicanism, he had become, like many others, enamoured of a state of things which he did not understand, and was far more ready for dogmatic assertion than clear statement or cogent argument. He thought, however, it would not do to let Caleb have it all his own way; and therefore, after a pause he said: "Well, Mr. Ford, it is plain you think better of these sovereigns than I do; and yet we read in the Bible that God gave Israel a king in his wrath."

"His displeasure was manifest," said Caleb, "in the gift, because God himself had been, and then was, their King; and in their rebellion they wished to set him aside for such a sovereign as other nations had. He is of purer eyes than to look upon iniquity, and therefore this was visited with his righteous indignation. Besides, such a king as they desired was like those of the east, then and now, a despot. Samuel predicted what he would be; and when the Hebrew state actually became a monarchy, the form of govern-

ment and the customs of the court rapidly acquired the character he assigned to it—a character as conformable as the restrictions of the law and the free habits of the people allowed to sovereign power in other countries. Many of the Hebrew kings, indeed, disregarded the limitations of the Mosaic law and the habits of a people accustomed to the independence of pastoral life. Hence the discontents which embittered the last years of Solomon, who assimilated his court to the oriental character, and the revolution that followed his death."

Watkins had now only one shot to fire. "America can do very well without a king, at all events."

"But not without a ruler," replied Caleb. "Even each tribe of its Indians has a chief, and the United States have their president; the name may vary, but the thing itself is very much the same. And it is curious to observe how, in the effort to be rid of certain forms, the very spirit in which they originated starts fresh to view. Did you never notice among the citizens of America what an array they have of military titles? Majors, colonels, and generals abound on every hand. Why, when the first constitution was laid, on the decision that the president should be called 'his most illustrious highness,' there was a debate on the style and title of the vice-president, when Franklin proposed that he should be denominated 'his most superfluous highness,' which is said to have put an end alike to the discussion and the office. I see you smile, Watkins, and well you may, for the fact is amusing. I question, indeed, if France, notwithstanding the revolution and the overthrow of the monarchy, is really prepared to renounce royalty; we shall see whether it is so or not: but I shall not be surprised if the very people who have just shouted, 'Down with the king!' soon vociferate with equal energy, 'Up with the emperor!'"

"We know at least," said Watkins, "that the crown costs us a great deal of money."

"There is no disputing," said Caleb, "the great power of the sovereign in England. The crown is the fountain of honour, and can alone confer any rank or precedence. It has the unlimited power of creating peers, but it has only been exercised by calling up the eldest sons of peers, which adds to the number of the house only during the lives of individuals. Vast patronage is at the disposal of the

crown, and, with the royal revenue, contributes to the individual influence of the sovereign. And if a few men can be found in whom to repose confidence, who are willing to serve, and whom parliament will not reject, to them the administration of public affairs may be confided. But, Watkins, you were just speaking of the cost of the monarchy."

"Yes; I cannot help thinking of that, Mr. Ford," he replied; "and there was much talk about it at the Red Lion the other night: only think what a sight of money it is!"

"It looks large," said Caleb; "but, supposing her majesty's subjects in Great Britain to pay the amount, it only costs each individual about *threepence* a year; and supposing it is shared among all who are under the British crown, then the annual tribute of each one is about a *halfpenny*. Now, can you tell me what it would cost to abolish monarchy? That reckoning is being made by the French; we shall before long be better prepared to judge of the total. But, mark me, it will be frightful indeed."

"They are going on strangely, I confess," said Watkins; "and then, if you did not tell me, I should think there must be something wrong about the cost of royalty with us: are you sure it is only what you state?"

"Perfectly so, on the best authority," replied Caleb: "people talk as if there were no limit to the expenses or power of the sovereign; and as to both, they are entirely wrong. What a check is there, for example, in the necessity of yearly meeting parliament, and of having recourse to it for the very means of carrying on the government! The power of the sword—the only means of keeping the army and navy together—is derived from an act passed yearly, and but for one year each time. All the branches of the revenue are only granted, in like manner, for one year, except the portion that is mortgaged to the public creditor. Were the sovereign to retain the troops on foot without a mutiny bill, and to levy the revenue not voted by parliament, not only would soldiers be released from military obedience, and the people justified in resisting the crown, but the courts of law would neither aid the ministry by bringing the soldier to court-martials, or require subjects to pay their taxes. Thus the crown cannot govern without assembling parliament, or without a general good understanding with the parliament

so assembled. The man, moreover, who should remain in any office of trust under the crown, while illegal attempts were making, especially if he should aid in making them, would at the first assembling of parliament be impeached, nor could the crown prevent his trial and conviction."

At a little distance from those thus engaged in conversation, the village was opening before them; the pastures rich and fertile with frequent rains, and the lambs reposing with the sheep, after the friskings and gambollings of the day. Watkins was desirous to commence a discussion about parliament, but Caleb remarked that the question must be reserved till they met again; but he did not take leave of his companion until he had referred to Him who is the King of kings, and urged the unspeakable importance of rendering him the obedience which can alone be offered by a renovated heart.

V. V.

A DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT.

A DEVOTIONAL spirit is the first essential element of piety. The most complete knowledge of the system of redemption will only realize the letter that killeth, if there be no self-appropriation of the benefits of that system, no heart-sympathy with its principles, and no soul-beseechings for communion with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The blessings enumerated in the gospel must be highly valued, and in proof hereof, earnestly sought. An intelligent recognition of the good things of the everlasting covenant, which the Father hath promised to them that ask him, and a conviction of their adaptation to his individual wants, will prompt the petitioner. Feeling his need, he will pray that it may be supplied. Aware of his weakness, he will pray for strength. Alive to his danger from Satanic and worldly temptation, and from the un-eradicated evils of his heart, he will pray for succour. Knowing that his business in life is to glorify the Redeemer, he will pray for light, grace, and direction. Remembering his transgressions, he will pray for pardon; remembering his constant need of sanctifying influence, he will pray for the Holy Spirit; and, remembering the medium of communication between heaven and earth, he will pray in the name of the only Mediator between God and man. Listening to

the dictates of a sanctified heart, he will pray for his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh, and for his fellow disciples of every name. Widening the field of vision, his sympathies will be excited for a world "without God," and he will pray for the speedy diffusion of the "everlasting gospel" throughout the nations; and feeling confident that the claims of the Redeemer require unprecedented accessions to his spiritual kingdom, he will pray with the earnestness of faith, and the animation of hope. The influence of prayer in the formation of character is far greater than the petitioner himself may know. We speak not now of what is generally understood by "answers to prayer;" but of the moral and intellectual influence which the habit of prayer—real, believing prayer—for nothing else deserves the honourable name—exercises on the petitioner. With regard to moral influence: does not a sense of the inconceivable distance between him and the great God, from whom he asks the blessings, increase the feeling of reverence? Does not the idea, that, notwithstanding the distance, he is accessible, increase his gratitude? Does not the recollection that this accessibility is by grace through the adored Redeemer, increase his sense of obligation to his once crucified but now exalted Saviour? Does not the thought of what he was, ere it was said of him, "Behold he prayeth," increase his sense of the long-suffering patience, and abounding grace of God? Does not a view of the atonement, which must ever be before the eye of the petitioner, deepen his abhorrence of sin, and enlarge his conception of Divine love? Does not the hope of eternal life, through the merits of Him in whose name he pleads, deepen the desire to walk worthy of his vocation? And does not a rapid mental glance at the glorious character of his Divine Master impress the wish for perfect obedience and complete moral assimilation to him? All this is moral influence of the purest and most powerful kind; and he who prays thus has not to speak of unanswered prayer.

In relation to the intellectual influence of prayer: think of the exalting associations of communion with "the Father of lights" through the Divine Messiah, and by the aid of the Holy Spirit; think of the high privilege to which the petitioner is advanced in being permitted to adore Him before whom the principalities and powers of heaven prostrate themselves

with profound reverence; think of the honour which surrounds that mediatorial throne on which man's elder Brother and Representative is seated; think of the sublime promises which are made to the believing petitioner, and of the glorious prospects which are before him; and you have ideas whose influence on intellect is expanding, elevating, ennobling. Communion with light imparts light. Fellowship with greatness produces greatness. Contact with the spiritual creates spirituality. Access to the source of knowledge increases the desire for knowledge. He that follows Jesus shall not walk in darkness. He that visits the throne of grace meets with the Great Teacher. The sanctified intellect enlarges at the feet of the sanctifying Prophet. In Christ are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Great thoughts rush unbidden into the mind of the earnest pupil. He eats the bread of life, and is nourished. He drinks of the perennial river that issues from beneath the throne of God, and is quickened. He basks in the Sun of righteousness, and draws vitality. He meddles with all knowledge, and advances in the understanding of the holy. The books of the law, the prophetic scroll, the evangelical record, the apostolic letters, are patent to him. The seals are broken off. The mystery gradually vanishes. The true light plays around the head of the devout petitioner, until he is changed into the image of Christ, who is the image of God, and, advancing from glory to glory, in due time the summons is issued for his removal from the region of faith to that of sight, and he has that promise fulfilled, "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter."—*Leask.*

LEICESTER.

It was a fine autumnal morning when we left the agreeable and hospitable abode, where, for some days, we had found "a perch and a dormitory," and wended our way towards the chief town of the county. A few miles only had to be traversed to reach Arnsby, the birth-place of Robert Hall. There stood the plain and unobtrusive sanctuary where his father ministered, of whom his son said, and while portraying him, with equal accuracy depicted himself: "He appeared to the greatest advantage upon subjects where the faculties of most men fail them; for the natural element of his mind was greatness." There too was

the burial-ground, adjacent to his parent's dwelling-house, where his nurse, a woman of integrity and intelligence, judging from his actions when a delicate infant not two years of age, and unable to walk or talk, that he was desirous to learn the meaning of the inscriptions on the grave-stones, and of the various figures carved upon them, managed, by the aid of those inscriptions, to teach him the letters of the alphabet, then to group them into syllables and words, and thus at length to read and speak.

Nor could it be forgotten that afterwards, at "a dame-school," he evinced an extraordinary thirst for knowledge, and became a collector of books; or that in the summer season, after the school-hours were over, he would put his richly prized library, among which was an "Entick's Dictionary," into his pinafore, steal into the grave-yard, (which, from an early and fixed association, he regarded as his study;) lie down upon the grass, spread his books around him, and there remain until the deepening shades of evening compelled him to retire into the house.

How great were the powers which were first exercised in that lonely spot,—how vast the attainments the foundation of which was then laid,—how powerful the eloquence which rose out of the lisplings of that remarkable infancy! Well, then, may the traveller gaze with interest on Arnsby, as we did, until compelled to proceed onwards; and passing through Wigston Magna, from whose steeple a tree is growing, we reached Knighton-hill, and from it caught the first sight of Leicester.

That sight is imposing. It includes an extensive view of the country, whose general surface consists of innumerable gently-rising hills, with few precipitous declivities, so that almost the whole is valuable for culture. The margins of the rivers and brooks are natural grass land; and the uplands are partly arable and partly under grass. The modern enclosures are almost entirely devoid of trees, but the fences of the more ancient abound with timber. Here the eye marks the Soar, pursuing its winding course amidst the rich pastures where sheep and cattle graze, and the cultured spots whose produce has just been stacked; while beyond is a noble range of hills, extending from west to north, and above them the trees of Broadgate Park, where a prison was found for lady Jane Grey.

The hills of Charuwood Forest, which are in full view, will repay an ascent. They consist of barren rocks, projecting abruptly above the surface, rising to about eight or nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, and, consequently, within the temperate region of the atmosphere; yet the views from them are most beautiful and extensive. Bardon-hill in particular, an isolated eminence, and the loftiest of the whole, is greatly celebrated. From this point the eye may range over the whole midland district of England; and from it are visible Lincoln cathedral, Dunstable Hills, the Malvern Hills, the Sugar Loaf in South Wales, the Wrekin, and other mountains in Shropshire and Wales, and the Peak of Derbyshire.

Descending Knighton-hill, the town of Leicester opens before us, with its variously-shaped buildings, lofty chimneys of worsted manufactories, and towering steeples; and on the right, at its entrance, the new gaol and house of correction, enclosed within a stone wall, forming on the entrance side a handsome façade, in the ancient style of English architecture.

This edifice is well contrived. The governor's house is so constructed, that he can see into each of the yards of the prison. At the top, lighted from the dome, is the chapel, to which there is a bridge from every set of cells, so that each class may reach it apart; the seats are so arranged, that though the prisoners can all see the chaplain, they cannot see any other class than their own. This pile of building is said to have cost 30,000*l*. When shall the time come in which it shall be clearly seen that it is more politic and more wise to employ means for the prevention of crime, than merely for its punishment? Some years ago the writer asked the chief magistrate of the town of Nottingham if he knew any who had derived advantage from such structures, and his answer was in the negative. It is well that attention is now being directed, with unwonted zeal, to remedial measures.

At the time of our visit, trade was good. Stockings and gloves are made in large quantities, for exportation as well as home. But the state of those who make them is often painful; for many who can earn an adequate subsistence in three or four days, spend the rest of the week in idleness and profligacy. And where are we to look for an effectual corrective? Only to the Divine blessing on mental and moral culture. Let it be

supplied, not in pretence but in fact; not partially, but to the extent of the emergency; not by fits and starts, but perseveringly, and the change will be conspicuous.

Crossing the market-place, the eye was caught by an inscription on the front of the exchange. It appeared at first to be formed of differently-coloured lamps, and to promise an evening illumination; but on approaching it, we discovered it to be "Leicestershire Floral and Horticultural Society," formed of dahlias of varied hues, — the novel announcement of a meeting which was that day to take place.

Leicester calls up many interesting historical recollections. Thus a part of St. Nicholas's church is stated to be of the time of the Druids. Of Roman relics here, the most curious are the tessellated pavement found in a cellar nearly opposite the town-prison in 1675, and the milliary, or mile-stone, discovered in 1771, about two miles from the town. This stone, which has given rise to much archaeological research, was removed to Leicester by the corporation, and is placed in Belgrave-gate, on a square pedestal, with a column above it, surmounted by a cross, and, from the inscription it bears, it appears to have been first erected in the reign of the emperor Hadrian, and is said to be the oldest discovered in this country. About a quarter of a mile south of the Infirmary are the ancient artificial embankments, called the Raw-dykes, supposed also to be of Roman origin.

Some memorials still remain of Richard III. The chief inn, where he lay the night before the battle of Bosworth-field, stood opposite the Free-school, in what is now called "Blue-boar lane." Henry erected in the Grey-friars church a costly monument to his memory; but at the suppression of the religious houses it was pulled down and destroyed by the inhabitants of Leicester, who dug up his bones, and contemptuously threw them into the water, or buried them with the same feeling. The stone coffin that contained the body was long used as a drinking-trough, at the White-horse, in Gallowtree-gate, where part of it was to be seen some years ago. The portion of the coffin intended for the head and shoulders, was made concave to receive them. At Leicester-abbey, which he reached with difficulty, Wolsey was received by the abbot and his monks. There, too, having made the memorable declaration to sir William Kingston,

"Had I but served my God as I have served my king, he would not have forsaken my grey hairs," he soon after breathed his last. Of that ecclesiastical edifice there are now but few remains. The arch, however, is still there under which the fallen cardinal entered the monastic pile. The gardens once attached to it are now nursery-grounds.

But though various objects still crowd upon us, we must say, Leicester, farewell! May men as eminent in moral truth be thy spiritual guides as once taught thee; may the thousands of thy teeming population employed to prepare and send forth thy produce, be in intellect men, and in religion Christians; may thy immense house of correction be soon appropriated to a better purpose, and the one that shall be its substitute be of such contracted limits, as that instead of seizing at once on the traveller's attention, it shall only be seen on the keenest search, and be the means of bringing into "the path of righteousness" the few inmates who shall be found within its walls. W.

THE BEARING OF COMMERCE UPON CHRISTIANITY.

To the missionary enterprise of Mr. Marsden, a missionary of New Holland, it is entirely owing that the blessings of civilization were introduced into that distant colony. Through his efforts the native ferocity of the New Zealander was tamed. The inhabitants beholding in a missionary settlement the good effect of peaceful industry, became, at least to some extent, enamoured of English civilization, and having appealed for British protection, thenceforward was New Zealand laid open to the enterprise of English colonists and English merchants.

Take another still more recent case: I allude to the Island of Borneo. It is well known that, for the acquisition of that important territory, and for its annexation to the dependencies of this empire, we are indebted to the enterprise of that illustrious traveller, sir James Brooke. Influenced by no sordid motive, and by no selfish feeling, but simply by the noble ambition of doing good; unbacked by any force to compel acquiescence in his plans, sir James Brooke landed almost a stranger upon the coast of Borneo, sent forth by no court or government, the ambassador of no prince, church, or embassy; equipped at his

own expense and dependent on his own resources, he had deliberately abandoned the comforts of his English home, with the intention of casting his lot among those distant islanders, and of doing what in him lay for their benefit. Signal and unparalleled success crowned his effort. His influence rose and increased till the native rulers besought him to assume the government of their province. Under his mild and equitable sway the rights of property are now respected, personal violence has abated, piracy has been attacked in its strongholds and defeated. His subjects have begun to appreciate his lessons, and to discern how much to be preferred are the peaceful pursuits of industry and commerce to the roving warfare in which they have hitherto placed their pride and found their sole profit. But what has been the direct result of the opening of this new field of commerce?—Why, you know that sir James Brooke returned to this country only last year, to solicit, amongst other things, a band of missionaries to go forth and preach Christianity to the heathen population of Borneo; so that commerce in that case, as it ought in every other, has directly led to the propagation of Christianity in a country which hitherto has been inaccessible to the feet of the missionary. These are illustrations of the mode in which commerce may indirectly become subservient to the march of Christianity; and here, let me observe, there are some points of view under which commerce has plainly the tendency to advance the interests of Christianity—so that, supposing a nation to be at once great in her possession of the gospel, and great as to her commerce, she must have vast capabilities for the dissemination of Christianity. Thus, in proportion to her commercial power, must be the extent of her intercourse with all nations of the globe. You see this exemplified clearly in the case of Great Britain. What country is there on the face of the earth with which, through means of our commerce, we do not hold intercourse? What coast is there which our commercial navies have not skirted? Everywhere is the British flag known. Our wharfs and warehouses are laden with the produce of every clime. Our foreign possessions are spread through the earth: they skirt Africa; they predominate in South Asia and Australasia; they head North America; and, by the West Indies, South America

also; and we have a central point in the Mediterranean for three continents. Who shall say that the circumstance of being thus brought into contact with all nations does not confer upon England a vast and splendid opportunity for disseminating the knowledge of Christianity?

Again, another obvious facility for spreading the gospel, which pre-eminently belongs to a great commercial country, lies in the vast influence which extensive commerce confers. The influence which a nation possesses amongst other nations will always bear ratio to the extent of her commerce. Multiply your commercial relations, and you multiply your national power and influence. If a nation be known to trade with every port, and to navigate by her merchant seamen every ocean, there needs no other proof that she must have a correspondent influence, whether for evil or for good.

And once again let me add, that the commerce of a country is indirectly a cause of its wealth; as commerce thrives, wealth increases: on the contrary, as the one declines so does the other. These, then, are what we take to be the general bearings of commerce upon the spread of Christianity. It opens intercourse between the several nations of the earth; it confers power; it multiplies wealth; and, where commerce is carried forward between nations unblest with Christianity, I do not wonder that it should lead to no better result than temporal civilization: but it were a scandal for a Christian nation to be great in commerce, and not also great in her efforts to disseminate the knowledge of the gospel.

Here it is that one's thoughts instinctively turn to England, and to the extraordinary position which God's providence hath assigned her to fill. Great beyond all other nations in the heritage of a pure Christianity, and pre-eminently exalted also in the scale of commercial power, for what end hath she received the two-fold talent, and how has she improved it? Hers is the pure Protestant faith; hers the unrestricted liberty of access to the Bible; hers the light of the gospel in all its effulgence; hers, again, is a matchless extent of commerce. Her merchant fleet numbers between 24,000 and 25,000 vessels, with a tonnage of upwards of 3,000,000. The port of London alone, in the year 1842, had belonging to it upwards of 3,000 merchant vessels; the aggregate number of the crews of those vessels amounting to above 35,000

men and boys. The customs' duty in the port of London alone, in 1844, was above 11,000,000*l.* So great an amount of shipping and commerce was probably never before concentrated in any single port in the world. Then look, further, at the colonies of the British empire. The aggregate population of our colonies is estimated at above 4,000,000. The official value of the imports from the colonies into the united kingdoms, in 1842, was between 3,000,000*l.* and 4,000,000*l.* One-sixth part of the inhabitants of the whole world are beneath the British sceptre and bow to British dominion. Surely never was there a nation so favourably placed for evangelizing the world. For what end can there have been bestowed upon England so vast an extent of commercial influence and power? For what purpose can it have been ordained that so insignificant an island, in point of geographical limit, should have been entrusted with an empire of such unparalleled extent? and this, too, contemporaneously with her inheritance of a pure religious faith? Was it merely that she might enrich and aggrandize herself, attract to herself all the luxuries and productions of other climes? or rather was it not that, like a moral beacon in the midst of the nations, she might shine forth the light of the world, and, exhibiting in her own aspect the power of Christianity to make a nation great, win the other nations of the world to the faith of the crucified Emanuel? And oh, if England as a nation were to act up to this her illustrious vocation—if she were but to determine to weave her Christianity into the staple of all her commerce—if, when freighting her noble vessels with stores of merchandise, she were not to forget to freight them with the Bible and the missionary—if she were to seek that wheresoever her navies spread their canvasses, or plough the ocean, they might carry along with them the preachers of Christianity, and thus seek to evangelize the whole earth—then would her moral lustre outshine her commercial splendour, her moral greatness would surpass her political pre-eminence; and in making her commerce subservient to Christianity, she would be realizing the truth of that noblest of inspired predictions—"I will consecrate their gain unto the Lord, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth."—*Rev. Robert Bickersteth's Lecture to Young Men.* Digitized by Google



The Barn-Owl.

THE BARN-OWL.

WHEN we see in autumn nature beginning to spread the mantle of night over this portion of our terrestrial sphere, when the stars are hanging their silvery lamps in the heavens, and the moon rises and sheds

"A lovelier, purer light than that of day,"

tranquillity seems to reign over the material world. The silence is only broken by the flitting of the bat's almost noiseless wing; but as we approach the ivy-grown towers of that ruined edifice, where the polecat and weasel are moving about in pursuit of prey, the gentle flap of the owl's feathery pinions may, perhaps, be heard, or its buff wings and back, or snowy white breast may be discerned. About sunset these birds issue forth, and may be observed flapping gently along, searching

lanes, hedge-rows, orchards, small enclosures, and near out-buildings; or from an eminence the owl may be seen beating the fields over like a setter-dog, and often dropping down into the grass or corn.

The barn-owl has been distinguished by a variety of names, as the white or church-owl, the howlet, madge-howlet, or gillihowter; by Montagu it is styled the hissing or screech-owl. Linnæus* and Buffon† have employed different names, and to these others have been added according to the views or fancy of the several naturalists. Ours feed on young rats, mice, small birds, and insects.

That the barn-owl will occasionally catch fish is proved by a note from the late Mr. J. Atkinson, of Leeds, which states that a gentleman residing in Yorkshire, and well acquainted with ornitho-

* *Strix Flammea.*

† *Effrai, ou Frésais.*

logy, having observed the scales of fishes in the nest of a pair which had built near a lake on his premises, he watched them by moonlight, and was agreeably surprised to observe one plunge into the water and bear a perch away to its nest, whence it was taken by our informant. This note, it appears, was supplied by Mr. Waterton, of Walton Hall, an eminent naturalist.

Mr. Yarrell observes that the barn-owl lays from three to five eggs, which are oval and white, and measure an inch and six lines in length. Young birds have been found in July, and Mr. Waterton states that he found them in the nest so late as December. A nest found during the summer, in the neighbourhood of Tooting, contained two eggs, and when these were hatched two more were laid, which were probably hatched by the warmth of the young birds; a third laying took place after the latter were hatched, and the nest at last contained six young owls of three different ages, which were all reared. It appears also to be established that eggs and young birds may often be found at the same time in one nest. The young, covered with a thick white down, remain there a long time, and the first set of feathers, which, says Mr. Blyth, are not moulted till the second autumn, grow very slowly.

Butler has said :

"While moonlight, silvering all the walls,
Through every mouldering crevice falls,
Tipping with white his powdery plume,
As shades or shifts the changing gloom;
The owl that, watching in the barn,
Sees the mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes
As if he slept,—until he spies
The little beast within his stretch—
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch."

When young are in the nest, they are seldom left more than five minutes at a time; the parent birds sally forth in quest of food alternately. As they return with their prey in their claws, it is necessary to shift it from thence to their bill for the purpose of feeding their young; to accomplish which they always alight before they enter the nest. As the young continue a long time after they can fly dependent on their parents for food, the old birds furnish them with vast numbers of mice, and thus an important advantage is conferred on man.

Waterton states, that when the owl has young, it will bring a mouse to the nest every twelve or fifteen minutes during

the evening and night. If it caught its food by day, instead of hunting it by night, mankind would have demonstration of its utility in thinning the country of mice, and it would be universally protected and encouraged. Countrymen, however, have often regarded them with ignorant enmity, and if the pigeon-loft became thinned, or the poultry-yard was not so prosperous as formerly, it was ascribed to the owl instead of to the rat. "Formerly," says Waterton, "I could get very few young pigeons till the rats were totally excluded from the dovecot; since that took place it has produced a great abundance every year, though the barn-owls frequent it, and are encouraged around it." It has, indeed, been known to breed in a tenanted pigeon-loft without producing the least alarm. A writer,* after stating that he watched a pair of these birds carry food to their young ones twelve times in twenty minutes, mentions that a friend, who kept pigeons, and had a great number of his young ones destroyed, laid it on one of these owls which visited his premises, and one moonlight night stationed himself gun in hand to destroy the "feathered rascal." He had not been long on the watch before he espied it flying from the pigeon-house with a load in its claws. The gun was levelled, and fired; down came the owl, but instead of seeing the young pigeon which he had confidently anticipated, it was an old barn-rat nearly dead.

Like the rest of the tribe, the barn-owl always rejects the bones, feathers, hair, and other indigestible parts at the mouth, in the form of small pellets. On digging up a decayed pollard ash, which had been long frequented by the owl, several bushels of these pellets were found at its base. We have sometimes observed shrew-mice lying dead on the garden-walk in rural districts, with no external wound; and it has been conjectured that they were struck by owls in mistake for field-mice, and that, on finding their mistake, they left untouched the object of their antipathy.

If owls venture abroad by day everything conspires to perplex them. To the dazzling glare of the sun are added the derision and contempt with which legions of birds annoy them. The blackbird, thrush, jay, bunting, and redbreast employ their several arts to distract them, while the smallest and feeblest of their

enemies are then foremost in their insolent attacks, ready to show their courage when the danger is but small. The unfortunate owl, ignorant of where he is, what to do, and whither to go, often patiently sits, and suffers all their indignities with an apparently stupid indifference. His appearance by day is enough to set the whole feathered community in an uproar. Aware of this fact, bird-catchers have often caught considerable numbers of the little songsters by liming several of the outer branches of a hedge, and imitating the cry of an owl. The defective vision of this bird is compensated by its very superior acuteness of hearing; or rather, the powers of the bird have been adapted to its peculiar circumstances and requirements.

The barn-owl is common in most if not all the counties of England. In Ireland it is more frequently seen than any other species, but in Scotland it is less numerous. A few are found in some of the Orkney Islands; but it does not appear to inhabit Sweden or Norway, though Muller includes it among the birds of Denmark. It is found in the United States, but is more thinly diffused, and is more scarce in the northern latitudes; a circumstance which has also been observed in England. The yellow owl of America is considered to be a distinct species.

There are several other species of owl, and of them it has been said that in the same manner as moths differ from butterflies, do these birds differ from falcons: the one pursuing its prey by night and the other by day. The head is round, and formed something like that of a cat, while about the eyes the feathers are arranged as if proceeding from a common centre in the middle of the eye, and they extend in a circle to some distance. The development of the organs of sight and hearing is remarkable, and displays that admirable conformity of the requirements of the creature with the means it possesses, which marks the wisdom and goodness of God. The large staring eyes of the owl are expressly adapted for the subdued light of evening or night. The pupil is capable of great dilatation, and furnished with a thin semi-transparent or recititating membrane, with which the eye is frequently covered when exposed to a strong light, instead of closing the eye. Some species occasionally prey by day when the weather is cloudy, but mostly not before twilight; but they cannot see

in total darkness any more than other animals. During the day, the nightly hunters remain in their retreat, the eyes half-closed, the membrane curtain drawn. The ears of these birds are extremely delicate. The auditory cavities within the skull and the external orifice are both very large, and concealed between two extensive membraneous valves, "from the edges of which the feathers proceed which form the outer rim of the disc which encircles the face. The leaves of this double valve are capable of being thrown apart, so as to concentrate as well as give free entrance to every slight vibration of the atmosphere, the effect of which is increased by the widely-diffused cavities connected with the internal mechanism, so that the faintest noise, the cry of a mouse, or its rustle amongst the straw, is heard with accurate distinctness."* The sketch here subjoined represents the external valvular orifice of



the ear of the barn-owl; the feathers being delineated as when parted asunder.

Among other interesting varieties of the owl tribe we find the snowy owl, (*urnia nyctea*, Dumerie,) which emulates the hawk in its daring progress, as well as in its habits of hunting by day, but is seldom seen within the British Isles; the hawk-owl, (*urnia funerea*, Dumerie,) a bold and active bird, which, though ranging chiefly along the borders of the arctic regions, makes excursions in a southward direction, when compelled by the severity of winter; the great eagle-owl, (*bubo maximus*,) which issues from its lonely retreat at evening twilight over the dark pine forests of Hungary, Russia, or Sweden, and seldom visits our shores, and on silent wing marks the fawn or the hare, and suddenly wheeling, sweeps upon the un-

* An Introduction to the Study of Birds, or the Elements of Ornithology. Religious Tract Society.

suspecting victim, bears it away, eagle-like, in his talons.

Besides these may be mentioned the great horned owl of the American continent, which takes, as its favourite residence, the dark solitudes of deep swamps covered with gigantic timber, where he sends forth such sounds as may well startle the solitary pilgrim as he slumbers by his forest fire. "Along the mountainous shores of the Ohio," says a celebrated writer, "and amidst the deep forests of Indiana, alone, and reposing in the woods, this ghastly watchman has frequently warned me of the approach of morning, and amused me with his singular exclamations; sometimes sweeping down and around my fire, uttering a loud and sudden *Waugh O! Waugh O!* sufficient to have alarmed a whole garrison." He has also other nocturnal sounds, one of which very strikingly resembles the half-suppressed screams of a person suffocating or throttled, and cannot fail to be exceedingly entertaining to a lonely benighted traveller in the midst of an Indian wilderness. The long-eared owl (*otus vulgaris*, *Strix otus*, Lin.), and the short-eared owl (*otus ulula*, *Strix brachyotus*, Lath.), visit this country. The latter is generally associated in small flocks, and pays an annual visit to the fens of Lincolnshire.

"The harsh and dismal tones of these nightly prowlers resounding through the gloomy solitudes of a wild and savage scene, rendered still more gloomy by the dusk of evening or the blackness of night, are apt to be associated in the minds of the timid and superstitious with feelings of mysterious and indescribable awe; these feelings have ever prevailed among the rude and unenlightened, and hence has this bird, once more common in England than at present, been regarded, like the rest of its race in general, with fear and aversion, as if their discordant yells betokened the coming of evil. To this effect the strange aspect, the large eyes, the odd and singular motions, the noiseless flight, and the nocturnal habits, in connexion with the situations where they find a retreat by day, all combine to add. Superstition and ignorance go hand in hand; the hooting of the owl, and "trifles light as air," seen through the perverted medium of credulity, will strike terror into the heart which actual danger would never appal. The Christian philosopher may smile at the weakness of him who trembles at the voice of the owl

sounding through the still air among the lonely ruins; but should he not feel a stronger and deeper emotion, when, travelling in foreign lands, he sees the superstition of him whose ignorance is the parent of sin and death? F.

GIVE ! GIVE !

"GIVE ! give !" It is the world's cry, and the language of the world's struggles, and the expression of the world's consciousness, that it needs *something* tangible and real to fill "the aching void." What self-sacrifice, what toil, what endurance, and what heroism, were it only in a nobler cause, have worldly men exhibited in this scorching thirst for gold ! Were it not that there is something better within the reach of man, we should mourn over the perpetual toil for "very vanity" to which he is a self-doomed sacrifice. But as it is, his folly calls for pity, whilst his error is rebuked, and a more excellent way pointed out by that gracious Being who knows the real necessities of the race, and has amply provided for their supply:

"The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excels,
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells;
Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
And happiest he that groans beneath his weight.
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
And every hour sweeps multitudes away;
They shriek, and sink ; survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep."

It is even so. Experience is disregarded; and survivors imagine that "that good" for which their predecessors laboured was no delusion, but a positive verity which they are justified in seeking with redoubled energy, and by new plans, which must eventually issue in the desired success. Some new schemes, which did not suggest itself to the minds of others, some fresh idea, some hitherto untried plan, is adopted, and as "the wish is father to the thought," it is concluded that victory shall crown the enterprise. The great majority are doomed to disappointment, the victims of their own credulity. A few realise riches; but when wealth is made the end of existence, they too find that their labour has been lost, and that it had been better to have expended it on a nobler object: for wealth never in one solitary instance produced that happiness which the man needs—never ! "The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be

weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it; and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold."

It is matter of thankfulness that the whole race are not led astray by the prevalent delusion, and fascinated by the glitter of this lying gold. There are "durable riches" within reach, and there are *some* who prize them, and labour for them in the appointed way, and gain them, and are satisfied. *They* are at once wise and wealthy, and both for ever! Happy few!

"A few forsake the throng; with lifted eyes
Ask wealth of Heaven, and gain a real prize—
Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,
Seal'd with His signet whom they serve and love;
Scorn'd by the rest, with patient hope they wait
A kind release from their imperfect state,
And unregretted soon are snatch'd away
From scenes of sorrow into glorious day!"

It must be admitted that those who thus "ask wealth of heaven," act the wiser part, whatever may be the character of their present experience, or the quality of their temporal possessions. Reason accords to them her tribute. Their conduct harmonises with the dictates of intelligence. For surely it will not be denied that God is the source of everything deserving the name of good, and that what he calls good must be so in reality. But revelation settles the point. "Durable riches" are proclaimed by it for the purpose of arresting the attention and exciting the desires of men. Nor is there any moral or mental want in man left uncared for. All that he needs to insure a hopeful pilgrimage to the city of habitations, and a glorious reception there, has been provided by the God of all grace, and is freely offered for the reception of faith, through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ: "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all," argues the apostle, "how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness," says the Saviour; "for they shall be filled." "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is there will your

heart be also. Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." The necessities of the body are thought of and provided for by that gracious Being who is the former of our bodies, as well as the Father of our spirits. Promises, which never were and never will be broken, are abundantly made on this subject; and we are directly commanded to ask daily bread; but when a man attempts to satisfy the cravings of his immaterial spirit with that material good, which from its very nature can supply only the wants of the body, it is evident that he departs at once from the dictates of right reason and the injunctions of revelation. God has provided spiritual treasures for the spirit of man, and he denominates them "that good part which shall not be taken away." A treasure in the heavens that faileth not, an inheritance among them that are sanctified, a mansion in our Father's house, and a share in the purchased possession, are "durable riches." Those who are made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, may indeed "give thanks to the Father," and "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory!"

Immortality has been brought to light by the gospel. Wealth that shall endure while the soul exists—wealth, immortal as the mind which needs it—has been graciously provided, and is graciously offered. Men are invited to partake and live for ever! The terms are, without money and without price. The offer is earnest, in harmony with the benevolence of the Giver; and it cannot be rejected without incurring guilt and exposing to danger. Yet, though these truths are undeniable, the perversity of the human mind is such, that in the majority of cases their power is not felt. They are not allowed to operate. Their influence is resisted. The heart is hardened against the salutary impression which they would make. The visible and the perishing are preferred before the unseen and durable. The tangible takes precedence of the spiritual—although the latter alone is adapted to the mental necessities. The glories of the Redeemer's character, the merits of his sacrifice, the influences of his Spirit, the value of his word, and the authority of his sceptre, are all eclipsed by the gross things of time and sense,—the material, the carnal, the corrupt! Honour, fame, wealth, power—these are worshipped, without

hypocrisy, without weariness, without cessation, by myriads of votaries. The knee is bent, the temples throb, the heart beats for these. The world utters its daily oraisons, and shouts its daily songs to these. Truth, religion, faith, hope, love, the soul and heavenly bliss, are madly sacrificed to these. Alas! the sacrifice is too great, too costly, for such unworthy deities, and their reward is a miserable remuneration for such expensive services. That which is possessed by the few is coveted by the many, and prized in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining it. Hence the craving of the throng after honour, wealth, and fame. But the intrinsic value of that which is possessed in common by multitudes, is lost sight of, perhaps, in some degree in consequence of its commonness. Thus reason and revelation, the property, with very few exceptions, of all in this country, are but little regarded by vast multitudes of its inhabitants; whilst wealth and power, which from their very nature are confined to a small minority, are sought after by the majority with panting eagerness. Were the value of durable riches realised, this would not be the common characteristic of men. What a change for the better would immediately pass over human society, were the majority of its inhabitants awakened to the value of the soul, and the grace of Christ, and the influences of the Holy Spirit, and the importance of eternal things! Then the accumulation of the gold that perisheth would not be deemed the great business of human life. Then the multitude would say with Paul, "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." And then men would feel the force of that glorious Scripture, "All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." He who can appropriate this, has indeed durable riches!

W. L.

REMAINS OF NINEVEH.

IN 1839-40, Mr. Layard's zeal and enthusiasm for the pursuit in which he has so greatly distinguished himself, was kindled during a journey from Asia Minor and Syria, to the region where stupendous ruins arrest the astonishment of the most unobservant of travellers. In 1842, passing again through Mosul, he found M. Botta installed as French consul there, and carrying on excavations, with little success, at Kouyunjik; but called by a peasant report to Khorsabad, he there discovered the first Assyrian monument, and opened a chamber connected with others, and constructed of slabs of gypsum, covered with inscriptions and representations of battles, sieges, and processions, etc. These he most handsomely and liberally communicated to Mr. Layard, who speedily became a fellow-labourer in the same exciting and arduous toils. The British vice-consul at Mosul warmly co-operated with him, and served greatly to promote his success.

They contrived, somehow, to get forward in excavating and digging, notwithstanding the official avarice, the religious opposition, and the plundering Arabs around. At length came the reward—an eagle-headed human figure was discovered in the north-west palace of the Nimroud mound; and says Mr. Layard:—

On the morning following these discoveries, I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Ab-dur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. "Hasten, O Bey," exclaimed one of them, "hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God:" and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head, sculptured in full of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw

at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded, and without ornament at the top.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country, as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learned this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abdur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried together, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" It was some time before the Sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. "This is not the work of men's hands," exclaimed he, "but of those infidel giants of whom the prophet, peace be with him! has said that they were higher than the tallest date tree; this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood." In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

I now ordered a trench to be dug due south from the head, in the expectation of finding a corresponding figure, and before nightfall, reached the object of my search, about twelve feet distant. En-

gaging two or three men to sleep near the sculptures, I returned to the village, and celebrated the day's discovery by a slaughter of sheep, of which all the Arabs near partook. As some wandering musicians chanced to be at Selamiyah, I sent for them, and dances were kept up during the greater part of the night. On the following morning, Arabs from the other side of the Tigris, and the inhabitants of the surrounding villages congregated on the mound. Even the women could not repress their curiosity, and came in crowds, with their children, from afar.

As I had expected, the report of the discovery of the gigantic head, carried by the terrified Arab to Mosul, had thrown the town into commotion. He had scarcely checked his speed before reaching the bridge. Entering breathless into the bazaars, he announced to every one he met that Nimrod had appeared. The news soon got to the ears of the Cadi, who, anxious for a fresh opportunity to annoy me, called the Mufti and the Ulama together, to consult upon this unexpected occurrence. Their deliberations ended in a procession to the governor, and a formal protest on the part of the Mussulmans of the town, against proceedings so directly contrary to the laws of the Koran. The Cadi had no distinct idea whether the bones of the mighty hunter had been uncovered, or only his image; nor did Ismail Pasha very clearly remember whether Nimrod was a true-believing prophet or an infidel. I consequently received a somewhat unintelligible message from his excellency, to the effect that the remains should be treated with respect, and be by no means further disturbed, and that he wished the excavations to be stopped at once, and desired to confer with me on the subject.

This difficulty was cleverly overcome, and the magnificent winged human-headed lion secured.

Abdur-rahman rode to my tent one morning, and offered to take me to a remarkable cutting in the rock, which he described as the work of Nimrod, the giant. The Arabs call it "Negoub," or the hole. We were two hours in reaching the place, as we hunted gazelles and hares by the way. A tunnel, bored through the rock, opens by two low arched outlets upon the river. It is of considerable length, and is continued for about a mile by a deep channel, also cut out of the rock, but open at the top. I

suspected at once that this was an Assyrian work, and, on examining the interior of the tunnel, I discovered a slab covered with cuneiform characters, which had fallen in from a platform, and had been wedged in a crevice of the rock. With much difficulty I succeeded in ascertaining that an inscription was also cut on the back of the tablet. From the darkness of the place, I could scarcely copy even the few characters which had resisted the wear of centuries. Some days after, others who had casually heard of my visit, and conjectured that some Assyrian remains might have been found there, sent a party of workmen to the spot; who, finding the slab, broke it into pieces in their attempt to displace it. This wanton destruction of the tablet is much to be regretted; as, from the fragment of the inscription I copied, I can perceive that it contained an important, and, to me, new genealogical list of kings. I had intended to remove the stone carefully, and had hoped, by placing it in a proper light, to ascertain accurately the forms of the various characters upon it. This was not the only loss I had to complain of, from the jealousy and competition of rivals.

The tunnel of Negoub is undoubtedly a remarkable work, undertaken, as far as I can judge by the fragment of the inscription, during the reign of an Assyrian king of the latter dynasty, who may have raised the tablet to commemorate the completion of the work. Its object is rather uncertain. It may have been cut to lead the waters of the Zab into the surrounding country for irrigation; or it may have been the termination of the great canal, which is still to be traced by a double range of lofty mounds, near the ruins of Nimroud, and which may have united the Tigris with the neighbouring river, and thus fertilized a large tract of land. In either case, the level of the two rivers, as well as the face of the country, must have changed considerably since the period of its construction. At present Negoub is above the Zab, except at the time of the highest flood in the spring, and then water is only found in the mouth of the tunnel; all other parts having been much choked up with rubbish and river deposits.

Not having yet examined the great mound of Kouyunjik, which, as it has already been observed, has generally been believed by travellers to mark the true site of Nineveh, I determined to open

trenches in it. I had not previously done so, as the vicinity of the ruins to Mosul would have enabled the inhabitants of the town to watch my movements, and to cause me continual interruptions before the sanction of the authorities could be obtained to my proceedings. A small party of workmen having been organized, excavations were commenced on the southern face, where the mound was highest; as sculptures, if any still existed, would probably be found in the best state of preservation under the largest accumulation of rubbish.

The only opposition I received was from the French consul, who claimed the ruins as French property. The claim not being recognised, he also dug into the mound, but in another direction. We both continued our researches for about a month, without much success. A few fragments of sculpture and inscriptions were discovered, which enabled me to assert with some confidence that the remains were those of a building contemporary, or nearly so, with Khor-sabad, and consequently of a more recent epoch than the most ancient palace of Nimroud. All the bricks dug out bore the name of the same king; but I could not find any traces of his genealogy.

On my return to Nimroud, about thirty men, chiefly Arabs, were employed to carry on the excavations. Being anxious to learn as soon as possible the extent of the building, and the nature of the sculptures it contained, I merely dug down to the top of the slabs, and ascertained the character of the sculpture upon them, reserving a completer examination for a more favourable opportunity. I was thus able to form an opinion as to the number of bas-reliefs that could be removed, and to preserve those partially uncovered from injury, by heaping the rubbish again over them.

United to the last of the four slabs with small bas-reliefs, beyond the bulls of yellow limestone, was an ornamented corner-stone marking the end of hall B., the length of which could now be ascertained. Its dimensions were peculiar—154 feet in length, by 33 in breadth—resembling, in its narrowness, the chambers of Khor-sabad, though exceeding them all in its proportions. Adjoining the corner-stone was a winged figure; beyond it a slab, 14 feet in length, cut into a recess, in which are four figures. Two kings stand facing one another, but separated by the symbolic tree, above which is the divi-

with the wings and tail of a bird, enclosed in a circle, and holding a ring in one hand, resembling the image so frequently occurring on the early sculptures of Persia, and at one time conjectured to be the Zoroastrian "ferouher," or spirit of the person beneath. The fact of the identity of this figure with the Persian symbol is remarkable, and gives rise to new speculations and conjectures, which will be alluded to hereafter. Each king holds a mace or instrument, formed by a handle with a ball or circle at the end,* and is followed by a winged figure carrying the fir-cone and basket. This bas-relief is well designed and delicately carved, and the ornaments on the dresses and arms of the figures are elegant and elaborate.† —*Layard's Nineveh, and its Remains.*

SPIRITUAL RELIGION A DEFENCE.

SPIRITUAL religion will protect you by the happiness which it affords. Man is created with a capacity for bliss, and an instinctive desire after it; and it would not accord with the wisdom and goodness of God to have created an appetite, for the gratification of which he has made no provision. You and all other sentient, or at any rate rational, creatures long to be happy. This is a rational self-love; an instinct, not a virtue; a necessary propensity, not a moral excellence. What can a man have more, what can he desire less, than happiness? Yet how ignorant are most men of its nature, and of course of the means of obtaining it. The beautiful passage from the book of Job, already quoted, (Job xxviii. 12—28), is as true in application to happiness as it is to wisdom—for, in fact, the wisdom there spoken of and true felicity are identical.

But what is happiness? Not mere amusement—gratification—pleasure—merriment—at least as these terms are usually employed in ordinary discourse; these refer to the senses—the imagination—the intellectual tastes—the mere laughter-loving propensities of our nature: and know ye not, have ye not experienced, that under the brilliant covering, the gay exterior, of all these, there may be the never-dying worm gnawing at the heart and preying upon the peace? It is recorded, and by himself

too, of that once licentious libertine, but afterwards saintly soldier, colonel Gardiner, that when by general consent he was complimented as "the happy rake," he was inwardly, notwithstanding this deceptive appearance, so perfectly miserable, that he envied the dog which crouched at his feet. As another and a still more striking proof that pleasure and happiness are not convertible terms, think of that unhappy man—for such he undoubtedly was, notwithstanding his rank, his wealth, his genius, and his fame—whose name is the boast of modern poets, but at the same time the lament of religion and morality; that gifted nobleman, who prostituted his muse to the embraces of infidelity, and, as the result of such a union, has left us a siren offspring, which, by their fascinating strains, have lured multitudes to destruction, and who, unhappy victims! seemed to think it a compensation for the wreck of their immortal hopes to expire on the shores of genius and in the raptures of poetry. Even when listening to the melody of his wondrous verses, we hear perpetually the under-sounds of a groaning heart, as if God would show the necessity of religion to the happiness of the human bosom, in the wretchedness of the man who assailed it by the united powers of infidelity and poetry. Shade of Byron! oh that thou hadst known the truth of the inspired volume! thou too wouldest have been happy; and thy muse would have risen upon the wings of faith to a far sublimer height than it ever reached, and have placed thee second to our great Milton.

Happiness is that calm, serene enjoyment, of which the seat and centre are the *heart*, which gives contentment to the desires, and is maintained under the smile of conscience, and the approbation of the judgment. And where, but in true experimental religion, can *this* be found? And I appeal with confidence to those of you who have tasted it, if it is *not* to be found there? Christianity lighted on our sorrow-stricken, weeping world, as a seraph from the land of bliss, bringing with her the fruit of the tree of life, which is in the paradise of God, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. Her eye beams with mercy on suffering humanity—her voice utters the music of consolation—her soft hand wipes away our tears—and the ways into which she leads are ways of pleasantness; and her paths are peace. She forbids us the

* A similar object is seen in the hand of a sitting figure on a cylinder, engraved in Rich's Second Memoir on Babylon.

† This bas-relief has been sent to England: it is seen in several places.

fruit of no tree but what, however blushing and tempting it may appear, contains poison, and supplies us with no gratification but what is as salubrious as it is pleasant. She gives to the understanding the knowledge of the first truth, to the heart the enjoyment of the chief good. By the pardon of our sins through the blood of the everlasting covenant, she purifies and pacifies the conscience—by regeneration and sanctification, she breaks the slavery and calms the turbulence of the passions, and brings us under the gentle sway of true holiness—by prayer, meditation, and the perusal of the Scriptures, she helps us to maintain communion with the Father of our spirits—and, by faith and hope, she instructs us to anticipate and prepare for a glorious immortality. She is our guardian in the hour of temptation, our guide amidst the intricacies of life, our companion in solitude, and our nurse in sickness. She will tread with us that dark and gloomy vale where no other friend can be near, and will then waft us on her more than angel wings to the throne of the Eternal—the Fountain of life!

Are these the words of truth and soberness, or mere assertion and declamation? Will not your own happy experience verify what I have said? Here, then,—here, I exultingly say,—here is your defence—your best defence against the snares of infidelity. Will you relinquish all this? And for what? When infidelity solicits you to give up your religion, ask the tempter, What he has to give you in return? Your prudence, as well as your principle, should inquire, What he has to offer you in the way of compensation for the peace that passeth understanding—the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory? What secrets of bliss has he acquired, and what elements has he discovered, more substantial and more satisfying than quietness of conscience—purity of heart—holiness of life—communion with God—the hope of immortality, and the foretaste of heaven? “Miserable man! he is proud of being the offspring of chance—is in love with universal disorder, whose happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witness to his designs, and who is at ease, only because he supposes himself an inhabitant of a forsaken and fatherless world!”

Will you quit the region of pure, solid, sublime delight, to which religion has led you, to wander in the gloom and desolate

waste of a cold and heartless philosophy? Will you push out of this quiet haven, and from these still waters, to be tossed upon the unquiet ocean of scepticism, and wrecked at last upon the shores of unbelief? Will you turn from this garden of the Lord, this paradise of God, where the sun shines upon the flowers and the fruits which his rays have ripened, and which he still continues to gild, to wander in the dark night of unbelief, amidst the bogs of endless doubt, and in chase of the wild fires of a false and doubtful philosophy? No, no; every conviction of your judgment, every yearning of your heart, every dictate of your conscience, every recollection of the past, and every anticipation of the future, says “No.” It would be like exchanging the tree of life for the vine of Sodom, whose grapes are gall and its clusters bitter; and turning from the river of life, clear as crystal, that proceedeth from the throne of God and the Lamb, to lap the dark and filthy puddle that oozes from the slime-pits of human depravity, and stagnates in the gutters of sensuality and vice. These two simple questions are, and will be, I believe, found a sufficient protection to you from the dangers which surround you; “What shall I lose by giving up Christianity? and what shall I gain by embracing infidelity?” Ah, what—what indeed?

Spiritual religion produces deep humility, and thus prevents that pride of intellect which gives so strong a bias, and produces so powerful a propensity to infidelity and false philosophy. It was pride, in all probability, which occasioned the fall and expulsion from heaven of the sinning angels; it was pride of intellect which laid our race in ruins; it was pride which formed the character of the first murderer; from pride of intellect sprung originally the whole system of idolatry; and infidelity and false philosophy can boast no higher or better parent. It is the boast of infidels, that their reason is sufficient for all the purposes of morality and religion, and they need not the aids of a revelation from God. Presumptuous confidence! But, alas! how seductive and how prevalent! What is it, but man deifying himself, and falling down to worship at the shrine of his own reason? Now the very genius of Christianity is directly opposed to all this. Its first lesson is humility—its second humility—its third humility.

Distinguishing between self-degrada-

tion and self-exaltation, it leads us to consider that the powers of the human understanding are not only given, but sustained in all their exercises, by God; and therefore cherishes a spirit of dependence upon him: and while it leaves ample room for the exercise of reason, in the way of discovery and invention in the fields of science and the arts, admonishes its possessors that it is at once too feeble and too corrupt to be a guide in place of religion. It reminds us that reason, once a sun, is now a meteor, partaking of the corruption of our nature, and needing a conductor at every step of our course; and calls upon us, in lowliness, gratitude, and confidence, to give ourselves up to a safer leadership.

And, besides this, spiritual religion makes a man intimately acquainted with himself; it leads him into the interior of his own soul, and there discloses to him such weaknesses as make him distrust himself; and furnishes the recollection of so many humbling failures, and so many painful chastisements of his own undue reliance upon himself, that he is prepared to follow the inspired injunction—not to lean to his own understanding, and most freely and fully to admit its declaration, that “He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.”

And what is the practical expression and demonstration of his humility? A constant habit of earnest prayer. Humility is the emotion of which prayer is the expression. Humility is the devotion of the heart, prayer that of the lip. Humility is the feeling of dependence, prayer is its language. Prayer is more constantly and necessarily connected with spiritual religion than speech is with natural life: there may be natural mutes; there can be no spiritual ones. The ear of the renewed soul is never closed, nor its tongue ever silent. Prayer is not only our duty but it is our honour and our privilege; for it is the converse of man with God, the intercourse of the finite spirit with the Infinite, the coming of the child of grace and heir of glory into the presence of his heavenly Father. Prayer is placing ourselves under the outstretched arm of Omnipotence, entering the secret place of the Almighty; it is, in fact, putting on the power of God as a shield, and taking hold of his might. Nowhere has infidelity, with all its plausibilities, less weight—nowhere has Christianity, with all its difficulties and incomprehensibilities, more power than when both

are contemplated together by an act of devotion in the light of God's countenance.

Give yourselves to prayer; be not ashamed of the exercise. Ashamed! Were an archangel to become incarnate, he would account it not only his bounden duty, but his highest honour, to pray. Conceal not, attempt not to conceal, the fact—that you pray. It may be desirable, and is, in order to prevent distraction, to be quite alone; but if this cannot be, neglect not to bend your knee before your companions. You know not the influence such an act may have upon others. If the present lecturer has a right to consider himself a real Christian—if he has been of any service to his fellow-creatures, and has attained to any usefulness in the church of Christ, he owes it in the way of means and instrumentality to the sight of a companion, who slept in the same room with him, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. That scene, so unostentatious and yet so unconcealed, roused my slumbering conscience, sent an arrow to my heart; for though I had been religiously educated, I had restrained prayer, and cast off the fear of God; my conversion to God followed, and soon afterwards my entrance upon college studies for the work of the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, with all its multitudinous events; but that little chamber, that humble couch, that praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amidst the splendour of heaven and through the ages of eternity.—*Rev. J. A. James's Lecture to Young Men.*

MOSES.—No. I.

In reading the wide page of Nature; in examining how the hand of God has traced its various details, few subjects are more interesting than that of the manner in which plants are disposed on the different portions of our earth's surface. Much has been done of late years to make us acquainted with the geography of plants, and much is in progress which will give us fuller knowledge of this subject. The fern-tree rises on the forests of tropical countries, or the plume-like bough of the herbaceous species abounds on hill and

glen of our own land. Heat and moisture will increase the luxuriance of this tribe, but the minutely beautiful moss is destined as a covering to other soils, and has a work to do, even more important to man than the larger fern. The cold dreary regions of the north are the spots where mosses exhibit their greatest luxuriance, though they exist in the humid spots of all countries—growing in lands between the tropics, on the tops of high mountains or in the shadow of the rock, or around the trees of the forest. As we recede from the equator, we leave behind us the waving palm and its gigantic forest companions, and approaching the arctic circle, find only the hardy pine, dwindling at last into a stunted shrub, and dwarf birch and willow trees not more than a foot high, and mosses and lichens varied only by the succulent scurvy grass, and a species of sorrel, which captain Parry found flourishing under the snows at the extreme limits of vegetation.

The plants of the moss tribe are often the last spots of verdure on which the eye can rest from the dazzling whiteness of the snow scene. So, too, the moss is the first verdant thing which gladdens the newly-formed soil. Dr. Lindley mentions that the earliest green crust upon the cinders of Ascension, was minute mosses; and adds, that they form more than a quarter of the whole Flora of Melville Island. This is the most northern station of America on which vegetation has been observed, and on the desolate regions of this most intensely cold country, the saxifrages, the grasses, a few cross-shaped flowers, as the scurvy grass or Alpine cress, and the moss and lichen, are all that can find a home. Not a tree or bush, except the small arctic willow, about six inches high, can rear its head above the mossy tract. Crabbe has beautifully described the process of vegetation, either on the island upheaved by central forces from the bosom of the ocean, or on a new soil formed by a ruin:

"Seeds, to the eye invisible, will find
On the rude rock, the bed that fits their kind:
There on the rugged rock they safely dwell,
Till showers and snows the subtle atoms swell
And spread the enduring foliage; then, we trace
The freckled flower upon the flinty base:
These all increase, till in unnoticed years
The stony tower, as gray with age, appears
With coats of vegetation thinly spread,
Coat above coat, the living on the dead:
These then dissolve to dust, and make a way
For bolder foliage, nursed by their decay.
The long-enduring ferns, in time, will all
Die and depose their dust upon the wall,

Where the wing'd seed may rest, till many a
flower
Shows Flora's triumph o'er the falling tower."

This is the exact process of vegetation in the temperate zones; but on some lands bordering on the torrid zone, as well as between the tropics, a different order exists. Humboldt has observed, that though some of the mosses of our soil are common to Lapland, the Peak of Teneriffe, and the Blue Mountains of Jamaica, that in the countries near the tropics, lichens and mosses are not always the earliest plants which are seen gradually forming the new soils. The mould is prepared for the mossy vegetation which in remote periods shall crown their lands, by the growth of succulent plants, which spring up out of the crevices of the rock. The leaves of these vegetables, provided with an infinite number of orifices and pores on their surface, draw through them the water held in solution by the ambient air, and endowed with the faculty of easily imbibing moisture, and evaporating it very slowly, they can flourish on rocks which afford little nutriment to the root, just as our moss, composed of masses of cells, can drink in and retain the rain and dews which water it, and needs no food from the surface on which it fixes. And so, by degrees, though very slow degrees, the succulent plants decay, and form a soil, though ages must roll away ere the seeds of the shrub or tree which the wild winds have flung on these soils shall find sufficient depth in which to strike its roots.

The mosses on the countries of the north often, by their luxuriance, render the spots which they clothe extremely beautiful. The mossy carpet is sometimes a foot thick; the rocks appear of an emerald green from their mossy clothing, and the fir-tree, covered with its mossy verdure, rises from among the snows like a column of green bronze. The Iceland wide tracts of land are thickly covered with mosses; and Finland, which the ancient writers termed *Lapidosa*—the stony—has its hills and valleys formed of solid rock, often made beautiful by various plants of the moss tribe. St. Pierre, describing some of its hills, and the cryptogamus and other plants which grew on them, remarks—"The fir, the birch, and the service-tree vegetated wonderfully well on the sides of these hills, though in many places there was scarcely earth sufficient to cover their roots. The summits of most of these hills and rocks

were rounded in the form of a skull-cap, and glittered with the water trickling down the long fissures by which they were furrowed. Many of these caps were perfectly bare, and so slippery that it was scarcely possible to walk over them. They were crowned all round the top with a broad ring of moss, of an emerald green, out of which sprung, here and there, an infinite multitude of mushrooms, of every variety of form and colour. Some were shaped like large cases of a scarlet colour, and studded with white spots; others were orange-coloured, and formed like a parasol; others were as yellow as saffron, and elongated like eggs: some were of most exquisite white, so white that you might take them for ivory draughtsmen. These mosses and mushrooms stretched along the fillets of water which ran from the summits of these hills of rocks, extended in long stripes across the woods with which their sides were covered, and skirted their extremities, where they were confounded with a multitude of strawberry and raspberry-plants."

But we need not travel to the north to see the emerald-green of mosses. In our own woods, they "creep quietly around the fallen trees," or protect the living ones from the cold of winter and the drought of summer; or forming soft cushions on mossy trunks, and elastic carpets at our feet, well deserve their name. The Normans brought with them a new name for our mosses, which were once called *reets*. Moss is derived from the French *mousse*, which is itself derived from *mou*, soft or loose, like the foam of the sea or the bubbles of soap, and is similar to our word "must," which was formerly given to liquors in a state of fermentation.

In many parts of our land, we find tracts covered with mosses; and Ireland, "the paradise of mosses," alone is considered to have an extent of 2,800,000 English acres of bog land, covered with plants of this tribe. The tract of peat moss in Lancashire, called the Chat-moss, is an example, on a large scale, of similar spots on English soil. Of little service as any individual moss may be for economic purposes, yet the bog mosses are so valuable in the economy of nature, that few tribes of plants can be said to ultimately contribute more to the good of man. By the growth of mosses, moist, useless lands have been, in the course of years, rendered fit for draining, and thus

serviceable for culture; while the bogs, even in their uncultivable condition, furnish, by their solid vegetable matter, an immense store of fuel, as well as a manure for improving lands under agriculture. The large bogs of Ireland, as well as those in other parts of our country, are probably rendered moist by the natural springs of water, or the drainings of a considerable area confined beneath the surface of the land. This is favourable to the growth of a variety of aquatic plants, which quickly accumulate on such soils. Around the roots of these the mud gathers continually, and a plashy soil is formed, on which some of the moss tribe rise and flourish. The soft green moss plant creeps on and on, making rapid progress by its quick growth, becoming a thick cushion above and an endless mat-work below, and, absorbing the moisture, continues to grow and decay till a somewhat firmer land is formed by its living and dead mass of interlacing fibres.

The Irish, when they gather from their bogs the fibrous substance in this condition, call it "the old wives' tow." To the bog-trotter, accustomed from childhood to bound on light foot on such soils, they are firm enough for safety; but when the inexperienced traveller ventures on them, he is often lost. These bogs were sometimes to the Irish, during the time of the rebellion, what the fastnesses of his eternal hills are to the mountaineer. Thither the pursuer could not chase him, or if he did, danger and death beset him; while the Irishman could lightly skim the surface, and escape the pursuer. The upper surface of these soils are covered with the verdant mosses, green enough to give its name to the Emerald Isle; and these are the sods which have covered the bodies of some of our countrymen, which were found long after, still decomposed, owing to the preserving astringent principle which vegetable fibre decayed in water, always possesses. To about the depth of ten feet, these soils are found to be composed of the fibres of the mosses and similar plants in a state of decay; but this light mass is not usually hardened into the substance well fitted for fuel; and it is the light blackish-brown turf, containing the less distinctly marked traces of mossy fibre, which serves for burning.

Nor is this so valuable as the more compact black bituminous mass below, which is hardened into a kind of coal,

and which may be highly polished, and is, as well as the higher substance, of vegetable origin. The tiny moss which rises beneath our footsteps, hardly perhaps attracts the eye. Some species cannot be seen without the aid of a microscope. The greater number need artificial aid to convey to us any idea of their structure, and yet how great a blessing are they to man and animals. Pleasing and picturesque, too, are their green masses, and among their sprays lie sheltered thousands of the insect tribe, no less beautiful, no less wondrous than themselves, rejoicing in the air and sunshine, which are theirs as well as ours.

The genus of the moss tribe which forms most of our bog lands, is the spagnum or bog-moss. It has leaves of a somewhat whitish green, and is found on most moist lands. Some writers consider that the different kinds of spagnum form four or more distinct species; others consider that they are all one, but that different circumstances of soil somewhat alter the character of the moss. We may gather it from the marsh or moory land at any season of the year, and it is said to be a plant which is, almost more than any other, indigenous to all parts of the world. On all the lands of Europe it composes that watery turfy surface on which we so often fear to tread, and whose bright herbage has often tempted the luckless animal to wander and perish there. Among its decaying roots some of our prettiest wild flowers rise up in beauty, and the sundew glitters with its honeyed drops, and the cranberry ripens its acid fruits, and the beautiful rose-coloured heather hangs its waxen bells. The bird gathers it from our lands for his nest. In other lands it is used for some domestic purposes. Linnæus describes the mossy bed of the Laplander, which, being made of the long stems of moss gathered from the land, makes a light and soft couch.

Dr. Richardson, who accompanied Sir John Franklin to the shores of the Polar Sea, thus describes the cradle of that tribe of North American Indians, called the Crees. "The infant," he says, "is placed in a bag, having its lower extremities wrapt up in soft bog-moss, and may be hung up in the tent, or to the branch of a tree, without the least danger of tumbling out; or in a journey, suspended on the mother's back by a band which crosses the forehead, so as to leave her hands perfectly free. It is one of the

neatest articles of furniture which they possess, being generally ornamented with beads and bits of scarlet cloth; but it bears a strong resemblance to a mummy-case. The spagnum in which the child is laid, forms a soft, elastic bed, which absorbs the moisture very readily, and affords such a protection from the cold of a rigorous winter, that its place would be ill-supplied by cloth. The mothers are careful to collect a sufficient quantity in autumn for winter use; but when, through accident, their stock fails, they have recourse to the soft down of the Typha or reed-mace, the dust of rotten wood, or even feathers, although none of these articles are so cleanly or so easily changed as the spagnum." Sir John Franklin speaks of the beauty of the variegated tints of the mosses and lichens which covered some of the cliffs of these dreary regions, which contrasted with the dark deep green of the pines that grew on their summits.

Some of the floating stems of the bog-moss are four feet long, and its leaves of the length of three-quarters of an inch. These mosses are frequently packed around the roots of trees, destined to be removed to a distance, and being non-conductors of heat, they are used as under-clothing by the people of cold countries. The large boots which the driver of the rein-deer is obliged to wear, are rendered comfortable by being lined either with a species of sedge, or with some of the mosses. When made into beds, as they often are, and when become hard by pressure, the housewife has but to take them up and plunge them into water, and when again dried, they are green and elastic as before. This property of reviving, which is found in the moss tribe, is owing to their cellular structure; and we may easily see it by plunging a handful of long dried moss into fluid, when it will become verdant, and its bowed foliage will resume the hue and form of life. The thick mosses which overspread the soil of Lapland, serve the poor Laplanders also as litter for cattle and wicks for their lamps. The Hungarian hunters light their fires on the mountains continually, by letting the spark fall on a portion of its withered foliage; and they make a shelter for themselves from howling winds, by gathering masses of it around, as they lie awaiting their prey. Some mosses have been, at various times, used both in Great Britain and other countries, as

medicines; but their slightly astringent properties render them of little worth as remedial agents.

Every one who has noticed the common mosses of our woods or on our walls, during the season of fructification, must have remarked the slender, thread-like stalks which arise from among their foliage, and which are tipped with green oblong, base-like substances. These are the capsules in which the seeds of mosses are contained, and which in some cases lie closely hidden among the stems and leaves. The vase-like capsule, small as it is, is exquisitely finished, being provided with a lid, and often separated into valves, and beautifully arranged to meet the purposes for which the great Creator has intended it. The leaves of mosses are always close upon the stem of the plant, and never grow on leaf stalks, neither are they ever cut into fissures or lobed, though they are sometimes notched with minute serratures, like the edge of a saw, with perfect regularity. They are thin and pellucid, and the stem of some of our largest and handsomest mosses has sometimes the appearance of a tree, and would remind one of the palm of the East, or of one of the branched and forest trees which in our own land echo the whispers of the summer winds. Some mosses, again, are so small, that the unassisted eye cannot discern them, and all but the botanist would regard them as a thin, green powder, scattered on the spots where they grow, and enabled to adhere to the surface by being moistened into something like compactness by rains and dews. The general height of the mosses of our land is from one to three inches, but the common bog-moss, as well as the common hair-moss, are often a foot and a half, or even more, in length, on soils which are peculiarly favourable to their luxuriance. Dr. Drummond observes, that in cold countries the mosses and others of these flowerless plants grow chiefly on the northern side of the trunks and branches of trees, and that this growth of moss forms one of the marks by which the Canadian Indian tracks his way through pathless forests. A. P.

DISCOVERIES IN ELECTRICITY.

THE electric light with which M. Archembaud some years since illuminated the streets of Paris, and Mr. Staite is dazzling

the eyes of the Londoners, is certainly a most brilliant result. Up to the present time this has been produced only by the use of troublesome and costly apparatus; but Mr. Staite assures the public that he has succeeded in completing an arrangement of materials by which the electrical power can be supplied at a cost far beneath any other known method—that his battery will be simple in charging and discharging, and capable of furnishing a current uniform both in quantity and intensity for any required period. As the specification of the patentee is to be made on the 14th of this month, we shall soon have an opportunity of testing the correctness of this assertion. Some interesting researches of M. Maas, of Namur, on the mechanical transference of ponderable matter from the positive to the negative pole when the electric current is established in a vacuum, appear to point out other difficulties in the mechanical adjustments which are not, we think, met by the ingenious arrangements of Messrs. Staite and Petrie.

Since the discovery by Cæsted of the magnetic power imparted to bars of iron by an electric current traversing copper wire coiled around them, numerous attempts have been made, with various degrees of success, to move machinery by the enormous force which we have thus at our command. The most remarkable experiments are those of Prof. Jacobi, who in 1838 and 1839 succeeded in propelling a boat upon the Neva at the rate of four miles an hour. At this time an engine is in process of construction in London, under the direction of Mr. Hjorth, a countryman of the great discoverer of electro-magnetism, which the patentee supposes will give a power equal to five horses. We have seen the model, which certainly embraces many new features that promise to render the application of the power more effective than it has been hitherto. One of the electro-magnets made for the large engine, in a recent trial, supported nearly 5,000 lb., and its attractive force at one-eighth of an inch was equal to nearly 1,500 lb. As this force can be multiplied without limits, the question is reduced entirely to one of economy and convenience.—*Athenæum*.

THE NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

No. III.

HAVING already briefly considered the history and present condition of the

North-Western Railway, the attention of the reader may be directed to some of the arrangements which are carried out in the details of this vast and complicated establishment.

It is interesting not only to study human nature on a railway platform, but to observe the movements both of the *materiel* and *personnel* of a train, about to speed its flight to some far-distant region; and few better opportunities are afforded than those presented on the "down" platform of the Euston-square station.

The carriages, which formed the last "up-train," with some slight modifications to suit peculiar circumstances, may perhaps be employed in the conveyance of the next cargo of passengers. Such being the case, the carriages are either drawn forward by a pilot-engine, and then by means of the "points" backed into their own locality, or they are transferred, by the assistance of the turntables and the labour of a few of the Company's porters. The train is at length duly formed, preceded and followed by the appointed luggage-van or horse-box intended for the protection of the passengers in the event of collision, and soon all parties are busily engaged. Porters bustle about with luggage of all kinds and shapes, passengers of every class and age and occupation, hurry hither and thither, beneath that covered space, lighted as it is by 8,797 square yards, or upwards of an acre and three-quarters of plate-glass, by day, and 232 gas-lamps by night. Piles of baggage are collected, or perhaps conveyed to their appointed places in wicker-work trucks, having the appearance of something between a clothes-basket and a badly-constructed cradle. One man has a pair of pointers, which are pulling vigorously in different directions, while he is dragging them in a third; another endangers the heads of the public generally by the clumsy manner in which he conveys a huge box towards the luggage-van; while a third is carrying over his right shoulder a matted parcel, twelve or fifteen feet long, of young trees, which the owner, who has just purchased them for his garden, is following with almost paternal solicitude.

The train is now gradually filling; the luggage is deposited in, on, or under the carriage in which the passenger travels, or else is removed to the luggage-van. The "five-minutes' bell" rings; places

are occupied; friends prepare to take leave; the last few passengers and packages are hastily deposited in the train; the bell rings, the whistle shrieks, and the whole is in motion. The last signs of separating friends are hastily exchanged; the loud "chay-chay" of the steam, which is at first heard at perceptible intervals, soon follow one another in increasingly-rapid succession; and as the train rolls onward, policemen are seen, with red, green, and white signal-flags, till passing the Camden station (which has been already described,) the meditations of the traveller are disturbed by the roar which is heard as he enters Primrose-tunnel.

As he emerges, wondering spectators watch the train at the bridges to see

"The mighty engines rushing o'er the land
Swifter than flight,"

or linger at their work to notice,

"First the shrill whistle, then the distant roar,
The ascending cloud of steam, the gleaming
brass,
The mighty moving arm; and on and amain
The mass comes thundering like an avalanche
o'er
The quaking earth; a thousand faces pass
A moment, and are gone like whirlwind sprites,
Scarce seen; so much the roaring speed beignits
All sense and recognition for awhile;
A little space, a minute, and a day;
Then look again, how soft it journeys on—
Away, away, along the horizon,
Like drifted cloud, to its determin'd place;
Power, speed, and distance melting into space."

On—on it rushes, apparently climbing eminences and descending declivities, winding along gradients of all kinds and lengths, while the roar of the train, as it passes under the bridge, the passing of quarter-mile stones, and electric-telegraph poles, which seem running to the rear, do not cease until the fiery and steamy monster rushes into a station-yard, perhaps to recruit, with coke and water, his apparently-expended energies.

But though the reader may think our notions little less eccentric than those of a comet, we must ask him to step into a train which is now arriving from the midland counties, at the northern entrance of Primrose-hill tunnel, that he may observe some other arrangements, equally interesting and important. The policeman stationed here immediately signals his coadjutor at the southern end, and apprizes him of a train being in the tunnel. The latter crosses the line, and places the signal, which is delineated in the engraving of Primrose-hill tunnel,*

* See *Visitor* for February, 1849.

in the position indicating "all right," "caution," or "danger," as the case may be, which should the engine-driver disregard, he will be "reported" as an offender against the established laws of the Company. This duty of the policeman having thus been accomplished, and the bell rung, he takes his bundle of red, green, and white flags, which indicate that "danger" is present—in which case the engine would be immediately stopped; that "caution" is necessary—a signal which requires a diminished speed; or that there is "security"—in which no change is necessary. As soon as the Primrose-hill bell was sounded, one of the Company's servants, who has charge of a hydraulic-machine for condensing air, allows a portion to rush through an inch-iron tube, and thus communicates the fact of the arrival of the train by a loud melancholy whine, which moans forth for some time in a little signal-office on the "up" platform of Euston-square, where a policeman is stationed day and night. The moment he hears the well-known sound, he emerges from his small "local habitation," touches the trigger of a bell outside the door, which, in two loud hurried notes, announces to all whom it may concern, the anticipated arrival at the Camden station.

Again we must stay a moment, and ask our reader to fly, on the rapid wings of imagination, to the platform which stretches southward from the Regent's Canal. At this point the train has now arrived, having given all kinds of shrieking signals as it passed the Camden station; and the guard, assisted by others on the spot, proceeds to take the tickets of the passengers. It has been said, but with how much of truth we leave to the experience of passengers, that the ticket-receivers show a *refined* discrimination in the manner of declaring their mission at the carriage window. "Tickets, if you please, ladies and gentlemen," are the euphonious accents which fall on the ears of the first-class passenger. These are modified to the—"Tickets, gentlemen, tickets," of the second-class; while the appeal is shaded off into the—"Where's your tickets?" of the third.

Meanwhile some curious but ordinary circumstances have occurred at Euston-square. The "up"-platform is much longer than that for "down" trains; and the arrangements for the arrival of an in-coming train, especially at night, are

very interesting. The platform is a curve nine hundred feet long, lighted by day from above with plate-glass, but dimly shadowed forth by sixty-seven large gas-lamps, either suspended from above, or affixed to the iron pillars that support the metallic net-worked roof, which have been economically screwed down to the minimum of existence; but as soon as the "whine" of the compressed air was heard, they give forth their clear and brilliant flame. Upon this extensive platform scarcely a human being has been seen, though in reality there are the men connected with the interminable mass of vehicles of all descriptions which line the platform. Most of the drivers of those useful machines, the cabs, strange to say, are absent; "the remainder are either lolling on benches, or, in various attitudes, dozing on their boxes. Their horses, which are generally well-bred, and whose bent knees and fired hocks proclaim the good services they have performed, stand ruminating with a piece of sacking across their loins, or with nose-bags, often empty, until for some reason a carriage before them leaves their line; in which case, notwithstanding the absence of their drivers, and regardless of all noises, they quietly advance along the edge of the little precipice which bounds the rails. There are sixty-five selected cab-men who have the *entrée* to the platform, and who, as long as they behave well, are allowed exclusively to work for the Company, whose name is painted on their cabs. If more than these are required, a porter calls them from a line of suppliant cabs standing in the adjoining street."*

By this time the passengers having duly fumbled in half their pockets for their tickets, at length have delivered them to the authorities, and have collected the various minor articles of luggage, such as the various coats, cloaks, parcels, bags, travelling caps, baskets, umbrellas, and newspapers, which accompany them in the carriage. The Euston station-master has in the interim definitely ascertained that the line is clear, and then announces, by his compressed air-apparatus, this important fact to the ticket-collector at the Camden platform, who is on no account allowed to let a train depart till he has received this intelligence. The break is then loosed, and the train, by its own impetus, gains increased velocity as it

speeds onward down the incline towards Euston-square. What consternation would fill the minds of many travellers, it is beyond our power to describe, were they the casual observers of their own position. Could they stand on the railway, as we have done, and see the long line of carriages advancing with impetuous speed at some forty miles an hour, without apparently any power to control or any agency to guide their movements—for their friend, the locomotive, has been left in a siding at the Camden station—it would seem, to one unaccustomed to the sight, that nothing could stay its onward progress to utter destruction. The guards, however, who a superficial observer might imagine were only looking to see when a collision would take place, have command of the whole; and the breaks, the machinery connected with what they hold in their hands, will guide and regulate the train so as to conduct it with perfect safety to its destination.

"About four minutes," says the *Quarterly Review*, "after the up-train has been authorised by the air-pipe to leave Camden-station, the guard, who stands listening for it in Euston-tunnel, just as a deaf man puts his ear to a trumpet, announces by his flag its immediate approach; on which the signal-man at the little office at Euston platform again touches his trigger, which, violently convulsing his bell as before, the cab-horses begin to move their feet, raise their jaded heads, prick up their ears, and champ their bits; the servants in livery turn their powdered heads round; the Company's porters, emerging from various points, quickly advance to their respective stations; and this suspense continues until, in a second or two, there is seen darting out of the tunnel, like a serpent from its hole, the long dark-coloured dusty train, which, by a tortuous movement, is apparently advancing at its full speed." The guards apply the breaks, and the train is brought to such a speed that the porters are enabled, at a brisk walk, to unfasten the doors of the various carriages, from which immediately emerge a horde of human beings, who seem to have pre-determined to create, on their arrival, the greatest amount of confusion in the smallest space of time. The recognitions of friends and acquaintances are scarcely exchanged when some or all of the party rush off in quest of the luggage, and perhaps one returns, bringing on the

shoulders of a porter the identical packages which had been deposited in the van at Glasgow or Newcastle, with evident complacency. A vehicle is next obtained, and by the assistance of carriage, omnibus, or cab, the party is soon clean "off the premises." Indeed, so quickly is this department of railway labour fulfilled, that there is much truth in the remark that a train takes twenty minutes to be loaded, and twenty seconds to be emptied. Every cabman carrying away a passenger is obliged to tell the place of his destination, as he trots past the departure-gate of the station, to a person who is there to receive and record it. Thus, if the travellers leave property in the vehicle, he can find out which it is; while if he be escaping from the clutches of the law, a clue is furnished for the discovery of the "fare."

We must now briefly turn the attention of the reader to other departments of the Company's operations. The Parcels Delivery-office is well deserving of attention; but time forbids. "While witnessing the operation of sorting, however," says the *Quarterly Review*, "we could not help observing that the Company's porters took about as much notice of the words 'Keep this side uppermost,' 'With care,' 'Glass,' 'To be kept very dry,' etc., as the Admiralty would to an intimation from some dowager-duchess that her nephew, who is about to join the *Thunderer* as a midshipman, 'has rather a peculiar constitution, and will therefore require, for some years, very particular care.'"

The Lost-luggage-office must briefly be noticed. When a train arrives at the termination of its journey, every part of all the carriages is examined by a *searcher*, who proceeds with anything he may find to the aforesaid office. The description of the article, the day of the discovery, the train, and the carriage, are noted down by the superintendent of this department with scrupulous accuracy; and if anything be found bearing an address, it is kept for twenty-four hours, that the owner may send for it, and it is then forwarded to him. If it bears no address, and is not inquired for, at the end of a month it is opened, and on the discovery of any clue to the owner, a letter is despatched to him. If no intelligence can be obtained, the article is kept two years, and then sold by auction to the public, the Company's servants

being excluded, as it is thought better that they should have no inducement to conceal an article from the rightful possessor, by any direct or indirect advantage they might derive therefrom.

Another volume, called the "Luggage-inquiry-book," is kept, in which articles are entered, which passengers think they have lost on the line, and inquiry is made at the Lost-luggage dépôts. All articles found between Wolverton and London are forwarded to the metropolis, and those between Wolverton and Birmingham are sent to Birmingham. As a last resource, the superintendent of the office writes to the 310 stations, on forty-two lines of railway, to inquire after the missing goods; and in the event of this failing, the party is informed that they are not on the railway. The collection of articles in the Lost-luggage dépôt is astonishing: shawls, cloaks, umbrellas, parasols, reticules, scarfs, boxes, carpet-bags, eatables, and drinkables, are innumerable; while the scene has been varied by the presence of a pair of leather hunting breeches, a boot-jack, a knapsack, a regimental coat, a Scotchman's bagpipes, and a pair of crutches.

The *personnel*, as well as the *materiel* of the North-Western Railway, deserves attentive examination; but we must be content with a brief allusion. When we are seated by the rosy Christmas fire, and hear the sleet rattling against the window, or when the freezing blast howls eager for entrance round the dwelling in which the family group is collected, we sometimes think of the hardy sailor, who rides in his gallant bark on the stormy ocean; but the railway engine-driver, who has

"To bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm,"

we often forget. But to think for a moment of his position when enduring the cold that is produced in winter by evaporation from his drenched clothes, or as the gale sweeps triumphantly over the land in one direction, and he dashes through it in the opposite at the rate of thirty, forty, or fifty miles an hour, we cannot but regard it as indeed an extraordinary tournament; yet on he goes, the fearful responsibility under which he is placed keeping his attention undiminished; and while on a bright sunshiny day to rush forward under such circumstances requires a cool head and a steady hand,

what must be the position he occupies when in the blackness of a wintry night he penetrates the tunnels, skims along the precipitous heights of embankments, dashes through deep cuttings at a prodigious rate, and rushes down a steep gradient, backed up by perhaps thirty passenger-carriages, each weighing on an average five tons and a half. If an engine could go, without any embarrassment, *through* the fourteen-inch wall of the Camden engine dépôt, as has been twice done; and if in an ordinary accident happening to a luggage-train near Loughborough, the wagons overrode each other till the uppermost one was found piled forty feet above the rails, a train like that we have described would pass through ordinary houses, if placed in its way, like a musket-ball through a keg of butter; while if diverted by any accident against a mass of solid rock, such as is sometimes to be seen at the entrance of a tunnel, the result would be too fearful to conjecture. But we entertain no morbid anticipation of such a catastrophe; we rely instrumentally on the excellence of mechanical science, and the intrepidity and skill of our railway guides; and especially with humble and grateful confidence on the God of providence, who conducts millions of his creatures every year, in safety and comfort, to the places of their destination.

The colossal character of railway interests is shown by the fact, that the capital expended on railways now open is about 150,000,000*l.* sterling, giving, when the non-paying dividend lines are excluded, an interest of 4*l.* 3*s.* 7½*d.* per cent. per annum.

We trust that a system intimately connected with the private and public interests of our country will be so conducted as to develop, by its ameliorating influence, all those advantages, whether political, social, or religious, of which it is eminently susceptible. F. S. W.

OLD HUMPHREY AT FORT WILLIAM.

They tell me, that at first the fort
Was built of turf alone;
But now it stands in all its strength
A citadel of stone,
An ancient man mused o'er the plan,
And thus was heard to say,
"The more men lend, and give, and spend
In war, the more they may."

It was late at night, when, somewhat weary with a rainy walk from Ballah-

* See *Visitor* for February, 1849.

lish, I entered Maryburgh, near Fort William. As the queen was then at Loch Laggan, not more than twenty or thirty miles distant, I was not a little pleased in getting a home at the hotel. Royalty has many followers; and as little accommodation is to be had at Loch Laggan, it appeared highly probable that Maryburgh would be crowded. Crowded it certainly was, but not sufficiently so to shut the door of the hotel against me. That night sound was my slumber.

At an early hour in the morning I sallied forth from the inn. So recently had the queen landed, that the excitement thereby occasioned had not subsided. Numbers were visiting the pier, where a temporary new flight of steps had been erected for her majesty, while others were gazing on the booths which were yet standing, profusely ornamented with laurel and mountain-heather. The hotel was crammed with characters of all kinds,—military and naval officers, tourists, artists, and reporters among them. The queen! the queen! the queen! was the universal topic.

While conversing with a naval officer in the large upper room of the hotel, a gentleman entered and awakened much curiosity by relating a somewhat marvellous adventure of the queen, who, he understood, (the night before she made her public entry,) accompanied by Prince Albert and their attendants, left the royal yacht on which she was aboard at midnight, and visited the village *incog*. He had made some inquiry about the truth of the report, and found that the number of the ladies and gentlemen who made the nocturnal visit agreed exactly with that of the queen's party. An elderly major, who was present, laughed heartily at the report, and said that he did not believe one word of it. An animated conversation followed. For my part I could not but think, whether there was truth or not in the report, that a British queen had as much right to walk *incog*, with her attendants through Maryburgh as the caliph Haroun Alraschid had of olden time to perambulate in disguise with his vizier the streets of Bagdad.

Fort William, when originally erected with turf, by general Monk, had a garrison of two thousand men; but it was afterwards built with stone and lime to receive only eight hundred men. When I am commander-in-chief, all forts shall be built with turf, and all guns, great and

small, loaded with the same material. None but officers shall be allowed to go on a forlorn hope; the place of the officers, too, shall always be in the front when making an attack, and in the rear during a retreat. These trifling regimental regulations, with one or two more, will do much, I flatter myself, towards altering the whole system of warfare very much for the better.

Faith, hope, and meek-eyed charity,
Shall play their several parts,
And change the trade of breaking heads
To that of healing hearts.

The accompanying anecdote of Sir Ewan Cameron, of Lochiel, is too closely connected with the original erection of the fort to be omitted.

"All the highland chieftains, excepting Sir Ewan, had, one after the other, made their peace with Cromwell. General Monk left no means untried to bribe him into submission; his offers were magnificent, and Lochiel's friends vainly importuned him to submit. Monk at length determined upon constructing this fort, as a check upon the clan. His troops arrived by sea, and brought with them such an abundance of materials, that they erected the fort in the course of a single day, and secured themselves against an attack which the Camerons were meditating. Sir Ewan observed their proceedings from a neighbouring eminence, and retired into the wood of Achadallin, on the north side of Lochiel, where he dismissed all his followers excepting thirty-eight chosen men. Five days after their arrival, the governor of the fort, colonel Bigan, despatched three hundred of his men in two vessels, which were to sail up Lochiel, and anchor on both shores near Achadallin. The chief being informed that their design was to cut down his wood and carry away his cattle, determined to make them pay dearly for their plunder. Favoured by the woods, he came close to the shore, and counted the enemy as they came out of the ships, and found that the number of armed men exceeded one hundred and forty, besides workmen with axes. The older men of the clan remonstrated against attacking a force so very superior, but the young men were eager for the encounter. Lochiel, then a young man himself, determined to seize the opportunity of serving his king; and, after addressing an animated speech to his

followers, they consented to the measure, upon the condition that he and his younger brother, Allan, should remain at a distance. Lochiel spurned the condition so far as related to himself, but caused his brother to be bound to a tree, and placed under the charge of a boy. The gallant youth, however, soon prevailed on the boy to release him, and hastened to the conflict. The Camerons, who were about thirty in number, kept their muskets and arrows till their muzzles and points touched the breasts of their enemies. The first discharge killed about thirty. The English defended themselves with admirable valour, but were at length overcome and driven into the sea by the Camerons. In the retreat, one of the strongest and bravest of the English officers darted from behind a bush upon Lochiel. The conflict between them was long and desperate. Lochiel disarmed his foeman, when they grappled, and both came to the ground. The Englishman got above the chief; but stretching out his neck to disengage himself, Lochiel sprung at his throat, and bit it quite through. After this, his foster-brother, perceiving a man on the deck of a vessel aiming his piece at him, threw himself before him, and received the shot in his breast. The loss of the English in this affair was one hundred and thirty-eight, while Lochiel lost only five."

It was among the wild lochs, the magnificent mountains, and sublime scenery around Fort William, that loyalty to the house of Stuart found its last asylum, but even this it was compelled to abandon.

Ben Nevis is the principal lion of the neighbourhood of Fort William. It gratified me to see this commanding eminence from a distance: but to approach and climb its abrupt and rugged sides, was an adventure of more than common interest and delight. I love to gaze on the everlasting hills. It were well if the crowned heads of the world would take a lesson from these monarch mountains, and never trespass on each other's territory. Among human kings we see the baneful consequences of ambition and tyranny. We often see

brother monarchs, seek no conquests, make no aggressions; and there they are, unmoved by the storms that gather around them, holding up their heads among the clouds, generation after generation.

A few miles northward of Fort William are the remains of Tor Castle, a very ancient building. The ruin, the tremendous precipice, on the brink of which it stands, with the river Lochy running below, presents to the eye a scene at once romantic, arresting, and fearful. The highlands of Scotland are absolutely studded with castles. I may say with some propriety that I read of castles in my youth, and saw them in my age.

The gloomy grandeur of Ben Nevis is solemnly arresting. The vitrified fort on the green hill of Dundearduil, the pine-clad eminences and rifted crags, the overshadowing mountains, with the foaming Nevis at their base, the cave of Samuel higher up the glen, in which some of the wretched fugitives from the field of Cul-loden hid themselves, and the beautiful cascade on the opposite side of the river, all have a claim on the spectator, and minister to his interest and enjoyment. The ideal appears mingled with the real, and the wildest romance in scenery is a sober truth.

I longed to roam on Glen Spean and Glen Roy, but I could not effect my purpose. It is sometimes better to be disappointed than to be gratified.

On my way to the Caledonian Canal I mused over the old gravestones in the ancient burying-place adjoining the road, for there I found much to move me to reflection.

Mortal, hast thou joy or care,
Check thy mirth, and cease thy sighing;
Thou hast little time to spare:
Know'st thou not that thou art dying?

Work while it is called to-day;
Do thy best, for time is flying;
Seek the true, the living way;
Haste thee, haste, for thou art dying.

Death is lingering at thy door;
Hark! he calls, there's no denying:
Would'st thou live for evermore,
Trust in Christ, for thou art dying!

Inverlochry Castle drew me aside from my path, and long did I linger in the fosse, and by Cummin's Tower, and under the great arched gateway, where is yet visible some of the masonry of the drawbridge. Those who erected the old fortress knew something of the art of war, and what with the towers and sally-ports, and ram-

"The desolator desolate,
The victor overthrown;
The arbiter of other's fate
A suppliant for his own."

But Ben Macdhui, and Ben Nevis, and Ben Lawers, and Ben y Gloe, and their

parts, and loopholes, and parapets, did their best to render the place impregnable. They say the building is so old that it has outlived the traditions of its origin; but the very thought that Charlemagne and the "gude Scots king," Achaius, signed a league there, with sixteen thanes, or chiefs, as witnesses, set my imagination to work at once. The two monarchs were before me, and their witnesses also, but it was but for a moment—the figures of my fancy flitted away and left me alone, among the mouldering remains of former greatness.

For some time I chatted with the old ferryman, who put me across the Lochy, for I seldom fall in with one whose brow, like my own, is graven, without reminding him that the running sands in the hour-glass of our lives are but few. I looked with some interest on Loch Jel, where two or three yachts attached to the royal party were riding, and on the running waters of the Lochy across which I had just been ferried, but with still more interest did I regard that great national work of spirit and enterprise, the Caledonian Canal.

Where nature spreads her sterner charms,
It stretches wide its liquid arms;
Uniting straths that distant be,
And loch to loch, and sea to sea.

It was a bold and a happy thought to join by a canal the chain of magnificent lakes that fill up, for the most part, the great Caledonian Glen, Glenmorna Albin, thus forming a short north-east passage from the Atlantic to the North Sea. Little doubt is entertained that the Great Glen is the result of some tremendous convulsion, for the opposing fronts of the abrupt and rugged mountains too closely agree to warrant any other opinion. There are eight straths, or smaller glens, that lead into Glenmorna Albin, the four from the west-north-west are those of Glenurquhart, Glenmorriston, Glengarry, and Glen Locharkeg, and the remainder four from the east-south-east are Stratherrick, Glenluay, Glenspean, and Glen Nevis.

The length of the Caledonian Canal, beginning at Clachnaharry, near Inverness, and ending at Corpach, near Fort William, is a little more than sixty miles, of which distance thirty-seven miles, at least, pass through Lochs Ness, Oich, and Lochy, the first of these being twenty-four miles long, and in some places eight

hundred feet deep. The canal, or artificial part, is a hundred and twenty feet wide, and twenty deep, so that a thirty-two-gun frigate, or a large Baltic ship, can pass from sea to sea; that is, from the North Sea at Norway Frith to the Atlantic at the south end of Loch Linnhe.

Between Fort William and Inverness are many objects of an impressive kind, Fort Augustus and the Fall of Foyers are among them. Fort Augustus, consisting of four bastions, with governor's house and barracks for four hundred men, was built in 1730. It was taken by the Highlanders in 1746, and partly demolished. The surrounding scenery is beyond praise, and the hanging gardens of Glendoe, the caves of Inchmacordaah, and the Echoing Glen, near the waterfall of Calachy, on the Tarfe, are visited by many an ardent lover of nature with great satisfaction.

The Fall of Foyers, with its wonderful and sublime scenery, has few equals in the world. Difficult it is to set forth the specific character of every waterfall in a country wherein cataracts abound, but the Fall of Foyers, in the estimation of many, stands pre-eminent. The river Foyers flows from the lofty summits in the neighbourhood of Boleskine and Abertarff into Loch Ness. The wild and rugged mountains, the wooded sides of the glen, and the black rocks forming a framework of terrific grandeur to the fall, add much to the sublimity of the scene. The upper fall has three breaks, the lower is dashed by a shelving rock into numberless forms, from which rises a snowy spray; it then descends in a stream of perfect whiteness, at least two hundred feet, and is certainly one of the most arresting objects on which the eye can gaze.

"Among the heathy hills and ragged woods,
The roaring Foyers pours his mossy floods,
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where through a shapeless breach his stream
resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet
descends,
And voiceless Echo's ear astonish'd rends;
Dim seen, through rising mists and ceaseless
showers,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers;
Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid caldron boils."

Willingly would I have set my foot on the forehead of Mealfourvonie, which is more than three thousand feet high, but though I saw it I ascended it not. "Meal-

fourvonie," said I, playfully, "we may not always be strangers; according to etiquette, as a new comer into the country, I believe that I am entitled to a call on your part; but as that would involve you in some difficulty, I will set aside ceremony, and, when I can, make a call on you."

Inverness, the capital of the North Highlands, is a royal burgh, standing on both sides of the river Ness. It has some elegant houses, and is surrounded by scenes of romantic beauty. The place is of great antiquity, and was in the sixth century the capital of the Pictish kingdom. An ancient castle once crowned a hill south-east of the town.

On Craig Phadric, a steep and rugged hill, more than a thousand feet above the river, stand the remains of what is called, on account of the singular appearance of the stones, a vitrified fort. These forts are not at all uncommon in the north and the west of Scotland. I never look upon a fort without regarding it as a monument of human suspicion, strife, and violence, bearing the inscription—"Here the potsherds of the earth strove together."

At the distance of a few miles from Inverness is Culloden House, directly south of which is Culloden Moor, where the duke of Cumberland obtained his decisive victory over the army of prince Charles, on April 16th, 1746. "The graves of those who fell may be distinguished by their verdant surface of grass; and bullets and fragments of arms are still picked up from the heath. At the western extremity of the moor stands the wall, through which the militia of Argyle burst, and aided by the cavalry, attacked the right flank of the Highland army, and threw it into confusion. It is not a little remarkable that prince Charles, who had displayed much personal bravery on former occasions, took no share in this engagement. Disgusted with the dissensions that prevailed in his famished army, and impressed with dismal forebodings, he stationed himself with the *corps de reserve*, muffled up in a great coat and countryman's hat, and the moment that he saw the right wing give way, he left the field and fled to old Lovat, who cursed him when he saw him approach as a fugitive.

"This victory entirely blasted the hopes of the unfortunate prince; but the barbarities which the duke exercised against

the insurgent chiefs and their vassals, stamp his memory with indelible infamy." There is that in the spirit of war which must of necessity harden the heart, and render it more or less callous to the feelings of humanity. Aggression excites anger, anger inflicts injuries, the injured seek for revenge, and revenge revels in cruelty.

"Whatever may be the opinions now held respecting the rash enterprise which closed in blood on this field, it is difficult for a man of Scottish blood to gaze with a light heart, or laughing eye, on its sterile brow. The moor is as grim and shelterless a waste as vengeance could desire for an enemy's grave. A low hill, on the slope of which the battle was fought, is crowned by a few straggling firs. It slopes gently to the south as far as a small rivulet, beyond which rises, somewhat abruptly, a black mountain ridge. This rivulet ran red with blood after the action."

"Long years ago, from o'er the sea,
A banish'd prince, of Stuart's line,
Came thither claiming fealty
And succour in his sire's decline.
A triple diadem—a throne—
Ambition's toys—his birthright were;
Of valleys, lakes, and mountains lone,
Of all our country was he heir.

And there we saw the chequer'd plaid
Across his bosom proudly cast.—
The mountain bonnet on his head,
Its black plumes streaming in the blast:
And then we heard the gathering cry
Come blended with the pibroch's strain,
And saw the fire-cross flashing by
Our warriors ranking on the plain."

There are many wild scenes in Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness, that I would fain have visited, but north of the Caledonian I did not set my foot. Ben Wyvis is a noble mountain to climb, and Glaschean, Ord of Caithness, and the Scarry Hills, are not to be lightly regarded. Then there are Lochs Broom, Hourn, Stron, and Arkeg, and Shin Fannich, Moir, Shurery, Hope, and Carron, with at least twenty others; but I have an odd occurrence to mention connected with Loch Carron.

Most people may have heard that such creatures as rats and mice have been occasionally caught by the close gripe of an oyster, but the fact of so large and crafty an animal as a fox being thus made a captive, is an event of an uncommon kind, and yet, according to a paragraph in the *Inverness Courier*, such an event, or one similar to it, actually

took place. It certainly does appear something ridiculous that fierce dogs, fiery steeds, and stalwart men should sally forth, whooping, shouting, and hallooing, to do that which an unaided oyster or muscle is able to perform. At Ardiniagain, on Loch Carron, muscles of an immense size are found, some of them nearly as large as a man's shoe. One of these muscles being left exposed by the retiring tide, naturally enough opened its yawning mouth when the sunbeams fell upon it, and in this attitude it was approached by a prowling fox, whose hunger was sharper than his discretion. The temptation was too strong for Reynard to withstand; but no sooner had he thrust in his tongue between the accommodating shells than they closed upon it, and he was thus held fast till drowned by the returning tide.

It is wonderful what an interest is given to a map, by the circumstance of our knowing the places depicted thereon. Never before my tour did I look on the map of Scotland with half the interest with which I now regard it. It is not merely a chart of shires, cities, and towns, lochs, rivers, glens, mountains, and moors, but a register also of interesting events. *Here* I was overcome with fatigue, or took shelter from the storm, or drank of the refreshing stream;—*there* I climbed a mountain, or was lost in a bog, or entered a shepherd's shieling; and *yonder*, I met with a pleasant companion, or gazed on a glowing sky, or felt myself overwhelmed with thankfulness to the Father of mercies for giving me, in my years, the strength and elasticity of youth to prosecute my interesting and agreeable tour. The map of Scotland is to me a history of the past, a remembrancer of difficulties overcome, a diary of delightful days, and a monitor that reminds me of my mercies.

PAGAN IDOLATRY ABOLISHED.

THE abolition of Pagan idolatry, at the time foretold by the prophets, is a palpable proof that the Christian religion was from the true God. The instruments of this great work were a few fishermen, who had neither learning, nor arms, nor treasures. Patience was their strength, poverty their choice, disgrace their honour. That such men, without any force but that of illumination and persuasion,

of humility and charity, and enduring the most terrible sufferings, should vanquish the pride of philosophers, the tyrannical power of princes, the rebellious opposition of men's carnal lusts, is inconceivable, without the assistance of supernatural agency to convince the most obstinate enemies that the doctrine was Divine, by the miracles done in confirmation of it. Besides, that is found here which wise men in all ages had been searching for, namely, the perfection of the law of nature, at first engraven in the hearts of men by the Author of it, but which they sought in vain. For although philosophy affords some notices of good and evil sufficient to check many notorious vices, yet it is not sufficient to direct men in their universal duty towards God, their neighbour, and themselves. But the gospel is an instructive light of our complete duty: it speaks to the heart, changes the thoughts and affections, and reforms the life according to the pure and perfect rule revealed in it. But could an imposture produce such a perfection of virtue in the wicked world? The true interpretation of the moral law in the gospel is from God alone. Could such a change have been made without visible miracles? If the Christian religion was planted and propagated without the confirmation of miracles, that were, indeed, the transcendent miracle, the absolutely incredible one! And though we have not witnessed the miracles done by the apostles, yet we see the permanent effects of them in the belief and lives of true Christians. Infidels are apt to reply that if they saw miracles performed to assure them of the divinity of the Christian religion, they would believe it. But it is a vain pretence that men would submit to the power of God declared by miracles, who deny his authority made known in that eminent degree of evidence which he has given in his word: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."—*Dr. Bates.*

MONITORS.

It seems that enemies have been always found the most faithful monitors; for adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself.—*Dr. Johnson.*



William Pitt addressing the Parliament.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

A FEW days after the conversation recently detailed,* Caleb Ford apprized Watkins that he should be happy to see him at his cottage some evening, to meet his inquiries as to the power of parliament; and that he was quite at liberty to bring with him any of his friends who wished for similar information. The cordial invitation was promptly accepted; several of the frequenters of the Red Lion for political discussion agreed to meet, and, at the appointed time, they started from Merston, the party including Watkins and Sims, who have been already described; Clare, the village blacksmith; and Adams, the wheelwright, who was (at least in his own opinion) well acquainted with all public matters, and who was the principal speaker of the political coterie.

The walk was well adapted to soothe even a turbulent spirit,—for the evening was calm as any in summer; the silence that prevailed was only interrupted by the occasional twitter of a bird disturbed by some intruder on its quietude, and the voices and tramping of the party as they passed onwards. It would, however, have been clear to any listener that much discontent prevailed as to the management of public affairs; there were not a few violent assertions, thickly sprinkled with strong epithets: men standing high in the councils of the

* Visitor for March.

country, came in for a share of virulent abuse; and it might have been apprehended that in any discussion respecting them, there would be not a few high words whatever were the force of the arguments employed.

But amidst the conversation, if so it might be called, Caleb Ford's dwelling came into view. Its neatly trimmed hedge, with its low green iron gate, topped here and there with trees, caught the eye; while the cottage, with its jasmine and passion-flower trailing over its doorway, in all the beauty of their growth, appeared above, and well accorded with the richly-stocked and nicely-kept divisions of the garden, which gradually became visible in the foreground. Many a traveller had paused to look at that pleasant spot, where all the comforts of life appeared to be found; not a few, indeed, envied its possessor; while rarely was it thought by those who have much of this world's good, how comparatively small a portion of it, wisely employed, secured the production and continuance of all its temporal advantages.

The party were received by Caleb in a manner which could not fail to be agreeable to themselves; each one felt neither flattered into obtrusiveness nor depressed into discomfort, but the object of cordial good will; he was therefore perfectly "at home;" and the current of feeling which had been flowing in some bosoms,

so briskly and even violently, subsided speedily into a tranquil course. Great is the power of one leading mind: as benevolence lights up the countenance, gives tone to the words, and beams forth even in little things, it has a might to which the roughest and rudest specimens of humanity are still compelled to yield.

Much time did not elapse before the specified topic was introduced; and after a few prefatory observations, Caleb Ford thus proceeded:

"It is the great virtue of the British constitution that the supreme power of the state is vested in several bodies. Accordingly, the consent of each is required for any legislative act, and no alteration can be made in the laws, without the full and deliberate consent of the three ruling powers. Whatever affects the lives, liberty, or property of the people, must therefore secure the entire concurrence of all. The bill carried through the House of Commons, may be thrown out in the House of Lords; the bill passed in the House of Lords, may be rejected in the House of Commons; and even when both houses are fully agreed, the consent of the sovereign is not less indispensable than their united action."

"Then, you see, Mr. Ford, we are left in the hands of the sovereign at last," said Adams.

"It is not exactly as you suppose it to be," replied Caleb. "For a long time the crown struggled with the commons to be allowed the right of taxing; repeatedly it assumed the power of imprisoning offenders without bringing them to trial; and, even to a much later period, it tried to suspend laws or to dispense with them at its pleasure; but only to put the crown itself in the utmost peril. So it was found by James I. He violated the constitution by arbitrary authority, but he had to pay the penalty in a total forfeiture of sovereign power. A convention first, and afterwards a parliament, declared the throne to be vacant, and setting aside his children as well as himself, except the two princesses, Mary and Anne, settled the succession to the crown on William and on them; and it was afterwards further limited to the descendants of James I.'s daughter, married to the elector palatine. It was this arrangement, grounded entirely on the will of the people in a state of resistance to their hereditary ruler, which is the whole foundation of the title by which the house of Brunswick now

enjoys the crown. There is no likelihood of another sovereign appearing in England to pursue the course of James; but were it otherwise, his fate would act as a beacon-light, to warn him of the rocks against which even royal power may be wrecked. As it is, the sovereign is supreme, and the royal power, in enforcing the laws, uncontrollable; but it is the constitution, through the legislature, that gives a capacity for sustaining this high authority. The sovereign is the hand of might that executes, the legislature is the power of the heart that affords it vigour."

"That's better than I supposed," said Adams; "a king like James, of whom you have told us, can do wrong; and for my part, I do not like any one to have too much power. Now, do not you think that's the case with the House of Lords? When people get into great difficulty in other places, they talk, you know, of an appeal, and this strikes me as like asking these great folks to settle everything."

"The House of Lords is, no doubt," said Caleb, "a supreme court of judicature in every matter of civil and criminal law, and a court of general appeal in all suits of equity. But here there is a guard against corruption and oppression. The peers, as a body, have long entirely ceased to interfere in such questions. The whole judicial business is in the hands of some five or six of their number, professional lawyers, who have filled, or continue to discharge, the highest judicial offices in the state. And here we have much for which to be thankful. It is one of the glories of England that the ermine of our judges is of spotless purity. Were any one so audacious as to utter a charge against them, the libel would be instantly and indignantly repudiated; it could only recoil on the head of the reckless slanderer. As to the power of the House of Lords in other respects, there is an adequate check in that of the House of Commons."

"What is it you refer to, Mr. Ford?" inquired Clare, who had been as steadily looking on as if he had been hammering a horseshoe, or fastening on the tire of a wagon-wheel, but who had not till that moment opened his lips.

"Why, Clare," said Caleb, "a check, the value of which you well know. The House of Commons holds the purse-strings. The assembly instituted by Edward III. was very much unlike that which now meets; but the principle on which it proceeds was established in the

reign of that monarch, and what parliament has since become has followed from the operation of that principle on the circumstances of the times through which it has passed. By a celebrated statute of Edward III.* it was enacted, that no tax should be imposed, and no impost levied on the subject without his consent. This simple principle lies at the basis of the British constitution, and to it there is an inflexible adherence. The lords are excluded from originating any measure of supply, and from altering any financial measure sent up from the commons. The claim of the upper house to interfere in both instances has indeed never been abandoned, but then in practice the right is never asserted. Have I made that matter clear?" inquired Caleb.

"You have, sir," said Clare; "I see there is a check to the House of Lords, as well as to the sovereign."

"It is pleasing to find," added Caleb, "that honourable testimony is often borne to the higher classes of society by those who have not attained their distinction. The late Edward Baines, esq., who had risen by the blessing of God on his own ability, integrity, and unremitted assiduity, to the rank of a British commoner, when speaking of the duke of Wellington and the house of peers, thus expressed his sentiments: 'And who is so dull as not to be animated by such a subject to courage, perhaps even to presumption, when called to address you on behalf of the first of British generals, and the first of British gentlemen? British, did I say? nay, we challenge the world to show such a general—such a band of gentlemen—whilst we remember that by his conduct every foreign foe has been successfully defeated in the field—by their conduct every domestic foe has been successfully opposed in the hall. In giving to the peers the name of English gentlemen, I feel that I cannot give them a greater name. Nobly born, nobly educated, nobly possessed, benevolent to dependents, courteous in manners to all, the English gentleman stands high in fame, and these, the English peers pre-eminently, above all!'"†

"I remember Mr. Baines," said Adams, "for I have often been at Leeds; he got on wonderfully in the world, at all events: I suppose, at one time, he had no more money than I have."

"It is very probable," said Caleb,

"men rise in England from the humblest to the most distinguished stations, from the freedom of our constitution; and it is another prime distinction of our country, that the meanest person in it cannot be oppressed, without his wrongs becoming known in parliament, and to the whole community. For not only do the Houses of Lords and Commons transact the regular, public business of the nation, but they are ever open to hear the petitions of the people."

"Nay, nay, Mr. Ford," said Adams; "did not parliament refuse to receive the petitions of the people some years ago?"

"The minister did for them," said Caleb, "and I commend him for so doing. The bearers of that petition thought they acted bravely when they bore it to the home-office; but they were strongly nonplussed when he told them to take it back again. They would have gladly done so privately, by a back-door; but with a spirit worthy a British statesman, he insisted that they should depart with it as publicly as they entered his office. If you bring a request to me, and that in a manner which I consider becoming us both, I shall be ready to give it my best attention; and so will parliament act. But suppose you appear at my door, looking as fiercely as possible, armed with a bludgeon, or attended by a powerful and ill-looking mastiff, surely I am quite at liberty to defer my attention till you have laid aside your threatening aspect, and look as if you came to ask, not to demand, with the intimidation of violence following refusal. And quite right is it for parliament to reject a petition like that to which you refer, presented in similar circumstances. No court, from the highest to the lowest, can exist for any useful purpose, if its proceedings may be interrupted by any unruly individual, or riotous mob, or if its members may with impunity be threatened in the discharge of their duties. Let, however, the conduct be suitable, and the ear of the parliament is ever open to the petitions of the people, and the grievances of individuals; nor can the most humble member of either house stand up in his place to complain of such wrongs in behalf of the meanest subject of the crown, without having a patient and even favourable audience."

"I thought there was some limit to that, Mr. Ford," said Watkins, who seemed to have profited by past conversations.

* De Tallagio non Concedendo.
† "British Constitution," by Schomburg.

"There is none whatever," said Caleb. "The members of the House of Commons enjoy freedom of speech in a higher degree than it was ever possessed by any popular assembly. Every member is allowed to say just what he pleases, connected with any matter he introduces, or any question in debate, without being called to account for it elsewhere. The right is demanded of the sovereign in person, at the opening of every new parliament, by the speaker of the house, and nothing is ever permitted to interfere with its exercise."

"But you know, Mr. Ford, they have put down lately the right of speaking out of parliament. Is not that like putting an end to petitioning?" asked Adams.

"I think not," said Caleb. "There is no limit to petitioning on the conditions already pointed out. Nor is there any actual restriction on full and free discussion. But if liberty is to degenerate into licentiousness; if, under colour of discussion, men are to counsel and urge absolute revolution; if on a plea of self-defence, men are to be armed to the teeth, and drilled to all soldier-like movements; if the watchword is 'Be ready,' while all the elements of evil are being gathered together, like the combustible materials in the bosom of a volcano, I, for one, am ready to contend, that restriction is necessary, and that there should be a limit. Far better is it to extinguish the spark about to fall on the train of gunpowder, than the burning mass which it serves to ignite. All who are not intent on evil, are still perfectly secure,—and indeed, as to being so, we surpass all the people of the earth."

"Do you think we surpass the people of the United States in liberty, Mr. Ford?" said Adams.

"I do," said Caleb; "though the constitution there is more popular than ours, the privilege of personal liberty is far inferior to that with which we are favoured. I have conversed with some visitors from that part of the world, and they have candidly admitted the fact. Not only is personal liberty secured by the courts of law being open to any parties who have been unlawfully arrested, but a severe penalty would visit any judge who refused a writ of Habeas Corpus, by which the question is openly decided whether or no the party in whose behalf it is issued is lawfully detained in prison. This is the only instance known

in the law of any country, of an action being allowed to be brought against a judge for his conduct in office. In England, a judge may be impeached by the one house and tried in the other, or he may be removed by the joint address of the two houses. But only let any one withhold, even for an hour, that great security of personal liberty—the writ of Habeas Corpus—and he may be sued at once as a common wrongdoer. I see I surprise some of you; these things may be new and strange; but that they are so is a strong proof that our laws are administered with unimpeachable ability and integrity."

"How do you account for it, Mr. Ford?" asked Sims, "that if things are so as you state, (and for my part, I think they must be,) that so many people are constantly finding fault; and not a few have some favourite plan of their own."

"My own opinion," said Caleb, "is, that comparatively few people know what they find fault with; they mistake things that are, and conjure up bugbears that do not exist. It is far easier to certain sanguine spirits to imagine than to inquire; to leap to a conclusion, than calmly and steadily to reach it by a sound and unimpeachable chain of reasoning; and it is far more agreeable to multitudes to hear themselves talk, than to listen to others, whose intelligence is of the highest value. Were the question now to be determined, what is the best constitution for Britain, and some one to appear able to describe what it is now, in the midst of these projectors, the result would probably greatly resemble that of the conference about the magpie's nest."

"I do not recollect that, Mr. Ford," said Sims.

"The tale," said Caleb, "is as follows: The magpie builds a capital nest, having a covering to keep the young birds warm and comfortable; and aware of this, the other birds agreed to ask the magpie to instruct them in the art. He kindly consented to do so, and the birds being assembled, and asked to allow him to state his views without interruption, he thus proceeded: 'First of all, I lay two sticks across.' 'Ha,' says the robin red-breast, 'that is just what I do myself.' 'And that's my way exactly,' said the little tom-tit. The magpie felt the indecorum he had been anxious to avoid, but passing it by without remark, explained very gravely his next operation. No sooner, however, was this done, than the

owl informed the company that he had thought of the same thing, and should be happy to state his views clearly and fully. The magpie treated this interruption precisely as he had done the last, and described carefully the third part of the process. But here the goose interposed her amount of knowledge, which she considered very important, and the magpie seeing that she was likely to be followed by another, and another, and another, equally sagacious, thus addressed the assembly: 'I should have been happy, could I have done anything to aid you in building better nests; but it seems quite needless for me to proceed, since you appear to know among you all about it, and, therefore, as I attend at some personal inconvenience, I will take my leave of you at once, and wish you a good evening.' The assembly looked rather blank, but the magpie was off before a reply could be made. A long pause ensued; when the owl, who is supposed to have some wisdom, though not producible at once, said: 'It is clear that we have shown our folly; the purpose for which we met has not been answered; each has been anxious to tell about his own thoughts and doings; but we know no more how to make a magpie's nest than we did at first.' But here, I think," added Caleb, "the assembly of birds would surpass the one that I have just imagined: the question about the constitution would remain as it was, whatever the consequence; but the wise acknowledgment of the owl would not be made."

The smile that had been expanding on Caleb's face at an early part of the story, was speedily caught by more than one of the party: at its close the laugh of many was loud and hearty; and the impression on some minds was, that many could find fault with the British constitution without any solid reason for so doing, while to contrive such a one was a task to which they were utterly incompetent.

"The constitution of England," said Caleb, "is the result of the collective wisdom of many persons, and that not of one, but of successive generations. No doubt great power is committed to the sovereign, and men in authority may abuse their trusts; but look at the checks which are provided for popular security. Above all, for every act done by the crown there must be a responsible adviser and responsible agents; so that all functionaries, from the highest officer of state to the

humblest instrument of government, are liable to be impeached in parliament, and sued at law for any wrongdoing."

"Could you tell us, Mr. Ford," asked Watkins, "just how they manage about bills in parliament?"

"With pleasure," replied Caleb. "Any measure of public interest or utility may be brought before parliament by any one of its members. He has only to give notice of his intention; and on leave being granted, he introduces the subject, in the form of a bill, accompanied by appropriate arguments in its support. A discussion on its merits now arises; and if there are no objections sufficient to divide the house—that is, by the members present on one side remaining in it, and those on the other going into the lobby, that the two may be counted, and the majority for or against it be decided—the bill is read a first time; it is then laid on the table of the house, and due notice is given for the second reading, when it goes through a similar process. It is now committed, that is, the bill is referred to a committee, which, on matters of small moment, is composed of members selected by the house for this express purpose; but on all important measures, the whole house forms the committee. In this case, the speaker, who occupies the chair on all other occasions, vacates it, and a member of the house is appointed the chairman; but the speaker may sit, debate, and vote as a private member.

"The bill is now discussed, not entire, but clause by clause; any member may therefore propose amendments at pleasure, and take the opinion of the committee upon them; and it sometimes happens that the bill itself becomes remodelled in its progress. As it proceeds, the chairman reports it to the house, with such amendments as the committee have made. On the completion of their task, the house reconsiders the whole bill; and the question is again put, on each clause, and every amendment.

"On passing this stage, in which a bill sometimes meets with various alterations and amendments, it is ordered to be engrossed, that is, written out in a strong, legible hand, on rolls of parchment sewed together. The bill is then read a third time, and if necessary, further amendments are made in it. Even now new clauses may be added, which is done by fastening to the bill separate pieces of parchment, called riders. The

speaker then declares the contents of the bill, and holding it up in his hand, puts the question, 'Whether the bill do now pass.' Those who are for it say, 'Aye;' those who are against it say, 'No.' If the former preponderate, the speaker says, 'The ayes have it,' and the bill is passed. A title is now affixed to the bill, and if it originated in the Commons, the clerk of the house indorses on it—for in various forms of parliament Norman French is still used: '*Soit baillé aux Seigneurs*'—(Let it be sent to the Lords.)

"In the upper house it has to pass through the same form as it did in the lower; and if it be rejected, no further notice is taken of it. If it be agreed to, the Lords send a message to the Commons, by two masters in chancery, to acquaint them with the circumstance, and the bill is repositied in the House of Lords; but if they have made any amendments in the bill, they must be sent back with it for the reconsideration of the Commons. Should the Commons not accede to the amendments, a conference usually takes place, composed of members deputed by each house. In this way the matter at issue is generally adjusted; but if both parties remain inflexible, the bill is lost. If, however, the amendments of the Lords are agreed to, in the first instance, the bill is sent back to them with a message to that effect, for all bills,—except money bills which are returned to the Commons,—are repositied in the Lords, to await the royal assent. I shall be glad," added Caleb, "to answer any further inquiry."

No one of the party had, however, any question to propose, and therefore Caleb concluded the conversation by remarking on the advantage of a free press. "I have often passed," he said, "a few hours in the houses of parliament, and greatly struck was I till the facts became familiar, that even at my breakfast, next morning, I could read a full, true, and particular account of all I had heard said and done, even but a very few hours before. There were the words of our senators, open to the judgment of all concerned throughout the civilized world; while in other columns might be read the decisions of our courts of law and equity, pronounced on the preceding day. Truly can I say—

'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country; and while yet a nook is left,
Where English hearts and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee.'

It is only necessary to add, that the interview ended as kindly as it began. Caleb knew the power of truth, and he left it to exert its own influence. Had he sought a triumph, there is much in human nature that might have yielded disappointment; as it was, he had his reward in enlightened and benevolent effort for those whom he had addressed. We shall have yet to record some other incidents.

V. V.

A ROYAL DAY.

THE king of Persia, according to eastern custom, rises very early in the morning, 2 Sam. xv. 2. Habit makes him wake at the usual hour; but if not, he is gently aroused, probably by music, that he may have time to take the bath, and to dress, before the hour of early morning prayer. As he sleeps in the interior apartments, or harem, to which no male approaches, his attendants are either females or eunuchs. After he has dressed, with their aid, and the customary prayer has been said, the king proceeds to the hall of the harem, where he holds a levée for his domestic establishment. It is conducted nearly in the same manner as the outer public levées later in the day. The crowd of wives and slaves are arranged by female officers, according to the order of their precedence, all standing, except one or two of the most favoured and highest born of his legitimate wives. This, and what then takes place, may help us to form some idea of the management of Solomon, and such other of the Hebrew kings as maintained establishments similar to those of the kings of Persia. All being duly arranged, the king receives the reports of those intrusted with the government of the harem, which is conducted by female officers, whose functions and titles answer to those of the public officers of state. The king seldom determines any matter of general concernment without taking counsel with his principal wives. The very young children are also present on this occasion. Sir Harford Jones says, that his information, from a person of good authority, led him to conclude that this interior levée is anything but an agreeable pastime for the king. "He has then so many jealousies to settle, so many pretensions to princely and other favours put forth to him, that perhaps, when the shah said to me one day, 'Your Fringeers (Europeans) ought to bless God

that your law allows you but one wife,' he spoke feelingly."

The king's *nausicht*, or breakfast, is now served, and if the ladies have not been too troublesome, in the same apartment where he has received them. If otherwise, he comes into a small room, between the private and public apartment of the palace, the same in which he gives private audience to his ministers before the public court is held. The king's breakfast, like that of the Persians generally, is extremely light; nor does it consist of other things (though, perhaps, of a more choice quality) than that of a Persian gentleman in easy circumstances, except from being served in richer and more beautiful utensils, and with peculiar ceremony. Like other of the royal meals, it is prepared under the immediate superintendence of the *nauxir*, or chief steward of the household. The viands are put into dishes of fine china, with silver covers, and placed in a close tray, which is locked and sealed by the steward. The tray, after being covered with a rich shawl, is taken to the king, in whose presence the steward breaks his own seal, and sets the dishes before him. These precautions are of ancient date, and existed at the time when it was the duty of Nehemiah to present the wine-cup to the king. They originated, doubtless, in the suspicions which haunt the mind of the possessors of despotic power. Some of the infant princes are usually present at this meal, and are indulged with a participation of the repast.

After breakfast, the king gives private audience, about eight o'clock in the summer, and nine in winter, to his ministers. There everything is settled that is to pass or to be performed at the approaching court; the king receives a report of what has occurred in the city, or of the intelligence that has arrived during the preceding night; and it is at this time that the ministers speak in behalf of any individual whose interest they have taken under their protection.

About eleven o'clock, generally, the king proceeds to the *divan khoneh*, which is a very large hall or room, open in front, elevated about four feet from the pavement, and inclosed by the walls of an oblong square court. This, no doubt, answers to the great ante-court in which was the hall or "porch," where Solomon's throne was set, and where he held his court, and administered justice, 2 Kings vii. 7—9. For any lady, how-

ever exalted, to appear in this court of audience from the interior of the palace, would, at the present time, be as perilous as it was when Esther ventured thither with her maidens, and trembled for her life, till the king held forth to her his golden sceptre, *Esth. v. 1, 2*.

At the court thus constituted, all presentations take place, all promotions are declared, all public honours are conferred, all public disgrace and punishment are inflicted, and the king expresses aloud those sentiments of approbation or displeasure which he desires to be promulgated. We have already sufficiently considered this last matter; but, in again alluding to it, we cannot but point out the erroneous impression the practice has made upon travellers as to the character of particular kings, and the barbarity of the people. But the practice of the king himself ordering all executions, and the court of audience being thus often rendered the scene of bloodshed, is deemed by the Persians themselves essential to the maintenance of the royal authority. It adds, they apprehend, in a very great degree, to the impression of terror which they think it necessary should be made upon the turbulent and refractory classes of the community.

This court seldom continues longer than till half-past twelve o'clock; but, after it is over, the ministers and personal favourites of the king attend him in the council-chamber, where some time is spent, usually from one to two hours, in receiving the private orders of the king, and in considering such matters of state as may have grown out of the preceding public levée.

When this is over, the king withdraws to the inner apartment already mentioned, where he is served with what used to be called a dinner, but with what, with reference to our own corresponding late hours of dining, may now be called a lunch. It is served with the same care as the breakfast; and, at this meal, such of the elder princes above ten years of age as are summoned by name appear. They do not partake of the meal, but attend standing, while their royal father eats and converses with them.

After this refreshment, the king withdraws to that short repose, or siesta, which the habit of early rising and the heat of the afternoon render necessary. This, also, is an old custom which we recognise in the Bible, which mentions the fact that Ish-bosheth, the son of

Saul, was privily slain during his afternoon repose, 2 Sam. iv. 5, and which records that king David first beheld Bath-sheba as he walked on the housetop, after rising from this short rest, 2 Sam. xi. 2.

From the siesta, the king rises in time for the evening prayer. Soon after this, he again appears in the public apartments, where the ministers, who may be designated as constituting his cabinet, again appear. This is considered as a *divan-e-khass*, or "particular court," to distinguish it from the *divan-e-aum*, or "general court of the morning." This evening court is sometimes held in the balcony overlooking the great square of the palace, particularly when the household troops are reviewed, as is done when political business does not press.—"*The Court of Persia*," published by the Religious Tract Society.

NINEVEH AS IT WAS.

NINEVEH, the great and famous city of the ancient world, and the capital of the Assyrian empire, was called by the Greeks and Romans Ninus (Νῖνος), and in the Septuagint version Νινευί or Νινεβί. It was situated in the plain of Aturia, on the Tigris, opposite to the modern city of Mosul. Herodotus, and other uninspired writers, ascribe its foundation to Ninus, son of Belus, and the first monarch of the Assyrian empire, who, having signalised himself by the conquest of the Babylonians, Armenians, Medes, Bactrians, Indi, in fact, the whole of Upper and Lower Asia, erected this city as his capital. According, however, to the declaration of the inspired historian, Asshur (the grandson of Cush) went forth out of the land of Shinar, "and builded Nineveh." Diodorus says that Ninus, having collected together a great number of his forces, and provided the necessary treasure, and everything which his design required, he commenced the city, which was to be of such state and grandeur, that it should not only be the greatest in the world, but such as no sovereign who should follow him, should be easily able to exceed. He also states that the founder was not deceived in his expectations, for no one ever after built a town equal to it for the extent of its circumference, and the colossal size of its walls. These were a hundred feet high, and so wide that three chariots might be driven on them

abreast, while fifteen hundred towers, double the height of the walls, completed the defences of the city. The king appointed the city to be inhabited chiefly by the richest of the Assyrians; and freely allowed people from other nations to dwell there. He also granted to the citizens a large surrounding territory, and gave his own name, Ninus, to the city.*

After the statement to which we have alluded, the Bible is silent in reference to Nineveh. When, however, some fifteen hundred years had elapsed from the first mention of the place, in the days of Jeroboam II., king of Israel, Nineveh again appears on the Biblical record, having become a mighty place; but the reference is accidental, and shows that the Bible does not profess to give a methodical and complete history of the world. Other countries are referred to only as they are requisite to illustrate the history of the kingdoms of Judah and Israel. The eleventh verse of the fourth chapter of Jonah says, that there were within the city "more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand." By these the young children are commonly understood; and as they usually form one-fifth of the entire population, the computation has given 600,000 persons as the population of Nineveh, and it is by no means an extraordinary result for a city of such extent.

Nineveh was the seat of Assyrian empire till the year B.C. 612, when it was taken by Nabopolassar of Babylon, and Cyaxares, king of the Medes, which led to the destruction of the Assyrian kingdom.† Nineveh flourished no more. Strabo‡ represents it lying waste; though in the times of the Roman emperors the remains appear to have survived, as a Nineveh on the Tigris is alluded to by Tacitus,§ and is characterised as a *castellum*, or fort; probably some small fortification, raised out of the ruins of the city, for predatory purposes. Something of a similar kind was found at a later period; for in the thirteenth century, Abulfargius|| mentions a *castellum* there.

The phrase, "that great city," which seems in the Bible to be employed as its customary appellation, is found applied to Nineveh (Νῖνος μεγάλη) in a poetic fragment preserved by Diodorus Siculus;¶

* Diod. ii. 1. † Herod. i. 106. ‡ Strabo xvi. p. 737. § *Annal.* xii. 13. || *Hist. Dynast.* p. 404; Barhebræus, *Chron.* p. 464; Kitto. ¶ Diod. Sic. ii. 23.

so that the title would appear to be one by which the city was ordinarily and generally known. The agreement between the descriptions of the city furnished by the Bible and by profane writers is important and interesting. Strabo* implies that the city was much larger than Babylon, the circuit of which he estimated at 385 stadia; and from Diodorus† it appears that it was of an oblong shape, a hundred and fifty stadia in length by ninety in breadth, or more than fifty-four miles in circuit. It is not, however, to be supposed that the whole city was occupied with houses, or was densely peopled like the towns of modern times. The buildings were, no doubt, rudely built, and scattered over plantations, parks, gardens, fields, and open grounds, as in the larger oriental towns at the present day.

When it is stated, that "Nineveh was an exceedingly great city of three days' journey," it has been doubted whether it was three days' journey in length, or in circuit; and it is probable that the latter view is correct, the distance being taken at from fifty to sixty miles, according to a journey on foot or by caravan. This is incredible as the length of a city; but the various computations of the circuit of Nineveh actually range between forty-eight and sixty miles. In reply to the objection that is sometimes urged, from the statement in the next verse, that Jonah went "a day's journey" into the city, and having arrived at a particular public spot, he delivered his message; it has been asked whether this particular place may not have been near the opposite extremity of the town to that which the prophet entered? Or, rather, it is said, may we not understand the passage to intimate that the city was a day's journey in length, and that Jonah went through it, proclaiming its destruction? Of this, it is urged, there is a corroboration in the fact mentioned by Diodorus, that the city was equal to three days' journey in circuit; its length being not less, but rather more, than a third of the circuit, that is, one day's journey. Had Nineveh been four-square, like Babylon, this could not have been the case; but it was, as we have seen, of an oblong shape.

It was besieged and taken by Arbaces,‡ the Mede, in the eighth century B.C., but appears to have been regarded as the

capital of the Assyrian empire as late as B.C. 612, nearly three centuries after Jonah's prophecy of its destruction, when it fell, after a protracted siege, into the hands of Ahasuerus, or Cyaxares, king of Media. The spoil was taken to Ecbatana, the citizens being dispersed through the villages, and the Assyrian empire, which for four centuries had been the glory of the eastern world, gave way to that of the Medes and Persians. It appears, however, either that the city had not been wholly destroyed, or that a new and inferior one arose at a subsequent period from the ruins of the more ancient one; and the latter is, in all probability, the one to which allusion is made by Tacitus and Ammianus Marcellinus.* Kinnear supposes that part of the present remains, comprising an oblong rampart and foss, about four miles in circuit, with a moss-covered wall about twenty feet in height, are those of the more recent city.

The declarations of prophecy have received a remarkable fulfilment in the history of Nineveh. Its desolation was declared by the prophet Nahum:

"Make thyself many as the cankerworm,
Make thyself many as the locusts.
Thou hast multiplied thy merchants above the
stars of heaven;
The cankerworm spoileth, and fleeth away.
Thy crowned are as the locusts,
And thy captains as the great grasshoppers,
Which camp in the hedges in the cold day,
But when the sun ariseth they flee away,
And their place is not known where they are."
Nah. iii. 15—17.

The phrase here employed of "great grasshoppers," is supposed to refer to the locusts before they are in full condition for flight, and in this state of existence they would be regarded with sad remembrance by the Hebrews. The description is perfectly analogous to these insects. The female lays her eggs during the autumn in some light earth, beneath the shelter of a hedge or bush, amounting, according to some, to the number of two or three hundreds. In this situation they are defended from the wintry blast, and being hatched early in the season by the warmth of the sun, the hedges and ridges are swarmed with them. Their ravages commence immediately, consuming, in their larva state, the roots of the herbage. When they leave these hedges, they pro-

* Strabo xvi. p. 737.

† Diod. Sic. ii. 3.

‡ Ibid. ii. 26.

* Niebuhr *Reisen*. ii. 353, 368; Ives, *Voyage*, p. 327, seq.; Rosenmüller, *Alterth.* i. 2, 116; Bruns, *Erdbeschreibung*, ii. 1, 199, seq.; Mannert, v. 440, seq.; Kinnear's *Persia*, 256, 9; Olivier, *Voyage en Turquie*, 265.

ceed, as it were in battalions, devouring every leaf and bud as they pass; till, when the sun has become warm, about the middle of June, their wings are developed, and they proceed in other directions to commit similar ravages. The prediction, therefore, indicated that the desolation of the city should be complete—a declaration which has experienced a remarkable fulfilment.

The prophet declared that—

"With an overrunning flood
He will make an utter end of the place thereof,
And darkness shall pursue his enemies."
Nah. i. 8.

"The gates of the river shall be opened,
And the palace shall be dissolved.—
But Nineveh is of old like a pool of water."
Nah. ii. 6. 8.

Diodorus Siculus states, that the Assyrian monarch confided in an ancient prophecy, "that Nineveh should never be taken, until the river become its enemy;" but that, after the enemy had ineffectually besieged it for two years, an extraordinary inundation of the Tigris overflowed the city, and demolished the wall for the space of twenty furlongs. He adds, that the king, deeming the prediction fulfilled, despaired of successful resistance, and erecting an immense funeral pile, on which he heaped his wealth, destroyed himself, his household, and his palace.

The prophet thus proceeds:

"Woe to the bloody city!
It is full of lies and robbery; the prey departeth not;
The noise of a whip, and the noise of the rattling of the wheels,
And of the prancing horses, and of the jumping chariots.
The horseman lifteth up both the bright sword and the glittering spear:
And there is a multitude of slain, and a great number of carcases;
And there is none end of their corpses—they stumble upon their corpses."
Nah. iii. 1—3.

And again the prophet says:

"While they be folded together as thorns,
And while they are drunken as drunkards,
They shall be devoured as stubble fully dry."
Nah. i. 10.

And in fulfilment of the inspired declaration, we find it asserted that the king, elated with his former victories, and ignorant of the revolt of the Bactrians, had appointed a time of festivity, and supplied his soldiers with abundance of wine; and that, apprized of their negligence and drunkenness, the enemy attacked the Assyrian army, and destroyed or drove them away. The historian also states, that

many talents of gold and silver, collected from the ashes of the funeral pile and the rubbish of the destroyed palace, were carried away, in fulfilment of the prophecy:

"Take ye the spoil of silver, take the spoil of gold:
For there is none end of the store and glory
Out of all the pleasant furniture."
Nah. ii. 9.

The prophetic declarations of Zephaniah have also been fully realized:

"And he will stretch out his hand against the north,
And destroy Assyria;
And will make Nineveh a desolation,
And dry like a wilderness.
And flocks shall lie down in the midst of her,
All the beasts of the nations:
Both the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it;
Their voice shall sing in the windows;
Desolation shall be in the thresholds:
For he shall uncover the cedar work.
This is the rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly,
That said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me:
How is she become a desolation,
A place for beasts to lie down in!"
Zeph. ii. 13—15.

Of the city it may now be truly said:

Her walls are gone; her palaces are dust:
The desert is around her, and within
Like shadows have the mighty passed away!
Whence, and how came the ruin? By the hand
Of the oppressor were the nations bowed.
They rose against him, and prevailed; for he,
The haughty monarch, who the earth could rule,
By his own furious passions was o'erruled.
With pride his understanding was made dark,
That he the pride knew not; and by his lusts,
And by the fierceness of his wrath, the hearts
Of men he turned from him. So to kings
Be he example, that the tyrannous
And iron rod breaks down at length the hand
That wields it strongest; that by virtue alone
And justice, monarchs away the hearts of men;
For there hath God implanted love of these,
And hatred of oppression, which, unseen
And noiseless though it work, yet, in the end,
Even like the viewless elements of the storm,
Brooding in silence, will in thunder burst!
So let the nations learn, that not in wealth,
Nor in the grosser pleasures of the sense,
Nor in the glare of conquest, nor the pomp
Of vassal kings, and tributary lands,
Do happiness and lasting power abide;
That virtue unto man's best glory is,
His strength, and truest wisdom; and that guilt,
Though for a season it the heart delight,
Or to worse deeds the bad man do make strong,
Brings misery yet, and terror, and remorse;
And weakness and destruction in the end.
So if the nations learn, then not in vain
The mighty one hath been, and is no more!"

F. S. W.

AGRICULTURE BETTER THAN GOLD-FINDING.

THE Paulistas are particularly distinguished, in the history of Brazil, by their enterprise and ferocity. The situation of their town, cut off from intercourse with other places, having little commu-

nication with Portugal, and no trade for want of an outlet, enjoyed a delightful climate and fertile soil, and it was for a long time the resort of desperate adventurers, deserters, and fugitives. These formed connexions with Indian women; and their descendants are distinguished, even at this day, for a large admixture of Indian blood. The Mamelucos, as they were called, were of a wild, erratic disposition, inherited from their mothers, they grew up without restraint or religion; and so notorious were they for their ferocity and unruly temperament, that the population of St. Pauli formed a kind of turbulent republic, affecting a certain degree of independence in Brazil, and continually acting as a lawless banditti. They had a language peculiar to themselves, composed of a large proportion of Indian words, mixed with corrupt Portuguese; and it is always spoken of as a distinct and separate dialect. It is to the enterprise and daring of these provincials, that Portugal was indebted for the discovery of gold, and the first colonization of the Minas Geraes.

Rodrigo proceeded to the province of Espirito Santo, with the gold he had discovered. From thence he pursued his way by Rio de Janeiro back to St. Pauli, having made a complete circuit. He died shortly after, but recommended his son to follow up his enterprise. From this commencement, multitudes of adventurers proceeded from St. Pauli, but principally from the town of Thaubati, not, as the Portuguese historian says, "embusca de salvagemas," to seek for Indians as before, but for gold in the newly-discovered regions. Their success was so great, that the inhabitants of Perateninga, followed their example; and the two parties, meeting on the banks of the river where S. Jose was afterwards built, instead of agreeing in their objects, and pursuing together their operations, set upon each other like famished tigers, impelled by a hunger still more fierce—the *auri sacra fames*. A bloody encounter ensued, in which many were killed on both sides, and the river was from thenceforth called the Rio das Mortes, or the River of Deaths. Other rivers are known by the same name for the same causes; and the bloody squabbles of the inhabitants of these rival cities, wherever they met in search of gold, are commemorated in several parts of the country. The first place where gold was found was at Riberas, a small stream

which falls into the Rio das Mortes; and here they built an avazal, or village, called Antonio, near the spot where S. Jose was afterwards erected.

The vicinity of this river everywhere attests the extensive search for gold formerly pursued here; as it was for a length of time considered one of the richest parts of Brazil, from the profusion of the precious metal found on its surface. All the banks of the stream are furrowed out in a most extraordinary manner, so as to be altogether unaccountable to one unacquainted with the cause. The whole of the vegetable mould was washed away, and nothing remained but a red earth, cut into square channels, like troughs, with a narrow ridge interposed between them. Above was conducted a head stream of water, let down through these troughs, which were all on an inclined plane. The lighter parts of the clay were washed away, and the gold remained behind. When this has been collected, by a process I will hereafter describe, that which remains behind is called pizarão. It is an inert *caput mortuum* of stubborn sterility, which no process can afterwards endow with the principle of fertility; so that, in washing out the gold, all the riches of the soil were literally exhausted, and nothing left but a barren and utterly useless surface.

We visited a gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose house stood surrounded with lavras, or gold washings. The former proprietor had extracted from it such abundant stores of wealth, that he expended the sum of eight thousand crusados in building a house in the centre of it. His whole concern, with his splendid mansion, was afterwards sold for one thousand. It was purchased by the gentleman we visited. He wisely abandoned the pursuit of gold, and applied himself to the cultivation of the part the washings had left untouched, and soon converted it into a profitable farm, which yielded him a durable succession of wealth. He planted a large orchard and a garden, in which European fruits and vegetables grew luxuriantly, and around his house were fields of corn, waving a golden harvest of great beauty. His whole chacara displayed the vast superiority of extracting the vegetable, and not the metallic riches of the soil. It stands insulated in an immense tract, rendered sterile by the process of gold-washing, and it looks like a green oasis in the midst of the red sands of the desert.

The whole of the gold with which the soil is impregnated is supposed to originate in the metalliferous ridges of rock which intersect the country. Here in its matrix the metal reposes; but the rains falling in impetuous torrents on their summits, and penetrating through their interior recesses, again ooze from their sides, carrying with them all the lighter particles of the precious metal, as they pass through the veins, and finally deposit them in the soil below, through which they percolate.

As the great auriferous repertory of the country now stood before me, I was curious to explore it,—so we prepared to ascend the ridge. The general face of it was quite perpendicular, and we could no more attempt to climb the part opposite to us than Dover Cliff; but about three miles to the north-east of the town the ridge dips, and leaves a depression considerably lower than the rest, which is accessible. This had been rendered passable by a road, carried over it soon after S. Jose was built, but now so neglected that it is difficult to find. We had to struggle through thickets and underwood at the base of the ridge, and at length stumbled upon what appeared to have been once a grand road. It was laid down with broad flat stones, forming a kind of escala or stairs, up a very steep inclined plane, so difficult for horses to keep their feet on, that we thought it prudent to alight, and drag them up after us. After winding in a zigzag direction up the rocky face, we at length emerged on the summit; and here we saw in perfection the totally new feature of the Brazilian landscape, which we before had contemplated at a distance. In all our journey from Rio, for more than 200 miles, we had hardly seen a stone peeping through the soil. Here we stood, upon an immense ridge of rocks, utterly denuded both of wood and grass, stretching their bare and rugged arms in all directions over the country, and forming a prospect strongly contrasted with any we had yet contemplated. This rigid region, I was told, ramified through the country to an immense extent in a westerly direction, till it was lost in the Mato Grosso, or vast forest, which extends nearly to the Andes; and these are the great metallic repositories, from whence the whole subjacent soil of the Minas Geraes is impregnated with gold.

The summit of the ridge was by far the most wild and solitary we had seen

in Brazil. It was generally composed of white sand, strewed with nodules of very bright and almost transparent quartz, from the decomposition of which the sand seemed to be formed. Piled up in great disorder were mounds of mica, slate, and large masses of different strata were lying over each other, in an angle considerably inclined, as if they had slipped down in succession from some more elevated place. Towards S. José, the face of the ridge was a perpendicular precipice, five or six hundred feet high, for twelve or fourteen miles; on the other side, it descended in a more gradual slope, like a shed from a wall. On descending the slope, the first object we saw was a rude cross, on a bare rock, to intimate that a murder had been committed at the base of it; and, certainly, no spot could be more wild and dismal, or better calculated for the purpose. One cause why the road over this pass was neglected was, that its wild solitude invited banditti,—whose favourite haunt it became. Senhor Campos, the worthy *sargente mór*, had been attacked on this spot some time before. They stripped and robbed him, and were for some time deliberating whether they should not murder him; but his character, it seems, had some weight, even with banditti,—and they dismissed him unhurt. A short time before our arrival, a man had been dispatched with letters which required haste, and he made his way across this ridge, as his shortest road; he, too, was attacked here, and returned wounded to S. Jose. We, notwithstanding these premonitory warnings, pursued our way along the edge of a mountain torrent, till we descended with it to the Campos, on the other side, from whence we returned round one end of the serra, a circuitous route of nine or ten miles. The formation of this serra is generally of mica slate, and a modification of clay, talc, and chlorite slate. There is no granite yet discovered here; but a league and a half on the western side are extensive tracts of it. The beta, or vein, is generally quartz, in which is found gold, variously mixed with iron-stone, magnetic, and titanous iron, ochre, tellurium, and pyrites, containing gold and silver. The same extends about twelve miles from east to west.

The following qualities are supposed to indicate the existence of metals, waters impregnated with saline sulphates, particularly if they be warm, and have a mineral taste; marcasites, or pieces of

metal found in cavities of rocks, or the beds of rivers, running from them; sterile soil, with a scanty vegetation, and of a sickly hue, caused by metallic vapours from within; the sunbeams strongly reflected from the face of the rock; and mountains loudly reverberating a sound. All these qualities are observable, more or less, in the serra of José, particularly the two last. Wherever the sunbeams struck full on the face of the rock, in certain positions, they were sent back with an almost dazzling reflection; this, however, might arise from the lustre of the mica slate. But the reverberation of sound was very remarkable. We had every day, almost, a thunder-storm, and the repercussion from the face of the ridge was so loud, sharp, and distinct, that it seemed as if the hard stone was hit and broken by a number of sledges striking upon it; and certainly, if this symptom be any indication of metallic veins, it nowhere exists so strong as in the serra of José.—*Dr. Walsh's Brazil.*

THE PROUD.

"There is a generation, O how lofty are their eyes! and their eyelids are lifted up." Prov. xxx. 13.

BEFORE He, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into the human heart, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, there is one respect in which man may be said to be unchangeable. The great outlines of his character, the delineations of his moral nature, the characteristics of his inner being, remain the same in all ages. The external manifestations may be modified by climate, commerce, social influences, and civilization; but strip him of all these external coatings, reduce him to himself, analyze the workings of his heart, estimate his passions; and whether in burning or frozen climates, whether in barbarous or civilized regions, whether in the pathless desert or the crowded city, there can be no difficulty in identifying the species, and determining of each individual as he passes under review, "This belongs to the same great family!"

True, the difference between the accomplished European lady and the degraded female of Mysore, and between the habits of the educated English citizen and those of the African bushman, and

between the song of praise ascending from a Christian assembly to the Prince of peace and the war-yell of the red Indian, exciting to deeds of carnage, is very great. The contrast is complete. The moral gulph between them is wide and deep; but Christianity can cross it, bearing on its wings salvation from sin, with its constant companions, education and civilization; and beginning its great work on the heart of the African and the Indian by making them new creatures in Christ Jesus, it can raise them to the same elevation to which it has elevated others of the human family, who were, previous to its transforming visit, as degraded as they are now.

This is a historical fact. It is not mere theory, unsupported by evidence. The history of Christianity is the history of its conquests over degradation and sin in all their forms. Take a specimen of this history from an inspired Epistle. The apostle Paul, writing to "the church of God" at Corinth, having alluded to the litigious, the fraudulent, the fornicator, the idolater, the adulterer, the effeminate, the thief, the covetous, the drunkard, and the extortioner, adds, "And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

Both Jew and Gentile are under sin. There is none that doeth good by natural inclination. The race has fallen. The proofs of this fall are coextensive with the existence of the race, embracing every age, every nation, every tribe, every family, every man. The end of creation has been lost sight of, and other ends pursued, opposed at once to the Creator's glory and the creature's good. But the manifestations of this universal depravity are exceedingly varied. The seeds of moral disease lie in every heart: in this there is uniformity; but in the character of the weeds produced there is diversity. All are noxious, but the poison exudes in different ways. Specifically they are one, visibly they differ. Some physiologists have doubted whether the different nations of men have sprung from the same parentage; the moral anatomist has no room to doubt upon the subject. To him it is clear that the sons of men are all born "in the same likeness;" for "the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance,

emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like." All these are the works of the same fallen nature; but whilst the prominent characteristic of one unsanctified man is covetousness, that of another is impurity; the leading vice of a third is intemperance, that of a fourth profanity, that of a fifth pride, and so on. The inspired writers recognise and brand them all; they are described for our admonition; but the good as well as the bad are presented to notice in the Bible, the first for imitation, the last as warnings. Every character in the Bible presented for imitation derived its excellent qualities, not from earth, but from heaven; and every picture exhibited there as a beacon to warn succeeding generations of the rocks and quicksands in the sea of life, inherited its repulsive features, not from the source of life and purity, but from the cause of death—sin.

Of the proud it may be said, in the words of Jesus, "That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God;" for whilst no class of characters have received greater honours from "the children of this world," there is perhaps none more strongly marked by the reprobation of heaven. The Lord hateth "a proud look," Prov. vi. 17; and it is placed first on the list of the seven things that are "an abomination unto him." "The proud he knoweth afar off," Psa. cxxxviii. 6, and he has said, "I will cause the arrogancy of the proud to cease," Isa. xiii. 11. He has declared "an high look, and a proud heart" to be sin, Prov. xxi. 4, and that the "proud shall stumble and fall, and none shall raise him up," Jer. i. 32. He has said, "Be not proud: for the Lord hath spoken," Jer. xiii. 15; and "God resisteth the proud," Jas. iv. 6. The object of some of his providential dispensations is, that he may "hide pride from man," Job xxxiii. 17; and we are assured that "when pride cometh, then cometh shame," Prov. xi. 2; and "contention," chap. xiii. 10; and that it is the forerunner of destruction, chap. xvi. 18; xvii. 19; xviii. 12. Many of the severest prophetic threatenings relate to this passion. "The Lord sent a word into Jacob, and it hath lighted upon Israel. And all the people shall know, even Ephraim and the inhabitant of Samaria, that say, in the pride and stoutness of heart, The bricks are fallen down, but we will build with hewn stones; the sycamores are cut down, but

we will change them into cedars. Therefore the Lord shall set up the adversaries of Rezin against him, and join his enemies together; the Syrians before, and the Philistines behind; and they shall devour Israel with open mouth. For all this his anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still," Isa. ix. 8—12. Again: "We have heard of the pride of Moab; he is very proud: even of his haughtiness, and his pride, and his wrath: but his lies shall not be so, (rather, 'vain are his lies.') Therefore shall Moab howl for Moab, every one shall howl: for the foundations of Kir-hareseth shall ye mourn; surely they are stricken," chap. xvi. 6, 7. Again: "Pass ye over to Tarshish; howl, ye inhabitants of the isle. Is this your joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days? her own feet shall carry her afar off to sojourn. Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth? The Lord of hosts hath purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honourable of the earth," chap. xxiii. 6—9. Again: "And he shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim: and he shall bring down their pride, together with the spoils of their hands," chap. xxv. 11. "Woe to the crown of pride!" chap. xxviii. 1. "Thus saith the Lord,—I will mar the pride of Judah, and the great pride of Jerusalem," Jer. xiii. 9. "Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill: though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Also Edom shall be a desolation: every one that goeth by it shall be astonished, and shall hiss at all the plagues thereof," chap. xlix. 16, 17.

Among the prophetic symptoms of the desolation of Israel, it is mentioned, "pride hath budded," Ezek. vii. 10. "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom, pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hands of the poor and needy. And they were haughty, and committed abomination before me: therefore I took them away as I saw good," chap. xvi. 48—50. Both Pharaoh and Nebuchadnezzar found, in the words

of the latter, that "those that walk in pride, he (the King of heaven) is able to abase," Dan. iv. 37. The prophet Daniel explains to Belshazzar the cause of the calamities that befel his royal father, thus: "When his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him: chap. v. 20, 21. The apostle John says, that "the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world," 1 Epistle ii. 16. Paul says, that a bishop must be "not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride, he fall into the condemnation of the devil," 1 Tim. iii. 6; and among the things which proceed from the heart of man, our Lord mentions this destructive evil, Mark vii. 22.

From the specimens of the manner in which God views it, and of his purposes regarding it, we proceed to notice some of the ways by which it manifests itself among men. The haughty look, the contemptuous expression, the withering sneer, the imperious command, are things with which mankind are familiar. These, however, are only some of its less civilized exhibitions, which attest that the parties of whom they can be predicated are "very vanity." Pride, like every other human passion, is susceptible of modification, in the manner of its indulgence, by civilization. Hence, in an advanced stage of society, it assumes the form of ambitious display, ostentatiously parading its trappings, and thirsting for the applause of the world. But it is an error to suppose that it is only, or even chiefly, found among the occupants of the world's high places, and the possessors of fortune. Position and wealth, whilst they may aid its development, by no means monopolize it to themselves, nor is there anything in them inconsistent with the idea of genuine humility in their possessors.

Pride is a disease of the sinful heart, as we have already seen, and accordingly it ramifies every portion of human society, and exists among all classes. Among the poorest of the poor it is represented, and even some of the most degraded fancy in themselves the existence of certain qualities which entitle them to a species of respect greater than that which they deem merited by others in the same external circumstances. Hence labourers, nay beggars and the very outcasts of society, have their classes, beneath which they can descry a lower stratum still.

This, indeed, is of the very essence of pride. It is essentially the anti-social principle. Its tendency is to isolation. It would "dwell alone," and assimilate to itself everything that can minister to its gratification. "Vainly puffed up with its fleshly mind," it affects to caress its admirers, though in reality it is only the admiration that is embraced. The sentiments which it entertains regarding itself, are heartily welcomed when expressed by others; but the welcome proffered to the speakers is meant for their gratifying speeches. The most pitiable exhibition of this destructive folly is when, in order to reap the applause of the good, it imitates, or attempts to imitate, the supposed manner of its heavenly antagonist—humility. This is the secret of hypocrisy, whether in relation to acts of public benevolence, to morality, or even to the sacred subject of religion. To appear that which is most esteemed for the time being, and under the circumstances, is *the effort*, and to gain the esteem which such an appearance is likely to secure is *the motive*; and of course, when the approbation of the benevolent, the moral, and the religious is coveted, the proud man assumes the garb of a virtue which he abhors. Pretending gratitude for the mercies of which he professes to feel his unworthiness, he associates with the benevolent, ostensibly with the wish to do good to his fellow-creatures. Pretending grief on account of prevailing immorality, he unites with the moral, professing a desire to aid in intercepting the current of vice; and pretending penitence on account of sin, he mingles with the religious. "For a pretence he makes long prayers," but he returns "to devour widows' houses." "To be seen of men," and "to appear righteous," constitute the end and object of all this. These guises, however, being uncongenial to his tastes, are worn no longer than the object for which they were assumed is of probable attainment; and as it is difficult to sustain a foreign character long, the proud man, generally speaking, departs elsewhere to cater for his restless passion. Quarrelling with every person, system, and thing, as soon as they refuse tribute to his vanity, he seeks new sources for its gratification, until the constitution of society and the providence of God are both arraigned as inimical to his well-being. Such men become the troubleshooters of society; and when they find their way into Christian

churches, they are its "roots of bitterness."

And the fact is not more painful than true, that the proud venture into the sanctuary of the Most High, and mingle with the worshippers of that great Being, before whom all men die "as grasshoppers"—who has "no respect of persons,"—and to whom "all things lie naked and open." That the lofty spirit, inflated with the idea of its own excellences, should venture into the presence of the Searcher of hearts, with the idea of being distinguished on their account, is to be accounted for only by the bewildering influence of depravity, or by the principle laid down by Jeremiah: "The heart is deceitful above all things."

The injury which pride inflicts on those who are the objects of its scorn, though too obvious to escape notice, is less to be deplored than the barrier which the proud man erects against his own salvation. This is the most solemn aspect of the case, and by which, therefore, the Christian will be most deeply impressed; for so long as a man arrogantly thanks God that he is "not as other men," there are unequivocal proofs that his convictions of sin are not of that kind which lead to "repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." The salvation of the gospel is neither understood nor valued by him. The doctrines of the cross, with all their significance, grandeur, breadth, and power, are unappreciated, the love of Christ unfelt, the evil of sin undeplorable, and the glory of God unsought. His exalted conception regarding himself, render unimpressive the inspired description of the Redeemer's worth. He has "a lie in his right hand," but he deems it a price wherewith to ransom his soul. A deceived heart hath turned him aside, and his "trust is in vanity." Offended at the prescribed way of cleansing, he exclaims, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them and be clean?" but as no modification of the rule can take place to gratify his prejudices, he turns and goes "away in a rage." Overlooking the Divine axiom, "Not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth," 2 Cor. x. 18; he "kindles a fire, and compasseth himself about with sparks," in whose light he thinks he can walk securely. The glory of Christ is obscured by his own; and the love of

God enters not his heart, because it is pre-occupied by the love of self. Notwithstanding the fact, that the gospel comes for the purpose of "casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," he is offended that the Redeemer should "eat with publicans and sinners," or suffer the wretched to "touch him," or have as his disciples "unlearned and ignorant men." Because the penitent prodigal is welcomed with music to his Father's home, he is angry and will not go in; and every act of favour bestowed upon the contrite, by the God of all grace, he construes into neglect of his superior claims.

Christians, in their associated capacity, are forbidden to minister to the self-importance of individuals by undue respect to their appearance, without reference to character. "My brethren," writes the apostle James, chap. ii. 1—4, "have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool: are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?" It is, indeed, true, that Christianity does not lose sight of the distinctions that obtain in human society; so far from that, it fully recognises them; it marks official position; the language used by its inspired advocates is admirably courteous; and those precepts which relate to the intercourse of man with man, allude to those distinctions, and enjoin attention to them: Rom. xiii. 7. But hasty judgment, partiality in conduct, the respect shown to elegant attire, and despising the poor because of their poverty, are rebuked by the apostle; and it is not saying too much to add, that there is room for the rebuke in the present day. It is plain that while Christians should be courteous to all, they should never so act as to warrant the inference that they forget that, at the throne of grace, all are alike welcome, and that all have need of mercy.

W. L.



The Sand-Martin.

THE SAND-MARTIN.

ENTER the country village as the afternoon

—————"Declines and falls
Into the mellow eve,"

and the gushing melody of the birds is heard ere the feathered races seek, "Nature's sweet restorer"—the laden bee is humming its way to join the queenly hive, and the swallow shoots with the velocity of an arrow, and more than its certainty, along the field, or skims the pond with swiftest and untiring pinion.

This bird is regarded with peculiar complacency by Englishmen of every rank. The intelligent naturalist, however, ponders on the fact that it has traversed the broad bosom of the ocean, has visited far distant shores, and become familiar with climes almost unknown to the races of civilized man; and the

country lad, with unconcealed astonishment and admiration, observes its flight, respects its habitation and its brood, and perhaps offers some rude conjecture on the cause of its disappearance during the long months of winter.

"When I used to rise in a morning last autumn," says Gilbert White, "and see the swallows and martins clustering on the chimneys and thatch of the neighbouring cottages, I could not help being touched with a secret delight, mixed with some degree of mortification,—with delight, to observe with how much ardour and punctuality these poor little birds obeyed the strong impulse towards migration, imprinted on their minds by the great Creator; and with some degree of mortification, when I reflected that, after all our pains and inquiries, we are not yet quite certain to what regions they do migrate."

"The swallow," says sir H. Davy, in his 'Salmonia,' is one of my favourite birds, and a rival of the nightingale; for he glads my sense of seeing as much as any other does my sense of hearing. He is the joyous prophet of the year—the harbinger of the best season: he lives a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of nature: winter is unknown to him; and he leaves the green meadows of England in autumn, for the myrtle and orange-groves of Italy, and for the palms of Africa:—he has always objects of pursuit, and his success is secure. Even the beings selected for his prey are poetical, beautiful, and transient. The ephemera are saved by his means from a slow and lingering death in the evening, and killed in a moment, when they had known nothing of life but pleasure. He is the constant destroyer of insects,—the friend of man; and with the stork and the ibis may be regarded as a sacred bird. The instinct, which gives him his appointed seasons, and which teaches him always when and where to move, may be regarded as flowing from a Divine source; and he belongs to the oracles of Nature, which speak the awful and intelligible language of a present Deity."

The sand-martin is the first of the family of the swallows to arrive in this country, often appearing even while the weather is severe. Its flight is more vacillating than that of the generality of the species, but it is equally fond of skimming the surface of the water. Numbers may be annually seen about the sheet of water in Hyde-park, though it has created much speculation whence they come. The arrival of this bird is hailed with joy, and many are ready to say with the poet—

"Welcome, welcome, feather'd stranger,
How the sun bids Nature smile;
Safe arrived, and free from danger,
Welcome to our blooming isle
Still twitter on my lonely roof,
And hail me at the dawn of day,
Each morn the recollected proof
Of Time that ever fleets away.

Fond of sunshine, fond of shade,
Fond of skies serene and clear;
Ev'n transient storms thy joy invade
In fairest seasons of the year:
What makes thee seek a milder clime?
What bids thee shun the wintry gale?
How know'st thou thy departing time?
Hail! wondrous bird! hail, swallow, hail!

Sure something more to thee is given,
Than myriads of the feather'd race,
Some gift Divine, some spark from Heaven,
That guides thy flight from place to place:

Still freely come, still freely go,
And blessings crown thy vigorous wing;
May thy rude flight meet no rude foe,
Delightful messenger of spring!"

The banks of rivers and the margins of lakes are its oft-visited resorts; and though the admirer of nature may have sought the silent retreats of the valley or the river's brink to meditate, he thinks the swallow no intruder on the scenery or on his thoughts. Here with countless evolutions it may be seen, now shooting into mid air, now sipping or laving the water as it skims over its surface. Horsemen, in crossing extensive commons, are often attended by troops of these active birds, which sweep around, and collect such insects as are roused by the trampling of the horse's feet. Without this expedient they would often be obliged to settle on the ground, to pick up the lurking prey. Avenues and walks secured from the wind, pastures and meadows where cattle graze, are also frequently visited, especially if they abound with trees, under the deep shade of which insects assemble. The seizing of their prey is accompanied by a smart snap of the bill, resembling the shutting of a watch-case, but the motion of the mandible is too quick to be detected.

The sand-martin is generally, but locally, distributed over the British islands. Mr. Thompson, of Belfast, says it is a regular summer visitor to Ireland; but it is not so numerous as the swallow or house-martin. It visits also the Orkneys and Shetlands, and is seen in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. In the more temperate districts of Russia and Siberia it is found, from whence it passes over all the southern parts of the European continent, and towards the end of autumn crosses the Mediterranean for Africa, and is believed to proceed as far south as the Cape. According to the testimony of Audubon, Wilson, and Dr. Richardson, the species spreads over a large portion of the American continent; but the birds are not supposed to produce more than one brood in a season north of Lake Superior.*

The sand-martin, or as it is termed by the Spaniards, the mountain-butterfly, is the smallest, and probably the least numerous, of the three species of *Hirundo* visiting this country. It makes its appearance about the same time as the chimney-swallow, but as it does not live so much among the habitations of men,

its annual return is not so regularly or generally observed.

These little wanderers select as their resting-place high banks of rivers, sand-pits, and other vertical surfaces of earth that are sufficiently soft in substance to enable them to construct their nests. They avoid rocky or clayey districts, as the materials would be unsuitable; neither are the martins partial to gravelly banks that are either very hard or loose. The fresh-water accumulations of sand are the favourite spots, especially where a knoll has been cut through by a road or the action of a rivulet. Having chosen a suitable situation, which is generally such as has been employed in years that are passed by others of the species, the little miners form a horizontal orifice, with a degree of regularity, and an amount of labour that is rarely exceeded among birds. The beak of the sand-martin is very hard, sharp, and admirably adapted for digging, and though small its shortness increases its strength. Clinging to the face of a sandbank, it strikes with its bill as a miner would with a pick-axe, till it has loosened a considerable portion of the hard sand, which it tumbles down the face of the cliff. Some of these holes are cut with such precision as to appear to have been marked out with a pair of compasses, while others are irregular in form; but this seems to depend more on the sand crumbling away than on any deficiency of skill. The bird always uses its own body to determine the proportions of the gallery; it perches on the circumference with its claws, and works with its bill from the centre outwards. It consequently assumes all positions while at work in the inside, hanging from the roof of the gallery with its back downwards as often as standing on the floor; and sometimes it has been seen wheeling round in this manner on the face of a sand-bank, when it was just breaking ground, to begin its gallery. To this it is owing that all the galleries are more or less tortuous in their termination; and where a bed of loose hay, and a few of the smaller breast-feathers of geese, ducks, or fowls, are spread with little art for the reception of the eggs. It is worthy of observation that the bird always scrapes the loose sand with its feet, which it has detached by its bill: but so carefully is this accomplished that it does not scratch up the unmined sand, or disturb the level of the

floor, by which any lodgment of rain is prevented.

Mr. White observed that several holes of different depths have been left unfinished at the end of the summer. To imagine that these were intentional preparations for the ensuing spring, is allowing too much of foresight to these birds; and it is far more likely that the cause of their being unfinished arose from their encountering in those places too harsh, hard, and solid a stratum for their purpose, which they accordingly relinquished, and chose a fresh spot in which the work could be more easily performed. On the other hand, it is probable that they sometimes find the soil too soft and friable, and prefer it where it is firmer and more secure. After having taken up their annual abode in these holes for some years, new ones are bored, in which they occupy their "local habitation."

The eggs are from four to six in number, resembling those of the house-martin in appearance. Sand-martins are sociable birds, building so near each other, that in favourite localities the external apertures to their retreats are sometimes so numerous that the surface of the bank is like a honeycomb. White informs us that the nestlings are supported with gnats, and other small insects, and are sometimes fed with dragon-flies (*libellulæ*) almost as long as themselves. In the last week of June they have been seen perched in a row, on a rail, and so young and helpless as easily to be taken by the hand; but whether the parents feed them on the wing, as swallows and martins do, has not been determined.

"Stay thee, thou bird of nimblest wing,
Herald and harbinger of spring,
As round and round in airy ring,
Thou wheel'st thy flight;
Or dart'st right on, as if to meet
My pensive steps, when, lo! more fleet
Than bowyer's shaft, thy turnings cheat
The following sight.

Go! and the mead or hedge-row skim,
Or, passing, sip the water's brim;
Or plunge thee in the dimpling stream,
Thy wing to prune:
Or with thy mate, now low, now high,
In sport thy viewless pinions fly;
And catch with sounding beak the fly,
Thy nestlings' boon.

Go! and abroad thy nestlings lead,
Perch'd on the chimney-top to feed,
And train'd the quivering wing to spread,
For doubtful flight:
Soon shall they make more bold essay,
Mix with their kindred groups in play,
And round the village-dwellings stray,
And church-topp'd height.

Go! and a mother's task renew,
Thy cares, and toils, and joys pursue,
Long as mild autumn, bathed in dew,
The welkin warms;
Till chill October's fickle hour
Shall warn thee, and thy tribes to cower
On each slope roof and sunny tower,
In countless swarms."

These birds are of a sociable disposition, and considerable flocks of them may be seen colonizing in some favourite locality. Professor Pallas says, that on the high banks of the Irtish they congregate in such numbers, that when disturbed they fly out of their nests and fill the air like flies; and according to Wilson, they swarm in immense multitudes along the banks of the Ohio and Kentucky. In some of the shelving sand-banks of the Irtish, which border the streams in Cheshire, the holes in which their nests are built may be seen in hundreds; and in the summer of 1833, a numerous colony was observed occupying a steep bank of alluvial sand, through which the road had been cut near Dorking, on the high road to Brighton.

Sparrows seem to live very harmoniously with the martins, for they may be observed passing and repassing without the least indication of hostility, which among birds is soon displayed, by tones of insult and defiance, and incessant skirmishing and bickering. If, however, a cuckoo passes near their habitation, certainly meditating no harm against the swallows, and not even poaching on their domain by hawking for flies, as he has a decided preference for caterpillars, which the martins never touch; yet the instant he is seen, the tocsin is sounded, and the colony proceed, with bill and wing, to drive him from the neighbourhood.

"The sand-martin," says White, "*fera naturâ*, at least in this part of the kingdom, disclaiming all domestic attachments, and haunting wild heaths and commons; while the other species are remarkably gentle and domesticated, and never seem to think themselves safe but under the protection of man. There are in this parish, in the sand-pits and banks of the lakes of Wolmer Forest, several colonies of these birds, and yet they are never seen in the village, nor do they at all frequent the cottages that are scattered about that wild district."*

Mr. Rennie, however, gives illustrations which greatly modify this view, if they

do not invert the conclusion. There is, for instance, a colony at Charlton, in Kent, in the vicinity of two cottages, while two limekilns are in constant communication just below the bank. Within a few yards of a colony also at Catrine, in Ayrshire, not only is there a party of quarry-men constantly at work, but it is within a gunshot from a row of nearly a hundred houses, close by the doors of which Mr. Rennie has seen the birds hawking for flies every hour of the day. A number of sand-martins have also taken up their habitation at the limekilns at Greenwich, near the foot of Blackheath-hill, which is surrounded by streets, and along these parties of the bank-swallow have frequently been seen in pursuit of their prey, though they certainly prefer a more distant excursion to the Thames or the Ravensbourne, as those at Catrine do, to skim the surface of the reservoirs and mill-streams in the vicinity. One of the wildest localities in which they have been observed to be colonized, appears to be the high cliffs between Cape d'Antifer and La Hève, on the coast of Normandy; but from these spots they proceed to the villages several miles from their nests in pursuit of food.

When the verdant enamel of summer is giving place to the warm and mellow tints of autumn; when the leaves are fast falling from the branches, and their naked tops appear; when the golden sheaves are safely lodged in the barns, and the reapers have shouted their harvest-home; when the frosty nights and misty mornings show that "the evening of the year" has commenced, the swallows prepare for their departure to more genial climes. At length, directed by an unerring Guide, they take their trackless way. One of our poets has thus addressed the swallow:

"Then, where more balmy winters smile,
Speed thee to blest Hesperian isle,
Lybia's warm shores, or palmy Nile,
On wings of wind:
Taught by His voice, who bids thee know
Thy season, when to come and go,
To seek our genial skies, or throw
Our storms behind.

Farewell, sweet bird! thou still hast been
Companion of our summer scene,
Loved inmate of our meadows green,
And rural home:
The twitter of thy cheerful song,
We've loved to hear; and all day long
See thee on pinion, fleet and strong,
About us roam.

* Nat. Hist. of Selbourn, ii. 297.

And dost thou no wise lore impart?
 Yes, still thou bidd'st us act our part
 With body prompt and willing heart,
 While summer lasts:
 Prepared the course to take, that He
 For us appoints, who summons thee
 To climes of grateful warmth to flee
 From wintry blasts."

F.

TEMPORAL ADVANTAGES OF THE SABBATH.

THERE is not a comfort that is, or that can be enjoyed, but is traceable to the Divine institution of the sabbath, and to the blessings flowing from it. To the sabbath we are indebted for better food, better clothing, better bedding, better houses, and better laws, than any other nation or people upon the face of the earth who have not a sabbath-day, or where it is openly desecrated or profaned. The liberty of the press, the blessings of education, the advancement of knowledge, the progress of social improvement, the refinement of manners, the benefits of health, the influences of morality, and the consoling comforts of religion, are all from the same life-giving source, the Christian sabbath-day.

The different nations in the world who have done the most honour to the day of rest have been the most prosperous. Where God has been the most honoured the people have been the most happy. The first of these is the state of New England in America. In the year 1621, the pilgrim fathers landed at New Plymouth. They began their holy career by acknowledging God, and by keeping holy the sabbath-day; and hitherto the Lord has prospered them. From the most authentic sources, we gather that the style of living among all classes is full and liberal; that a fair distribution of social comfort abounds everywhere. From "Ferguson's Travels" we gather the most important facts. That writer says, "I observed in public and in private a decent observance of the sabbath. The official papers, the organs of the government, uniformly recognise the superintending and beneficent God. No shops are to be seen open on the sacred day of rest." In the New England states, and in those alone, is a due provision made for the education of the children of the labouring classes, and for the religious instruction of the people. The means of instruction which is provided in general is such as to put the knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, within the

reach of all. The respectable appearance of the working classes upon the day of rest is unequalled. The factory operatives of Lowell and other places resemble, in their appearance, people of independent incomes. Five thousand industrious females joined in one procession at Boston a few years ago, at the time of the President's visit, each bearing parasols. Take the labouring classes of New England as a whole, they stand without a rival for intelligence, respectability, and literary attainments and piety, of any people in the world. "Almost all the books that have issued from the American press, have been written by men or women who have been engaged in some laborious or professional employment. These works have not been written under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst the busy scenes of life." But from whence cometh so much respectability, learning, and power? They keep holy the sabbath-day. This explains the mystery.

The second country that demands our notice is Scotland. The sabbath has been to them an honour and delight for ages. Their character as a people stands high among the nations of the earth. Their ancestors were men of principle; they were valiant for the truth. They suffered joyfully the spoiling of their goods,—they endured persecution, and the loss of all things, for the sake of a good conscience. They took up their Testament and retired into the wilderness, where they kept holy the sabbath-day. They endured hardness as good soldiers for the sake of their principles and for the honour of their God. The blessing of God has followed them. Their children have been blessed in their basket and in their store, in their goings out and at their comings in. Their emigrants have been successful. The prosperity of Scotchmen has been long proverbial in foreign lands. Their success has been commonly attributed to their self-relying and self-denying habits, which were nourished and fostered by their education. But are we not justified in considering that their universal thirst for education, and their complete success in its attainment, is only a natural consequence of their love and religious veneration for the Christian sabbath-day? There is not a people in Europe whose mental and moral standing can be classed along with them. The social and physical condition of the cottiers is in advance of those of the same

class in England. In dress and in furniture the Scottish peasants and artisans are better provided for, considered as a class. Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.

The gratifying changes which have recently taken place in the islands of the Southern Ocean, afford another proof that the temporal condition of a people may be fairly judged of by the way in which the inhabitants spend the sabbath-day. Never, until within the last few years, has the sun of a Christian sabbath morning visited these once gloomy and benighted regions with its cheering beams. Till recently the natives were a race of savages; they wandered about almost in a state of nudity. The murder of children by their mothers was a thing of common occurrence: they were cannibals.

But now the religion of Christ has visited them: it has brought them out of darkness into marvellous light; it has given them the sabbath-day, and they keep it holy. Mr. G. Pritchard, her Majesty's consul, when speaking of these people, says: "In their schools they have an annual examination, which is usually held in May. On these occasions they have what is called the children's feast, when they all dine together. They are dressed in their best, and, as far as possible, in European clothing. With great delight they anticipate the return of that day, and are long preparing for it, making hats, bonnets, and dresses of all kinds. They consider it a disgrace to appear slovenly. They begin to feel it an honour to be industrious, and are aware that there are certain things which become them who would be respectable."

It may assist us in our reflections to take a brief survey of the social, physical, mental, moral, and pecuniary destitution of those who live in the neglect of it, or who desecrate its hours to unholy purposes, or those who have never seen its beauty or known its power.

It is difficult to imagine a more painful position for our fellow-creatures to be placed in than to be destitute of hope; yet such is the situation, or to a great extent, of tens of thousands of the careworn myriads of working men, who openly violate or neglect to improve the Christian sabbath-day:

"Long, long labour, little rest,
Born to toil, to be oppress'd,"

is the hard lot of that numerous portion

of the labouring classes, who set at nought or despise the day of rest. They are like a vessel out at sea on a dark stormy night, without compass, sails, or rudder. Their present condition is hopeless; their future is appalling. Within is vexation and tormenting cares; without is disappointment and defeat. Flatness of trade, low wages, and shortness of work, have contributed to bring them down.

But more than all, infatuated and insane attempts to better their temporal condition by long-protracted strikes for advancing the rate of wages. It was the strikes, in thousands of instances, that caused many respectable working men to lose the unspeakable benefit of the Christian sabbath-day. Their Sunday clothing got into the hands of the pawnbrokers, and their low wages kept them there, until the original owners lost their self-respect and looked upon their former selves with apathy.

Those were the fatal times when the husband began to hold down his head like a bulrush,—when the wife lost her ringlets,—when the maid forgot her ornaments, and the young man lost his neat array,—when the children began to go shoeless, and left the Sunday-schools for want of clothes,—when the Sunday newspaper was first taken in, and the Bible was laid aside,—when the man became a dissipated drunkard, and the woman a spirit-broken slattern.

These are not over-coloured pictures, but painful realities of many of the wretched families who have lost the soul-reviving benefits of the sabbath-day.

There is not a neighbourhood, village, or township that is notable for its profanation of the sacred day of rest, but is proverbial for its poverty and its crime. The writer is acquainted with one within his own immediate neighbourhood, where all the people make it a practice to bake their bread upon the sabbath-day, for the sake of "saving time;" but it is questionable whether there is another village in England where the labouring classes get so little bread to bake. Many have been transported and imprisoned within the last few years, from this "dirty, poaching" village, for the crimes of arson and other felonies. Truly sin is the cause of sorrow.

The same holds good with nations. Whatever country or people has slighted, desecrated, or never enjoyed the holy day of the Lord, such country or people have suffered in their revenues, or in the tem-

poral prosperity of its inhabitants. Revealed religion and moral philosophy both declare that "the way of transgressors is hard."

There are two things which we, the working classes, will do well to remember, when we carefully compare our temporal condition in these realms with that of the labouring classes of other countries upon the continent of Europe, and in Egypt, in China, etc. The first is, the extreme low rate of wages paid for labour in those countries; and the second is, the absence of that quiet home feeling amongst all classes abroad, where the sabbaths are profaned, or not at all observed.

We begin with France,—disturbed, unhappy France. The only nation in the world that ever had the daring impiety to blot out the sabbath-day of rest by public proclamation. The social condition of the peasantry of France is thus described by M. Michelet:—"Watch him before daylight; you will find him at work with all his family, and even his wife, scarcely out of her confinement, creeping along the dim earth. At noon, when the rocks split with heat, when the planter's negro takes repose, the volunteer negro gets none. In passing you salute him cordially; he will not see you, but slouches his hat. Do not ask him the way; if he answer you, he may, perhaps, make you turn your back upon the place where you are going to. Thus the peasant becomes more and more bitter and retiring. His heart is too much oppressed to open it to any generous sentiment of benevolence; he hates the rich, his neighbour, and the world. Alone he becomes a savage. It is insociability proceeding from his misery, which renders it irremediable; it prevents him from being on a kind and friendly footing with those who should be his associates and his friends. The peasant is malicious, spiteful, and capable of any enormity; it is not safe to be his neighbour." The rueful and melancholy condition of the weavers of Lyons, the artisans of Paris and Milan, etc., are too well known to need recording here. France may discard her monarchs and burn her thrones; but until she learns wisdom from above, by keeping holy the sabbath-day, she never can be happy. The foundation is wanting upon which the superstructure of domestic happiness, peace, and comfort must be built.

In Ireland the sabbath is broken, and

so is its peace. It is true that an early part of the sacred day is spent in religious formalities and services, carried on in an unknown tongue; but even there the very incense is contaminated by the noisome effluvia that is for ever arising from a dirty and filthy congregation. No money is spent in the labour-market to procure the common decencies for the public worship of God; and the consequence is, the people are without wages and work too, and have no money to spend. If ever Ireland is to rise in the scale of nations, she must begin with keeping holy the sabbath-day.

The same may be said of Spain and Portugal. The sabbath-day is little regarded, and the labouring classes are miserable and their habits are despicable: the state of society is radically corrupt. The soil and climate the most fruitful and genial in the world; the earth brings forth the choicest luxuries with little labour. The productions of the soil are the finest wheat, barley, oil, honey, hemp, flax, cotton, and silk. The mines are rich and various, producing iron, copper, and every other mineral abounds in the Peninsular. The sheep are millions in number; their wool is of the finest texture. There grow the figs, the oranges, the lemons, and the pomegranates; and the sea-coasts abound with fish. This is Spain and Portugal, as God has made them, for the temporary abode of man. In "Chambers's Journal," No. 3, page 39, a description is given of Spain as it was at the beginning of the present century, as regards its social state:—"Population 10,409,879; 148,242 clergy and monks, and 32,000 nuns, exclusive of about a fourth part of the population living on their property, without doing anything; there were 100,000 smugglers, pirates, and assassins escaped from prisons and garrisons; about 40,000 officials appointed to capture these, having an understanding with them; 300,000 servants, of whom more than a third part were left to shift for themselves; 60,000 students, most of whom begged, or rather extorted money at night; 100,000 beggars, fed at the doors of the monasteries and convents." These calculations apply with equal force at the present day. The idle able-bodied men of Spain are now to be seen standing in ragged crowds, supplicating for a crust of bread at the gates of the monasteries, whilst murders excite no general alarm, and can be done for a fee. Such is the state and condition of

the finest country in the world, where the sabbath-day is broken, where God is dishonoured, and where man is injured thereby.—*From Prize Essays on the Sabbath, by Working Men, published by the Religious Tract Society.*

OLD HUMPHREY AT OBAN AND THE HEBRIDES.

He freely roams the heathy moor,
And drinks the balmy breeze,
And seeks the misty, wild sea-loch
And stormy Hebrides.
He gazes on the lonely isle
While winds around him roar,
And angry waves for ever lash
The rude and rocky shore.

MANY were the passengers in the "Oban" steamboat, when I walked down to the pier to go on board. We had shine and shade—wet and dry—calm and windy weather in the course of our passage, and thus opportunities for conversation occurred both on deck and in the cabin below, of which I freely availed myself. Some of my fellow-passengers, who were well acquainted with Loch Linnhe and the neighbourhood around, pointed out to me the places and objects within view the most worthy of attention.

The hills of Ardgour rose on our right. There is a beautiful waterfall near them, called Ardgour's Towel, on account of its extreme whiteness. We passed Corran Ferry and the opening of Loch Leven. Near Ardsheal-house is a cavern, concealed from view by a waterfall, and there some of the fugitives from the field of Culloden found a temporary shelter. The coast of Appin lay on our left, and that of Morven on our right. Loch Crean, a branch of Loch Linnhe, has a small island at its entrance. We passed, also Lochnell Bay, Sound of Mull, as well as the castles of Dunstaffnage, Duart, and Dunolly.

A high treat had I in the society of two tourists—sea captains—who had both been actively employed in the different colonies and localities of New South Wales and Van Diemen's land. They were strangers till they met on their tour; and pleasant it was to hear them relate, with all the enthusiasm of ardent hearts, and almost brotherly feeling and affection, the spirit-stirring adventures through which they had passed. Oh! what toil, what hunger, what thirst, what disappointment had they endured,—yet on they went, "abating not a jot of heart

or hope" till they succeeded. One of them related the desperate adventure that a brother captain had, some time since, passed through. He had noticed that a mutiny was about to break forth in the ship, and that the chief ringleaders, six in number, who had decided on his death, were then together, well armed, in a secure place, arranging their murderous plan. Placing two or three trusty hands at the head of the companion-ladder—for the crew was but small—the captain caused himself to be let down, with a loaded pistol in each hand, into the middle of the mutineers. He told them that he knew all, and was prepared for all—and that their only chance was submission. If they chose to lay down their arms, and, one at a time, to walk quietly up the companion-ladder, well and good; but, if they hesitated a moment, two of them should have the contents of his pistols in their hearts. The captain's resolution saved the ship and his own life. Truly, "they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters," not only "see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep," but also pass through great dangers, and experience marvellous deliverances!

Very near the Isle of Lismore, at the opening of the Sound of Mull and Loch Linnhe, a small island was pointed out to me, which, at low water, is covered over by the waves when the sky lowers, the winds are abroad, and the angry waves are mounting one above another: hardly can the eye look on a more desolatespectacle. A tale of horror is connected with the place, which, as the stranger gazes on the island, afflicts his heart. Maclean, of Duart-in-Mull, a Highland chief, out of hatred to his wife, caused her to be left on the rock at low water, that she might be carried away by the returning tide. It happened, however, that some Campbells, who accidentally drew near in a boat, rescued her, and conveyed her to her friends. Maclean, guilty Maclean, not doubting that his wife had been swallowed up by the overwhelming waves, spread a report of her having died suddenly, and, causing a mock funeral of great pomp to be solemnized, hastened to Inverary to condole with her friends. At the festival held in honour of his arrival, he was confounded by the sudden appearance of his injured wife, and was, soon after, as he hurried away in confusion, slain by the hand of her brother.

The town of Oban, standing on the brink of a semicircular bay, has a very attractive appearance as you come suddenly in sight of it from Loch Linnhe. "A prettier cove I never saw," exclaimed one of the sea captains, who had never before seen it, gazing upon it from the deck of the steamer. Dunolly Castle, at the entrance of the bay, and the free-church, farther to the south, are the most striking buildings that meet the eye. Oh! what a rush there was from the steamboat to the Caledonian Hotel. What anxiety to engage beds and procure refreshments! and what difficulty to procure either a private room or a seat at the public table! Happy was he who could get a joint set before him, or sit down to a smoking salmon-steak, and a cup of refreshing tea!

Not doubting that my trunk, which I had sent from Blair Athol, had arrived, how great was my disappointment to find that nothing had been heard of it. It contained my clothes, linen, boots, books, papers, and comforts of various kinds. Hitherto I had braved all weathers, and practised much self-denial; but now I really wanted the comforts of my trunk, and felt like one suddenly stripped of his possessions. Patience was my only resource.

At the Caledonian Hotel, I again fell in with the Aberdeen professor who had ascended Ben Nevis with me. He and his favourite large staff arrived by a steamer, a day or two after I myself had made my appearance. It did me good again to meet with my agreeable companion.

It was a novel sight to me to see on the sabbath day a goodly congregation gathered on the green hill by the church. There they were when I went into church, seated on the ground, and there they were when I came out. From morning to night they retained their situation, while their ministers, who addressed them most energetically in Gaelic, preached to them by turns. My heart felt drawn towards them; and, though I understood not Gaelic, I lingered among them by the hour. The scene reminded me of the following quotation that I had lately read:

"It was on Sunday; and the inhabitants of a small village, near the bridge, were repairing to church. The decency of their apparel, and the stayed and reverential expression of their countenances, were peculiarly characteristic of

the Highland peasantry. It is on the Lord's day, when, under the influence of deep devotional feelings, that they appear in their most dignified character. They may spend the other six days of the week in labour or revel, but they never cease to remember that their Bible enjoins them to keep the sabbath day holy. The solemn grandeur of the solitudes they inhabit, and the strain of profound reflection which a life of loneliness encourages, prepare them to receive religious impressions with enthusiasm almost fanatical."

I was pleased, when at church, to find the professor within a few yards of me; he sat with his great staff in his arms, and with his long dark hair flowing behind him, listening with profound attention to the discourse.

On one occasion I had ascended to the proudest height of the highest hill to the south of Oban, rich with purple heather. The town, the bay, Loch Etwe, Loch Creran, Loch Spelvie, and Loch Linnhe, the islands Kerrera, Lismore, and Mull, with the castles Dunally, and Dunstaffnage, were below; the everlasting hills were around me, the glowing heavens were above, and the glorious sun had lit up the earth and skies. A sudden and irrepressible sense of gladness came upon me, and a grateful emotion to the Father of mercies rushed to my heart. My knees pressed the heather, while a few ejaculatory words of praise broke from my lips. There may be lovers of nature who, unaccustomed to habits of devotion, may call this fanaticism, while stricter religionists, who have little taste for the beauties of creation, may regard it as a mere expression of sentimentality; to both I would say, that when the heart is oppressed with a grateful sense of the goodness of God, the sunny slope purpled with heather is no unbecoming place in which to bend the knee before him; nor is the sunlit mountain-top, canopied by the skies, an unfitting temple in which to celebrate his praise.

I had seated myself on a projecting crag, opened my pocket-book, and read a few of the papers it contained. My ink-horn was beside me, and, in a sunny mood of mind, I began to fling on my paper my glowing thoughts, when, alas! such is the uncertainty of the weather among the mountains, a cloud from behind overshadowed me, and a drizzling shower, that every moment grew heavier, suddenly began to fall. My paper was hastily folded, my pocket-book hurried into

its customary recess, and with precipitation, I zig-zagged my way down the mountain; but, long before I set foot on the level ground, I was drenched to the skin,—my sunshine was changed to shade, and my glare to gloom:

Thus chequer'd are our earthly years
With fair and stormy weather,
And hopes and fears and smiles and tears
Come almost all together.

From Oban, the Hebrides are very conveniently visited by steamboat. Not willingly would I have returned from the Highlands without availing myself of this advantage.

A sort of short abstract given of the Hebrides is as follows:

"The Hebrides, or Western Islands, amount to about three hundred, of which eighty-six are inhabited, and are calculated to contain 70,000 souls; the inhabitants belong to the ancient race of the Gael. In language, dress, customs, and manners, they are similar to the Highlands of the mainland.

"These islands, it is thought, were at first independent, and governed by their own princes, till the ninth century, when the Danes and Norwegians invaded and conquered them. They were thus the property of people hostile to Scotland, who frequently made predatory inroads on the mainland. These islands gradually became the haunts of pirates and robbers, who infested the coasts of Scotland, and also of England. From these likewise were supposed to issue those swarms of freebooters who were so destructive to the interest of commerce, and exacted contributions from almost every government in the north of Europe. The Hanseatic league was formed to oppose them. In the thirteenth century the Hebrides were nominally ceded to the crown of Scotland, but they were still governed by powerful chieftains, who disclaimed royal authority. Somerled, thane of Argyle, left two sons, Dugald and Reginald. The first got the lordship of Argyle, with Mull and the islands north of it, and was the progenitor of the Macdougals, of Lorn; the other that of Kintyre, Islay, and the southern islands. These people, and their descendants and successors, are known in history by the name of the Lords of the Isles, as the earls of Ross are sometimes by that of the Macdonalds of the Isles. They exercised royal authority, and even sometimes arrogated to themselves the name. Their alliance

was courted, and sometimes obtained by the English monarchs; they often carried their arms into the mainland, and once burned and destroyed Inverness."

The Hebrides fully realized the wildest conceptions I had formed of their desolate character, hung around with mists, and lashed by the angry ocean. The lone dreariness—the overawing stillness and solitude of these Isles, is oppressive to the mind: no wonder that the wildest superstitions have there been cradled. They present just that sort of weird scenery, when the fitful blast is abroad, and the clouds are hurrying through the heavens, that excite the enthusiastic spirit. It is here, when the storm is raging, that the incantation to the Reim-kennar would be more than ordinarily appropriate and influential:

"Stern eagle of the far north-west;
Thou that bearest in thy grasp the thunderbolt,
Thou whose rushing pinions stir ocean to madness,
Thou the destroyer of herds, thou the scatterer of navies,
Thou the breaker down of towers,
Amidst the scream of thy rage,
Amidst the rushing of thy onward wings,
Though thy scream be loud as the cries of a perishing nation,
Though the rushing of thy wings be like the roar of ten thousand waves;
Yet hear in thine ire, and in thy haste
Hear thou the voice of the Reim-kennar.

Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the ocean,
The widows wring their hands on the beach;
Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the land,
The husbandman folds his arms in despair;
Cease thou the waving of thy pinions,
Let the ocean repose in her dark strength;
Cease thou the flashing of thine eye,
Let the thunderbolt sleep in the armoury of Odin;
Be thou still at my bidding, viewless racer of the north-western heaven,
Sleep thou at the voice of Norma, the Reim-kennar.

Eagle of the far north-western waters,
Thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar,
Thou hast closed thy wide sails at her bidding,
And folded them in peace by thy side.
My blessing be on thy retiring path!
When thou stoapest from thy place on high,
Soft be thy slumbers in the caverns of the unknown ocean,
Rest till destiny shall again awaken thee;
Eagle of the north west, thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar!"

Hereafter I propose to describe my visit to Staffa, Iona, and other places; but I cannot refrain from referring to one or two of my Oban rambles. Many times did I mount the hills to the south of Oban, and there is a brook on the right-hand of the road to Dunach, running between rocky banks, varying from twenty to one or two hundred feet high,

that afforded me much pleasure. By that brook I have mused when the sun flung around him his fiery beams, and under the oak and ash-trees by the brook's side I have taken shelter when the drénching shower was descending from the skies. There was one of its sweet, secluded dells that much delighted me; it was not vast enough greatly to excite, nor intricate enough to embarrass; but the lone, quiet, sylvan character of the scene had a wondrously soothing influence over my mind. There I lay down "in green pastures," and was led "beside still waters."

The high hills to the north of Oban Bay are worth climbing, for not many Highland prospects surpass those that their summits command. Dunolly Castle, on one of their rocky promontories, was once the stronghold of the Mac Dougals of Lorn. No one can visit Oban without being struck with its square, ivy-covered keep.

Not soon shall I forget my rambles to Dunstaffnage Castle, where once was kept the coronation-stone, now in the Abbey of Westminster, and to Loch Etive. "I know not," says Macculloch, "that Loch Etive could bear an ornament without an infringement on that aspect of solitary vastness which it presents throughout. Nor is there one. The rocks and bays on the shore, which might elsewhere attract attention, are here swallowed up in the enormous dimensions of the surrounding mountains, and the wide and ample expanse of the lake. A solitary house, here fearfully solitary, situated far up in Glen Etive, is only visible when at the upper extremity; and if there be a tree, as there is in a few places on the shore, it is unseen; extinguished as it were a humble mountain flower, by the universal magnitude around."

As I rambled beside Loch Etive, two Highlanders, in their plaids and kilts, were rowing a boat near the shore, while a female, clad in tartan, was waiting their arrival. The red, round sun was the colour of heated iron, and the sky to the west was streaked with yellow, and purple, and glowing crimson. There was tartan on the water and tartan on the land, and as I gazed on the skies, even they seemed hung with tartan!

Christian reader! I know not how it may be with thee, but sometimes the golden flood of light, the unbearable glory of the sunny sky so fills my heart

and mind, that my joy for the moment is unspeakable. What thinkest thou of the greater glory of an eternal world?

"Between this glory and thy soul, there is but Jordan's flow,
What some have call'd the 'swelling flood;' to me it seems not so,—
I see it as a woodland brook, a little silver thread;
And if my Saviour call'd me now, one step might cross its bed.

Thine hour will come: oh! fear not then, should joys be faint and few,
Nor be dismay'd, though clouds should hide thy Father's house from view.
The last mile may be dark and drear; but, then, it is the last,
And home will seem the happier home for tribulation past.

Press onward still a little while, and trust thy heavenly Friend;
His love hath never fail'd thee yet, nor will it to the end.
That love of Christ, whose height and depth eternity must tell;
Stronger than death, and more than life: but now, awhile, farewell!"

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

No nations of antiquity ever reached the same amount of civilization and social comfort as ourselves, because no nation before Christ had the same knowledge of God and of duty. Although the Roman conquerors introduced the first elements of civilization into this island, its progress dates with the introduction of Christianity among us. Our reformer Alfred was a Christian. To the Christianity of the middle ages, corrupt as it was, we owe whatever was at that period refined in the manners of the nation, or virtuous in its principles. And, since the Reformation, it was the gospel which taught the Puritans to toil and bleed for liberty of conscience; and liberty of conscience has secured our political and civil liberties. The whole fabric of our national prosperity rests mainly upon our reception, partial and incomplete as that still is, of the gospel of Christ. We may in some measure perceive this, if we merely look at the great elementary laws of the gospel. Two great laws bind the conscience of every follower of Jesus Christ. The first is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul." The second is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." In these laws, which are enforced by the authority of Christ, and endeared by his example, there are contained copious and unfailing elements of social progress. One principle contained in them is the principle

of individuality. Each believer in Christ being bound to love God supremely, must do his will with an independence of thought and action, with which no rival authority must be permitted in the smallest degree to interfere. When once this love to God is obtained by any one through faith, whether he be rich or poor, young or old, he must thenceforth act with indestructible, unconquerable freedom for God,—Fashion, authority, numbers, interests, can no more hinder the development of right principles in him, than the swarms of summer-flies buzzing round its branches can hinder the oak from spreading out its gigantic arms, and lifting up its head to the skies. Each Christian loves God, and therefore obeys him: his course is fixed. If others will go with him to heaven along the path of duty, so much the better: if not, he goes alone.

But while these commands involve an indomitable individuality, they no less develop a brotherhood of feeling towards the race. Since the Christian's first rule is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," all the world would solicit him in vain to turn away from the law of God: but since his second rule is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," the law of God leads him to become the brother of every other man. Governed by this law, he can no longer violate the rights of his fellow-creatures, nor disregard their happiness, nor despise them for their failings. Since he is called to love them as himself, how sincere, how active, how beneficent, how forgiving, how inexhaustible, how indestructible his kindness ought to be to all; for such is his love to himself.

Of both these principles each Christian can find an illustration, in the life of the Redeemer, well adapted to humble and improve him. Never was there on earth a life of such perfect individuality. In the midst of all corruption he lived apart from it, and took his own solitary road through the world with unfaltering fidelity to God. Misled by no prejudice, and enslaved by no fashion, he saw the will of God, and did it, though the world hated him for so doing. Yet was he our Brother; he came for us, lived for us, laboured for us, suffered for us, and died for us. Through a whole life of suffering he steadily pursued our salvation and our happiness; with a view to which he lived with men, taught them, healed them, fed them,

comforted them, converted them, and then commanded his followers to do the same: "I have given you an example, that you should do as I have done to you." This love to our neighbour comprehends the very highest exercises of justice and humanity: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." Every disciple of Christ becomes thus a brother to every other disciple, and a friend to all mankind. All social improvement would follow at once from universal obedience to this command. And as all Christ's disciples do obey it, a nation of Christians would be a society incomparably more perfect than has ever yet been seen on the earth. In such a nation of brothers, slavery would be impossible, and unjust legislation would cease. The rich would not oppress the poor, nor the poor envy the rich. There industry would have its rights; there property, the fruit of industry, would be secure. The rich would be beneficent, the poor would find many friends; all would wish well to all. There fraud, branded with disgrace, would be banished from business. There temperance would give vigour to the form, and purity would add strength to the affections. There truth and rectitude would inspire all with confidence in one another. The gaol and the policeman would be superseded by the school; factions would cease. And while such a nation would be the best prepared of all nations for war—because its men would be athletic in form and brave in heart, intelligent and well instructed—because it would abound in wealth, be strong in justice, and prepared for patriotic sacrifices; yet of all nations it would also be the most peaceable, because it would be the most inspired with horror at the crimes and miseries which are the accompaniments of war.

There is no such nation on the earth; the youngest here may not live to see such; but the gospel will eventually accomplish this transformation of all the nations—every Christian in every land does something towards the accomplishment, and every new convert helps it on.

Rejoice, then, my young friends, everywhere and always, if you have received grace to believe in Christ. Rejoice in God, who has created, preserved, and pardoned you; rejoice in Christ, who has redeemed you, loves you, and reigns for you: rejoice in the Holy Spirit, who is your guide and comforter; rejoice in

the Bible, your chosen rule of life,—the wisest and holiest book in the world; in which God your Father reveals to you all his will; rejoice in the thought of heaven as your own everlasting home; rejoice in the church of Christ, of which you have become members by faith, as the purest, wisest, noblest, and happiest of all societies; rejoice in the age and country in which you live, where knowledge and liberty, being founded on religious principle, are likely to endure and grow; rejoice in the privileges which you possess as Christians, and in the honourable and ennobling duties which in that character you are called to fulfil. Labour wisely for happiness, and you will, with the blessing of God, secure it. Do as much good as you can, in your short lives, to as many as possible of your fellow-creatures. Honour your Redeemer by your excellent conduct and high principles. Make all the good esteem you, and bear manfully the dislike of the wicked. Do not be conquered by adverse circumstances, but conquer them. By faith in Christ, by prayer, by prudence, and by energy, make difficulties brace you to greater force of character; and sorrow, like the ancient rock of Horeb, pour forth for you a tide of joy. Seize every opportunity of mental and moral improvement. Waste not, by any carelessness, your strength of mind and body; but improve both for the service of God and man. And may you live so wisely, that, after much enjoyment of this fleeting life, you may sink to the grave in a good old age, beloved and honoured by all who knew your piety and shared in your friendship, with few regrets for the past, and with triumphant hopes, for eternity!—*Hon. and Rev. B. Noel's Lecture to Young Men.*

HURRICANES IN THE WEST INDIES.

WINTER is the season of storms in Europe, but it is a peculiarity of West India hurricanes that they occur in the three hottest months of the year, and are preceded generally by much calm weather. They may, perhaps, be accounted for by the theory, that in those latitudes the great heat has so rarefied the air, as to cause a vacuum into which the cold and heavier air rushes from the north or north-west. This idea appears to be supported by the fact that the force of the hurricanes are less felt in proportion as the islands extend to the south, while Trinidad, which is the

most southern one, is supposed to be out of the hurricane latitude altogether.

The "hurricane season" is commonly dated by the English from the 25th of July to the 25th of October; though the French calculate from the full moon of the former to the full moon of the latter month; while, however, the higher rate of insurance on ships during those months commences from the 1st of August. When the vessels are seen to be hurrying off, and leaving the harbours empty, from that day the idea is suggested that they are making their escape from dangers to which the inhabitants on shore are left exposed. The season is always a time of apprehension, though several successive years may pass round without one of these fearful visitations taking place; and when one does occur, many of the islands may altogether escape its violence. The great hurricane which devastated Barbadoes in 1831, passed through the channel between St. Lucia and St. Vincent, sweeping in its rage the south end of one, and the north end of the other, while the opposite extremities of each were happily exempted.

The hurricane is generally announced several hours before it sets in with violence, by a concurrence of circumstances—such as successive sudden gusts of wind, attended with showers, each one increasing in violence, and the rapid flight of the clouds, while a thick haze gathers over the sea, and the waves display their angry agitation, as far as they can be seen, by the white foam of their crests; and should these indications be confirmed by the state of the barometer, the coming event is looked for with a fearful certainty. Almost every planter and respectable inhabitant provides himself with a barometer, as an important article of furniture, to which he can refer with much confidence in these seasons of alarm; and the nature of the approaching visit may be generally ascertained by the movements of the mercury in the glass. If the descent be slow and only a few lines, there does not appear cause for any great apprehension; but if the fall be rapid and considerable, the anticipations are proportionably gloomy. So, during the violence of the storm, the glass may be referred to with equal certainty, to ascertain the duration of the time of danger; and it is a remarkable circumstance that the mercury begins to rise some time before the storm abates; so that, from this cheering intimation,

it is often the case that the inhabitants feel the animation of hope at the time that the blasts are most terrific without.

The devastating hurricane which swept the island of Barbadoes was preceded by a day more or less rainy, though, as evening closed in, the showers were more frequent, and the wind accompanying them became stronger; but while this state of the weather would not have excited any apprehensions at another time of the year, yet it being August, several persons were induced to look at the barometer, when they were fully confirmed in their alarm. As it was about fifty years since the island had been exposed to any really fearful visitation, and some of the inhabitants had never witnessed any alarming one, the "hurricane season" had long been regarded with very little dread in that colony; consequently, on this occasion, many retired to their beds for the night, without supposing there could be any cause for fear.

Such was the impression of the family in whose circle the writer was a visitor at the time. Shortly after midnight, however, we were sufficiently roused to the fearfulness of our situation. The stormy blasts at first came raging from the north, and though my bed-room was on the south side of the house, the glass of the windows was soon dashed to fragments by the swinging of the heavy jealousy blinds hung on the outside. Still supposing myself safe in a strongly-built house, I felt no serious apprehensions awakened until I found an alarm was given to secure the window-shutters in a more exposed part of the house, when I rushed out of my chamber to render my assistance.

In the islands more to the north, the shutters are made very strong for the purpose, and placed on the outside of the windows, so as to be readily closed at such a time, and well secured within; but this precaution had been overlooked at Barbadoes, so that it was a more difficult task to close the shutters against the wind. At the same time the shutters themselves were so frail, that while two of us were pressing with all our might at one window, the panels were blown in over our heads. But we immediately had additional cause for alarm, on perceiving a movement in the ceiling, from which we concluded that the wind had forced its way into the roof, and would soon bear it away. We then hastily sought safety in the apartments below. On making

our retreat, as we had to pass my chamber-door, I remembered that my watch lay exposed on the dressing-table, when I rushed in and secured it; but the attempt was made at serious risk, for the wind having shifted round towards the south, blew with great rage directly into the room, and, as I was hurrying out, so forced the door from my command, as to wedge me by one arm against the door-frame, when for some seconds I found that my efforts to extricate myself were vain, until the occurrence of one of those ominous "lulls" which are the sure precursors of increased violence of the storm. It just gave me time, however, to escape with my life; for the renewed fury of the wind bore off the roof, carrying one side wall with it, and heaping on the bedstead fragments of other walls.

On joining the family below, all was activity to remove some valuable books and pictures, which were exposed to the torrents of rain, streaming in at the demolished windows and flying through the south rooms. But these efforts were cut short by the necessity of fleeing for our own safety; and having gained an apartment, as yet beyond the reach of the tornado, and finding no exertions of any avail, our attention was fully directed to Him "who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind." At this impressive moment, while the pealing thunders and the raging winds were mingling their sounds in one indescribable roar, the head of the family calmly read the twenty-ninth Psalm, the whole of which was very appropriate, and these verses in particular: "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth: The Lord is upon many waters. The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon." Having endeavoured to commit ourselves to the care of Him who could say to the fears of his disciples, as well as to the winds and waves, "Peace; be still!"—we then sat down silently absorbed, in our thoughts, till fresh indications of immediate danger compelled us to make another retreat, as the wind had again shifted round, and had obtained that unobstructed entrance into one part of the house, as to bear down to the foundation, with one crash, the opposite end, and thus throw open to the weather one

side of the room in which we had been sitting—mercifully falling from us, or we must have been buried in the ruins!

Our only hope of safety now seemed to be the open air—a “forlorn hope,” indeed! as it would have been only changing the nature of the danger—escaping from the falling ruins, to encounter flying fragments of timber and other articles, winged missiles which carried death to many victims during that terrific night. We had providentially been able to preserve our shaded night-lamps, without being extinguished, and before we ventured to leave the house, one of the party ran into a large dining-room, into which, at one end, the rain was streaming, though it was ascertained that the other end was dry, and not yet exposed to the violence of the wind: here we found our last retreat, and sat down anxiously “wishing for the day.”

That the thunder rolled its majestic peals at the time, there is no doubt, as it always accompanies the hurricane; and on that night the lightning flashed around with an incessant glare, but every other sound was lost in the one overpowering roar of the wind. Of this some idea may be formed from the circumstance that we *heard* nothing of the falling crash, even when the whole end of the house was at once thrown down, while we were within a few feet of it. It was only after we had been some time in our final retreat, that we were made acquainted in some degree with the extent of the ruin, and that was by the sound of the bells, wrung by the stormy blasts; for we knew that they were hung in such a position, that the wind must have been most destructive in its course before it could reach them.

About daybreak the wind began to moderate; when several poor negroes, with their children, from the adjoining estate, applied for permission to share our shelter, as their own cottages and all the larger buildings were thrown down, the rain still pouring in drenching torrents. This room, in which we had found a safe retreat, was a recent erection, as an addition to the main part of the house; and the preservation of its roof seemed to arise from its protected position, and the circumstance of being on the ground-floor, without any story above. Some of us had been several times so exposed to the driving rain as to be completely wet, without any means of changing our clothes, as all, but those on

our persons, were either buried in the ruins, or scattered by the winds; and in this condition we had to lie down at night. In the course of a few days, we obtained two or three sofas from the wreck of the house, for the accommodation of the ladies; but, with these exceptions, the bare floor was our bed for some weeks,—and this one room the dormitory for all the family, including the female domestics, while the men-servants slept in an adjoining passage. At the same time this apartment was the only receptacle for such furniture, books, and other articles, as were occasionally extracted from the ruins; so that, as these accumulated, our accommodations became so contracted, that we had scarcely room to move by day, or lie down at night: yet our situation was superior to that of thousands around us; for while the houses were standing, the roofs were so far open as to afford them no dry spot during the rains which occasionally fell for some weeks after, and many families had nothing to screen them from the sun, or shelter them from the rain, but a temporary shed, hastily constructed with a few boards. The ruins from which we had escaped presented a fearful scene of desolation. One end of the house was entirely down, in other parts the upper story was broken away, and all the roofs scattered on the ground in broken fragments. And on looking over the country, similar heaps of ruin were seen in every direction. But the most awful consideration is, that more than eighteen hundred souls were that night hurried into eternity! Several thousand people likewise were great sufferers from fractured limbs, and other bruises, a great proportion of whom also died.

Let the inhabitants of “happy England” be thankful for their exemptions from such visitations; while they are reminded of a coming event more awful, more sudden, more important in its consequences, and to which all will be exposed!

B. L.

BELIEVERS GLORIFIED WITH CHRIST.

“God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith he loved us, hath made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.” Believers are here contemplated as united to Christ so closely, as to be partakers in all the blessings of his purchase, in the triumphs of his resurrection and ascension, and in the glories

of the heavenly state. To what high honours are they raised, to be thus united to the Son of God, not only as the Man of sorrows, but as the Lord of glory, advanced to his throne, and possessing all authority and power. If Christ has entered into heaven as the forerunner, it was for them, and to appear in the presence of God for them. If he has ascended up on high as a conqueror, it was to show that all their enemies were subdued, and that they would be made more than conquerors through him that loved them. If he has taken possession of that joy which was set before him, for which he endured the cross, and despised the shame, it was as their Saviour and representative. In him they have already taken possession of the heavenly mansions, and enjoy the incorruptible inheritance. They have not more surely entered into glory as united to Christ, than they will all in reality soon enter the place where he is, and so be for ever with the Lord! The same promise which secured to him a glorious reward, after he had finished his work, is not entirely fulfilled till all his members are glorified together with him. It is not till they all surround his throne, out of every kindred, and language, and tongue, never more to think of sin or sorrow, but in songs of deliverance, that his mediatorial glory is complete: and in the full certainty that this event will be accomplished, his disciples, till the end of time, are said to have sat down with Christ in heavenly places. If we are of the number, the place of our eternal residence, the work in which we are engaged, our society, our enjoyment, our very names are in heaven: and though the enemies which impede our progress thither be numerous and mighty, and though our own weakness and fears may suggest to us that we shall never reach that happy land, we are sure, through our ever-living Lord, to prevail. The least spiritual blessing is an earnest and a pledge of all spiritual fulness. Grace, however weak, will certainly lead to glory. The objects of the Saviour's intercession may be perplexed, may, in this life, be afflicted, tormented; but they are on the way to a crown and a kingdom, and no intervening power of earth or of hell can prevent them from reaching their high destination: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or persecution, or famine, or peril, or nakedness, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than con-

querors, through him that loved us." Such is the effect of redeeming love and mercy.—*Dr. Dewar.*

PRAYER.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, one day asking a favour from queen Elizabeth, the latter said to him, "Raleigh, when will you leave off begging?" to which he answered, "When your Majesty leaves off giving!" But think how much more bountiful God is, who did not give over granting Abraham his requests for Sodom till he left off asking. And who can tell but that if he had gone on, and prayed that if five righteous persons had been found in Sodom, the city might have been spared for their sakes, according to his request. Can we think that God will hear the young ravens when they cry, and neglect the doves that mourn in the valleys?—that he will hear the young lions when they roar, and forget the lambs that bleat after the sheep?—that he will hear Hagar and her Ishmael, that cry unto him in their extremities, and will yet turn his back upon the tears, or stop his ears to the prayers of his own children that cry unto him daily in the name of his dear Son, Christ Jesus? Undoubtedly not. St. Ambrose was wont to say, the better to comfort Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, who prayed much for him, "It is impossible that a son of so many prayers and tears should perish." As long, therefore, as God gives us a heart to pray for any mercy, let us not be out of heart. And why so? Because then we beg no more than what God hath commanded us to ask; and we ask no more than what he hath promised to give; and he hath promised no more than what he is able to perform; and he will perform no more than what he shall have glory for, and we know that his glory is dear unto him!—*Beadle.*

THE GRAND DISCOVERY.

A MAN may find much amusement in the Bible; variety of prudential instruction; abundance of sublimity and poetry; but if he stops there, he stops short of its great end; for "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." The grand secret in the study of the Scriptures is, to discover Jesus Christ therein, "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."—*Cecil.*

MOSSES.—No. II.

It is impossible to describe the individual mosses without using botanical terms, and they are so little known by name to any but scientific readers, that in a paper intended like this for general perusal, it is not desirable to enter upon any enumeration of them. To a few of the commonest kinds, we may, however, be permitted to advert. Some, perhaps, have noticed these, who are not botanists, and may have learned their names from others, and looked with admiration on their beauty, as they have laid them down beneath the tree, or by the shadow of the rock, and gazed with earnest and delightful eye on the beauties and wonders of nature. There have been days with many, when, like the poet, they

"Could tramp across the brown and springy moor,
And o'er the purple ling, and never tire;—
Could look upon the ripple of a river,
Or on a tree's long shadow down a hill
For a whole summer's day;"

and in these moments of dream-like musings, the emerald mosses may have attracted their attention.

A great number of the *hypnum*, or feather mosses, are common in Great Britain; and their bright green prostrate stems and branches form, in some cases, large lax tufts; in others, broad dense masses, on trees, on stones, on heaths, or banks, by wood or stream, wherever plants will grow. Sometimes we find them on the pasture lands, usurping the place of the more useful grasses, but making the surface so soft to the tread that the traveller is not disposed to depreciate them. Now we find them making the rocks verdant like a mead, and again sprinkling even the sand-link with green patches, and glistening through the clear waters which run over them, and then looking greener than any object in nature to which we might recur for a comparison. Professor Hooker, in his "*Muscologia Britannica*," states, that there are 129 species of this moss, and a botanist of repute thinks that this genus is so abundant and so extensively dispersed, that it would be no exaggeration to say that they form a fourth part of the vegetable clothing of this island. One of the most frequent is the poker feather moss, which grows in dense mats, at all seasons, and in all places; and the yellowish green tufts of the yellow feather moss may be found abundantly on the trunks of trees all the summer long. The wavy feather

moss, with all its white membranous leaves, is also a common moss on dry and heathy banks, and the floating aquatic feather moss, with its stem often a span long, varying, in Alpine rivulets, from a pale green to a deep purple tint, may be found in summer, in pools and streams; while scarcely less common than even the poker species are the large branching tufts of the three-cornered moss, a robust plant, often from six to eight inches long, to be gathered in all seasons of the year in the wood and the hedge-bank. Its light elastic stems are used for packing brittle wares. Large patches of the proliferous feather moss, with its somewhat duller green hue, and loosely-spreading branches, have been employed as a safe medium of conveying leeches, as these animals can be carried about in the soft stems of moss, with less injury than in water.

Several species of the *bryum* moss are common. These are lowlier mosses, and grow chiefly in wet places. The silvery *bryum* is a frequent plant, not only on the ground, but on house-tops. It may be known by its silvery appearance; for though the lower part of the leaves is green, yet the upper half is clear and white; several species of this genus are so common, that their "home is everywhere" throughout our island.

Those little roundish cushion-like lumps of a dark green, so often seen on old walls and spotted over the tiles of the roof, gradually forming a soil for the houseleek and the stonecrop, are the cushion *grimia* moss; and another very common moss on walls and houses, as well as on hedge-banks and trunks of trees, is the wall *tortula*, which is generally rather higher than the last named moss. It has thick close tufts, and wherever mosses can take root, there this will flourish. Professor Hooker says of it, "We have seen it on banks, forming the sea-shore; and also on Mount Cenis, on the edge of the limits of perpetual snow." He adds that one species, the *subulate tortula*, which grows at all seasons, and is very common on banks, possesses by far the largest leaves of any of our British species, although the stems are exceedingly short and unbranched.

Every one at all observant of mosses knows some species of the *polytrichum*, or hair moss, and they are rather more easily recognised than many mosses, on account of the great rigidity of the leaves, which are so thickly set around their tall

slender stems. This is a very large genus of mosses. In the north of England, mattresses, said to be superior to those of straw, are made of the common hair moss, which may be gathered at all times of the year from the heath land, where it spreads far and wide its large patches. Door mats, and very neat brushes, are made of its luxuriant stems, which are frequently more than a foot high. This is the moss of which it has been said that it is to the Laplander "bed and bedding." They select the starry-headed plants out of the tuft, and cut away a portion large enough either for pillow or couch. This moss is held together, not so much by the shoots and stems as by the entangling roots, and is so compact that it does not easily disunite. On this the sleeper may repose as on softest bed of down, nor does it ever form into hard knots, or press down so as to lose its elasticity. It is also an excellent non-conductor, and therefore a quantity laid above the sleeper serves him for blankets and counterpane. When the Laplander is travelling, he folds this coil together, and carrying away his light bundle, reminds us of the nature of the eastern bedding, which the once palsied sufferer was commanded to arise and carry away, when the great Redeemer of mankind performed one of his miracles.

Very beautiful are some other of our mosses, when keen driving winds and falling rains and snows have cut down the wild flowers, and left the trees without a leaf; when the grass is shortened in the meadow, and the garden ground looks dull and bare. Bishop Mant sings of the charms of this tribe of plants at that season :

"Where the gravelly pathway leads,
Through shady woods or plashy meads,
Exulting in the wintry cold,
Their cups the mossy tribe unfold,
Fringed, and beneath a coping hid
Of filmy veil and convex lid
On many a thread-like stalk bespread
With yellow brown or crimson red,
In contrast with the leaves of green,
A velvet carpet."

That genus of very minute mosses, called *gymnostomum*, some of which are very common, are very interesting to the botanist, being, when seen with a microscope, most curiously elegant plants, though some are scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. They are widely spread, for they need nothing but moisture to bid them spring up either on the highest Alps, or in the deepest valleys, from the equator to the arctic circle.

But wherever

"Moss that gathers on the stone,
Crown'd with its little knobs of flowers, is seen,"

we may be sure to find that interesting plant, the *hygrometrical funaria*. Not that the old mossy stone is so much its place as the hedge-bank by the wayside, where it is one of the commonest of mosses; but it may indeed be found everywhere. In spots where gipsies have encamped and improved the soil by the ashes of their fire, there this *funaria* gathers in abundance, and is generally about an inch or an inch and a half high. This moss has a long fruit-stalk, which twists in different directions, either when the air is damp or when moisture is applied to it. Its singular movements appear to be caused by the contraction of the vegetable fibre on the application of moisture. They may be observed by placing a dry fruit-stalk of the *funaria* in the hand, when the capsule will turn to the right or the left, according to the direction of the moisture.

A common moss, which floats in large masses in rivers and pools of waters, not only flourishes when totally immersed, but luxuriates in the neighbourhoods of cataracts, and is most abundant and most beautiful where the stream is most turbulent. This plant is of some service to the Swedes; for they gather a quantity of it, and place it between the chimney and the walls, and thus by excluding the air prevent the action of fire. This moss is called the *nerveless fontinalis*.

Some mosses grow in caverns, or other dark moist spots, and have been observed to produce light. This has been seen both in this country and on different parts of the continent of Europe. The great botanist, Agardh, considered that this light arose from a small plant belonging to the cryptogamous tribe algae, which grew upon the moss. This subject, however, has been more recently minutely investigated; and the fact appears to be, that at some seasons the utricles of the moss assume a globular shape, and being of a clear and transparent nature, light is reflected and refracted in such a manner as to produce this luminous appearance.

The moss-like plants which are connected with the moss tribe, are the liver-worts and the chara tribe. The liver-worts are plants growing on trees, or on damp rocks, heaths, or on other moist places. Some species are, as Loudon remarks, the pest of the florist, whose flower-pots

they disfigure by the green patches. In some respects botanists have considered them analogous to lichens, and they are regarded as intermediate between that tribe and the mosses; but they have not the thick dull colour of the lichen tribe, being of a rich lucid green tint. They grow in all climates, requiring only the condition of moisture. They are, when examined by a microscope, found to be even more beautiful than the mosses, and some are fragrant. They are abundant in the shady places of all climates.

Of the obscure chara tribe, little need be said here. It consists of leafless plants, with slender brittle branches, growing entirely submersed in salt or stagnant fresh waters, in all parts of the globe, but most abundantly in temperate climates. These plants are of a dull greenish colour and foetid odour, and not having a marked affinity with any other plants, they have, by different botanists, been classed with various orders of cryptogamic vegetables.

A. P.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST.

THE mystery of Christ is a summary of all the doctrine of the Epistles, and indeed of the whole Bible. It contains the mystery of Christ incarnate; Christ dying upon the cross; Christ preached to the Gentiles; Christ inhabiting the heart of his faithful people.

Christ incarnate is a mystery. "Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh," 1 Tim. iii. 16. For "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us;" that Word which was "in the beginning with God, and was God;" that Word who is "the image of the invisible God, by whom all things were created, visible and invisible." This is a mystery, indeed, a secret of which man could have no information but by revelation, and which, when revealed as to the fact, remains an incomprehensible mystery as to the mode and details of its existence.

For what is so inconceivable as God made man; the Almighty Creator, a creature; the eternal God, an infant of days; he who "being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men," Phil. ii. 9.

Christ dying a sacrifice upon the cross

is a further step in this prodigious mystery; that the eternal Son of God should have made "peace through the blood of his cross;" that he should have "reconciled us to God in the body of his flesh through death;" that we should have "redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." What a mystery this! Who can understand the depth of the riches of the love of God in thus setting forth his righteousness, "that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus," Rom. iii. 26.

The mystery of Christ "preached to the Gentiles" is the third step in this infinite series of wonders. It was for this the apostle was cast into prison, and hurried to Rome. It was for this he was "made a minister, according to the dispensation of God which is given to me for you," (thus he addresses the Colossians,) "to fulfil the word of God; even the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints, to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory."

And this admission of the Gentiles of all nations without circumcision, without descent from Abraham, without the Levitical priesthood, without the temple, without the sacrifices of bulls and of goats, and without the ceremonial law; struck with consternation the mind of the Jew, disturbed his notions of superiority, laid waste his favourite enclosure, and swept away the fond distinctions between the Greek and the Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond, and free; and left Christ as all and in all.

Yet on this everything depended; all the grace, all the efficacy of redemption. It was therefore that the apostle contended so earnestly against the Galatians, who corrupted, by a reliance on circumcision, the doctrine of justification; and against the Colossians, who by "angel-worship and neglect of the body" corrupted the doctrine of Christ's sole and most adequate mediation.

The concluding step follows; the mystery of Christ dwelling in the hearts of his people as "the hope of glory;" their "rising with Christ;" their having their "affections set on things above," where he was sitting as Mediator at the right-hand of God; their being "dead to the law," and a worldly, earthly religion, and having "their life hid with Christ in God;"

and their waiting in humble hope, "when he shall appear," to appear "with him in glory."—*The Bishop of Calcutta.*

ALI BAJEE; OR, SCENES ON THE RIVER.

MANY, mighty, and majestic are the rivers of the earth. Issuing in rills from the mountains, and uniting their feeble currents, they increase in power. The greater they become, the greater are the tributary streams that join them, till broad, deep, and strong they pursue their resistless course to the boundless ocean! Truly God has cloven the earth with rivers! He has commanded the waters to go abroad through the expanded world for man and beast, beautifying the plains, cooling the burning climes, rendering the sterile soil productive, and allaying the thirst of his creatures. The flowing rivers of the earth are welcome messengers of the Almighty, proclaiming to every land the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of our great Creator.

"From glowing east to west, from pole to pole,
In might and majesty the rivers roll."

* * * * *

Far-famed as is the Thames for its merchandise and for the forest of masts that adorns its running waters, it is only as a brook compared with many of the mightier streams of the earth. What is a river of the length of two or three hundred miles, compared with those which are more than as many thousands! The mighty Amazon, the lengthy Mississippi, the broad-mouthed La Plata, the overflowing Nile, are vast in size, and the Burrampooter, the Wolga, the Euphrates, and the Danube are of the same kind. The river St. Lawrence has a character of its own, for in its course from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie it forms the Niagara Falls, that avalanche of waters which has called forth the wonder of the world.

"With headlong plunge the rushing waters bound,
And bellowing thunder shakes the rocks around."

* * * * *

Nor is the Ganges unworthy of being named among the mighty floods that flow majestically to the world of waters. Consecrated as it has been to idolatry, and worshipped as it is by the superstitious Hindoos, it has other and better claims on our regard, for its navigation gives employment to thousands, and its annual overflowings diffuse fertility and

abundance around. The simple and superstitious Hindoos regard the flowing stream as a deity. "Ganga," say they, instructed by their Brahmins, "mighty Ganga, is the daughter of the mountain Hinavati, the sister of Osma, and the wife of Mahadeo, and she can wash away all our sins." Fed by tributary streams on its way from the mountains, it rushes on its headlong course; but once among the plains it moderates its impetuosity.

"Broad, deep, and strong, far-famed in mystic lore,
The sacred Ganges sweeps along the shore."

* * * * *

On the northern bank of the Ganges, where the majestic stream forms a magnificent semicircle five or six miles in extent, stands Benares, considered to be the most hallowed city of Hindostan. In Benares, Brahminical learning has established its seat, and Brahminical superstition erected itself a sanctuary. Many are the antiquities of the city, great is the singularity of its structures, vast is its accumulated wealth, and immense the number of its inhabitants. Occupying as it does the hill that slopes down to the river's edge, on the outer side of the curve it presents to the eye an imposing amphitheatre, of the most striking and interesting kind. Temples and pagodas, beautifully painted and gilt, with domes singularly and elaborately ornamented, attract the eye; and conspicuously among them Aurungzebe's light and elegant mosque, with its tall and slender minarets shooting far upwards, relieved by the clear blue sky.

"Pagodas with their domes and spires abound,
And ghauts and temples widely spread around."

* * * * *

Ali Bajee, a tall and graceful Hindoo, habited in his jamma, or long robe of cotton, is standing at the prow of a bolio legowing, or pleasure boat. The string of many threads around his shoulders denotes the order of his caste, and the chalk, or clay lines on his face, proclaim him to be a follower of Siva. Ali Bajee loves the river, not only because it is with him a sacred stream, but on account of the delight he finds in being on board the different vessels that sail the flowing waters. It matters not to him whether in a patella, or a paunchway, a pinnace, or a dacca pulwar, a budgerow, or a baggage-boat, so that he is sailing, or row-

ing on the moving flood. On the river or in the city, he is fond of change. Now entering a pagoda, now descending a ghaut; now mingling in a marriage ceremony, and now attending the charpoy of a dying man.

"On sea, on land, whate'er his caste or clan,
Variety and change are dear to man."

* * * * *

The ghauts, prodigious flights of steps descending to the river from the many temples that are erected on its banks, are crowded with multitudes assembled to bathe in the sacred stream. Cool and pleasant is the garden on the summit of the bank of the ghaut of Gensino, and fair to gaze on are the turrets and pavilions of the place. The pagodas, with many domes that are near, give an air of oriental grandeur to the scene. How devout seems the Brahmin yonder, reciting his prayers to those around him, from the shade of the large chattach, or umbrella, under which he stands. How filthy and wretched are the fakeers, that noisily appeal to the passers by for charity. The broad mirror of the Ganges, lit up by the brilliant sun, is reflecting the whole, and the ghaut, the turrets, the spires, the domes, and the people are distinctly seen in the shining water. And who is he that is liberally distributing his bounty to the wretched amid the throng? It is Ali Bajee. In pleasure, almsgiving, and idol-worship equally ready to act his part.

"Through every changing clime, in every part,
The liberal hand denotes a generous heart."

* * * * *

The river is crowded with bathers, male and female, and their bathing-dresses are of different kinds and of all colours. Ali Bajee is among them: where is he not, where a boat is to be seen on the river, or a concourse of people on the shore? Some are repeating their prayers before they make their ablutions; some are standing up to the waist in the river, pouring repeatedly the water over their heads with small brazen vessels, and a few strike out into the stream. Ali Bajee is a swimmer, and a bold one. Repeated ablutions are necessary rites in the Hindoo idolatry, and Ali Bajee thus combines his own recreation with the requirements of his faith. What a superstition is that of the Hindoo! Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer, are wor-

shipped, with a host of other deities. Human beings, animals, birds, and fish, with rivers, brooks, stones, and logs of wood are worshipped also.

"The mind of man, in cold and torrid zones,
Has turned from God, and worshipped stocks
and stones."

* * * * *

Ali Bajee, from a bolio on the river, is enjoying the diversified scene. On the shore opposite to Benares, parties of pilgrims and wealthy travellers are descried with their camels, their horses, and retainers: some are performing Hindoo rites, some are approaching the ferry, and others are bathing their elephants in the stream. Farther on is the procession of a rajah, or native prince, replete with magnificence and barbaric splendour. Camels and studs of horses highly caparisoned, and elephants in splendid trappings, with howdahs of silver and gold, form a part of the splendid spectacle. Guards of mounted suwars, and numerous attendants, increase the extended train. On goes the fluttering cavalcade, equalling the wildest tales of Oriental magnificence. Ali Bajee indolently gazes around as the bolio floats along the stream.

"When cares are light, and pleasure rules the day,
Our precious moments swiftly pass away."

* * * * *

It is night, dark night, and yet the street near the river is neither lonely, quiet, nor obscured, for a goodly cavalcade of elephants is pressing onwards, amid flaring torches, and accompanied with sonorous music. Every moment the throng increases, for it is a marriage procession. The bridegroom has made his bargain, he has fixed on a lucky day; betel, a costly Indian shrub, has been exchanged; he and his betrothed have thrown rice on each other's heads, the marriage ceremony has been performed, the feast has been given, and Ali Bajee is conveying homeward his youthful bride. Larger grows the attendant throng, brighter gleams the flickering torches, and louder sounds the sonorous music. Happiness to the new-married pair! Peace and joy to Ali Bajee and his bride!

"May shadowy gloom forsake their nuptial bowers,
And brightness gladly gild their flying hours."

* * * * *

Sad is the sight in many parts of the city, for, striking as are the domes,

pagodas, minarets, arches, turrets, balustrades, verandahs, galleries, projecting mullioned windows, and broad, overhanging eaves, the wretched yogees, senasees, fakeers, and other fanatics are disgusting to behold, so great is their filthiness and deformity. The most rigid austerities are practised by them to get money for the honour of their gods. Some go nearly naked, plastering themselves with chalk and cowdung. Some measure their length on the ground, and then rise and repeat the same course, until they have thus measured many miles. And others place themselves for years in the most disgusting attitudes of penance, till their limbs are stiffened. How different are these scenes to that on the river, lit up as it now is with sunshine, and covered with innumerable vessels and boats. Ali Bajee and his bride are in the budgerow yonder, and twenty oars are moving gracefully, dripping with the sparkling water. That budgerow is a handsome boat.

"With painted prow it glitters in the beam,
And smoothly glides along the flowing stream."

* * * *

A poor Hindoo, sick unto death, has been borne on his charpoy, or litter of matting and bamboo, to the margin of the Ganges; for to die at a distance from the sacred stream is a calamity that, to a Hindoo, is dreadful. The charpoy is now standing in the very water, and the Bajee is taking freely of the mud of the river which is considered holy, to lay it on the breast and cram it into the mouth, nostrils, and ears of the dying man. Dying! He is even now at his last gasp, and Ali Bajee and those around him are preparing, according to his own request, to push away the frail frame of the charpoy from the shore, that it may be borne away by the flowing flood, thus exposing its load of mortality to the ravenous appetite of birds of prey. Think of thy mortality, Ali Bajee! Think of thy own charpoy! Think how soon what thou art doing for another, another may do for thee. Thy poor friend is dead, and

"Grim Death, that sternly bade his life decline,
May have an arrow in his hand for thine."

* * * *

Within a bow-shot of the river, a widow is about to offer herself as a victim on the funeral-pile of her hus-

band. The pole has been made of green bamboo stakes, driven into the earth with dry fire-wood, straw and reeds besmeared with grease, and strown with powdered resin: a white cotton sheet, washed in the water of the Ganges, is spread over the whole, and all is ready for the approaching victim. The body of the dead husband has been immersed in the sacred river, and the living widow has been led for ablution to the same stream. The throng are returning. They come! they come! The corpse is laid on the pile, the wretched victim takes leave of her friends, and after scattering flowers and parched rice among the spectators, lays herself down on the pile, and embraces the body of the deceased. A piece of white cotton is spread over them both; wood, straw, and resin are laid upon them, the nearest relation to the woman sets fire to the straw with a burning torch, and the pile bursts into a flame. Hark! Loud as are the noise of the drums and the shouts of the crowd, that shriek from the blazing pile is louder still. The shriek has died away; the flames are extinguished, the sound of the drums has ceased, and the spectators are walking away. "Whose was the funeral pile?" asked a stranger just arrived at the spot. "The funeral pile," solemnly replied an aged Brahmin, who had assisted at the ceremony, "was that of a new-married pair. They who have seen the face of Ali Bajee, will see his face no more!"

"The wide-spread sentence has gone forth on all,
Jew, Christian, Turk, and Pagan, all must fall."

* * * *

Roll on, thou Ganges, and spread abroad the truth that thy divinity shall not endure. The licentious immoralities of the worship of Krishna, the sanguinary ceremonies of Kali, the bacchanalian orgies of Doorga, and the obscenities of Seeva and Mahadeva shall be abolished. The widow-burning piles shall cease to offer up its sacrifice of inhumanity, the car of Juggernaut to immolate its self-devoted victims, and India's innumerable idols shall be destroyed. The worship of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva shall be as though it had not been, and India and the wide-spread world shall acknowledge the Redeemer.

"The Christian's faith shall fill the Hindoo's soul,
And Jesus' name resound from pole to pole."

RESIDENT SONG-BIRDS.

Of all the British resident song-birds, the *merulidae* are the most remarkable for the strength of their vocal powers; and the first of this family that claims our attention (for it is a brumal as well as an early vernal songster) is a very curious bird, not uncommon in some localities, but extremely rare in others, concerning which much of the marvellous has been written. If we are to believe some authors, the water-ouzel, water-blackbird, or dipper, deliberately descends into the water, and walks about on the bottom of the stream with the same ease and complacency as if it were stepping on the dry land. Now, to say nothing of that extremely impracticable law of which we are reminded every hour of the day, and more especially "when china falls," the structure of the bird itself is not adapted for such a feat; and though we have no doubt of its sub-aqueous habits, which have food more than frolic for their object, we are more than sceptical as to its pedestrian performances in such a situation. Mr. Macgillivray, who writes as none can write who have not beheld what they write about, informs us that he has seen the dipper moving under water in situations where he could observe it with certainty, and he found that its actions were precisely similar to those of the divers, mergansers, and cormorants, which he had often watched from an eminence as they pursued the shoals of sand-eels along the shores of the Hebrides. It, in fact, flew; not merely employing the wing from the carpal joint, but extending it considerably, and availing itself of the whole expanse, just as it would have done if it had been moving in the air. When searching for food, the dipper, according to Mr. Macgillivray, does not proceed to great distances under water; but, alighting on some spot, sinks, and soon re-appears in the immediate neighbourhood, when it either dives again, or rises on the wing to drop somewhere else on the water, or to settle on an insulated stone in the midst of the brook. The same ornithologist broadly, and, as we believe, truly states that the assertion of its walking below the surface, which some persons have ventured, is neither made good by observation nor countenanced by reason. Its short legs, and long, curved claws are, as he says, very ill adapted for running, but admirably

calculated for securing a steady footing on slippery stones, whether above or beneath the surface of the water.

The sonorous song of this extraordinary bird startles the ear as it comes mingled with the hoarse tones of the torrent, or the rushing of the wintry waterfall, sometimes in the midst of a snow-storm. Mr. Rennie, who remarks that it is one of the few birds that are vocal so early in the year as the months of January and February, heard it, on the 11th of the latter month, in a hard frost, when the thermometer in the morning had been at 26°, sing incessantly in a powerful and elegant style, with much variation in the notes, many of which were peculiar to itself, intermingled with a little of the piping of the woodlark. The day was bright, whilst it was singing, but it was freezing in the shade; and the sun, which had considerably passed the meridian, was obscured from the songster by the lofty surrounding hills. The same author declares that the dipper consumes a considerable quantity of fishes' spawn, and especially of the ova of the salmon. Bechstein, who also notices its winter music, alleges that it sings, moreover, in the night.

The nest is as curious as the bird that makes it. In shape it a good deal resembles that of a wren, having a dome or roof; but it is not so deep. Externally it is formed of water-plants, or closely interwoven moss: within there is a lining of dry leaves. The access to the hollow chamber is through an aperture in the side. It is often placed in some mossy bank overhanging the stream,

"Where the lady-fern grows longest;"

and has been detected under a projecting stone forming part of a cascade, and behind a sheet of falling water. Through this liquid glassy curtain the bird darted to its home. The eggs, from four to six in number, are white, and pointed at the end; and, wherever the nest is placed, such care is taken by the old birds to assimilate its hues to those of the locality, that, large as it is, the most acute eye is often unable to detect it.

This water-blackbird is not uncommon in Scotland, nor in the north and west of England. In Wales and Ireland it frequently occurs. Mr. Yarrell mentions one which was seen at a water-mill, near Wyrardisbury, on the Colne, about two

or three hundred yards above the place at which that river falls into the Thames, just below Bell Weir, well known to the angler who goes after the trout. The bird, he adds, has also been seen on the Mole, near Esher, and in Essex; but it is seldom found in the counties near London.—*Broderip's Zoological Recreations.*

THE DIVINE BENEVOLENCE.

THE Lord Jesus Christ, that he might the more induce his followers to the exercise of mercy, layeth before them the example of our heavenly Father; which, unless our consciences are seared as with a hot iron, must surely be a motive of all motives. He is loving to the unthankful, patient towards the sinner, kind to the unkind. He maketh his sun to rise upon the just and upon the unjust, and his rain is to all alike profitable. The sun shineth, the day lighteneth, the fountain watereth, the shower bedeweth, all alike. Nay, without his mercy we cannot live, or move, or have our being, one minute of an hour. If, then, we are the children of God,—if we think it an honour to be reputed his sons,—if there be in us any love of “pure and undefiled religion,”—let us follow our heavenly Father's steps, and imbibe some portion of his image. We cannot imitate him in his strength, nor in his wisdom, nor in his miracles; only in the bowels of his pity and compassion let us be like him. Let tigers, dragons, bears, lions be cruel one to another; let Scythians, cannibals, and those that know not God, be merciless one towards another. Even as God hath loved us, let us Christians be merciful, gentle, kind one towards another; let us not be “without natural affection.” The merciful man's goods are blessed and multiplied of God. It is related in the lives of the fathers, that there was a certain rich man, who, as long as he was liberal to the poor and needy, found his goods increase so that he grew very rich; but, withal, when he waxed covetous, and gave over his wonted liberality, his goods decreased, so that at length he became poor, which led him to ask a godly man how it was to be accounted for. The holy man answered, that as long as these two brethren, *Dato* and *Dabitur vobis* (“Give, and it shall be given unto you”) dwelt together in his house, they kept God's blessing with them; but as soon as he banished the

first, *Dato*, “Give ye,” the other, because it could not dwell alone without its brother, departed also, carrying away goods and God's blessing with it!

THE FROZEN SEA.

FURNISHED with excellent and well-informed guides, we left our inn next day at half-past six, to visit the Mer-de-glacé and Montauvert. To ascend to the former we employed upwards of three hours; and in our route, passed through pine forests, where the *débris* of avalanches, blocks of granite, and bleached trunks of trees, were assembled in striking confusion. At the fountain of Le Caillet, the torrent of the Arve seemed diminished to a thread; “the bourg-like card-houses, and the fields and meadows like the squares of a chess-board, or beds in a flower-garden, embellished with a thousand different shades of green.” Struggling onward, through an extremely difficult, though, happily, not a dangerous path, we reached the Hôpital de Blair, where the frozen sea suddenly flashed upon us in all its wild and indescribable magnificence!—

“Wave upon wave! as if a foaming ocean,
By boisterous winds to fierce rebellion driven,
Heard, in its wildest moment of commotion,
And stood congeal'd at the command of Heaven!
Its frantic billows chain'd at their explosion,
And fix'd in sculpture! here, to caverns riven;
There petrified to crystal; at His nod
Who raised the Alps an altar to their God!”

To contemplate this unrivalled phenomena in detail, we followed a path bordered with rhododendron, and in a quarter of an hour stood upon the ice. Traversing its surface, several crevices widening into chasms, of a beautiful aqua-marine tint, commanded express attention; and in addition to their rich prismatic hues, associated fearful ideas of dangers, which it requires great caution to avoid. These congealed waves, which from the heights of Montauvert appeared like furrows in a ploughed field, were now found to rise in abrupt ridges from twenty to forty feet.—*Beattie.*

THE RAINBOW OF MERCY.

MERCY is like a rainbow: we must never look for it after night. It shines not in the other world. If we refuse mercy here, we must have justice to eternity.—*Le Bas.*



Harrow on the Hill.

A TRIP TO HARROW.

To the political and commercial aspects in which "the railway system" may be considered, we have already briefly directed the attention of our readers;* but there are others in which it should be regarded, in order to gain an insight into its beneficial influence on the community at large. The politician may examine the statistics which our railroads furnish, and test their effects on the "relations" of the various districts of the empire, the continent and the world; the soldier may dilate on the means they afford for attack or defence; the economist may resolve them into a question of pounds, shillings, and pence; and the professional man may estimate the benefits they confer by the saving of that time which is money to him. But the philanthropist will not fail to contemplate other results. He will think of the facilities they afford not merely for the communion of nations, but of classes, and of the inhabitants of districts; and will regard the means of health to the body, of relaxation to the mind which they furnish, as well as the intercourse they afford to domestic and social circles, as of no mean importance.

If, too, a man would become acquainted with his kind, he will best do

so by availing himself of the abundant and yet increasing means thus afforded. To make the tour of Europe was once considered essential to the completion of a gentleman's education; but it would seem that the chief objection to its more general adoption now, is the facility with which it may be accomplished. Never were the means of transit so abundant. Railways, steam-boats, carriages, cabs, saddle-horses, are at hand, and need only to be called into requisition. Outlandish secretaries, who sign passports, will be happy to complete yours. Carpet-bags and portmanteaus are exhibited in almost every street; while no less a person than Sir Humphrey Davy offers his "Consolations in Travel."

Should the monotony of a round of toil depress the spirits, a journey, though for a short distance, may cause them to rise like the mercury of a barometer on a genial day. What says Burton to the traveller? "He took great content, exceeding delight in that his voyage. And who doth not, who will attempt the like? For peregrination charms our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety, that some count him unhappy who never travelled, a kind of prisoner; and pity his case that from his cradle to his old age, he beholds the same, still, still, still the same, the same!"

To the student of nature, ample are

* See *Visitor*, January, February, and March.
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the opportunities thus afforded. Retiring from the bustle of public life, he may seek

"His presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable, o'er mountain, wood, and stream,"

and reciprocate the sentiment of the poet when he said :

"Yes! place me 'mid far-stretching woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard; the heath-bell
there
Would soothe my weary sight, and tell of Thee!
There would my gratefully uplifted eye
Survey the heavenly vault, by day,—by night,
When glows the firmament from pole to pole;
There would my overflowing heart exclaim,
'The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament shows forth his handy work!'"

Many who, but a few years since, scarcely crossed the precincts of the country in which they were born, and knew as little of the general features of the land of their birth as of the geology of the moon, now visit distant spots to which the solicitations of friends, the beauty of the scenery, or the charm of historic association, may hold out their attractions. Thus they are brought into contact both with individuals and classes of the community, and become acquainted with the customs, manners, and habits of those of whom they were previously ignorant. The prejudices which were long entertained in retired localities are thus gradually swept away by the onward advance of intelligence; and as the facilities of communication are rendered increasingly available, ignorance will be diminished before the onward and resistless march of knowledge and truth. It has been justly remarked, that the spread of ideas, as well as the conveyance of persons and of merchandise, depends greatly on means of transit, and the importance and interest of the subject scarcely requires further enforcement or illustration to the right-minded reader.

A valuable effect produced by railroads is the facilities they have presented even to the poorer classes for innocent recreation; and no amusement can be regarded as more suited to increase the cheerfulness and comfort of the people than the pursuit of the enjoyments which the study of the beauties of nature presents. It is true that they may not recognise the Great Supreme, who "hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span;" but it will be admitted that to mingle in the beauties which nature unfolds, to hear the "warbling songster"

as it makes the blue vault of heaven vocal with its lays, and to observe

"the mighty bow
That spans the clouds,"

is far better fitted to lead to an appreciation of the great truth that—

"Nature is but the name for an effect,
Whose cause is God,"

than the humble room of the artisan, the crowded workshop of the mechanic, or the huge mill of the manufacturer.

The season is now commencing in which the inhabitants of town and city are beginning to avail themselves of the advantages thus proffered, in the planning of short excursions to vary the monotony of labour, and of professional or commercial life, and the bright and cheerful mornings of spring afford irresistible arguments for the adoption of such a course. It is, however, often found that the tourist who is satisfied with employing the resources of the hour in directing his way in a region with which he is unacquainted, loses many pleasures which he might otherwise have enjoyed; and we therefore propose to guide his steps and develop to him the beauties of a spot which, having already delighted us by its advantages, may be recommended to others. This spot is Harrow.

If our readers will enter a carriage of a train on the London and North-western Railway at the metropolitan terminus, he may in a few minutes be conducted to the desired spot. This line presents a diversity of interesting objects to the tourist, especially on the part which stretches between London and Birmingham, in its picturesque, architectural, archaeological, and historical resources. Passing from the Euston-square through the Camden station, the traveller enters Primrose-hill tunnel; but as we have recently directed the attention of our readers to these interesting spots, we need not stay for further reference. At a distance of between four and five miles from town the Kensal Green tunnel is entered, and soon afterwards the West London Junction appears on the left, if we suppose the traveller to be sitting with his face to the engine. Willesden station is next passed; and traversing the Brent viaduct, which is in some parts thirty-five feet high, Sudbury station is reached. The spire of Harrow church, and the outline of the school, are now

observed on the left, and the station is close at hand. This is eleven miles and a quarter from London, about a hundred and one from Birmingham, and a mile and a quarter from the town after which it is named. The Harrow-road formerly crossed the line at a temporary gate; but a bridge has since been erected, which leads by a moderately steep ascent over the railway, the gate having been removed as soon as this was completed. The offices of the station are small, but adequate to the required traffic, and are situated to the right of the line. Omnibuses are at hand to convey passengers to the neighbouring towns from the trains. Though the electric telegraph wires pass here, they do not communicate with the station; but if it is desired to transmit intelligence to any part of the line, a temporary contrivance, which can be rendered available in a few minutes, fully answers the required purpose. This apparatus was maintained in action for some days during the political disturbances of last year, by means of which constant communication could be maintained with all parts of the country. Leaving the station, and crossing the bridge, from which a passing train may be viewed to advantage, the tourist may proceed by a pleasant road to the village of Harrow, which is situated on one of the highest hills in the county, and commands extensive and delightful prospects over several counties, and hence is itself conspicuous at a considerable distance.

Harrow has been associated with the names of many distinguished men. Here Dr. Samuel Parr was born in 1747, and the school has nurtured the talents of many who have attained high intellectual eminence. The townspeople relate many anecdotes of Byron, who was a scholar here; and a spot in the churchyard, on which he was accustomed to sit for hours, is called "Byron's Tomb," the remembrance of which was dear to his heart in after years. How painful is it, however, to contemplate the career of one whose capacity was so exalted, but whose powers were enlisted against the cause of truth and righteousness!

The hill on which the village stands is somewhat depressed in the centre, but has two conspicuous eminences at the extremes. On the more north of these stands the church, with its tower and lofty steeple, a prominent feature throughout Middlesex and some of the adjoining counties. Part of this building is Nor-

man, and belonging to the eleventh century; but the main fabric, with the tower, belongs to the fourteenth century. Immediately below the church lies the village, chiefly consisting of streets running down the slope of the hill, and the best houses are mostly occupied by masters connected with the free school to which Harrow is indebted for its popularity.

This was founded, in 1571, by Mr. John Lyon, a wealthy yeoman of the neighbouring hamlet of Preston, and received a royal charter, by the terms of which the management of the property and the appointment of the master were committed to six trustees as a body corporate. Nearly twenty years elapsed after the date of this charter before any building was erected, or statutes were propounded for the future government of the school; but about two years before the death of the benevolent founder, he issued a very curious document, containing his "orders, statutes, and rules" for the regulation of the school. Among these, he directed that "the schoolmaster might receive, over and above the growth of the inhabitants within the parish, as many 'foreigners' as the whole number may be well taught and applied, and the place can conveniently contain, by the judgment and discretion of the governors." Five articles are appended to the statutes, which the master is required to recite to all persons bringing scholars to be received on the foundation of John Lyon:—"1. That you shall submit your child in all things, to be ordered in all things according to the discretion of the schoolmaster, or usher. 2. You shall find your child sufficient paper, ink, pens, books, candles for winter, and all other things at any time requisite for the maintenance of his study. 3. You shall allow your child, at all times, bow-shafts, bow-strings, and a bracer, to exercise shooting. 4. You shall see diligently, from time to time, that your child shall keep duly the ordinary hours and times in coming to the school, and in diligent keeping and combining of his study. 5. You shall be content to receive your child, and to put him to some profitable occupation, if, after one year's experience, he shall be found unapt to the learning of grammar. If your child shall use, at sundry times, to be absent from school, unless by reason of sickness, he shall be utterly banished from the school."

Of John Lyon himself little is pre-

served. A monument in the nave of the church was his only memorial, till the year 1813, when some noblemen and gentlemen, who had been educated at Harrow, subscribed for the erection of a suitable building, to which Dr. Parr contributed a Latin inscription.

It will have been observed that among other regulations ordered by the founder, was one that the pupils should be taught archery: this injunction was rigidly adhered to for a considerable time, and up to the middle of the last century, annual meetings were held on the 4th of August, when, at first, six, and afterwards twelve, lads belonging to the school shot at a mark, for the prize of a silver arrow. The butts, at Harrow, formed a beautiful spot, situated on the left of the London-road, to a person entering the village in that direction. They were backed by a lofty and insulated knoll, which was crowned with majestic trees; and on the slopes, rows of grassy seats were cut, gradually descending, "worthy," Dr. Parr observed, "of a Roman amphitheatre." This favourite spot was some years since stripped of its wood, and the knoll has entirely disappeared under the unrelenting efforts of miners for brick earth. The last silver arrow was contended for in the year 1771, and was gained by the late lord Spencer, who had his likeness taken in the archer's costume of spangled satin, with green silk sash and cap, in which he won the prize. Important reasons led to the abolition of this custom, and the substitution of the more intellectual exercise of public speaking.

The school-buildings are of brick, and form prominent objects from the neighbourhood. Till a recent period, they were for the most part of a very homely character. The school-house is a substantial edifice, standing in a gravel court nearly at the summit of the hill. The old school-house is about fifty feet in length, and twenty in breadth, the walls being wainscoted with oak to about half their height. The period at which the masters ceased to occupy the rooms does not appear, but they must have previously suffered much inconvenience. In 1670, some allowance was made to the master for a house, and soon afterwards one of those belonging to the trust was made over to him and his successors. This is situated nearly in the middle of the small street of the village, on the eastern side; but it has since received so

many additions and alterations from its various possessors, as to retain few traces of its original form. The Rev. Dr. Butler, during his head-mastership, is said to have expended £10,000 on this house. From the gardens, and the apartments facing them, a magnificent view is obtained, including the spires and elevated buildings of the metropolis. On the entrance-porch to this house are two shields, one bearing a lion rampant, the other, two arrows crossed,—a device borrowed from the practice of archery here. The cross arrows are stamped on the outsides of the books given as prizes to the scholars.

A stranger would be interested in examining the old school-room, the desks, forms, panelling, floor, and doors of which are composed of oak, and are figured over with the initials or names of the various boys educated here. Among these may be seen the name of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Spencer Percival, Byron, sir Robert Peel, lord Palmerston, and other men of eminence. These are deserving notice, too, as illustrative of a propensity so commonly displayed by Englishmen, who do not fail to inscribe the letters "John Smith," or "William Tomkins," of no microscopic dimensions, on every available spot.

The liberality of the founder of the school, and the judicious choice by the trustees of able and learned men as its masters, have chiefly conduced to its present very high reputation among the English aristocracy; but at the same time, it is indisputable that the intentions of the founder, as respects the poor of the parish, have been frustrated. The unsuitability of the education to the requirements of a village, and the apprehension entertained by parents that their children might acquire habits inconsistent with the economy which their station in life may demand, by communion with the sons of men of rank and fortune, have rendered the educational advantages of the establishment for the humbler classes entirely nugatory.

The villages in the neighbourhood are well deserving of notice, but space forbids further reference to them now. Harrow, is a spot, however, with a visit to which all will be gratified. Its proximity to the metropolis, and the facility of communication afforded, render it specially interesting, while many, were they acquainted with them, would gladly avail themselves of the proffered advantages.

MAXIMS FOR THE YOUNG.

SIR T. F. BUXTON seems to have intended to publish a little work to be called "Maxims for the Young." The following extracts are taken from his rough notes:

"Mankind in general mistake difficulties for impossibilities. That is the difference between those who effect, and those who do not.

"People of weak judgment are the most timid, as horses half blind are most apt to start.

"Burke, in a letter to Miss Shackleton, says:

"Thus much in favour of activity and occupation, that the more one has to do, the more one is capable of doing, even beyond our direct task."

"Plato, 'better to err in acts than principles.'

"Idleness the greatest prodigality.

"Two kinds of idleness,—a listless and an active.

"If industrious, we should direct our efforts to right ends.

"The endowments of nature we cannot command, but we can cultivate those given.

"My experience, that men of great talents are apt to do nothing for want of vigour.

"Vigour, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose,—these carry the day.

"Is there one whom difficulties dishearten,—who bends to the storm?—He will do little. Is there one who will conquer?—That man never fails.

"Let it be your first study to teach the world that you are not wood and straw—some iron in you.

"Let men know that what you say you will do; that your decision, once made, is final,—no wavering; that once resolved, you are not to be allured nor intimidated.

"Acquire and maintain that character."

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"Eloquence—the most useful talent; one to be acquired, or improved; all the great speakers bad at first.—*Huskisson*.—How to be acquired.

"Write your speeches,—no inspiration.

"Labour to put your thoughts in the clearest view.

"A bold, decided outline.

"Read *multum non multa*, — *homo*

unius libri, ['Much, not many things—a man of one book.']

"Learn by heart everything which strikes you.—*Fox*.

"Thus ends my lecture: nineteen out of twenty become good or bad as they choose to make themselves.

* * * * *

"The most important part of your education is that which you now give yourselves."



THE STRUGGLE AGAINST CONSCIENCE.

IN reading the account of the conversion of saint Paul, I have been much struck with the simplicity of the narrative, and also with the strong hold which this fact had on the apostle's own mind in after years. It was a fact of which he had no doubt, and which he never forgot. It overturned all his previous opinions on religion. It made him constant in his adherence to the truth; it explained his conduct; it vindicated his principles; it convicted his enemies of folly, as well as of wickedness, in opposing him.

It seems to me, that we lose much of the benefit designed for us in the interesting record of this remarkable fact, by not looking through what was miraculous in the circumstances of this conversion, and beyond what was singular and personal as peculiar to his case. We should fix our thoughts on the conversion itself, in its essential nature, as exactly the same with the conversion of any other person in any other circumstances.

Now, what was the state of this young man's mind towards Jesus Christ, up to the time of his approach to Damascus? He looked on him as a deceiver, and on his followers as weak, foolish, or mischievous persons. The miraculous appearance of Jesus to him removed all that at once. It showed him that the disciples were right, and that he was wrong. Here was a change of opinion; but this change of opinion was not conversion.

Thus convinced of his error on so serious a matter, he was deeply distressed. But this distress of mind was not conversion.

Here, then, is a young man, struggling with the thoughts and the feelings which so suddenly and unexpectedly arise within him. Some of these thoughts and

feelings are such, that if he follows them out, he will, very likely, be converted; on the contrary, if he throws them off, if he forgets them, if he stifles them, if he dissipates them, he will not be converted—no, he will not be converted, even though he has been so clearly convinced of his error, and so much distressed about his sin. It is very plain to me, that a man may be convinced that he is wrong, and he may be mortified and grieved by his conviction, and this may be the fruit of a miracle upon his own person, and yet he may not be converted! I think there is something more in this fact. One who has not seen a miracle, may by some other means be made equally sure that he has been wrong in opposing, or in neglecting the gospel. By whatever means any one is made sure of this, such a conviction must be painful, humiliating, alarming, so long as he thinks about it. Yet his conviction, we see, is not conversion. It may be followed by conversion; but it may not be followed by conversion. In the case of this young man drawing near to the gates of Damascus, it was most happily followed by conversion. He prayed; he “received the Holy Ghost;” he believed in Christ for eternal life; he “turned to the Lord.” It was not by the miracle that Saul was converted. The miracle did its work for him in showing him that he was wrong. One may have this conviction now without a miracle; one may feel what Saul felt before his conversion, without a miracle. The reader of this paper may have felt this—perhaps feels it now.

I. You may know that you are wrong in neglecting the gospel: so long as you think of this you must be unhappy. You are not a machine; you are not a mere animal; you are not merely a thinking, intelligent being; you feel the difference between knowing that you are right and knowing that you are wrong. Well, now, I will suppose that whenever you turn your thoughts to the gospel, you are in the habit of regarding it as a Divine truth. You know that the gospel is a message of free salvation, through faith in Christ, clothed with the authority of God, and breathing the tender mercy of God. You can have no doubt that your happiness, in the long run, and for all future ages, depends on one thing, namely, on your being saved. To seek that salvation, and to seek as the gospel teaches you to seek it, must be right:

not to seek it, must be wrong. Now, just think of this, my friend. Are you neglecting your soul, your salvation, the gospel? Then I need not tell you, for your conscience tells you, that you are wrong; and it is a grave matter this:—to be wrong, not in a speculative notion, but in a practical concern of life; wrong in the master-spring of your whole character; at issue with God; this touches the core of your happiness; you may be wrong to your undoing! Can you think of this without uneasiness? You would rather not think of it. It is a painful thought; it disturbs you; it makes you unhappy. Why has God put it into your power to disturb yourself, and to make yourself unhappy by your own thoughts? Figure to yourself a young friend of yours, threatened with consumption. It is right that he should use all likely means for escaping the deadly malady. He is ordered to Madeira, and the means of going are put into his hand. Some caprice or waywardness takes him in the wrong direction. One day he is awakened to the thought—“I am wrong! if I persevere, I die!” He has still the power to change his course; he hesitates; he knows he is wrong; he feels unhappy, so long as he thinks of his case. Is it not well for him that he can have such thoughts? Is it not well for him that such thoughts should make him uneasy? Are not such feelings proof of the goodness of God? His uneasiness is a motive, a new motive for turning out of the wrong course, and reaching the genial climate to which he was sent, before it is too late to do him good.

II. These painful but wholesome thoughts come to you in various ways. Excuse me for saying that I have been paying much attention, for some years, to this part of human experience. I have read some books relating to it. I have conferred with persons of sound judgment, and of extensive acquaintance in matters of this kind. I have conversed freely with some hundreds of persons of different ranks, and in widely varied circumstances. The result is, I know not of any person who has neglected the gospel, who has not sometimes thought of his neglect, and felt unhappy. I have no wish to harrow up the feelings, by attempting to unveil the throbs and pangs of a wounded spirit: who can bear them? who shall describe them? Sometimes your mind, if I may so say,

works upon itself. You cannot destroy your own knowledge. You cannot always prevent one thought from suggesting another thought. You cannot always avoid being alone, in the dark, perhaps, and in an anxious mood; and you can no more blunt the edge of your thoughts than you can still the beating of your pulse! Sometimes you make unlooked-for and unwelcome discoveries of your own state. Some passion has broken out; self has been at work in a way of which you feel ashamed. You find that this living without prayer, and without watchfulness, is living without God, and sinking down into a terrible death. Sometimes you feel the soreness of pain and sorrow. You are cut off from the business which absorbed your thoughts, —from the amusements that dazzled your fancy,—from the society that threw the witchery of its spell on your affections; and the lights of plain truth show you what you are! Sometimes you feel that you are in the presence of one who is converted. A mother's meekness, love, humble piety, have preached the gospel to you, with a voice that hushed all other charmers in your hearing. A lowly sufferer has told you of a comforter that never comforts you. A fine example of Christian integrity brings before you a principle to which you are a stranger, a dignity of character to which you are not aspiring, a faith which sacrifices ease, property, and pleasure, with the spirit of the old martyrs. Sometimes you find that you are left behind by those you love. From your own ranks, from your own family, ay, from your bosom it may be, a spirit has turned to God, and left you still lingering among those who will not turn to God.

The preaching of the gospel has not always passed away without leaving an arrow in your bosom. The preacher has been made manifest in your conscience; the truth he declares to you, in love, has made you feel that you are wrong, and has made you unhappy in that feeling, though you hide your wound, and bleed in secret. Now, He who made you is the Author of the gospel; the truth which touches you thus must be from him. You can have no simpler proof, you need not any stronger proof of the legitimacy of the gospel ministry, and of the accuracy of the truth which it brings home to you than this: it is the ministry which the awakened conscience acknowledges; they are the truths from which

the heart that will not turn to God shrinks back.

III. You have power to rid yourself of these painful impressions. You have used this power. You have resisted the convictions of your own judgment, the verdicts of your own conscience, the apprehensions of your own heart. You may remember many occasions when this resistance cost you a struggle; but you did struggle, and you succeeded; and so you recovered the peace which had been broken. It is easy for you to perceive that such a power of resisting impressions belongs to your nature. Without this power, you would be the mere passive instrument of the purposes of others: you would not be a human being. Your freedom to act as you choose consists in this power. It is for the use you make of this power that you are accountable to God: you cannot imagine him calling you to account for actions which you could not help. Here lies your sin—resisting what you know to be God's truth, the intimation of his authority, or the expression of his mercy.

See, in the Scriptures, how currently men are charged with this sin. In the stern rebukes of Moses, in the cutting accusations of the prophets, in the pointed denunciations of Jesus, and in the burning appeals of the apostles, the precise and specific charge on which men are condemned is this—the hardening of their hearts, refusing to listen, stiffening their necks, kicking against the goads. Is not this the main hindrance to the success of the gospel? Men have no want of intelligence to comprehend plain preaching. They have no want of susceptibility to feel the value of the salvation which is proclaimed; they have no want of conscience to acknowledge to themselves that they are wrong in not believing for salvation: but there is that within them, and they know it, which strives against the gospel, resisting its power, and effacing its impressions. Will you favour me with your patient attention while I show you how this power of resisting your convictions works?

1. By not attending to them. If you do attend to them, they make you uneasy, and, for this reason, you direct your thoughts to other things. How startled you would be, while listening to the most earnest appeals of a faithful preacher, if some one had the power to show you the active and busy thoughts which the hearers are pursuing, yes,

pursuing for the express purpose of resisting the convictions that are piercing them. Every hearer of the gospel understands my meaning, and inwardly attests the truth of what I say.

2. By dissipating them. If they are too keen to be escaped entirely, you raise questions on them. You speculate on matters more or less related to them. You look at them in any direction but that which is straight; in any light but that of eternity; in any application but that of present duty—the present duty of turning to God, to which they urge you. You cheat yourself, by promising to consider, under some other circumstances. You conjure up a thousand difficulties, all of them fictitious, imaginary, unreal, in the way of acting on these convictions just now. You frame a thousand excuses, all of them hollow, worthless, rejected alike by God and by your own conscience, for not doing now what you know you are called to do, what you know you have no right to leave undone, and what you dare not resolve that you will never do, namely, turning with your whole heart to God.

3. By opposing to them some opinions that you have taken up. It may be that you have allowed yourself to be entrapped into the notion that you cannot help being unconverted; though, in your serious judgment, you know that this is not true, that it is contrary to Scripture, and to your own consciousness. It may be that you have lulled yourself into the dreamy mistake of going on just as you are, in the hope that, some day or other, God will convert you—a hope which you cannot foster with a clear conscience, and for which you have not the shadow of support in the oracles of God. Perhaps (for one moment do me the kindness, do yourself the justice, to think of this,) you flatter yourself with the expectation that time will work a favourable change in you—the poorest of delusions, falsified by every day of your past life, and by the experience of all mankind.

4. You may resist your convictions by another process, of which it is my duty to give you an affectionate warning: it is this, disbelieving the truths from which your convictions have the power to disturb you. At the best, your assurance of these truths is far from being strong; not, observe, that the strongest assurance of these truths may not be attained; but because you have not chosen to seek it. What could be so unreasonable as to

expect assurance without inquiry? Feeling that you must turn to God, if the gospel be true; but not liking to turn to God, you are in danger, before you are aware, of coming to hope that it is not true. Now, even supposing, against the strongest likelihood, nay, against the fullest proof, that the gospel were not true, what security would you have, in that case, against eternal misery? From the moment that you even lean towards hoping that the gospel may not be true, you acquire a terrible power of avoiding the convictions which the gospel produces. I might here set before you the natural history of diabolism. I could demonstrate to you that, for the most part, it is the last cold refuge of the unconverted heart, the opium-eating of the intellect, the reasoning madness of the soul, the suicidal attempt to cut out the last fibre of your nature which the truth can touch, to tear away the only organ through which the light of reason can come: "Take heed, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief."

IV. This struggle against your conscience will come to an issue, one way or other. What is that to be?

You are told what the issue was with the young Hebrew, whose case has just given rise to these reflections. Would you be sorry to be assured that the issue would be the same in your case? When you think of Saul's conversion, his decided character, his devotion to his Saviour, his superiority to fear, his sweet consolations, his honourable course, his calm anticipations of heaven, would it not make you glad to know that your struggles are to end as his did? Trace, for a moment, the history of that mind. You see that there was a conflict; he was kicking "against the goads." You see that the conflict did end. How did it end? He gave it up; he turned to the Lord; he yielded himself to the guidance of his Saviour; he said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He did it. He prayed—prayed with a broken heart—prayed in earnest—prayed in faith—prayed for mercy till he obtained it. Having obtained mercy, he followed the directions sent to him from heaven. He gave his heart, his powers, his life to the Saviour of his soul! The same ardour which had burned against the gospel and its followers is consecrated to the preaching of the gospel, for the multiplication and the happiness of its converts. Himself converted, he becomes a converter of

others. The "traces of his spirit" are in the sighs of the wilderness, and in the debates of the crowded city, and in the perils of the pathless deep. The monuments of his conversion are the living temples he has founded in Asia, and in Europe, in Greece, Italy, and Rome. The seed-fruits of his labours have increased, beyond the possibility of being counted, ever since. No language could express the loss which the world would have sustained, if Saul of Tarsus had not turned to the Lord. No image can paint the blessedness to himself, and to myriads more, flowing from this one fact, that he gave up the struggle in which, it is possible, you, my dear reader, are now engaged.

May the hope be indulged, that you are going to follow in his steps! You feel the struggle to be a painful one—one of which you are ashamed—one which you know must end, and may end in misery! Then, why keep it on?

Are not your convictions sent to you from God, to bring you to himself? Are not these impressions that disturb you the cords of love, by which he is drawing you? Why, oh! why should you resist them? You have a reasoning mind, which must tell you that resistance is sinful, and that you ought to yield. You have a heart panting, at times, with emotions of fear, of hope; and every hope, and every fear alike conjures you to yield to God. Suppose you yield; suppose that even now you offer no resistance to the message of salvation. What have you to give up? Darkness, constraint, strife, peril, folly, guilt, misery! What have you to lay hold of? Light, freedom, peace, security, wisdom, salvation, joy!

Why should you not do this now? Let this be the hour of ceasing to struggle with your convictions. Say not that I am rash in urging this. In urging it, I mean all that the words express, but no more. This is no dangerous impulse, which it might be wise to check. The healthiest exercise of your soundest judgment will for ever approve of what you have been doing, if you now say, within yourself, "It must be, it shall be; I will no longer stand out against my Saviour, and against myself; it is hard for me to struggle with his entreaties, and with my own convictions: 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'"

You are all but persuaded; but you are afraid of going back. You think, (do

you not?) that however earnestly you feel just now, that you ought not to spend another hour among the unconverted; a change may come to-morrow, and you will only be worse than you were before. No, dear friend; no, it will not be so. Turn to the Lord, and he will kindle that within you which shall never die. There is a line, within which you are now lingering, near to which you have this moment come; so long as you keep within that line, your heart will go back, all your convictions and serious thoughts will be stifled. But I would persuade you, and pray to God that you may be disposed, to cross that line: I would have you turn to God. Then, you will not go back; you will not desire to go back. He will take care that you do not go back.

Do you say, "Even now would I turn to God, but I am not ready for that; my convictions are not strong enough; I am not enough in earnest." So then your own judgment of yourself is, that your heart is already too hard to turn to God; and yet, you are willing that it should be left alone, that it may become harder still!

But while I urge you to turn to God, you may be saying, "How can this be? It is not in my power to turn to God." To this seeming difficulty, let one who fully believes the evangelical doctrines of grace, oppose the conscientious belief that you are wrong in thinking as you do. For, first of all, How do you know that you cannot turn to God, until you have done your best in trying to turn to God? Secondly. It is very true that you cannot turn to God, while your mind is not made up to it; while you seek excuses for not doing it; while you refuse to think of it as a matter of the most pressing urgency. Thirdly. Do you know any one who has honestly tried to turn to God, and failed? I do not. Fourthly. Will you turn to God, if you can, and inasmuch as you can? Fifthly. Are you quite sure, that your not having turned to God is not in any sense, or any degree, your own fault? Sixthly. Do you not suspect that this is only one of the many devices of your heart for keeping up the contest which I am beseeching you to close? Seventhly. Come to the practical point: you cannot turn to God; be it so: will you pray to God to turn you? Surely, he can do it.

How many happy hearts will hail you, as you turn to God! You will give more

joy than all the world could give to those who love you best, and whose love is most worth having. Think of a parent's trembling rapture in the conversion of a child. Have you a father? Let him have this solace. Have you a mother? Let her have this solace. Think of the Christian pastor's joy in the conversion of one of his beloved flock. Let your pastor have this joy. Think how happy he who now addresses you would be to meet you among the converted. Do not rob me, I beseech you, of this cup of more than human pleasure! Are there no pious, believing friends, who have prayed for your conversion? Do not hinder their prayers. Have you no younger sister, or brother, or companion, who is waiting for your conversion? watching and wondering at your delay? Oh! let them see you turn to God, and they will follow you to Jesus, and go, hand in hand, with you to heaven!

Who will say there are not spirits now in woe that would come back, if it might be, to beseech you, with tears such as mortals never saw, with cries such as mortals never heard, that you would stand out no longer? I think it is no profane fancy, but a sacred probability, that there are now hovering over you, as you read these lines, unseen spirits of "just men made perfect," who, though happy in their mysterious life, and in their hope of the glorious resurrection, would gather an increase of happiness beyond our power to estimate, from the contemplation of your conversion now. There certainly is near to you (think of him) the blessed Lord himself. He witnesses the appeal now made to you, and the way in which you deal with it. He is showing you his very heart; he is telling you of the precious blood he shed, that every sin of every convert might be pardoned. With arms outstretched, and with a look of love, he is saying to you, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." Why wilt thou die? Dear reader, are you young? Let me address you with much tenderness. Do you not know something of struggling against your conscience? Young as you are, I believe you have, already, made your Saviour sorry by turning your young heart away from him! Can you not remember when your thoughts of him were tenderer than they are now? Oh! my young friend, you have begun to harden your heart against Jesus Christ!

Reader! the season of youthful softness

may have passed away from you, never to return in this world. The rude collisions of passion, of interest, of worldly competition, are playing all their force upon you. The freshness of your heart is gone. At times, more and more rarely, though something tells you that it is not likely you will feel again the convictions which, in better days, you struggled with and stifled. What a terrific power that is which you carry in your bosom, of smothering the sparks of truth, of drowning the voice of conscience, of deadening the emotions of the heart, of resisting God! Beware! count not too much upon the future. Beware how you kick against these goads! You may continue till point after point is blunted; till feeling after feeling is benumbed; till fear has vanished; till hope has fled; till conscience has been seared as a shrivelled leaf—till your heart has become the grave of its own sensibilities! There will be a rising. When the hand of Death has torn the veil of earth away, the hardening power of time, of will, of passion, of habit, of disbelief, will melt before the light of the world to which you go. Then, the tenderness of childhood will come back; and the healthy throb of manhood or womanhood will come back. In the life and power of these restored capacities, you will tremble—a transparent, conscious, guilty, deathless spirit, in the sunbeam of God's eye!

Who can image forth the writhings of the self-torture! What voice is there in the universe that will not address you in the sad and solemn accents to which you would not listen from the lips of mercy?

It must be so. From the very nature of your mind, it must be so; from the justice of God, it must be so; from the warning of the gospel, it must be so: for "how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

Man, brother, sister, fellow-sinner! and is there such an issue? You cannot disprove it, without overturning the foundations of all truth. You cannot escape it. Will you brave it? May God have mercy on you, and change your heart, that you may no longer struggle against your own conscience! W. H. S.

THE TELESCOPIC APPEARANCE OF THE MOON.

A MEETING of the Belfast Scientific and Literary Society was held recently, in the Museum, to hear from Dr. Romney

Robinson, astronomer royal, Armagh, a lecture "On the Physical Characteristics of the Moon's Surface," as exhibited by recent telescopic observations.

Dr. Robinson commenced by calling attention to the moon's value in connection with the economy of our globe, as influencing the tides, giving unexceptionable means of determining longitude to the traveller and navigator, and serving as a connecting link—a step in the course of speculation—to guide astronomical research to the discovery of the great truths on which our system depends. Dr. R. then alluded to the speculations of the ancients on the moon, and stated the results of examinations by distinguished philosophers, from the earliest periods to the present day. The observations of the moon through a powerful telescope have confirmed, to a considerable extent, the anticipations of the ancients; at the same time, in other and very remarkable respects, they have shown most striking points of difference. Three of these are important, as showing the difference between the moon and this earth.

The first is, that while the earth revolves round its axis in twenty-four hours, thus reproducing a quick reciprocation of day and night, it is otherwise with the moon, as its day is pretty generally equal to fourteen of our days, and its nights equal to fourteen of our nights. The second point of difference is, that the moon may be said to have no atmosphere of any description, and no vapour. This is ascertained in various ways by astronomical observation, but the most convincing proof of it is obtained by the occultation of a star by the moon. If there be an atmosphere, it must be perfectly transparent—it must be a thousand times rarer than ours; and if so, it must differ from all other gaseous vapours with which we are acquainted. It follows, from the absence of an atmosphere, that there can be neither clouds, rain, wind, nor frost in the moon, and that, unlike the mountains of earth, which show nothing of their principal aspect, owing to the action of the atmosphere, the forms of the mountains, and the various accidents of their surface, are as sharply and as clearly defined as when they were created. The third point of difference between the moon and the earth is, the light and spongy character of the materials of which it is composed. By a peculiar, though slight, mutation of

the earth's axis, we have ascertained that the moon is about the one-eightieth of the weight of the earth; that a body weighing six pounds here would weigh only one pound in the moon; and that a twenty-four pounder, if it could be fired from the moon, would throw shot six times as far as it could on this earth. By ascertaining the comparative weight of the two bodies, we can also determine their relative specific gravity; and we have found that the density of the moon is, supposing it the same throughout, about the six-tenths of that of the earth.

The interior parts of our earth are, however, extremely dense, compared with the upper surface. Mr. Francis Bailey ascertained that owing to the pressure of the superincumbent earth, marble rock would be in the centre of the earth seven and a half times denser than platina, the weightiest of metals; and three hundred miles under the surface, it would be as dense as platina. The earth would be one hundred times heavier than it is, were it not that the heat of the centre of the earth, which is in a state of ignition, increases the elastic force of the rocks, and resists the pressure of the surface mass. In the case of the moon it is not known whether there is this central heat or not; but if they supposed a heat to exist there of the same intensity as here, the density of the moon's surface would be little more than that of cork.

The learned doctor, after stating that it was scarcely possible for him to confine himself to sobriety of language in describing the appearance of the moon as seen through the most powerful telescopes, and after expressing his regret that a small observatory has not ere this been established in the Botanic Garden, or some other convenient place beside Belfast, proceeded to say that the total absence of atmosphere contributes to fill up the extraordinary beauty of a lunar landscape. In the moon every rock and crag is as sharp as when it was formed by the hand of the great Creator. On earth every object at a distance is obscured by the atmosphere, and the outlines of every crag and hill are more or less softened and rounded off by the influence of the same medium; but at a distance of 250,000 miles from the moon, every little detail is seen with a degree of sharpness and precision which is perfectly surprising. When looking at the moon by the telescope, there is observed over a great

portion of its surface large spots, slightly and differently coloured. By calculating their size, the height of every elevation and the depth of every chasm can be accurately ascertained. Towards the south of the moon is a very mountainous tract of about 1,000 square miles, covered with the most extraordinary peaks, rugged and wild beyond conception, and not presenting one single square mile of moderate level. These immense mural precipices have no counterpart on earth. Humboldt caused a careful search to be made for a precipice on our globe, where a stone could be dropped 500 feet without touching an obstacle. The search was in vain.

In the moon, however, it has been ascertained that precipices occur running perpendicularly down 25,000 feet. The reasons of this wonderful fact are to be looked for in the atmospheric causes before alluded to, and in the lightness of the rocks in the moon. The finest range of mountains in the moon, which are called the Appenines, are best seen when the moon is seven or eight days old. They are very like a mountain chain, as represented in a good map. To the north they rise abruptly from one of the dark spaces called seas, so abruptly that a high cone rises in two miles to the height of 14,600 feet—a height which, in proportion to the surface of the moon, is twice as high as the loftiest peak of the Himalayas is to the earth. This chain runs along the plain southwards, and spreads in a chaos of stupendous mountains, 17,000 miles square, offering to the eye a series of fearful summits, deep ravines, and gullies, and not a spot where a human foot could tread. North and west of this chain are the Alps, in which a gigantic cleft runs through the highest parts, connecting the plains, termed by the ancients "*mare imbrium*" and "*mare frigoris*"—the sea of showers and the sea of cold. This cleft is from three to six miles broad, eighty-five miles long, and 12,000 feet deep, with nearly perpendicular sides. It runs forty miles into the plain, gradually diminishing its width until it appears as a fine crack, and terminates in a small crater.

Near this arises an insulated cone, called Pico, a perfect sugar-loaf in shape, but rising at an angle that no earthly materials could sustain. It stands about 7,000 feet high, and its shadow extends ninety miles. Another class of mountains occur in the form of long chains,

from 30 to 400 miles in length, and only 300 or 400 feet high, extending across the plains. They are of soft rounded forms, like sand drifted and thrown into ridges, as if by the action of submarine currents, just as if the bottom of our own sea were exposed to view in its present state. Their whole character, also, resembles very much the *eskers* or gravel ridges which are found running along the valley of the Shannon, and which have been produced by similar causes. These ranges, however, do not constitute a fiftieth part of the lunar mountains.

The others are of a type wholly different, and are termed "ring-mountains." They are monstrous cavities, some of them 150 miles in diameter, and as accurately circular as if they had been drawn by a pair of compasses. They are surrounded by a high, rocky wall, full of asperities, like a piece of thick slate broken across, and presenting the shattered laminæ. These mountains cover a fifth of the whole visible surface of the moon. The finest specimen is Clavius, seen in the south, when the moon is nine days old. It is a hollow of 143 miles in diameter, and 16,800 feet deep, the wall nearly perpendicular, and the sides and floor perforated with similar cavities of a smaller size. When the ring-mountains are small, there is a group of hills rising from the floor of the cavity. The mountain Tycho, which is a most remarkable object through a telescope, is of this character, appearing as a brilliant spot, with white rings, and seen best at the full of the moon. The wall is very thin, and so bright that it is seen during eclipses. The cavity is 17,000 feet deep, and the walls fifty-four miles in diameter; 12,000 feet down, there runs a broad, flat terrace, three miles wide, very rough and ragged; and below, another series of two set of terraces, from which rises a central mountain, 5,000 feet high. Another type of ring-mountains is, when the cavity is partially filled with a soft material. Plato is an example. His wall is very brilliant, sixty miles in diameter, and 4,600 feet in depth, the bottom being of a dark grey colour, perfectly uniform and smooth.

The next feature on the moon's surface is the seas, as they have been styled by the ancients; but as they are not fluid, they should rather be termed plains. They present a jagged and irregular surface, composed of slight elevations, and interspersed with esker-like ridges, with

a few small ring-mountains, rounded and obscured, and a large portion of their walls defaced, as if water-worn. They present the appearance, not of seas, but of places where seas have been. A singular channel is observed near Herodotus; it cuts through his wall like a gorge, flows through its windings, and discharges into the "*oceanus procellarium*" (ocean of storms). It was about a mile wide, forty-three miles long, 4,500 feet deep, with steep, brilliant sides, as if hollowed out by a fluid. Such dry streams differ totally from a terrestrial river, which is wide at the mouth, receives tributaries in its course, lessens in size as it approaches its source, and then diminishes to the rills feeding its infant waters. Exactly the reverse, however, is the case in the lunar streams. The class of objects called rills, or more properly rifts, are very conspicuous near the centre. The course of one is 104 miles long, three-quarters of a mile wide—depth unknown. It runs through a dozen of craters. Near it another, of 150 miles long, runs through a high alpine district, and splits into two one of its loftiest peaks. Westward is a network of smaller rifts, appearing as if the surface had been cracked by the action of some internal force.

The doctor proceeded to say, that it might be asked what ring-mountains are; and after giving distinguished authorities in favour of the old idea that they are craters of volcanoes, and the peculiarities which had induced them to adopt the opinion, went on to state a number of objections sufficiently convincing to upset the theory. He next, in reply to the continually-put question, "Is the moon inhabited, and if so, are its inhabitants analogous to ourselves?"—proceeded to say: My answer must be in the negative. There is no air to breathe, no water to drink, no vegetation to support life, no possibility of communication on the fearful abysses of land, and no seas to traverse. Supposing inhabitants to exist, they must be morally as well as physically unlike us. We are endowed with certain faculties which we must use. We build cities, we clear forests, we unite, and, alas! we war with one another. Were such occurrences to take place in the moon, we should see their effects. With lord Rosse's six feet reflector, an object of 100 yards in diameter can be discovered; any variation of colour in the surface can be ascer-

tained; a town like Belfast, with the spiring chimney-stalks of its manufactories, could not be overlooked. Yet nothing of this has been seen. All is still, immovable, and dead—not the slightest trace of any visible living being. We must then suppose that the moon is not intended, at least at the present time, for the support or habitation of any living thing such as exists in our earth. Our glimpses at the planets show the existence of the requisites of life in them; but in the moon there is nothing which could support life, such as that with which we are acquainted. There is, however, sufficient connected with her to irresistibly call forth the recognition of the power, and wisdom, and glory of the great Being who created her, and who has endowed us, his creatures, with faculties to seek, however faintly, for the evidences of his work in the worlds that surround us.

EMINENT NATURALISTS.

No. I.

It is stated in the inspired records, that "out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them," Gen. ii. 19. Thus it appears that Adam was guided to the designation of the animals around him by appellative words, which would alike aid his memory and other mental operations, and facilitate the more enlarged application of thought and language.

In after times more knowledge was acquired of animated nature. Michaelis observes, that "the systematic division of quadrupeds given by Moses, is so excellent, as never yet to have been obsolete; but on the contrary, is still considered useful by the great writers of science; a fact," he adds, "which cannot but be looked upon as truly wonderful." Solomon spake not only of trees, from the cedar which is in Lebanon to the hyssop or moss, springing out of the wall, but also of beasts, of creeping things, and of fishes.

Among uninspired men, Aristotle, the founder of the Peripatetic school of philosophy, stands pre-eminent in early times, for his researches in natural history. Alexander, afterwards called the Great, was confided to his care, on attaining the age of fifteen. Great benefits were conferred for his sake by Philip

of Macedon, on the inhabitants of Athens, and Aristotle obtained permission to occupy the Lyceum, a large inclosure in the suburbs of that celebrated city. He gave public lectures there for thirteen years, during which time he did not cease to correspond with Alexander. That celebrated prince had placed at his disposal several thousand persons, who were occupied in hunting, fishing, and making the observations necessary for completing the "History of Animals," a work Aristotle had undertaken. Alexander is also said to have given an immense sum—800 talents—to this work, while he took care to send the philosopher a great variety of zoological specimens, collected in countries which were subdued by his arms.

Aristotle has been styled "the secretary of nature." Diogenes of Laertes in Cilicia, who lived about the end of the second century, gives the titles of no fewer than two hundred and sixty of his works. According to Dr. Gillies, he must have "composed about four hundred different treatises, of which only forty-eight have been transmitted to the present age. But many of these consist of several books; and the whole of his remains still forms a golden stream of Greek erudition, four times exceeding the collective bulk of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*."

With natural history Aristotle had a comprehensive acquaintance; he arranged the animals he observed, not according to the species, (the course of many of his successors,) but according to their orders and functions; an anticipation the most honourable to his intelligence and judgment of the modern sciences of physiology and zoology. The best edition of his history of animals is that of "Schneider," in four volumes 8vo., published at Leipsic in 1811. Though a most remarkable work, it must not be considered a safe guide at the present time. Numerous, as might be expected, are its errors; and he who would now make real progress, must avail himself of opportunities diligently to study the natural world, and the best auxiliaries of instruction he can command.

Caius Plinius Secundus, who died in the seventy-ninth year of the Christian era, though a naturalist, was not such an observer as Aristotle, nor had he the genius of that great philosopher. His work on natural history is described by

himself as composed of extracts from more than 2000 volumes, written by travellers, historians, geographers, and philosophers, of whose productions only about forty remain, some of which are merely fragments. He was therefore a compiler rather than an author, and, moreover, one not prepared to sift the true from the false. We observe in the writers to whom he refers an unbridled exercise of the imagination, and in himself an extraordinary credulity. Still there is much in his work of curious information. His Latinity is remarkably pure.

Zoology, like other sciences, made but little progress from the time of Pliny to the commencement of the sixteenth century. We dwell not on the writers of the interval. They applied their eyes to the works of their predecessors rather than to living objects; and repeated what was said before with but little addition. The gold and the dross remained together; the one unbrightened, the other intact. The furnace, however, did not then exist which could bring the precious metal into its proper state.

In the seventeenth century, Swammerdam was the most distinguished naturalist, and his inquiries into the structures of insects were accurate and extensive. It is singular that this most interesting division of animated nature was so long neglected. There is but little exaggeration in one of the papers of "The Idler," in which the writer says: "All the faults of my life were for nine months circulated through the town with the most active malignity, because I happened to catch a moth of peculiar variegation; and because I once outbid all the lovers of shells, and carried off a *Nautilus*, it was hinted that the validity of my uncle's will ought to be disputed." While some light was possessed by a few, it fell only within the limits of their very narrow circle; beyond was the gloom of dense ignorance, in which prejudices existed in all its active malignity.

John Ray, the son of a blacksmith, obtained high and well-deserved honour at the university of Cambridge. He was the intimate friend of one who, like himself, has been decried as an admirer of the works of God, and who aided him in reviving the much-neglected study of botany. The reception of his "Catalogue of Cambridge Plants," published in 1660, encouraged him to more vigorous research, and led him to travel

extensively in England and Wales, as well as over a part of Scotland. The friend just referred to, and his companion in these excursions, was Mr. Willoughby, one of his pupils; but who was early removed by death. Ray subsequently traversed the Low Countries, Germany, Italy, and several islands of the Mediterranean.

Having published many important volumes on Natural History, he prepared the one by which he is most known: "The Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of Creation." His object was, to demonstrate the existence of the Great Supreme; to illustrate some of his attributes, and to stir up and increase, in those who read his work, the affections and habits of admiration, humility, and gratitude. In this purpose, he presents a striking contrast to not a few, unhappily, of those who preceded or followed him. Often do we read of marvellous operations, which could only be effected by the Almighty, but without a tribute to his perfections, or even an acknowledgment of his being. Nature is sometimes spoken of, but rather like some fabled goddess of antiquity; while God, who "created all things by the word of his power," and whose "kingdom ruleth over all," seems absolutely forgotten.

There is now a society of naturalists at Cambridge, named after this eminent man, the "Ray Society."

Willoughby, the pupil and companion of Ray, died before he reached the meridian of life. Of him Dr. Derham says; "His example deserves the imitation of every person of great estate and honour; for he was a man whom God had blessed with a very plentiful estate, and with excellent parts, capable of making himself useful to the world. And accordingly he neglected no opportunity of doing it. He did not (as the fashion too much is) depend upon his riches, and spend his time in sloth or sports, idle company-keeping, and luxury; but practising what was laudable and good,—what might be of service to mankind. And among other virtuous employments, one he much delighted in, was the searching after and describing animals, (birds, beasts, fishes, and insects,) which province he had taken for his task, as Mr. Ray had that of plants. And in these matters he was a great master, as he was also in plants, fossils, and, in short, the whole history of nature; to which I may add that of coins, and most other curious

parts of learning. And in the pursuit and acquist of this knowledge, he stuck neither at any labour or cost; noble monuments of which he left behind him in those posthumous pieces which Mr. Ray afterwards published." W.

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

HOW MUCH DO YOU OWE?

THIS to many people would be an unwelcome question; a trying question; an embarrassing question: hardly, indeed, could a more disagreeable inquiry be made. What? Call upon a man all in a moment to give an account of his private affairs? Require him to tell you how he stands with his neighbours and those with whom he deals! Be assured that Alan Quintin never thought of taking such a liberty.

Whether you owe anything, or nothing, to your butcher or your baker, your landlord or the tax-gatherer, is no affair of mine. If you owe them nothing, so much the better; and if you are in their debt, by getting out of it, you will please them, and also contribute to your own peace. But my question has nothing to do with money matters, so make yourself easy.

A man may be deeply in debt without owing money; for he may have received attention, civility, kindness, friendship, and many other favours that he is bound to acknowledge. How much, then, do you owe for these things; and what course are you taking to acknowledge, if you cannot cancel, the obligation?

Are you, in your turn, attentive, kind, and friendly to all? Do not trouble yourself to give me your answer; give it to your own heart.

But, passing by what you may owe to the young and the old, the rich and the poor, your neighbours, your friends, and your enemies, let me ask how much you owe your greatest Creditor? How much do you owe the Almighty Giver of all you have or hope for? What an amount!

Were he severe, well might he wear a frown!
Time would not serve your pen to write it down.

What do you owe him for the senses of hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and feeling? You have heard the song of the lark, the soft note of the lute, the voice of praise, and the invitation of the messenger

of mercy proclaiming the glad-tidings of salvation. You have seen the sun rise and set, the fair earth and heavens, and the forms and faces of mankind. You have smelt the fragrance of the flower, the new-made hay, and the savoury viands that delight the palate. You have tasted the delicious fruits of the tree, the pleasant flavour of dainty meats, and the refreshing water of the crystal spring; and you have felt the cool breeze in summer, the warm glow of the earth in winter, and the softness of the silky and furry dress. For these things, among others, are you indebted. How much do you owe?

You owe Him for health, without which life loses its enjoyment; for the use of your limbs, moving about from one place to another with ease and pleasure; for preservation, by day and night, from unknown and unnumbered dangers; and for sickness, that often teaches us more than we learn from health. What an amount of debt has here been incurred, and what a fit subject is this for your meditations!

And how much do you owe Him for the book of truth? For the knowledge of this and another world that it communicates? For the necessary reproofs it has given you in your wanderings and backslidings? For its abundant consolations in trial and affliction beyond all price? And for its precious promises, so well adapted to sustain the drooping spirit, and assure the desponding heart? These are no light items in your account; no trifling additions to the sum total of your debt. Have you gone through them with care, or have you altogether disregarded them? Your debt in either case is great. Daily gifts, too,

Like ocean waves, in quick succession mount,
And hourly mercies swell the vast account.

How much do you owe Him for convincing you of sin when you were reckless, and bringing you to repentance when your heart was hardened? How much for giving you faith to believe in his holy word and will? How much for peace, and love, and joy; making your crooked paths straight, and your rough plain; and turning your darkness to day, and your mourning into mirth? You have need of the pen of a ready-reckoner to answer the question, How much do you owe him?

Figures and words great numbers will express;
Our sins and mercies both are numberless.

And what do you owe Him, think you, for his power, his wisdom and goodness set forth in the creation, preservation, and redemption of the world? What for the ransom that he found for sinners? Will thousands of silver, or tens of thousands of gold, be worth regarding? Will the rubies and diamonds of the earth do to set against the blood of the Redeemer? I ought not only to ask how much you owe him, but also how much you have paid him. Let me, however, first ask, have you the inclination to know what you owe him? And have you the desire duly to acknowledge the debt? Are you turning your heart to your great Creditor, or are you lifting up your heel against him?

And now, Christian reader, sum up altogether the multiplied mercies of your heavenly Father, from your birth to the present hour; your existence, your health, your faculties, your possessions, your preservation, your enjoyments, and your hopes; adding to them the value of that atoning sacrifice offered up on the cross, and the worth of an eternity of joy and glory secured to you by the redemption of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! Look, on the one hand at your piled up sins, and on the other at your mountainous mercies; and while you feel how much you owe, and how utterly unable you are to pay, let your language be,

Almighty Lord, my debt is in degree,
As vast as Time, and all eternity;
I humbly place myself at thy control,
My heart and life, my body and my soul!

OPINIONS.

BISHOP HALL remarks, it is too much stiffness to stand ever on the height, and to give no quarter in matter of opinion; like those peremptory Egyptians, who in several cities, would either profess to abhor the crocodile or to deify him. There is a mean, if we could hit on it, in all, save fundamental, quarrels, worthy to be the scope of all our charitable desires; which if we could attain and rest in, we and the church of God should be peaceful and happy.

SLEEP.

SLEEP, the type of death, is also, like that which it typifies, restricted to the earth. It flies from hell, and is excluded from heaven!—Colton.



Greater Bird of Paradise.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

THE birds of paradise are distinguished by having a straight, compressed, and stout beak, not marginated. They have covered nostrils, as in the case of crows; but the influence of the clime they inhabit—which extends to birds of several other genera, so far as the beak is concerned—imparts a velvety texture, and frequently also a metallic gloss to those feathers which overlay the nostrils, while the plumage of various other parts acquire a singular development. Some of them have thinly-barbed feathers on their flanks, or rather shoulder-tufts, which cover the closed wing, so prolonged, indeed, as to form immense tufts, which extend far backward beyond the body. There are also in general barless

filaments attached, which are even more elongated than the airy lateral plumes. Others have similar long filaments, but their lateral filaments, though still elongated, do not pass the tail. Of this illustrations are furnished in the king bird of paradise,* and the variety called the magnificent.† Some have also thinly webbed feathers on the flanks, but they are short. The six-stemmed species‡ have a golden green spot on the throat, and three long filaments proceeding from each ear, which are terminated by a small disc of barbs of the same colour. Lastly, there are some with neither elongated filaments nor lateral

* *Paradisæa regia*, *Cinnurus regius*, Vieillot.
 † *Paradisæa magnifica*, Sonnerat. ‡ *Paradisæa aurea*, Gmelin; *Paradisæa sexstacea*, Shaw.

tufts,* as the superb bird of paradise† and the golden bird,‡ the last being congeneric with the Australian regent bird. Belon, who went to the east, partly in order to obtain information on the subject, thought that the phoenix was one of the birds of paradise; the "Rhyntaces" of Aristotle, who describes it in the old erroneous way, as being destitute of legs, and using the long feathers of its tail to suspend itself from trees. The first Portuguese navigators, also, called the bird of paradise the bird of the sun.§

Few birds have given to the naturalist more trouble, in discovering its real characteristics and habits, than this. By some it has been described as an inhabitant of the air, living only on the dew of heaven, and never touching the surface of this terrestrial sphere; and others, while believing that it never rested on the earth, have considered that it subsisted on insects. Some have ranked it among the birds of prey, and others have asserted that it was without feet. This, however, is easily accounted for.

The natives of the Malacca islands, of which it is an inhabitant, cared little for natural history. The legs of the bird being large and strong, and neither ornamental nor required in the skins made up for general commerce, were cut off; while the natives thus concealing what they regarded as a deformity, considered themselves entitled to augment their demands when they offered the bird for sale. The purchaser of it, in Europe, naturally inquired for the legs, of which it was destitute, and the seller began to think it could have none. Hence it was concluded that a bird without legs must live in the air, which would render them unnecessary; the extraordinary splendour of the plumage aided the deception, and as it was considered to have "heavenly beauty," it was thought to have "a heavenly residence." In accordance with this view its name was given, and the false reports which have been propagated on the subject arose in consequence. Hence Linnæus and the older writers styled the bird *apoda*, or footless, although the man who first introduced the bird to the scientific in Europe, distinctly stated that it was in no prominent respect different from other birds.

Antony Pigafetta, who accompanied

Magellan in his voyage round the world, brought home the bird of paradise with him, in the year 1522, and in the journal of the voyage he mentions the fact, that the natives cut off the legs of the bird, as parts of no importance, previously to selling it. Yet the celebrated Aldrovandus, having only seen such mutilated specimens, accused Pigafetta of gross falsehood, in asserting that the bird was naturally furnished with legs and feet. Scaliger believed the bird to be footless; and in the eighteenth century, count de Buffon contributed to the propagation of the error. Having observed that the ostrich, and some other birds, cannot fly, but walk; that others, like the hawk, though flying and swimming, cannot walk, he goes on to say that there are others "which neither walk nor swim, and are incapable of any other progression than that of flight." But unhappily for the assertion, the birds of paradise by no means excel in flight, from the shortness of their wings, and the impediments they suffer from their flowing plumes, which arise either from the sides of the chest, or from other parts of their body. On the other hand, their long and stout legs and large claws indicate that they are birds whose habits require that these organs should be developed. They appear to live principally among the branches of woods and forests, though they sometimes visit the ground for food, which consists not only of fruits and berries, but it is said that the larger species also feed on insects.*

Acquaintance with some of these facts at length threw light on the general darkness that prevailed on the subject. But credulity, when undeceived, sometimes runs to the opposite extreme; and this harmless bird was next branded with the extraordinary rapacity of destroying all those of smaller size with which it came in contact, and the amazing rapidity of its flight was dilated on, as qualities by which it was enabled to perpetrate almost incessant slaughter among the feathered races. This view, however, was subsequently shown to be most erroneous. The long plumes, with which the greater bird of paradise is ornamented, prevent its flying excepting against the wind; for it would otherwise disorder its feathers, and the plumes, like sails, would drive the bird along with

* The *Lophorina*, Vieillot, † *Paradisæa*
superba, Sonnerat. ‡ *Paradisæa aurea*,
Shaw; *oriolus aureus*, Gmelin. § *Passer*
da sol.

* An "Introduction to the Study of Birds; or, the Elements of Ornithology on Scientific Principles." Published by the Religious Tract Society.

great force. Indeed, the birds abstain from flight altogether during a storm, which would infallibly throw them to the ground. When flying, they are noisy, like starlings; but their common cry is said to resemble the croaking of ravens, and is particularly audible when, in somewhat windy weather, the incumbrance of their long feathers brings them into imminent danger of falling. In the Aru islands they are observed to perch on the highest trees. They are taken by the inhabitants with birdlime, or blunt arrows; but when captured alive, they defend themselves with their bills, with great vigour and determination.

In their native groves, they fly in large flocks, so that districts producing the richest spices have also the most beautiful birds. The inhabitants give them the name of "God's bird," as being superior to all others which he has made.

As the countries in which they breed are subject to tempestuous storms, the birds are then but seldom seen, and it is thought that they fly to other lands, where they obtain food in abundance. In the beginning of the month of August, they are seen in great numbers flying together; and, according to the assurance of the natives, following their king, who is distinguished from the remainder by the lustre of his plumage, and the respect and veneration uniformly shown towards him. When they are surprised with a heavy gale, they endeavour to soar to a higher region beyond the reach of the tempest, where they can pursue their journey in security. In calm weather, great numbers may be seen flying, both in companies and singly, in pursuit of butterflies and other insects.

In the evening, they perch on the highest trees of the forest, preferring one which bears a red berry, on which they feed when other food is scarce. The natives generally conceal themselves in the trees whither they resort; and having hidden themselves from sight in a bower made of the branches, they shoot at them with arrows made with reeds; and they assert that if they thus kill the one which they call the king, they are often successful in their attacks on the flock. The chief characteristic by which the king is known is by the ends of the feathers in his tail, which have eyes like those of a peacock. When they have made a capture, the usual method is said to be to remove as much of the inside of the bird as possible! and having cut off

the legs, to insert a hot iron in the body, which dries up the internal moisture; and by filling the cavity with salts and spices, it is prepared for sale to the Europeans. By others, however, it is stated that the breast-bone is removed, and the birds are dried with smoke and sulphur. Many are exported to Banda, where they are sold for half a rix-dollar each, and are sent to all parts of India and Persia, to adorn the turbans of persons of rank, and even the trappings of their horses.

The general colour of the bird of paradise is a deep cinnamon, with the exception of the top of the head and the back of the neck, which are yellow; the feathers which encircle the base of the beak as far as the eyes, and cover the whole of the throat, are like velvet, and of a deep emerald green. From each side of the chest, in the male, springs a full plume, from sixteen to eighteen inches long, composed of slender shafts, with fine, loose, delicate webs; in some specimens they are bright yellow at the base, fading gradually into straw-colour; in others, they are paler; from the tail coverts spring two slender naked shafts of great length, which taper gradually to a point, and are of a deep cinnamon brown. These elegant appendages are said to be lost during four months of the year; in all probability, as in the case of the whidah bird and others, they are the decorations of the breeding season, the period in which all birds display their gayest livery.

The magnificent paradise bird is of an orange chestnut colour above, the tint being darker at the top of the head and the back, while the tips of the wings and the tail are brown, and the throat of a black shade. At the back of the neck is a double ruff, composed of slender plumes, with slightly dilated extremities, and from the tail coverts, which are of an orange colour, spring two long and slender shafts of golden green.

It has often been found that if one bird has associated with a flock of a different species, that it has the place of king among them, and thus many strange and unwarranted stories have been told. In this way, M. Vaillant accounts for the origin of the name of the king-bird of paradise, of which many legends are current in the eastern archipelago, where these birds are indigenous. It is averred, for example, that the two principal species have each their leader, whose im-

perial mandates are received with submissive obedience by a numerous train of subjects; and that his majesty always flies above the flock, to issue his commands for inspecting and tasting the springs of water where they may drink with safety;* this caution being necessary from the practice of the Indians of poisoning the water in which they drink for the purpose of capturing them. The explanation of M. Vaillant accords with the account given by M. Sonnerat of the manners of the king bird of paradise; for being a solitary bird, going from bush to bush in search of the berries on which it feeds,† it may occasionally be seen near the flocks of those which are gregarious, where its singular plumage would render it conspicuous.†

F.

EVANGELICAL HOLINESS.

HOLINESS is a Scripture term, and must be understood entirely in the sense in which the Scripture uses it. It is conformity to God, in his revealed character and will; the enstamping again of his moral image upon us, of which we had been despoiled by the fall. This glorious perfection of his nature is reflected upon and within us, and is made to shine conspicuously from us; as on the mitre of Aaron were engraved the words, "Holiness to the Lord," and in his breast-plate flashed the pure and sparkling gems.

Its prerequisites must be carefully noticed. It is a fabric which can be reared only on certain foundations, which if not carefully laid, it can never stand. Redemption by Christ is one of them: "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins," Eph. i. 7. Till redeemed from the dominion of sin, the curse of the law against us is unrepealed. The way is not open for the Holy Spirit to perform the office upon us of making us holy. Why care for the health and adorning of the prisoner, whose cell is unlocked, and over whom the sentence of death, that consigns him to execution, still impends? No; I must come out of a guilty, condemned state by faith in Christ, before the command can be given to take away my filthy garments, and to clothe me with change of raiment. Regenerating grace is the effect of this change of state,

* Valentyn, Besch. Van Oude, iii. ed. 1724.
† Voyage à la Nouv. Guinée, p. 156. † Audebert, Hist. Nat. Ois. de Paradis, p. 22.

and lays the foundation for a holy character in a new and holy nature. We are so radically wrong, as it respects true holiness, that a Divine power alone can effect the proper alteration in the root of our nature. "A corrupt tree," says Christ, "bringeth forth evil fruit. . . . Either make the tree good, and his fruit good; or else make the tree corrupt, and his fruit corrupt," Matt. vii. 17; xii. 33. But who can alter the nature of a tree? and who but God can change the bias of our whole moral nature? The figment of the Jews, that a little bone is left in the human frame which never perishes, and which will begin the resurrection, is not more groundless than the notion of a moral power left in the fallen mind to begin its renovation. We are said to be born from above. Surely this is incompatible with first renewing ourselves. It is absurd to speak of a thing being created that was in existence before; but a state of mind from which a holy character proceeds is expressly styled "a new creature," 2 Cor. v. 17. If a power lies in us to begin the work, what propriety would there be in the prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me?" Psa. li. 10. Alas! till this work be wrought in us, it were as natural to expect a pure stream from a polluted fountain, as a holy life from our unrenewed and unchanged nature—*Leifchild*.

OLD HUMPHREY AT STAFFA AND IONA.

"There is where wild Atlantic roars,
And tempests spread their wings,
A low and lonely Scottish isle,
The resting-place of kings.
And there the bones of godly men
Are sepulchred around,
And crosier'd hands and crowned heads
Are mouldering in the ground."

THE bellman was abroad, as I walked round Oban Bay, clamorously announcing that a steamer would leave the pier the following morning for Staffa and Iona, at the reduced price of five shillings. The crier rang his bell and made his speech opposite the coach-office, the Caledonian Hotel, the Temperance Hotel, the Post-office, and other places, that all might be aware of the good news he had to communicate. When, however, I entered the Caledonian Hotel, many doubts were expressed as regarded the fulfilment of this promise; and as some of us were very desirous to see Staffa and Iona the following day, we agreed to guarantee the captain of the regular

steamboat twenty passengers, at ten shillings a head. The next morning came, misty and drizzling, with occasional showers; but at the appointed hour the passengers, a few ladies among them, were on board the steamer which, in a little time, was tearing her way through the Sound of the Mull. For a season, everything seemed to be comfortless and disconsolate; the deck of the steamer was wet, the wind gusty, the water rough, the indented shore of Morven partly hidden by the mists, and even the mountains of Mull but dimly descried. This was the more to be regretted, as in fine and clear weather the prospects from the Sound are very striking. Still, as Staffa and Iona were our grand attractions, we kept hoping, almost against hope, for a clearer sky.

We had pointed out to us, as we passed them, at the entrance of the Sound, the village of Achnacraig, and Duart Castle on the Isle of Mull, as well as Ardtornish Castle on the coast of Morven. Sir Walter Scott says:

"Ardtornish, on her frowning steep,
Twixt cloud and ocean hung—
Hewn in the rock, a passage there,
Sought the dark fortress by a stair,
So straight, so high, so steep;
With peasant's staff, one valiant hand
Might well the dizzy pass have mann'd
'Gainst hundreds arm'd with spear and brand,
And plunged them in the deep."

The Isle of Mull, though not more than twenty-five miles across it, is little less than three hundred miles in circumference, on account of its being so much intersected by arms of the sea. There is much grazing, but very little tillage in the island. We stopped at Tober Mory, the Well of our Lady, and much admired the bay in which the admiral ship of the "Invincible Armada" was forced to take shelter in the storm.

On the shores of Mull, a crag is pointed out, overhanging the sea, concerning which there is the following tradition:—Some centuries since, the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbury, had a great hunting excursion, and to grace the festivity, his lady attended with her only child, an infant then in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his followers to guard the deer from passing, but the animals rushed with such impetuosity, that the poor man could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment, Maclean threatened him

with instant death; but this punishment was commuted to a whipping, or scourging, in the face of his clan, which in these feudal times was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest of menials and the worst of crimes. The clansman, burning with anger and revenge, rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochburg, from the hands of the nurse, and bounding to the rocks in a moment, stood on an almost inaccessible cliff projecting over the water. The screams of the agonized mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their only child was placed, may be easily conceived. Maclean implored the man to give him back his son, and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had, in a moment of excitement, inflicted on his clansman. The other replied, that the only conditions on which he would consent to the restitution were, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been! In despair, the chief consented, saying, he would submit to anything, if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed, begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief. The man regarded him with a smile of demoniac rage; and lifting the child high in the air, plunged with him into the abyss below. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of Mull!

There is hardly any end of castles in the isles and highlands of Scotland. The headlands are crested with them, go where you will. Aros Castle, a strong, rock-built fort, attracted our eyes on one side, and at the end of the Sound we were greeted by another.

For there Mingarry's mouldering castle stands
On Ardnamurchan's lone and hilly lands.

The lords of the isles, that owned so many fortresses, must have been important persons in their day; and such it seems by the following anecdote, that some of them, at least, thought themselves. The Macdonalds, lords of the isles, long retained their lofty spirit after their power had declined. One of them happening to be in Ireland, was invited

to an entertainment by the lord-lieutenant, and being among the last who came in, he seated himself at the foot of the table, near the door. The lord-lieutenant asked him to sit beside him. Macdonald, who did not understand English, asked, 'What says the carle?' 'He bids you move to the head of the table.' 'Tell the carle,' replied the lord of the isles, 'that wherever Macdonald sits, that is the head of the table.'"

How frequently does age live over again the season of youth! How continually in after years do we realize the emotions of childhood! As the steamboat left behind her Loch Sunart to brave the Atlantic, a rush of boyish remembrances came over my heart. I was in the midst of the Hebrides, or western isles of Scotland, not less, perhaps, than three hundred in number, and I could remember the very order in which, when at school, I committed the names of many of them to memory. A long list, ending with "Mull, Coll, and St. Kilda,"—I remembered, too, reading in youth the impressive narrative of "St. Clair of the Isles; or, the Outlaws of Barra," and I strained my eyes, as the weather had much cleared up, in looking westerly for the Isle of Barra. The dream of the past was a present reality, and I gazed with an indescribable interest around.

As I looked on the clustering islands, and thought of the lords of the isles, the vanity of earthly glory appeared in its true light.

In power and pride, impatient of their right,
As sea-girt rocks they stood in all their might:—
Alas! as transient as the misty spray
Of angry ocean, they have pass'd away.

The largest of the Hebrides is the Isle of Skye, which lies considerably to the north of Mull. It is as much as forty-five miles long and twenty-five broad. The celebrated Spar Cave there is an object of general interest.

The entrance to the cave is a huge gap in the rocky coast; it is thirty feet in breadth, five hundred in length, and one hundred in height. Through this natural avenue the visitor gradually ascends, until he reaches the mouth of the cave, which is of the form of a Gothic arch, and opens to a passage where profound darkness reigns. To proceed further, torch or other light is indispensable. The passage from the mouth of the cave is nine feet broad, and from fifteen to twenty feet in height; it is level for sixty

feet, and then there is a steep ascent of fifty-five feet. At this distance there is a flat of a few feet, and to this resting-place, the sides of the passage are completely black; but beyond this is another ascent of twenty-eight feet, white as a glacier, to which it bears a close resemblance. At the head of this pass the breadth is eight feet, and above is a vaulted roof, twelve feet high, and of dazzling brightness. The right side of the arch is sustained by a regular Gothic column, shooting from the side, under three-fourths of its circumference. Proceeding along this passage, the walls appear covered with the most elegant incrustations, and its roof fretted with sparry icicles. It gradually enlarges to ten feet in width and forty in height, when, all at once, the visitor enters a saloon of wonderful splendour. The open space is suddenly enlarged to twenty feet in diameter, is nearly circular, and the whole is composed of incrustations, shining like the most brilliant gems, of snowy whiteness. The bottom is filled with water, and resembles a large marble basin, surrounded with an infinite variety of grotesque figures of spar, while from the roof are suspended innumerable shining stalactites. There is a continual dripping of water from the roof, and the whole surface is covered with moisture.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of this cave is wild in the highest degree. It comprehends Glenarnish and Loch, which, for gloomy solitude, can scarcely be equalled; westward, Loch Scavigh, with its cascade, and beyond

—"The savage wilds that lie
North of Strathmardil and Dunskey,"

are seen the dark blue mountains of Cuchullin.

The breakfast laid out in the cabin of the steamboat was very abundant; a thorough Scottish breakfast. Such a profusion of salmon, steaks, eggs and bacon, and marmalade, I never saw on a table before. Our captain had just returned from piloting the queen to Fort William, and appeared to be a well-conducted and intelligent man.

After rounding the last promontory of Mull, the steamer took a southerly course, passing by clusters of islands, many of them altogether uninhabited. I stood on the deck with an intense interest, looking out for Staffa, the geological wonder of the Hebrides: at last it

appeared in view, and I gazed on it with unaffected delight.

Who has not heard and read of Staffa! Who has not seen the island of pillars and caves represented in paintings, in pictures, and in drawings, with white-winged sea-fowl hovering over it, and the wild waves of excited ocean lashing its lonely shores? Great, however, is the difference between looking at a picture of Staffa and approaching the place in rough weather, tossed about on the boisterous deep. Professor Wilson speaks eloquently when the tempest-driven clouds are frantically hurrying to and fro, of delivering himself up to the genius of some savage scene in the islands of Scotland, rent and riven by the fury of some wild sea-loch, and hardly can a wilder or more desolate scene be presented to the eye, than that of the isle of Staffa on a stormy day, when the frowning heavens are hung with gloom, when the rushing winds are sweeping round the rocks, and the frothy spray of angry ocean is flying over the clustered pillars and resounding caves.

When wintry blasts prevail, the dreary sound
Extends a sterner solitude around.
The misty caves are dark, the rocks are bare,
And desolation holds dominion there.

At first the pillared part of the isle of Staffa appeared to be low, and on a miniature scale; but on a nearer approach, its proportions became more and more extended, and my wonder was more fully called forth by its singular formation. When we inspect a small specimen of curiously formed stone, as it lies on the palm of one of our hands, we regard it with attention and pleasure; but when we see a whole island principally formed of natural pillars, varying from thirty to more than sixty feet high, and from one to four feet in thickness, we regard it with a kind of incredulity, and scrutinize it closely, as if to be certain that we are not gazing on the work of art instead of the production of nature.

Staffa has its name, which is Norwegian, from *Staf*, its pillars resembling stones. Its length is about three quarters of a mile, and its breadth half a mile. It lies about eight miles westward of Mull, and its most elevated part, the southwest, is nearly a hundred and fifty feet high. The whole island seems formed of three tiers of rocks, inclined somewhat to the east; the lowest is a trap-rock, the middle is composed of basaltic pillars, most of them perpen-

dicular, and the upper tier trap-rock mingled with smaller basaltic columns. Over all is a rich verdure, where in summer black cattle find an abundant pasturage.

So rough was the sea, that it seemed dangerous to venture upon it in a small boat. The desire, however, to land on the island was stronger than the fear of the ocean, and every passenger entered the boat, which had to make several trips between the steamer and the shore. All were delighted with their ramble over the tops of the basaltic pillars which formed the pavement on which we trod, and no one more so than myself. With the grey hair on my head, my heart beat with all the enthusiastic emotions of a boy.

The varied positions of the pillars, at different places being upright, inclined, and bent like the ribs of a ship, and the curiosities of Clanshell Cave, Cormorant's Cave, and the Boat Cave, excited much interest; but every foot quickened its pace, and every eye sparkled as we approached Fingal's Cave, which is between two and three hundred feet long. The steamer lying off the island, the boat moored to the shore, yet tossing up and down on the waves, the stormy sky occasionally lit up with the gleams of sunshine, the sea-gulls winging their way along the surface of the deep, the awful opening of Fingal's Cave, together with the human group spread over the basaltic pavement of the rock, formed a novel and an animated picture.

Uaimh Binn, or the Musical Cave, is the Gaelic name of Fingal's Cave, the awful opening to which, formed of clusters of natural pillars, sixty feet high, resembles a huge Gothic arch. The mind becomes immediately solemnized on entering the vast and gloomy rift. Some prefer rowing a boat into the cave, while others, holding by a thick rope made fast to the rock, clamber along its rugged sides. The sea was too rough when I was there for a boat to enter, for the waves dashed wildly into the cave, resounding hoarsely against the rocky barrier at the end that opposed their further course. Solemnized as I felt, I longed to hear bursting from every lip the voice of psalmody. I longed to hear reverberating from the lofty roof of that rocky temple the words,

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forthtell,
Come ye before him and rejoice."

But instead thereof, the National Anthem was proposed, and "God save the queen" echoed through the ocean cave, and issued from the elevated portal. All were pleased, but some were deeply affected. In Fingal's Cave, the mere lover of novelty glances around and hurries onward; but the lover of nature is not so easily satisfied, for he holds a deep communion with the impressive scene. He is not only an admirer of Nature's temple, but a worshipper of its almighty Maker.

He stands entranced in solemn thought profound,
With Nature's awful temple spread around;
And hears, with joy, when angry tempest raves,
The pealing organ of the winds and waves.

I tarried so long in the cave after my companions had left it, that I began to fear they would embark without me. Impressed with this salutary fear, I hurried over the basaltic pavement by which we had approached the place. When I call to mind the gloomy sublimity of Fingal's cave, its great extent, its stupendous columns, its rocky sides, its lofty roof of varied colours, and its goodly and arresting entrance, I cannot but congratulate myself in having visited its solemn recesses. Even now the sunlit bright blue water at the entrance of the cave, and the snowy foam of the dashing waves in its darker termination, appear to be present to me. I see the rosy, weed-clad bases of the outward columns, feel the smooth basaltic pavement beneath my feet, hear the whistling winds, and listen to the hoarse resounding waves. Staffa and Fingal's Cave have yielded me much delight, and furnished me with after hours of grateful meditation.

As the distance from Staffa to Iona is not more than nine miles, we soon arrived at the latter place, which is about three miles long and one broad. The village of Threld, on the island, has perhaps as many as five hundred inhabitants, who appear to be extremely primitive and simple in their manners. No sooner had we leaped from our wave-tossed boat, on the sea-weedy rocks, and reached the shore, than we were beset with a goodly number of children of different ages, having sea-shells, stones, and other curiosities to sell. Their slender knowledge of English occasioned humorous mistakes, for a shilling, sixpence, and a penny were promiscuously asked for the same parcel of shells by the same person.

Most of my readers know that Iona, or

Icolmkill, is celebrated on account of its having become, so far back as the year 565, the residence of Columba, an Irish Christian preacher of learning and piety, who founded a cell of monks on the island, and was made a means, in holy hands, of doing much good. The monastery, in after years, became the dwelling-place of the Cluniacenses, a class of monks who obeyed the rule of Bennit. Iona was added to the bishopric of Argyle, at the time of the Reformation. The meaning of the name Iona is, "the island of waves," and the signification of Icolmkill, "the island of Columba's call." The remains of Columba were interred in the royal burial-ground of Iona. The following eloquent burst of poetry, in praise of Iona, is very appropriate:

"Lone isle! though storms have round thy turrets rode—
Though their red shafts have sear'd thy marble brow—
Thou wert the temple of the living God,
And taught earth's millions at his shrine to bow.
Though desolation wraps thy glories now,
Still thou wilt be a marvel through all time,
For what thou hast been; and the dead who rot
Around the fragments of thy towers sublime,
Once taught the world, and sway'd the realm of thought,
And ruled the warriors of each northern clime.

Around thee sleeps the blue sky; and the sun
Laughs—and will laugh for aye on thy decay.
Thou'rt in the world like some benighted one—
Home of the mighty—that have passed away!
A thousand years upon the earth have done
Dreadful destruction! Yet a happier day
Once bless'd thy sacred mansion—and the ray
Of Christianity blazed forth, and won
The Druid from his darkness; from thee ran
That fire which lit Creation in her youth,
That turn'd the wandering savage into man.
And show'd him the omnipotence of truth.

Hail, sainted isle! thou art a holy spot,
Engraven on all hearts; and thou art worth
A pilgrimage, for glories long gone by,
Thou noblest college of the ancient earth,
Virtue and truth,—Religion's self shall die,
Ere thou canst perish from the chart of fame,
Or darkness shroud the halo of thy name."

The ruins of the cathedral, the nunnery, and St. Oran's Chapel create an intense interest in the mind of the spectator. He cannot call to remembrance that he is standing in the great sepulchre where Scottish and Irish and Norwegian monarchs were buried for many generations, without being moved to reflection. He struggles with his bewildered thoughts, and bygone ages appear to come back again when regarding the sculptured effigies before him. Beneath his feet lie the mouldered bones of forty Scottish kings, as well as of bishops, and priests, and friars. There lie the lords of the

isles, and the Highland chiefs of other days; the Macdonalds, the Macleans, the Macduffs, and the Macleods. "That man," says doctor Johnson, "is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Legh Richmond thus describes the island:

"Iona is delightful! You can form no idea of the characteristics of everything and everybody around me. The novelty, simplicity, and singularity is indescribable. Here, amid the ruins of ancient grandeur, piety, and literature, surrounded by the graves and mouldering gravestones of kings, chieftains, lords of the isles, bishops, priests, abbesses, nuns, and friars,—the scene decorated with the fine and romantic remains of cathedral, colleges, nunnery, chapels, and oratories; with views of islands, seas, rocks, mountains interspersed with the humble huts of these poor islanders; I am just preparing to preach to as many of them as can understand English, in the open air;—a rock my pulpit, and heaven my sounding-board. May the echo resound to their hearts!"

Wherever our party went, whether in the chapel, the nunnery, or the cathedral, I was always the last to quit the spot, and thus lost much of the description given by one acquainted with the ruins; but I could not get away from the tomb of Columba, and from the uncouth sculptured stones which marked the resting-places of the illustrious dead. My emotions were akin to those I had felt in Tintern Abbey, the old chapel at Holyrood, and the cathedral of Westminster. An imperfect and confused historical knowledge of Iona troubled me, and a desire to collect the scattered facts with which memory supplied me, kept me pondering over the sepulchres of the departed; but above all came upon me a prevailing sense of the fading nature of human life, and the instability of earthly glory. All things around me seemed to say, "Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth?"—"Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?"—"Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am," Ps. xxxix. 4.

While the time-worn tablets, and broken inscriptions and tombs around me proclaimed the humiliating truth that the

might of kings Fergus, and Congall, and Kenneth, and Donald the odious, and Gregory the valiant, and Ethus the swift, and Silnoth the idle, and Maol-Colum the wise, and Achia the good, was departed, and that the glory of the Macleans, the Duairts, the Lochbuys, the Mackinnons, the Macquaries, and the Mackenzies was no more, well might I look onward with solemnity to my own approaching mortality. Truly may we all exclaim, "There is but a step between me and death," 1 Sam. xx. 3.

I was alone, by the elegant cross of St. Martin, in the court of the cathedral. I was alone, at the black marble tombstone of the abbot M'Fingon, graven with the recumbent figure of the departed, in his flowing robes, with his crosier in his hand, and four lions at the corners. And I mused alone in the dreary cloisters of the place, and at the grave of Oran, the friend of Columba.

I felt as if on holy ground—

With solemn thoughts my bosom beat,
For Death had spread his symbols round,
And kings were crumbling at my feet.

After leaving the ruins, I snatched a hasty opportunity of entering some of the cottages of the poor islanders, bought another packet of shells from the children around, and then once more, with my fellow-passengers, trudged over the rough sea-weedy rocks to the boat that bore us to the steamer, bidding adieu to Iona, the island of waves—the sea-girt home of a simple people—the sepulchre of learned and pious men—the resting-place of kings—the Westminster Abbey of the Highlands, and the ancient and time-honoured cradle of Christianity.

THE TRUMPET AND ORGAN.

The trumpet is a very ancient instrument, and has been long employed in military music. It is not, however, confined to this one use. In the Book of Numbers, of the Old Testament, we are informed that Moses made two silver trumpets to be used by the priests; and Josephus informs us that Solomon provided two hundred, constructed in the same manner for the use of the Levites in the Temple. If we consider the pastoral habits of the Israelites when they first settled in the land of Goshen, under the protection of Pharaoh, it will appear very unlikely that they introduced the instrument into Egypt; the probability is, that it was invented and used

by the Egyptians, and the Jews were made acquainted with it by them. There are representations of this instrument on the arch of Titus.

The Greeks had several kinds of trumpets; but without entering into a description of the varieties, it will be merely necessary to state, that the instrument was known in the time of Homer; and in the year 396 before Christ, prizes were given to the best performers at the Olympic games. Timæus, of Elis, was the first who obtained a prize, and may therefore be considered as the best performer of his day. Herodotus, of Megara, who lived nearly a hundred years after, gained ten prizes at the different Grecian games.

The trumpet has long been used on the field of battle to give the signals of onset or retreat. Lighted torches were first employed for this purpose; and afterwards shells, which were the first trumpets. But although the instrument is admirably adapted for this purpose by its bold and full tone, it is well calculated, when judiciously introduced, for the performance of other music.

The trumpet has a great compass, but is by no means a perfect instrument, and can only sound a certain number of notes, called by musicians trumpet-notes. In the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1692,* there is a paper by the honourable Francis Roberts, called, "A Discourse concerning the Musical Notes of the Trumpet and Trumpet-Marine, and of the Defects of the same." To this paper we would direct the attention of those who are curious to investigate with more minuteness the advantages and defects of this instrument.

The organ is an ancient instrument; but although many were made at different times, it did not come into what may be called general use until the eighth century. St. Jerome says that there was one at Jerusalem which could be heard as far as the Mount of Olives. The first organ that was brought into France was sent from Constantinople in the year 757, by the emperor Constantine Copronymus as a present to king Pepin.

There can be little doubt that the organ was known to the Romans, from the testimony of Vitruvius, and the epigram in its praise by the emperor Julian. Mersennus says, that "the Sieur Naude sent him, from the Matthei Gardens at Rome, the form of a little cabinet of an

organ, with bellows like those made use of to kindle a fire, and a representation of a man placed behind the cabinet blowing the bellows, and of a woman touching the keys."

Lucinius, a Benedictine monk, and a native of Strasburg, who wrote a treatise on music, called "Musurgia," gives a description of all the most important instruments of his own day. After speaking of those which consist of vibrating strings, he introduces the wind instruments, which, he says, as they are more costly than others, so they excel all others in harmony; the former are made for the use and pleasure of man, but the latter are generally dedicated to the service of God. The organ is then mentioned as the most important. In his day there were two kinds, one he calls the portable, because it could be carried, like many other instruments, from one place to another; and the other the positive, for it was usually fixed in churches.

Authors are by no means agreed as to the time when the organ was first introduced into the church service. It is generally supposed to have been done by pope Vitalianus, who was raised to the pontifical chair in the year 663. Previous to this time, however, instruments were used in divine service, as appears from the united testimony of Justin Martyr and Eusebius. St. Ambrose, who lived about fifty years after Eusebius, caused them to be employed in the cathedral church at Milan. Some authors have maintained, that the organ was introduced in the year 1290, by Marinus Sanatus, and to support their opinions assure us, that musical instruments were not known in churches at the time of Thomas Aquinas. But they are met by the statement, that Gervas, a monk of Canterbury, mentions an organ in his description of Lanfranc's church, before the fire in 1174. From these conflicting statements it may be fairly concluded, that the precise time when the organ was first introduced into churches cannot be fixed with certainty.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the organ consists of a series of pipes, which are supplied with air by a pair of bellows. Some of these tubes are closed, some of them are open, and the modes of vibration are consequently different. By the means of certain stops, the communication may be opened between different sets of tubes, and the quality of the tones greatly varied.—*Higgins on Sound.*

* Vol. xvii. p. 559.

THE HUMBLE.

"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear : but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Job xlii. 5, 6.

In a former paper we examined the character of the proud. We shall now gather from the Bible the outlines of another character, which, though generally despised by those who have not learned their principles of judgment from Christianity, is, nevertheless, possessed of the elements of true greatness—the humble. Humility, in the Scriptural import of that term, is the result of a correct perception of individual demerit, on the one hand, and of the majesty and purity of God, and the claims of his holy law, on the other. It recognises sin as exceeding sinful, and consequently acknowledges the justice of God in condemning the impenitent sinner, whilst it is filled with astonishment at his great mercy in having provided an atonement, and offered pardon to guilty men, without money and without price. The language of the humble is, "I acknowledge my transgressions : and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight : that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest." Ps. li. 3, 4. "If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me : if I say, I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse," Job ix. 20. "Behold, I am vile ; what shall I answer thee ? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken ; but I will not answer : yea, twice ; but I will proceed no further," chap. xl. 4, 5. "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear : but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes," xlii. 5, 6. "O my God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God : for our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up unto the heavens," Ezra ix. 6. "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant," Gen. xxxii. 10. "Who am I, O Lord God ? and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto ?" 2 Sam. vii. 18. "What is man, that thou art mindful of him ? and the son of man, that thou visitest him ?" Psa. viii. 4. It is ever associated with faith in that great and holy Being, before whom it bends in adoration :—"I indeed baptize you with water ; but one mightier than I

cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose : he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire," Luke iii. 16. "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof ; but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed," Matt. viii. 8. "She said within herself, If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole," chap. ix. 21. "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son : make me as one of thy hired servants," Luke xv. 18, 19. "Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me ! But he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs. And she said, Truth, Lord : yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table. Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith : be it unto thee even as thou wilt," Matt. xv. 25—28. "And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet, behind him, weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment," Luke vii. 37, 38. "Mary sat at Jesus's feet, and heard his word," chap. x. 39.

These instances serve to exhibit the influence of humility on the heart, and on the deportment of the individual. The conduct evinces the internal impression. The life corresponds to the state of the soul. Where genuine humility exists, it will bring forth corresponding fruits. And God has signified his approbation of this grace so repeatedly and distinctly, as to leave no room to doubt regarding the propriety of its cultivation by any man. He encourages it by such stirring language as this :—"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart ; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit," Psa. xxxiv. 18. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit : a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise," li. 17. "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly," cxxxviii. 6. "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones," Isa. lvii. 15. "Thus

saith the Lord, The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool: where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest? For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the Lord: but to this man will I look, even to him that is of a poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word," Isa. lxvi. 1, 2. "Because thine heart was tender, and thou didst humble thyself before God, when thou heardest his words against this place, and against the inhabitants thereof, and humbledst thyself before me, and didst rend thy clothes, and weep before me; I have even heard thee also, saith the Lord. Behold, I will gather thee to thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace, neither shall thine eyes see all the evil that I will bring upon this place, and upon the inhabitants of the same," 2 Chron. xxxiv. 27, 28. "If then their uncircumcised hearts be humbled, and they then accept of the punishment of their iniquity: then will I remember my covenant with Jacob, and also my covenant with Isaac, and also my covenant with Abraham will I remember; and I will remember the land," Lev. xxvi. 41, 42. "And the word of the Lord came to Elijah the Tishbite, saying, Seest thou how Abab humbleth himself before me? because he humbleth himself before me, I will not bring the evil in his days," 1 Kings xxi. 28, 29. Old Testament history abounds with similar instances of the Divine approval of humility, and of deliverance from threatened calamity in consequence thereof.

Let us now look at a few specimens of those cheering promises which are made to the humble:—"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven," Matt. xviii. 4. We have said above, that humility possesses the elements of true greatness. This memorable saying of Jesus is one of the reasons on which that opinion is founded; but the proposition shall be presented in the form of argument immediately: "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble." "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up," Jas. iv. 6, 10, and 1 Pet. v. 5, 6. "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted," Matt. xxiii. 12. This statement occurs in various connexions in the evangelical narrative, from which it

may be inferred that our Lord desired the attention of men to be fixed upon it, as a settled principle in his administration. That it is so, will be obvious by a little consideration. It is the design of the gospel to heal the moral diseases of men. Amongst those diseases, pride, with its symptoms, has been pointed out. Now, that the progress of spiritual recovery from this disease will be indicated by certain infallible marks, is a proposition which may be laid down without hazard of contradiction; and those marks will be the same in kind in every instance where the disease from which recovery is being effected is the same. Among the essentials of the humility under notice, or among the colourings which compose the moral portrait of the humble, there are a grateful appreciation of God's forbearance and mercy, grief on account of conscious unworthiness, an habitual desire after holiness, and a constant recollection of the relative position of God towards his creatures.

The humble man feels that the forbearance of which he has been the object, and the mercy of which he has been the recipient, demands from him the most fervent gratitude to God. But for that forbearance, his life would have ceased, and with it all the privileges which he enjoys, and by the Scriptural use of which he hopes to realize more and more his personal interest in the blessings of redemption; and but for that mercy, his prolonged life would have been only a prolonged probation, unvalued and unimproved; in other words, a continuance of means for good, which his unhumiliated spirit would have employed for evil; so that, according to the hardness or insensibility of his mind, would have been the wrath which he would accumulate upon himself, Rom. ii. 5. But now, spiritual sensibility having displaced his former obduracy, he values exceedingly the long-suffering and grace of the God of salvation, and spends those hours which were formerly devoted to self-admiration, in grateful adoration at the throne of the heavenly grace. Moreover, he appreciates the mercy of which he has been the recipient, on account of those qualities in it which in the days of his pride gave him greatest offence. In those days, when the duty of "taking the cross," and "humbling" and "denying" himself was enforced, the injunction was exceedingly distasteful, and fell upon his ear with harsh and grating sound. But

he has discovered, that in proportion to our natural dislike of a Scripture doctrine or precept, is our need of believing the one and obeying the other. The precept which enjoins lowliness of spirit is perfectly apposite to a proud sinner, but it is just the evangelic injunction with which, of all others, he is most readily offended, and the degree of his offence may be termed the measure of his necessity for immediate compliance with the offensive command. Hence, now that he has been stripped of his vain boastings, and is no longer "puffed up with his fleshly mind," he feels all this, and gives thanks for the exceeding grace of God which continued to press upon his reluctant attention the very remedy which his disease needed.

The humble spirit is characterized, also, by grief on account of unworthiness. The consciousness of demerit enters into the very essence of humility; that is to say, wherever there is true humility, there is the consciousness of demerit; but there is often the consciousness of demerit where there is no humility. A criminal may acknowledge that his crime deserves death, and yet look with contempt upon his judges; or he may make this acknowledgment, with the mental reservation, that the law under which he is arraigned is oppressive and sanguinary. But in the case before us there is no feeling of this kind. The unworthiness felt produces sorrow on its own account. The man is angry with himself—grieved at his own slowness in coming up to the admired standard of moral perfection which has been set before him. He quarrels not with his judge, for he judges and condemns himself; nor with the law which arraigns him, for he esteems it "holy, just, and good;" nor with the sentence written against him, for he subscribes the evidence on which it is founded; and, in one word, his grief at what he sees himself to be will be deep in proportion to his sense of the Saviour's kindness in having opened his eyes to a correct perception of his own condition.

He will therefore, as has been intimated, cherish an habitual desire after holiness. He will not spend his time in indolent mourning over the follies of his heart, as if they were irremediable, but, laying hold on the cheering and sustaining promises of his almighty Redeemer, he will strive after conformity to the glorious image of him whom, unseen, he

loves. Pressing through the multitude of cares, difficulties, and infirmities that intercept his path, he will struggle towards the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, that he may apprehend that for which he is apprehended, and reach the desired goal, and receive the promised crown. Forgetting the things which are behind, he reaches forth unto those which are before, and goes on unto perfection; and however remote that period may be when he shall be presented "perfect in Christ Jesus," he will not faint nor be discouraged, for a hand mightier than his own guides him, and an eye clearer than his leads him to the promised glory. Nay, the idea of its remoteness induces him to lay aside every weight that encumbers, and every sin that easily besets, that he may run with patience the race that is set before him, and that he may "give diligence" to arrive at the period of deliverance from his body of death, and of moral perfection in the presence of his Lord.

He has also, we have said, a constant recollection of the relative position of God towards his creatures. It is impossible to contemplate this without an impression of awe. No man can rightly view it without being humbled. He is our Creator; we, the creatures of his hand. He is our Preserver; we, the ever-dependent recipients of his goodness. He is our Lawgiver; we, the transgressors of his commands. He is our King; we, his rebellious subjects. He is our Redeemer; we, reluctant to be emancipated. He is holy; we, polluted by sin. He is just; we are guilty. He is in heaven; we, upon earth. He is infinite in all his perfections; we are finite and feeble. He is from everlasting; we are creatures of yesterday. He only hath immortality; "our lives are but a shadow, and we flee away!" We have no lease of life; our days are numbered;

"Our lives are forfeited by sin;"

our times are wholly in his hands; the bounds of our habitations are fixed; we cannot go beyond the assigned limit; cares are wearing us out; sin has undermined our constitution; disease has settled upon our flesh; death has marked us for his prey;

"The appointed hour is on the wing
That lays us with the dead!"

We proud! of what? Of our ancestors? They were driven out of paradise.

Of our patrimony? "Sad inheritance!" Of our wisdom? Hath not God made it foolishness? Of our wealth? It is not current beyond the grave. Of our earthly honours? They die in their birth-place. Of our worldly influence? "The prince of this world" has more! Of our virtues? They cannot atone for our sin. Of our mansions? They point to a cold grave. Of our relatives? "I have said to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother, and my sister." Of our power? Death laughs at it. Of our immortality? Without Christ it leads to everlasting destruction "from the presence of the Lord."

But look at humility! It adorns humanity; it dignifies its possessor; it ennobles his intellect; it blesses his heart; and it makes him a blessing to all with whom he associates. Is he intellectually gifted? His fellow-men approach him with confidence, and sit around him with composure, while his lips feed many. Are his graces conspicuous? They shine upon others, that many may be benefited. Has he been intrusted with wealth? He feels that he is a steward, and that he must occupy till the Master come; and he relieves the necessitous, clothes the naked, feeds the hungry, and causes the widow's heart to sing for joy. Is he poor among men? There is treasure laid up for him in heaven, of which he has heard by that gospel which tells him that "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Has he few companions on earth? He has communion with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. Is he a solitary wanderer to his Father's house? The angels are sent forth to minister unto him. Is he despised by the proud? His body is a temple of the Holy Ghost, and Christ reigns in his heart. Is he unknown in the world's palaces? He has a mansion in the skies. Does he serve for a piece of bread? He is Christ's free man, and his name is written in heaven! Happy disciple! Envious lot! Who would not lie low in the dust, and humble himself before the high God, if that be the appropriate condition, and a necessary characteristic of the man of whom these things are predicated? If the pride of man must be abased before he is filled with the fullness of God, and if the command has gone forth from heaven, "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches:

but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth;" and "he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord," Jer. ix. 23, 24, and 2 Cor. x. 17. Who will not exclaim, with Paul, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!" And who, in view of these and such like considerations, can avoid seeing the propriety, because humbling tendency, of the apostle's declaration:—"Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption: that, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord," 1 Cor. i. 26—31.

W. L.

OLNEY AND COWPER.

OLNEY stands upon the Oolite, on the northern side of the valley of the Ouse, and I approached it this morning from the south, across the valley. Let the reader imagine a long green ribbon of flat meadow, laid down in the middle of the landscape like a web on a bleaching-green, only not quite so straightly drawn out. It is a ribbon about half a mile in breadth, and it stretches away lengthwise above and below, far as the eye can reach. There rises over it on each side a gentle line of acclivity, that here advances upon it in flat promontories, there recedes into shallow bays, and very much resembles the line of a low-lying but exceedingly rich coast; for on both sides, field and wood, cottage and hedge-row, lie thick as the variously-tinted worsteds in a piece of German needlework; the flat ribbon in the midst is bare and open, and through it there winds, from side to side, in many a convolution, as its appropriate pattern, a blue sluggish stream, deeply fringed on both banks by an edging of tall bulrushes. The pleasantly-grouped village

directly opposite, with the long narrow bridge in front, and the old handsome church and tall spire rising in the midst, is Olney; and that other village on the same side, about two miles further up the stream, with the exceedingly lofty trees rising over it,—trees so lofty that they overhang the square tower of its church, as a churchyard cypress overhangs a sepulchral monument,—is Weston-Underwood. In the one village, Cowper produced "The Task;" in the other, he translated "Homer."

I crossed the bridge, destined, like the "Brigs of Ayr," and the "Bridge of Sighs," long to outlive its stone and lime existence; passed the church,—John Newton's; saw John Newton's house, a snug building, much garnished with greenery; and then entered Olney proper,—the village that was Olney a hundred years ago. Unlike most of the villages of central England, it is built, not of brick, but chiefly at least of a calcareous yellow stone from the Oolite, which, as it gathers scarce any lichen or moss, looks clean and fresh after the lapse of centuries; and it is not until the eye catches the dates on the peaked gable points, 1682, 1611, 1590, that one can regard the place as no hastily run up town of yesterday, but as a place that had a living in other times. The main street, which is also the Bedford road, broadens towards the middle of the village into a roomy angle, in shape not very unlike the capacious pocket of a Scotch housewife of the old school: one large elm-tree rises in the centre; and just opposite the elm, among the houses which skirt the base of the angle,—that is, the bottom of the pocket,—we see an old-fashioned house, considerably taller than the others, and differently tinted; for it is built of red brick, somewhat ornately bordered with stone. And this tall brick house was Cowper's home for nineteen years. It contains the parlour which has become such a standard paragon of snugness and comfort, that it will need no repairs in all the future; and the garden behind is that in which the poet reared his cucumbers and his Ripston pippins, and in which he plied hammer and saw to such excellent purpose, in converting his small greenhouse into a summer sitting-room, and in making lodging-houses for his hares. He dated from that tall house not a few of the most graceful letters in the English language, and matured, from the first crude

conceptions to the last finished touches, "Truth," "Hope," "The Progress of Error," "Retirement," and "The Task." I found the famed parlour vocal with the gabble of an infant-school: carpet and curtains were gone, sofa and bubbling urn; and I saw, instead, but a few deal forms, and about two dozen chubby children, whom all the authority of the thin old woman, their teacher, could not recall to diligence in the presence of the stranger. The walls were sorely soiled, and the plaster somewhat broken; there was evidence too that a partition had been removed, and that the place was roomier by one-half than when Cowper and Mrs. Unwin used to sit down in it to their evening tea. But at least one interesting feature had remained unchanged. There is a small port-hole in the plaster, framed by a narrow facing of board; and through this port-hole, cut in the partition for the express purpose, Cowper's hares used to come leaping out to their evening gambols on the carpet. I found the garden, like the house, much changed. It had been broken up into two separate properties; and the proprietors having run a wall through the middle of it, one must now seek the pippin-tree which the poet planted, in one little detached bit of garden, and the lath-and-plaster summer-house, which, when the weather was fine, used to form his writing-room in another. The Ripston pippin looks an older-like tree, and has more lichen about it, though far from tall for its age, than might be expected of a tree of Cowper's planting; but it is now seventy-nine years since the poet came to Olney, and in less than seventy-nine years young fruit-trees become old ones. The little summer-house, maugre the fragility of its materials, is in a wonderfully good state of keeping: the old lath still retains the old lime; and all the square inches and finger-breadths of the plaster, inside and out, we find as thickly covered with names as the space in our ancient Scotch copies of the "Solemn League and Covenant." Cowper would have marvelled to have seen his little summer-house,—for little it is, scarce larger than a four-posted bedstead,—written like the roll described in sacred vision, "within and without." It has still around it, in its green old age, as when it was younger and less visited, a great profusion of flowering shrubs and holyhocks; we see from its window the back of honest John Newton's house,

much enveloped in wood, with the spire of the church rising over; and on either side there are luxuriant orchards, in which the stiffer forms of the fruit-trees are relieved by lines of graceful poplars. Some of the names on the plaster are not particularly classical.

I had made several unsuccessful attempts to procure a guide acquainted with the walks of the poet, and had inquired of my conductress, (an exceedingly obliging person, I may mention, housekeeper of the gentleman to whom the outermost of the two gardens belongs,) as of several others, whether she knew any one at once willing and qualified to accompany me for part of the day in that capacity. But she could bethink herself of nobody. Just, however, as we stepped out from the garden into the street, there was an old woman in a sad-coloured cloak, and bearing under the cloak a bulky basket, passing by. "Oh!" said the housekeeper, "there is just the person that knows more about Cowper than any one else. She was put to school, when a little girl, by Mrs. Unwin, and was much about her house at Weston-Underwood. Gossip, gossip! come hither." And so I secured the old woman as my guide, and we set out together for Weston and the pleasure-grounds of the Throckmortons. She was seventy-one, she said; but she walked every day, with her basket, from Weston-Underwood to Olney,—sometimes, indeed, twice in the day,—to shop and market for her neighbours. She had now got a basket of fresh herrings, which were great rarities in these parts, and it behaved her to get them delivered; but she would then be quite free to accompany me to all the walks in which she had seen 'squire Cowper a hundred and a hundred times,—to the "Pheasant's Nest," and the "alcove," and the "avenue," and the "rustic bridge," and the "Wilderness," and "Yardley oak," and, in short, anywhere or everywhere. I could not have been more in luck; my delightful old woman had a great deal to say; she would have been equally garrulous, I doubt not, had Cowper been a mere country 'squire, and Mrs. Unwin his housekeeper; but as he chanced to be a great poet, and as his nearer friends had, like the planets of a central sun, become distinctly visible, from their proximity, by the light which he cast, and were evidently to remain so, her gossip about him and them I found vastly

agreeable. The good 'squire Cowper, she said,—well did she remember him, in his white cap, and his suit of green turned up with black. She knew the lady Hesketh, too. A kindly lady was the lady Hesketh; there are few such ladies now-a-days; she used to put coppers into her little velvet bag every time she went out, to make the children she met happy: and both she and Mrs. Unwin were remarkably kind to the poor. The road to Weston-Underwood looks down upon the valley of the Ouse. "Were there not water-lilies in the river in their season?" I asked, "and did not Cowper sometimes walk out along its banks?" "Oh! yes," she replied, "and I remember the dog Beau, too, who brought the lily ashore to him. Beau was a smart, petted little creature, with silken ears, and had a good deal of red about him."

My guide brought me to Cowper's Weston residence—a handsome, though, like the Olney domicile, old-fashioned house, still in a state of good repair, with a whitened, many-windowed front, and tall steep roof flagged with stone; and I whiled away some twenty minutes or so in the street before it, while my old woman went about dispersing her herrings. Weston-Underwood, as villages go, must enjoy a rather quiet do-nothing sort of existence, for in all that time not a passenger went by. The houses,—steep-roofed, straw-thatched, stone-built erections, with the casements of their second storeys lost in the eaves,—straggle irregularly on both sides of the road, as if each house had an independent will of its own, and was somewhat capricious in the exercise of it. There a profusion of well-grown, richly-leaved vines, trailed up against their walls; the season had been unfavourable, and so the grapes, in even the best bunches, scarcely exceeded in size our common red currants, but still they were *bona fide* vines and grapes, and their presence served to remind one of the villages of sunnier climates. A few tall walls and old gateway columns mingle with the cottages, and these are all that now remain of the mansion-house of the Throckmortons. One rather rude-looking cottage, with its upper casement half hid in the thatch, is of some note, as the scene of a long struggle in a strong rugged mind, honest, but not amiable, which led ultimately to the production of several useful folios of solid theology. In that

cottage a proud Socinian curate studied and prayed himself, greatly against his will, into one of the soundest Calvinists of modern times: it was for many years the dwelling-place of Thomas Scott; and his well-known narrative, "The Force of Truth," forms a portion of his history during the time he lived in it. The road I had just travelled over with the woman was that along which John Newton had come, in the January of 1774, to visit, in one of these cottages, two of Scott's parishioners,—a dying man and woman; and the Socinian, who had not visited them, was led to think seriously for the first time, that he had a duty as a clergyman, which he failed to perform. It was along the same piece of road, some three years later, that Scott used to steal, when no longer a Socinian, but still wofully afraid of being deemed a Methodist, to hear Newton preach.

My old woman had now pretty nearly scattered over the neighbourhood her basket of herrings; but she needed, she said, just to look in upon her grandchildren, to say she was going to the Woodlands, lest the poor things should come to think they had lost her; and I accompanied her to the cottage. It was a humble, low-roofed hut, with its earthen floor sunk, as in many of our Scottish cottages, a single step below the level of the lane. Her grandchildren, little girls of seven and nine years, were busily engaged with their lace-hobbins: the younger was working a piece of narrow edging, for her breadth of attainment in the lace department extended as yet over only a few threads; whereas the elder was achieving a little belt of open work, with a pattern in it. They were orphans, and lived with their poor grandmother, and she was a widow. We regained the street, and then, passing through a dilapidated gateway, entered the pleasure-grounds, the scene of the walk so enchantingly described in the opening book of "The Task." But before taking up in detail the minuter features of the place, I must attempt communicating to the reader some conception of it as a whole.

The road from Olney to Weston-Underwood lies parallel to the valley of the Ouse, at little more than a field's breadth up the slope. On its upper side, just where it enters Weston, there lies based upon it (like the parallelogram of a tyro geometrician, raised on a given

right line,) an old-fashioned rectangular park,—that of the Throckmortons—about half a mile in breadth by about three quarters of a mile in length. The sides of the inclosure are bordered by a broad belting of very tall and very ancient wood; its grassy area is mottled by numerous trees, scattered irregularly; its surface partakes of the general slope; it is traversed by a green valley, with a small stream trotting along the bottom, that enters it from above, nearly about the middle of the upper side, and that then, cutting it diagonally, passes outwards and downwards towards the Ouse through the lower corner. About the middle of the park this valley sends out an off-shoot valley, or dell rather, towards that upper corner furthest removed from the corner by which it makes its exit; the off-shoot dell has no stream at the bottom, but is a mere grassy depression, dotted with trees. It serves, however, with the valley into which it opens, so to break the surface of the park, that the rectangular formality of the lines of boundary almost escape notice. Now, the walk described in "The Task" lay along three of the four sides of this parallelogram. The poet, quitting the Olney-road at the lower corner where the diagonal valley finds egress, struck up along the side of the park, turned at the nearer upper corner, and passed through the belting of wood that runs along the top; turned again at the further upper corner, and coming down on Weston, joined the Olney-road, just where it enters the village. After first quitting the highway, a walk of two furlongs or so brought him abreast of the "Pheasant's Nest;" after the first turning a-top, and a walk of some two or three furlongs more, he descended into the diagonal valley, just where it enters the park, crossed the rustic bridge which spans the stream at the bottom, marked the doings of the mole, and then ascended to the level on the other side. Near the second turning he found the alcove, and saw the trees in the streamless dell, as if "sunk, and shortened to their topmost boughs;" then coming down upon Weston, he passed under the "light and graceful arch" of the ancient avenue; reached the "Wilderness" as he was nearing the village; and, emerging from the thicket full upon the houses, saw the "thrasher at his task," through the open door of some one of the barns

of the place. Such is a hard outline, in road-map fashion, of the walk which, in the pages of Cowper, forms such exquisite poetry. I entered it somewhat unluckily to-day at the wrong end, commencing at the western corner, and passing on along its angles to the corner near Olney—thus reversing the course of Cowper, for my old woman had no acquaintance with "The Task," or the order of its descriptions; but after mastering the various scenes in detail, I felt no difficulty in restoring them to the integrity of the classic arrangement.

On first entering the park, among the tall forest-trees that, viewed from the approach to Olney, seem to overhang the village and its church, one sees a square, formal corner, separated from the opener ground by a sunk dry-stone fence, within which the trees, by no means lofty, are massed as thickly together as saplings in a nursery-bed run wild, or nettles in a neglected burying-ground. There are what seem sepulchral urns among the thickets of this inclosure; and sepulchral urns they are, raised, however, to commemorate the burial-places, not of men, but of beasts. Cowper, in 1792, wrote an epitaph for a favourite pointer of the Throckmortons; and the family, stirred up by the event, seem from that period to have taken a dog-burying bias, and to have made their Wilderness the cemetery; for this square inclosure in the corner, with its tangled thickets and its green mouldy urns, is the identical Wilderness of "The Task,"

"Whose well-roll'd walks,
With curvature of slow and easy sweep,—
Deception innocent,—give ample space
To narrow bounds."

One wonders at the fortune that assigned to so homely and obscure a corner,—a corner which a nursery-gardener could get up to order in a fortnight,—so proud and conspicuous a niche in English literature. We walk on, however, and find the scene next described greatly more worthy of the celebrity conferred on it. In passing upwards, along the side of the park, we have got into a noble avenue of limes,—tall as York Minster, and very considerably longer, for the vista diminishes till the lofty arch seems reduced to a mere doorway; the smooth, glossy trunks form stately columns, and the branches, interlacing high over head, a magnificent roof:

"How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The chequer'd earth seems restless as a flood
Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton every moment, every spot."

What exquisite description! And who, acquainted with Cowper, ever walked in a wood when the sun shone, and the wind ruffled the leaves, without realizing it! It was too dead a calm to-day to show me the dancing light and shadow where the picture had first been taken. The feathery outline of the foliage lay in diluted black, moveless on the grass, like the foliage of an Indian ink-drawing newly washed in; but all else was present, just as Cowper had described half a century before. Two minutes' walk, after passing through the avenue, brought me to the upper corner of the park, and "the proud alcove that crowns it,"—for the "proud alcove" does still crown it. But time, and the weather, and rotting damps seem to be working double tides on the falling pile, and it will not crown it long. The alcove is a somewhat clumsy erection of wood and plaster, with two squat wooden columns in front, of a hybrid order between the Tuscan and Doric, and a seat within. A crop of dark-coloured mushrooms, cherished by the damp summer, had shot up along the joints of the decaying floor; the plaster, flawed and much stained, dangled from the ceiling in numerous little bits, suspended, like the sword of old, by single hairs; the broad, deal architrave had given way at one end, but the bolt at the other still proved true; and so it hung diagonally athwart the two columns, like the middle bar of a gigantic letter N. The "characters uncouth" of the "rural carvers" are, however, still legible; and not a few names have since been added. This upper corner of the park forms its highest ground, and the view is very fine. The streamless dell,—not streamless always, however, for the poet describes the urn of its little Naiad as filled in winter,—lies immediately in front, and we see the wood within its hollow recesses, as if "sunk, and shortened to the topmost boughs." The green, undulating surface of the park, still more deeply grooved in the distance by the diagonal valley, and mottled with trees, stretches away beyond to the thick belting of tall wood below.

There is a wide opening, just where the valley opens,—a great gap in an immense hedge—that gives access to the further landscape; the decent spire of John Newton's church rises, about two miles away, as the central object in the vista thus formed; we see in front a few silvery reaches of the Ouse, and a blue uneven line of woods, that runs along the horizon, closes in the prospect. The nearer objects within the pale of the park, animate and inanimate—the sheepfold and its sheep, the hay-wains, empty and full, as they pass and repass to and from the hay-field—the distinctive characters of the various trees, and their shortened appearance in the streamless valley,—occupy by much the larger part of Cowper's description from the alcove; while the concluding five lines afford a bright, though brief, glimpse of the remoter prospect, as seen through the opening. But I must not withhold the description itself,—at once so true to nature, and so instinct with poetry,—familiar as it must prove to the great bulk of my readers :

"New roves the eye;
And, posted on this speculative height,
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field; but, scatter'd by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sunburnt hay-field homeward
creeps
The loaded wain; while, lighten'd of its charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by,
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team,
Vociferous and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of various growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the grey, smooth
trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine
Within the twilight of their distant shades;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish grey; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash far stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy leaved, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours
bright.
O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
Of hill and valley interposed between)
The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen."

Quitting the alcove, we skirt the top
of the park of the Throckmortons, on a

retired grassy walk that runs straight as a tightened cord along the middle of the belting which forms the park's upper boundary,—its inclosing hedge, if I may so speak without offence to the dignity of the ancient forest-trees which compose it. There is a long line of squat, broad-stemmed chestnuts on either hand, that fling their interlacing arms athwart the pathway, and bury it, save where here and there the sun breaks in through a gap, in deep shade; but the roof overhead, unlike that of the ancient avenue already described, is not the roof of a lofty nave in the light florid style, but of a low-browed, thickly-ribbed Saxon crypt, flanked by ponderous columns, of dwarfish stature but gigantic strength. And this double tier of chestnuts, extended along the park-top from corner to corner, is the identical "length of colonnade" eulogized by Cowper in "The Task :

"Monument of ancient taste,
Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate,
Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From sultry suns; and in their shaded walks
And long-protracted bowers, enjoy'd at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day.
Thanks to Benevolus,—he spares me yet
These chestnuts ranged in corresponding lines
And, though himself so polish'd, still reprieves
Their obsolete prolixity of shade."

Half-way on we descend into the diagonal valley,—“but cautious, lest too fast,”—just where it enters the park from the uplands, and find at its bottom the “rustic bridge.” It was rustic when at its best,—an arch, of some four feet span or so, built of undressed stone, fenced with no parapet, and covered overhead by a green breadth of turf; and it is now both rustic and ruinous to boot,—for one-half the arch has fallen in. The stream is a mere sluggish rummel, much overhung by hawthorn bushes: there are a good many half-grown oaks scattered about in the hollow; while on either hand the old, massy chestnuts top the acclivities.

Leaving the park at the rustic bridge, by a gap in the fence, my guide and I struck onwards through the valley, towards the uplands. We had left, on crossing the hedge, the scene of the walk in “The Task;” but there is no getting away in this locality from Cowper. The first field we stepped into, “adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,” is that described in the “Needless Alarm;” and we were on our way to visit “Yardley

Oak." The poet, conscious of his great wealth in the pictorial, was no niggard in description; and so the field, though not very remarkable for anything, has had its picture drawn:

"A narrow brook, by rushy banks concealed,
Runs in a bottom and divides the field;
Oaks intersperse it that had once a head,
But now wear crests of oven-wood instead;
And where the land slopes to its watery bourn,
Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn.
Bricks line the sides, but shiver'd long ago,
And horrid brambles intertwine below;
A hollow scoop'd, I judge, in ancient time,
For baking earth or burning rock to lime."

The "narrow brook" here is that which, passing downwards into the park, runs underneath the rustic bridge, and flows towards the Ouse, through the diagonal valley. The field itself, which lies on one of the sides of the valley, and presents rather a steep slope to the plough, has still its sprinkling of trees; but the oaks, with the oven-wood crests, have nearly all disappeared; and for the "gulf beside the thorn" I could find but a small oblong, steep-sided pond, half overshadowed by an ash-tree.—*Abridged from Hugh Miller.*

THE FORGOTTEN VOWS.

THERE is a retired valley lying among the hills in one of our northern counties, which has often been sung of by the poet, and to which the artist often travels in quest of the picturesque. The hills around it are not high enough to claim the name of mountains. Some of them are rich grassy slopes, which the sun and cloud chequer with light and shadow; others have the short thin grass of a less fertile soil, and are gay with the yellow flowers of the furze-bush, and sweet with the scent of wild thyme; with here and there some sturdy oak, which seems only to have grown the stronger, now that it has not the shelter of neighbouring trees. A river bounds along by woods and corn-fields, at the foot of the hill—a blue and clear river, running onwards like the daily course of our lives, slowly and silently, as if it were to run on for ever. A beautiful stream it is, refreshing the grass and flowers as it wanders by them; at one moment seeming to dance gaily in the sunshine, and at the next, by its plaintive murmuring, seeming to sympathize with our feelings. When roaming by the churchyard of the village, we pause to look at the records of the past,

graven on the mossy tombstones, and its "quiet tune" sounds like some low dirge for those who lie beneath the sods. A little way from the river stands the church and the school-house, and the groups of white cottages, some of which peer out from among the green trees; and if they did not send their wreaths of smoke curling into the air, might lie unperceived by the traveller, who paces the road through the village. Neat little gardens, with rich roses, and fragrant jessamines trailing over walls and palings, and square beds fringed with crimson daisies, which border the larkspurs and columbines, or perhaps some rarer auricula or pansy, give a home-like look to the dwellings, and show that though the inmates of the cottages may labour, as man was appointed to do, in order to earn his daily bread, yet that he had time left for a pleasant recreation, and a heart alive to the beauties of nature.

Whether it is that the poets have dwelt so much on the innocence of people who reside in these rural solitudes, or whether the calmness and peacefulness of such scenes, so apart from the busy world, at once suggests the idea, yet it is certain that few look upon a lovely valley like this, without some vague notion, if not a more defined belief, that the cottagers are better than the dwellers in towns—that they are indeed a simple and innocent community. The man who well knows the world, tells us, that it needs not the crowds of the city to nourish some of the worst of vices; and the reader of Scripture at once suspects the truth of the picture which his own imagination would lead him to draw; for he has read of all men, whether in town or country, the same description,—“There is none that doeth good, no not one;” and he well knows that unless the grace of God has changed the natural heart of man, that the seeds of all sins may have been planted there, and be springing up as on a fertile soil. When bishop Heber looked on some of the loveliest scenes of India, he said,

“Here every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!”

And if the eye of the traveller could glance into one of the cottages of this peaceful valley, his thoughts would be an echo to the words of the poet.

This little dwelling, though beautifully

situated in the midst of trees, was not graced with a garden; it had no green thriving plants in its window, and it was altogether less neat in its appearance than most of the other cottages. Within its walls resided a man and woman of a wretched description. The man had a downcast sullen countenance, and was rather feared by his neighbours, although, when sober, he seldom spoke to any of them. Some said that he had for many years been a smuggler, and various reports were whispered in the village, that he had formerly been engaged in some acts of guilt. Little, however, was really known of him, and the respectable neighbours neither sought his house nor held more than necessary communication with him. The woman had a bold and defiant countenance. She seemed to have outlived all the delicacy and gentleness of the feminine character, and she was no less feared and shunned than the man; for her violent abuse of any who offended her, either intentionally or otherwise, prevented all from attempting any converse with her.

There were several benevolent persons in this village, who were accustomed to visit their poorer neighbours when in sickness or distress, and who would go and read the Bible to them, and give or lend tracts. They were kind to them in every way; for, as we may generally see, those who attend most to the spiritual necessities of those around them, are the first also to administer to their present and daily temporal need. There are, certainly, many kind and benevolent persons, who, without having any religious motive for action, are generous and considerate for the poor, and whose hearts are full of compassion to them; but the love of God, once fully implanted in any heart, gives the fullest assurance that love to our neighbour will be one of its first-fruits.

One of these tract-distributors had often felt much distressed at hearing of the wickedness of the people who dwelt in the cottage, which he could see from his own window. He knew that sin brings misery even now; but he thought still more of the misery of that future life in which sin must find its eternal punishment—that dreadful state, “where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.” He thought of them, not with anger, but with pity. He remembered that perhaps, in their childhood,

no mother had spoken to them of the love and fear of God; no father's authority might have restrained them from vice. To them the commands of God, and the offers of his mercy were alike unknown. The ills of life were theirs, but what consolations had they? Guilty as he knew them to be, much as he himself shrunk from the contamination of guilt; yet he reflected, that He who hated sin far more than mortal man can imagine, who looks upon iniquity with abhorrence,—He who “was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners;” yet even He loved and pitied the souls of the most hardened and the most vile, and entreated the most miserable sinners to come to him to be washed from all their pollution.

It was in the spirit of his Lord and Master that this tract-distributor once determined to brave the insults of these wretched people, and strive to gain an opportunity of warning them of their sin and danger. He hoped that they would listen to him; and for this purpose he knocked at the door of the cottage. The door was half opened by the surly man, who rudely asked him what he wanted; and when the gentleman told him that he wished to have a little conversation with him, the woman came forward, and hastily shutting the door, desired him to be gone. As he passed away from the house, he heard the unhappy woman uttering threats and imprecations, of the most dreadful description, on the intruder; but if there was a feeling of sorrow, as he thought, of their hard-heartedness, there was, too, the approval of his conscience, that he had at least striven to do them good. Their blood would not be on his head. His conscience was clear respecting them; they would not be able to say of him, at the judgment-day, “No man cared for my soul.”

Years passed onwards, and these people remained apparently in the same condition, only that they were growing older in sin; when, early in the winter, both the man and woman were seized with sudden fever. The infectious nature of the disease, as well as the bad character of these cottagers, prevented those acts of kindness and sympathy in sickness which the poor are so frequently, so generally, found ready to offer to each other. These poor people were daily attended by the parish doctor, but few

were willing to assist in nursing them. The gentleman who, some years before, had attempted to visit them, felt anxious once more to try to see them; and taking every rational means to avoid infection, he again went to their house. They were very willing now to receive him. Even the man seemed to arouse from his sullenness, as he requested him to be seated, and the woman thanked him heartily for coming. Their hearts were subdued by their sickness, as well as by a sense of the want of the sympathy of neighbours; for however people in health or prosperity may be careless of the good opinion of others, yet no sooner does sorrow come, than the absence of sympathy is felt to be an additional trial. Both listened with great attention to the words of their visitor. They were evidently both conscious of the dangerous nature of their illness, and the woman was greatly alarmed at the prospect of death. She began immediately assuring the gentleman, that if ever she recovered, she would lead a better life—that she would forsake evil, and serve God. She confessed that she knew she had been living in continual sin against God. She had heard enough of the Bible to know that it contained God's commands, and she entreated her visitor to read it to her. He did so; he read a chapter, and tried to explain it. He did not tell this woman that she need not grieve for sin. He endeavoured to make her feel its guilt, as committed against a God of infinite holiness. He knew well that sorrow for sin is at the very root of all religion; for unless we feel our guilt, how can we value the great sacrifice for sin, which Jesus Christ made, when he died on the cross for it? But he wished her to understand, that sorrow for sin cannot atone for it; it cannot atone for present guilt, much less for the mass of guilt which has been accumulating during the whole life of any person who has not given his heart to God. He read to her such truths as were contained in that psalm in which David bitterly lamented, not only the one sin which he had lately committed, but the wholly sinful nature of his heart and character; for it is the sin of our inward feelings which leads to all acts of guilt. "Have mercy upon me, O God," said David, "according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.—Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me," Psa. li. 1, 2, 3; 9, 10. Then, too, God has said to sinners who feel their guilt, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," Isa. i. 18. And our Saviour, when on earth, said to the sinners around him, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light," Matt. xi. 28—30. Many such invitations and promises the visitor repeated to the sick people; and then he knelt by the bedside, and prayed that God would enable them by his Holy Spirit, to repent truly of sin, and come to Christ for salvation. The poor woman was in great terror and agony of mind; and the man listened with the greatest attention and interest to all that occurred. The Bible was left for them, that in any intervals of improvement in health, they might read it for themselves.

It is at moments like these that the Christian visitor of the sick feels the true value of the Bible. What would he say in times of bodily and mental anguish, if he had not God's invitations to the very worst and greatest of sinners? What can stay the mind when heart and flesh are failing? Many are the arguments which may be brought in favour of the Divine inspiration of God's holy word; yet none seems to the writer more complete and convincing than this one, that while millions of cases are on record on which the dying man has lamented his neglect of Scripture, there is not an individual instance of one who regretted, in his last moments, that he had loved and trusted his Bible.

Reader! have you ever been in the sick-room when the poor sufferer learned or suspected, for the first time, that his recovery was hopeless? Have you seen the flush come over the pale cheek, and the quivering lip, which told of inward emotion? Have you observed how his

views of time and eternity seem to have changed? and how, in the deep solemnity of that moment, he has cast aside the poem, or the novel, or the book of science, or of travel, and has taken up his Bible? Perhaps he turns to it vaguely, almost despondingly; perhaps hopefully; but at the very moment of his life when he has been most in earnest, at that moment he feels the worth of God's word: and oh! how quickly now he seems to be learning that lesson of Holy Writ, "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever. When the mist of the world was about him, he saw not God's truth; but the opening realities of eternity remove the veil, and happy is it indeed for him, if lengthened days give him time now to ponder on the once-slighted promises.

But though this grand testimony to the truth of the Bible is often exhibited, yet there are cases when men go out of the world and learn it not. When the poet said,

"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die!"

he was contradicted by the daily experience of multitudes, who either sink into death in unconcern or ignorance, or feel as if it were too late now to receive God's promises. The psalmist, in his day, spoke of some, and many like them have died, in all periods of the world: "There are no hands in their death: but their strength is firm," *Psa. lxxiii. 4.* Alas! they have not learned the value of the Bible in this world; and in that awful day of final retribution, the words of that Bible must condemn them.

Many times, through the winter, did the visitor go to see the poor people who dwelt in the cottage near him, and he frequently explained to them the truths of Scripture. The woman, especially, spoke humbly and penitently, and seemed to be thankful for the sacrifice made by the Saviour of mankind. We cannot read the hearts of others, we can judge only by their words and actions; and he who had so much interested himself, to supply both the temporal and spiritual wants of his sick neighbours, hoped that their hearts might be truly changed. The danger of the disease had passed away; but both long remained in that weak condition of health which often follows violent illness, and both expressed themselves humble and thank-

ful to their friends, and to the God of all mercies,

The winter and its snows were gone, and again the flowers on the hills and plains came out to smile among the grass and trees. The stream was running peacefully through the valley, the sun again brightening the cottage window, and the healthful breezes were daily invigorating the weakened frames of those who lately lay in sickness. Where were the humility and penitence now? Alas! in their agony and dread of death, the invalids had deceived their visitor,—perhaps deceived themselves! There had been no real sorrow for sin; there was no thankfulness now that they had escaped its punishment. All the promises made when they lay apparently dying, were scorned or forgotten now. Their last estate seemed worse than their first. They were seldom sober enough to listen to remonstrance; and when they heard it from their friend, it was received either in sullen silence, or with some expression of impatience and contempt: and so they lived, and so, it is to be feared, they died!

And this was the issue of what seemed a death-bed repentance; and this, in some of its details, is probably similar to the results of thousands. We say not that a death-bed repentance must be insincere. Many have been led by sickness and by the thoughts of approaching death, to call upon God humbly and heartily; and we may bless God for some who have gone down to the grave hopefully, and for others who have been raised up from the sick-bed to live their lives anew. There is one case recorded in Scripture, of a sinner who sought God in the hour of death; and, as was said by an old writer, one was set before us that we might not despair in the eleventh hour; and but one, lest we should trust too much to that hour. The dying thief, on the cross, confessed, with sincerity, his guilt. He acknowledged that he received the due reward of his deeds, and hailing Jesus as the Lord of glory, entreated his compassion. The sincere penitent never asked this in vain: and the Saviour said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise," *Luke xxiv. 39—43.* There then is hope for the dying sinner—hope for the sad survivors of any who failed to seek God till death was coming. But narratives such as that recorded on these pages, should be to us all a voice of warning.

Ministers, and others who are in the habit of visiting the sick, know that often when the invalid recovers the vows made in his sickness are all forgotten, and he lives to be but the more hardened. To all it should speak loudly against the danger of leaving our own repentance to our dying hours. Give to God youth, health, vigour, and life, and in dying you shall find him nearer to you than in your happiest hour of living enjoyment.

A. P.

MOHAMMEDAN FATALISM.

I CANNOT but remark how strikingly influential, on national character, the *fatalism* of the Koran has ever been. "Allah is great—Allah is good—Allah has unalterably fixed every event and circumstance in which his creatures are concerned. From his predetermination there is no appeal—against it there is no hope. The chain of fate binds the universe." Such is the fatalism of the Koran; and it presents a melancholy picture of a right principle wrought out in error. It is an unrevealed predestination. It is the "natural man's" view of the sovereignty of God: a view which resolves itself into the notion of a mere despotism. But however erroneous—however opposed to that revelation of himself as the moral Governor of the universe, which God has been pleased to bestow upon man, yet it does actually and effectually influence the followers of the false prophet; and the charge which they bring against the professors of the true faith is, that their avowed principles have but little bearing upon their outward conduct. "You profess allegiance," they say, "to God as your Sovereign; but you seek to resist him by your will. We recognise his will as manifested in his acts, and submit." Hence the Turks never commit suicide under distressing affliction or reverses of fortune; such a thing is never heard of. They never mourn for the dead; they do not even murmur under the heaviest burden of existence. "Allah is great—Allah is good," say they. An intelligent gentleman, Mr. La Fontaine, long resident in Constantinople, and familiarized with everything Turkish, once mentioned to me a remarkable instance of this. A Pasha, with whom he had long lived on terms of intimacy, was possessed of an immense, a princely revenue, and was, moreover, the favourite of the sultan.

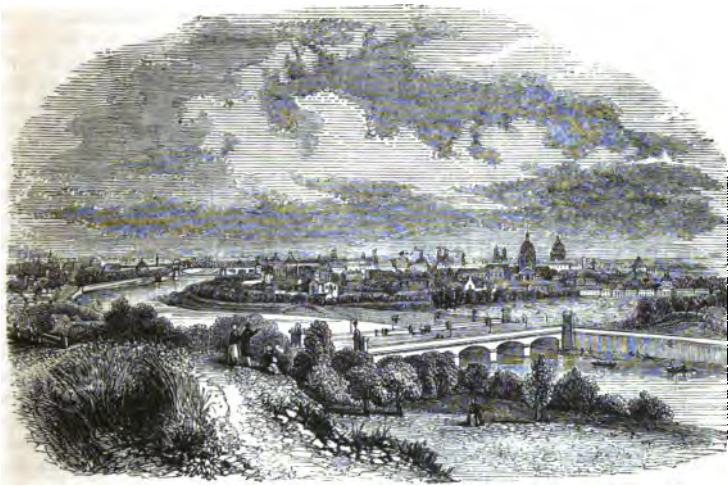
Under one of those sudden reverses of fortune so commonly connected with Turkish despotism—the result of caprice or intrigue—the pasha was disgraced, and despoiled of every piastre. He was no longer the favourite of the sultan—the world was no longer his friend. A few days after his misfortune, instead of flinging himself into the Bosphorus, or blowing out his brains with a pistol—as many a nominal Christian, under similar circumstances, would have done—he was seen, with an unperturbed countenance, selling a few lemons at the corner of the bazaars of Constantinople. Mr. La Fontaine saw him so employed, and actually purchased some of his little stock. He inquired whether he did not keenly feel this sad reverse of fortune? "Not at all," said he. "Allah is great—Allah is good. He gave me all that I once possessed—he has taken it again; and he had a perfect and indisputable right to do so. I am well content." Mr. La Fontaine assured me that this was no singular instance of the powerful activity of the principles in which the Turkish mind is disciplined. Would that the pure and eternally true principles which revelation has set before our christianized population, were as practically influential upon national and individual conduct.—*Rev. G. Fisk.*

DIVINE GOODNESS.

DIVINE goodness was in all ages sending letters of advice and counsel from heaven, till the canon of Scripture was closed. It was goodness that revealed anything of his will after the fall; it was a further degree of goodness, that he would add more cubits to its stature; and before he would lay aside his pencil it grew up into that bulk wherein we have it; and his goodness is further seen in its preservation: he hath triumphed over the powers that opposed it. He hath maintained it against the blasts of hell, and spread it in all languages against the obstruction of men and devils.—*Charnock.*

SCEPTICS.

It often happens that men who arraign religion have often been arraigned by it; and their defence of truth is only a refusal upon conscience.—*Bishop Warburton.*



Paris.

PARIS.

"PARIS," it has been said, "enjoys the unextorted homage of the world's admiration." London is unrivalled for her gigantic extent, countless wealth, and as the seat of a far more extended commerce; but the palaces, gardens, and galleries of art of the metropolis of France, her varied and scarcely terminable avenues, her transparent atmosphere, and her cheerful suburbs, are such as a great nation may well delight to occupy and enrich.

The extraordinary variety and beauty of the edifices of Paris attract the admiration of the stranger. The taste for architecture which has been cultivated by successive monarchs, and the durable materials of which its piles are erected, have conspired to form a collection of public and private buildings, which are not only for the most part exceedingly imposing, but highly interesting from their historic associations, and the picture they present of the gradual modification of manners, habits, and taste, during many ages of the past. From the stately remains of the Baths of Julian—recently the humble scene of a cooper's warehouse in the Faubourg St. Germain,—to the magnificent structures projected by Napoleon, and executed by the Bour-

bons, an unbroken series of buildings appears still entire, erected during fifteen centuries, and seeming, as it were, to span the dark gulf of the middle ages, connecting together the ancient and modern world. "The towers of Notre Dame," says Mr. Alison, in his eloquent History of Europe, "which amidst the austerity of Gothic taste, were loaded with the riches of Catholic superstition; the Hotel de Ville, the florid architecture of which recalls the civil wars of the Fronde and the League; the Marais, with its stately edifices, carrying us back to the rising splendour of the Bourbon princes; the Louvre, which witnessed the frightful massacre of Louis ix.; the Pont Neuf, which bears the image of Henry iv.; the Tuilleries, recalling at once the splendour of Louis xiv., and the sufferings of his martyred descendant; the Place Louis xv., which beheld in succession the orgies of royalty and the horrors of the Revolution; the column of the Place Vendôme, which perpetuates the glories of Napoleon—present a series of monuments unequalled in interest by any other city in Europe, and which may possibly, to future ages, exceed even the attractions of the "eternal city" itself. Every step in Paris is historical; the shadows of the dead arise on every side; the very stones breathe."

This city was originally divided into four *quartiers*; but as it increased, new allotments were necessary, though the old name was retained, and there are now no fewer than forty-eight. Paris, however, is divided as well by its manners as its laws, and the various districts differ as much in their views, habits, and the appearance of their inhabitants, as in the size of their buildings, or the width and cleanliness of their streets. The *Chaussée d'Antin* is distinguished as the site of the Bourse, and the commercial influence which it produces on the neighbourhood, and the Palais Royal, (as it was formerly called,) is the district of bankers, stock-brokers, officers of rank, and the richer tradesmen, and is most remarkable for change, progress, elegance, and animation. The *quartier St. Germain* presents a different appearance. The long and silent street, the meagre repast, the large garden, the capacious courtyard, the broad staircase, manifest no signs of change, and display but few of those characteristics which are usually associated by the stranger with the streets of Paris. Farther eastward, on the same side of the Seine, is the district of the students, at once "poor and popular," and inhabited by those professors whose genius has thrown so much light in various departments of literature and science on their country and the world. The *Faubourg St. Antoine* is the residence of those masses which have exerted so extraordinary an influence on the politics of France and Europe, but of whose character in general, the less that is said the better.

Many of the best streets of Paris are parallel to the Seine; and the open spaces and quays, which stretch along its banks, are an improvement, in this respect, over the metropolis of Britain. A few of the newer roads are wide, and lined on each side with trottoirs; but, in general, they are more narrow and less regular than those of London. The houses are very high, and many of them comprise seven stories including the ground-floor, there being none beneath. All the tenements have rich heavy cornices, one story below the roof; the fronts are invariably coated with plaster, and occasionally repainted. Though the houses have in some respects a more gay and handsome appearance than those of London, they are internally destitute of many of the comforts and conveniences which are found in English houses. They

are also frequently inhabited by several families, and are sometimes built round internal courtyards, accessible by entrances or *porte-cochères*.

Though some of the principal streets are lighted with gas, yet many of them are illumined only by the feeble glimmering of the oil-lamp, which is frequently suspended, by means of a cord stretching from one house to another, in the middle of the road. They are destitute of that essential requisite for safe and comfortable peregrination—a footpath; and the causeway being the common property of pedestrians and vehicles, the process of perambulation is in many districts anything but satisfactory, especially at night. The stones often used for paving are about ten inches square, each presenting a wet and slippery convex surface; while the street inclines from both sides towards the centre, in order to form there a sort of ditch, in which flows a black and fetid stream. From the absence of a proper system of drains, this receptacle is generally sufficiently replenished, even in the driest weather, to keep the whole street wet and dirty; while carriages, having usually one wheel in the midst of the kennel, dash the offensive mixture in all directions. The mob, in the Revolution of 1789, were accustomed to employ the ropes which support the lamps as halters for their enemies, and hence the famous, or rather infamous, cry, "*à la lanterne*," as the victims were dragged to execution.

Adjoining houses often form a complete contrast to each other in height, workmanship, and almost every other respect; and it not unfrequently happens that the habitation of one of the humbler orders is situated beside a splendid edifice, the residence of one of the noblest or richest families of France. The old stone piles, some of which were contemporary with the Crusades, "seem to frown with contempt on the modern passenger." It was in these narrow streets, the focus of the Revolution of the past century, that the great bulk of the inhabitants, estimated in all at that period at 600,000 souls, resided. The beauty of architectural monuments is proportionate to the interest of ancient associations. "The colossal proportions, and yet delicate finishing, of the arch of Neuilly; the exquisite peristyle of the church of the Madeleine; the matchless façade of the Louvre; the noble portico of the Pantheon; the lofty column of

Austerlitz, will ever attract the cultivated in taste from every quarter in Europe, even after the political greatness of France has declined, and its glories exist only in the records of historic fame."

"The Parisians," says Mr. Wood, "boast of their bridges, but without great reason: the Pont d'Austerlitz, sometimes called Pont du Jardin du Roi, is fine for an iron bridge; the Pont Neuf, which crosses two branches of the Seine, and has twelve arches, has little pretensions to beauty; the Pont des Arts is a light, not to say slight, construction of iron, for foot passengers; the Pont Royal is a well-constructed stone bridge, of five arches, but hardly a handsome one; the Pont de la Concorde is a stone structure, of five very ugly-looking flat arches; and the Pont de Jena is a caricature of flattened elliptical arches, and apparent lightness, its entire merit being confined to some ingenuity in the construction, in order to obtain this effect, which, nevertheless, is certainly a blemish."

As in London, the fashionable district is to the west of the city, while those of an opposite character are at the south and east. The *boulevards*, which encircle the more densely peopled neighbourhood, occupy the site of the old fortifications built in the reign of Louis XIII. They are from sixty to seventy yards in width, and along each side, till very lately, there appeared a complete and handsome double row of elms. Those to the north of the river are lined on both sides throughout their extent by buildings of a very handsome description, some of which are private residences, while others are shops, cafés, public hotels, and theatres. The magnificence of the buildings, the majestic trees, the winding form and great breadth of the street, and the cheerful crowds by which it is frequented, impart singular vivacity and attractiveness to the scene, and render the Boulevards one of the most interesting spectacles of the kind which any modern city can exhibit. Here all classes of the people may be seen, from the wealthiest to the most indigent:

"Now comes the idler's hour. The beggar-bard
Takes his old quarters on the Boulevard;"

while beneath the trees the conjuror
"spreads his tools," or the quack
harangues a group, on some universal
recipe for all diseases of government or
ailments of body:

"Unruffled by the jar
Thrumm'd from his neighbour Savoyard's
guitar."

The Colonne de Juillet, in the Place de la Bastille, is a prominent object, both from its appearance and its historic associations. The site was once occupied by the famed state prison, to which any might be confined for life at the pleasure of the sovereign, and many spent from thirty to fifty years within its walls. The column was here erected, as the inscription states—"To the glory of French citizens, who armed and fought for the public liberties, on the memorable days of July 27, 28, and 29, 1830." The basement is of white marble, supported by blocks of granite, and the shaft of the pillar consists of metallic cylinders, "partly fluted, and partly enriched with bands bearing lions' heads; their mouths form apertures for the admission of light and air to the staircase in the interior of the column. The spaces into which these bands divide the column are filled with the names of 504 combatants, who were killed during the 'three days.' A gilt globe surmounts the capital, on which stands a colossal figure, also gilt, representing the genius of Liberty, on tiptoe, as if in the act of taking flight, with a torch in his right hand, and in his left a broken chain." The column is of the Composite order, and about 163 feet high, and 12 in diameter. The whole structure cost 48,000*l.*, and the weight of the material was more than 725 tons. The view from the summit, as will be readily imagined, is both extensive and interesting.

The Seine divides the city into two unequal parts, the larger being on the northern side; the most ancient portion, however, is confined to the small islands within the channel of the river. It is at present so extended that, including the Champ Elysées and other open places, at the western extremity, it occupies an area of more than fourteen square miles. The Seine is not like the Thames, a deep, broad river, bearing to the city sea-borne vessels of large burden. The navigation is maintained by large boats, called *coches d'eau*, by barks, and within the last few years, by steamers, the number of which is increasing. From the higher parts of the river, about 11,000 boats arrive every year, with fruit, corn, flour, hay, wine, bricks, and a variety of other commodities; besides about 4,000 barks laden with timber, charcoal, and

fire-wood. Barges, also, of from fifty to sixty tons burden, pass up from Rouen, with foreign and colonial produce.

The dead were formerly interred along the sides of the roads leading out of the city; and these graveyards, by the increase of the population, were at length included within its precincts. Large trenches were then made, similar to those opened during the plague in London, and the corpses were thrown in till they were filled, when they were covered over, and others dug close to them. The government afterwards interfered to prevent this disgusting and pernicious practice, funerals were prohibited within the town, and spacious cemeteries erected at the distance of a mile from the city walls. Paris has now five large and well-arranged cemeteries, similar in many respects to those which have been formed on the same model in the neighbourhoods of London, Liverpool, Leeds, and other large towns in England. The Père-la-Chaise, outside the eastern barrier, is the finest of the Parisian cemeteries; and its advantageous position on the slope of a hill, the number and beauty of its monuments, and the celebrity of many of those whose remains have been here interred, make it one of the most interesting sights in the French metropolis. The bones in the old grave-yards were deposited in the subterranean quarries or catacombs under the *quartier* St. Germain, which are very capacious, extending under about a third of Paris, south of the Seine.

When these quarries were exhausted, they were abandoned, the entrances being filled up with earth. Many accidents having occurred from the falling in of buildings which had thus been deprived of the customary means of support, prompt and efficient means were adopted to avert what threatened to be no less than the destruction of a large part of the capital, by the giving way of the unsupported ground on which it stood. These precautions were so well and judiciously contrived, that the galleries underground were made to correspond with the streets above; and all the hollows beneath buildings were either filled up, or the roof supported by strong masses of masonry. In 1780, the lieutenant-general of police suggested that they should be converted into burial-places for the dead of the metropolis, and the bones from various burying-grounds were removed thither, and piled up in the exhaustless

passages of the catacombs. In 1810 and 1811, numerous alterations were made, and inscriptions and embellishments added, with the view of beautifying this dreary abode. When visitors enter by the principal staircase, having been furnished with lights, they first accompany their guides through a descent of seventy feet, into a gallery of various width and height, the roof partly supported by rock, and partly by stone pillars. After traversing this and others for a considerable distance; directed by a black line painted on the ceiling, they arrive at an octagonal vestibule, with a black gate between two Tuscan columns, on which are inscribed the words of the poet Delille,—“Stop! here is the empire of death!” On passing this gate, the passages are lined from the door to the roof with the bones of millions of human beings, arranged in symmetrical piles, interspersed among which are sentences written in black letters on a white ground, alluding to the past history of those whose earthly remains tenant this silent city. What materials for reflection are thus presented to a devout mind!

The abattoirs of Paris, which have attracted considerable attention in the British metropolis in connexion with sanitary reform, are well deserving of attention. Previous to their being opened in 1818, there were slaughter-houses in the crowded and populous districts of Paris; and the passage of cattle through the streets was found to be intolerable. Five abattoirs were opened in order to remove this evil, and are generally allowed to have been successful in rendering Paris free from a great and increasing nuisance. The abattoirs are within the barriers, at an average distance of a mile and three quarters from the centre of the city. The buildings are abundantly supplied with water, are well ventilated, and kept as clean as possible. It appears that the revenue, which is derived from tolls charged on the animals killed, amounted, during one year, to nearly 50,000*l.* sterling, and the expenses to about 5,000*l.*, leaving a profit to the city of Paris of more than 40,000*l.*, or about six and a half per cent. on the 680,000*l.* originally expended in the construction of the establishments.

Extensive and valuable collections of books are attached to almost every public institution in Paris. The most splendid of these is the National Library, which surpasses in extent and value every other

in Europe. It contains no fewer than 900,000 books and printed pamphlets, 80,000 manuscripts, 1,600,000 engravings, 300,000 maps and plans, and a highly valuable collection of medals and antiquities.

The environs of Paris are not covered with those numerous villas and country residences which have been constructed to gratify the rural taste of the citizens of London. Immediately beyond the walls a flat open country extends. The neighbourhood is chiefly marked by palaces—superb fabrics—the works of successive kings, on which immense sums of money have been expended. The most elaborate and splendid of these is that of Versailles. It was commenced by Louis XIII., who found little more than a village in the neighbourhood; but the chief ornaments of the palace were due to Louis XIV., who, during twelve years, surrounded it with everything that would tend to increase its magnificent appearance. The front is built of polished stone, and is approached by three principal avenues. The interior consists of spacious apartments, embellished in the most costly manner, and many parts of them and of the staircases are covered with frescoes by eminent French painters. The interior of the gardens is adorned with numerous statues, partly antique and partly the work of native sculptors. There was at first a deficiency of water; but this has been conveyed in such abundance, that it is lavished in fanciful and fantastic forms, fountains, *jets d'eau*, and cascades, with which Versailles is more profusely embellished than any other palace.

The desecration of the Lord's day is a common but painful characteristic of the people of France. One visitor declares, that had he not looked into the almanack, he could not have told which day was Sunday. The shops are open, carts and carriages ply the streets, and placards invite to vaudevilles at the theatres, so that it would appear at first sight, that the sabbath was blotted from the French calendar. On closer inspection, it is discovered that it is differently observed from other days; but the occupations seem to have their principal change in the substitution of pleasure for business. Mr. Maclaren mentions, that he called about seven o'clock on the sabbath, at the once celebrated Café de Mille Colonnes, which has since sunk to the character of an *estaminet*, or smoking-

house; and he here observed two or three parties playing at billiards, and a score of smaller groups, some of them comprehending entire families, of from two to six persons, playing at dominoes. The great proportion of the working classes ply their labours on Sunday till dinner-time; they rest in the afternoon, and "that they may not want their holiday, go beyond the barriers, where wine is cheap, and spend the Monday in drinking and dancing." The waste of time, and above all, the desecration of the "day of rest," must ever be a subject for mournful contemplation; but we rejoice to find that the attention which has been recently directed to its solemn claims, will be the means of throwing much light on a theme which involves the highest considerations relative to the present happiness and eternal welfare of the family of man. F.

USEFUL ACTIVITY.

THE first employment of man, even in paradise, was to increase the comforts of earth to every creature in it; therefore no man can be wrong who, with a right motive, sets about improving the facilities or increasing the productiveness of agriculture and commerce. He is obeying God, he is helping to supply the natural demands of human kind, and promoting the establishment of universal peace. He is blessed. And the man who searches after truth, and diffuses it when he has found it, is also industrious in the right way, and he also is blessed in his labour. Whatever calls to action in a right cause opposes discontent, by exciting a hope that has the property of happiness in itself, because it engages the soul in a pursuit that ends only in finding some higher and happier employment. The man duteously busy is heavenly in hope, in action, in habit, and in end, because he is using Divine means for Divine purposes, and for the advancement of himself in the good of his neighbours.

There are no good works without faith. We must believe in the reward and the Rewarder, before we can possess a right spirit for labour; since, otherwise, our employment will amount to no more than the drudgery of seeking vain amusement, or of slaving on in greater degradation than a muzzled ox under the sharp stimulus of the goad. But patience, too, has its perfect work, and it is blessed indeed,

for its life is faith; therefore plod on, weary workers, and your souls shall yet be free.

Youth is especially the period of activity, and if the habit of mental economy be not then formed, it can rarely be afterwards acquired. Without the active vitality of spring, we look in vain for the blooming vigour of summer and the rich fruits of autumn. How weighty, then, the responsibility of youth, and how urgent the duty of every individual who possesses influence on the young, to cause all means in their power to bear upon the formation of the characters of those to whom society must look for new impulses and power. Young men, stir up your strength; your country looks to you, not merely for the maintenance of its greatness, but for the fuller development of its majesty, as the mistress of the world. Think, that you may act, and act worthily of your high vocation, as the transmitters and improvers of all that is noble in institution or intention. Remember, the means are in your hands of changing the aspect of the whole world, and causing it to reflect the glory of heaven in its face. The machinery by which states and all their societies are to move onwards is to be kept at work, and governed by your management and strength. It is not placed in your power for yourselves, nor by yourselves; you serve God, or you are called to serve. If you refuse, you serve God's everlasting antagonist, and you know his wages. The Almighty has brought you into being, and made you men, that the business of humanity may be yours, as it is his. He demands your hearts and your hands, to co-operate with Omnipotence in the service of the Son of God and of man, that you may inherit together the glory that is coming. The world must be set in motion, both mechanically and religiously; therefore he gives you the steam-engine and the Bible, with which to regenerate mankind. Truth and engineering, science natural and science spiritual, are the only civilizers and reformers; the one for the body, the other for the soul. If you would succeed, you must use both, with a consciousness that all power is God's. He bids you deposit the lightning, that it may conduct your thoughts, as rapidly as they arise, from land to land, and he requires you to take the light from heaven into your hearts, and speak it everywhere. Thus the wide earth shall be as

if condensed into a chryselite, with radiance streaming through it, and all its inhabitants shall be united in soul by Divine knowledge, and feel that their homes are hanging upon heaven by bands of glory. All nature shall be spiritualized to the apprehension of mankind, and they shall see, like angels, that the meaning of all things is the mind of God.

All God's universe is in motion under his hand; move with it. Let the harmony of his purpose be yours. Let power be ruled by love; let the activities of that animating spirit govern you, for if it do not, all the elements that are so inscrutably active about you and within you, will war against you, and whirl you into outer darkness. But your minds being regulated by obedience to the Divine word, you will find all things working together for your good, and you will, in fact, be obedient to the very thought that, being spoken, brought light into existence, and thence all things; and thus you will act at last as if constituted like it, by being really, and in spirit, united with the Word, that was God, and dwelt among us, and whose glory we beheld as full of grace and truth. Minds not thus submissive to Heaven become more miserable in proportion to their efforts. They may strive to be idle, but they will only be wretched.—*Dr. Moore.*

LICHENS.—No. I.

THERE is something at once picturesque and impressive in the sight of an old tree, overgrown with the grey lichens—covered with their crust over the trunk, and often, too, over their branches. Few who look on an old oak or hawthorn thus attired, but would be reminded of the hoary head of age, while the boughs, which seem to have lost their greenness and vigour, serve, too, to recall the decrepitude of old. Wordsworth thus describes an aged thorn, which is but the type of many a one which we might find in a walk through our woodlands:

"There is a thorn, it looks so old,
In truth you'd find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and grey;
No leaves it has, no thorny points,
It is a mass of knotted joints,
A wretched thing forlorn;

It stands erect and like a stone,
 With lichens it is overgrown;
 Like rock or stone it is o'ergrown
 With lichens to the very top,
 And hung with hoary tufts of moss—
 A melancholy crop."

But though the poet designates the lichen and mossy tufts a melancholy crop, still the air of antiquity which they confer on the old tree has its own charm to the moralizer who wanders through the forest. If they remind us of decay, yet they seem to hide its deformity; and the broken limbs, and the riven trunk, though perchance without a green leaf to smile upon them, have a beauty peculiar to themselves, just as old age, when "found in the way of righteousness," has a calm and venerable dignity, which rivals in worth the grace and life of youth.

But if the "grey-grown oaks" and other trees exhibit chiefly the numbers and varieties of the lichen tribe, yet these plants are not confined to them. The tall and stately oak which seems flourishing so as to remind us of the vigour and beauty of manhood in its prime; the slender birch, emblematic of feminine grace; the hawthorn and elm, which, though a century has passed over them, seem scarcely old, have yet, here and there, on stem or branch, the rugged grey green lichen.

The old tower standing in solitary grandeur amongst its ruined walls and broken arches, is covered with its "time stains;" the garden palings, the cottage thatch, the mossy stone, the brick wall, the rocky heath land, have their own vegetable crusts; and one lichen can vegetate even on iron, and another can flourish on the cold and forbidden surface of the stalactite. Crabbe well describes these plants as crowning the decay of the ancient building:

"Yon bold tower survey,
 Tall and entire, and venerably grey,
 For Time has softened what was harsh when new,
 And now the stains are all of sober hue;
 The living stains, which Nature's hand alone,
 Profuse of life, pours forth upon the stone,
 For ever growing; where the common eye
 Can but the bare and rocky bed descry,
 There Science loves to trace her tribes minute,
 The juiceless foliage, and the tasteless fruit;
 There she perceives them round the surface creep,
 And while they meet, their due distinction keep,
 Mix'd but not blended; each its name retains;
 And these are Nature's ever during stains."

Lichens require the free access of light for their growth; they therefore are found less on trees which grow in shady groves than on those of the open places,

fully exposed to the sun's influence. They are rare in the cracks of mountains, and never found in the underground caverns or mines. They are composed wholly of cells, without the mingling of any vessels or fibres. Sometimes they form simply a pulverulent crust or stain, and in this state they appear on newly formed islands. Others are like misshapen leaves, branches of coral, or stag's horns, or are dense crusts of little symmetry. The fructification of the lichens consists of tubercles or saucer-like bodies, in which the seeds are embedded. No glowing tints embellish this class of plants, their brittle crusts being most frequently of a pale whitish green, though some are yellow, and others of a red or brown hue. Miss Twamley gives an amusing but true picture of them:

"Some are reddish, some brown, some grey, and some black,
 And they're pucker'd, edged, buttoned, or fringed,
 front and back;
 Some are lying like leather close under your feet;
 Some waving from trees, in the forest, you'll meet."

After the powdering crusts which first appear on the new soil of the rock, come the foliaceous lichens, and then follow the mosses. Lichens are to be found in all parts of the world. In the hot and torrid plains of the African deserts, there they are encrusting the rock or stone. The scorching sun may shrivel them, but the rain of day, or the mighty dews from heaven, have but to visit them, and again they are flourishing. Even if hot water be poured upon them, their vitality is not destroyed; but they will revive shortly after. Within the range of the Arctic circle, there they grow in a temperature beneath the freezing point, wherever light has full access; and on the Polar summits of hills, whose snow seldom melts, there they are sent by God to speak his praise to the lone traveller who reaches these heights. On the granite rocks and forest trees of tropical America, they vegetate as freely as in those northern regions of our globe, where they are so indispensable to man and to the animal creation. Humboldt remarks of the mountains of New Andalusia, that wherever scattered rocks afford shade, the lichens and some European mosses may be seen; and the rocks of Teneriffe are as famed for the benefit which they afford by their lichens, as are the hills of Lapland. At the very sum-

mit of these heights, plants of this tribe are said, by the great naturalist just quoted, to "labour at the decomposition of scorified matter." The mountain violets grow in abundance among the various lichens which encrust the ridges of the Cordilleras, and large hilly tracts of the island of Iceland, and wide plains of Lapland, are covered with a thick mass of the reindeer lichen, which gradually improves a soil on which, in spring and summer, arise thousands of blossoms, included in the simple name of reindeer flowers. Linnæus called the seaweed tribe *vernaculi*, or bond slaves, because they were fettered to the rocks on which they grew; but this name, as Burnet remarks, is still more appropriate to the lichen tribe, for they are chained to the soil, that they may benefit it, while they are not nourished by it. "And how," asks this writer, in a beautiful passage, of which we shall quote the whole, "how is their frail dust to maintain its station on the smooth and polished rock, when vitality has ceased to exert its influence, and the structure that fixed it has decayed?" This is a point which has been too generally overlooked, and yet which is the most wonderful provision of all. The plant when dying, digs for itself a grave, sculptures in the solid rock a sepulchre, in which its dust may rest; for chemistry informs us, that not only do these lichens consist in part of gummy matter, which causes their particles to stick together, but that they likewise form, when living, a considerable quantity of oxalic acid, which acid, when by their decay set free, acts upon the rock, and thus is a hollow formed in which the dead matter of the lichen is deposited. Furthermore, the acid, by combining with the limestone or other material of the rock, will often add an important mineral ingredient to the vegetable mould; and not only this, the moisture thus conveyed into the cracks and crevices of rocks and stones, when frozen, rends them, and by continued degradation adds more and more to the forming soil. Successive generations of the bond slaves successively and indefatigably perform their duties, until at length, as the result of their accumulated toil, the barren breakers or the pumice plains of a volcano become converted into fruitful fields."

There are persons, well-educated persons too, who if they marked the botanist in his earnest study of the grey shaggy

crust which he gathered from his apple-tree, would smile, almost contemptuously, on his labours. Yet facts like the one just adduced serve to show how sublime a lesson of God's glory may be obtained by examining even the humblest plants of the vegetable kingdom. Let us not forget the truth which the psalmist declared, "He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered;" and that the finite may learn something of the Infinite, from the blade of grass, or the drop of dew; from the little weed of the sea, or the grain of gold in the ore; from the thick green scum of the rivulet, or the ragged lichen of the rock; as surely as highest lessons of Omnipotence may be learned by looking on the sun and moon in their glory, and by the nightly glory of the starry skies.

There are, doubtless, a great number of species of the lichen tribe which have hitherto escaped the attention even of botanists. Unlike many other plants, the species are little varied in the different climates of the globe; thus the lichens of Europe and of North America are very similar. The numbers actually known, either in herbaria or books, has been estimated at 2,400.

If the lichen has less beauty of hue and less symmetry in form than either the ferns or mosses, or indeed, than any other order of cryptogamic plants, yet neither of the others can rival it in the direct service which individual lichens render to mankind, though the part which mosses perform in waste lands renders them, ultimately, so beneficial, as that we know not which of these two tribes is the more important. In those polar regions, where there is little trace of vegetation, save that of the moss and lichens, the inhabitants subsist for the greater part of the year on the plants of the latter, and often they form the only fuel. Sir John Franklin, when on the shores of the Polar Sea, observes that their fuel consisted chiefly of the roots of the decayed stunted pines, which gave them hardly enough heat for cooking. But there were places and seasons when and where even this could not be procured, and then the reindeer lichen, and other similar plants, which grew in profusion on the gravelly acclivities of the hills, were used as substitutes; and our distressed countrymen found that the burning lichens yielded more warmth than they had expected.

The Iceland moss, or as it is more cor-

rectly called, the Iceland lichen, is not only a common article of Icelandic diet, but it is also largely exported both from that country and Norway, where it also grows abundantly. Large plains and hills of lava are, in Iceland, covered with this lichen, and it attains there a large size. Our own native mountains furnish it too in smaller size and less quantity; but much of the lichen is imported into our land from Norway, Lapland, and Sweden. We generally receive it before it has fully attained its growth, for it is collected while young, because those who gather it find it too valuable to leave it to grow to its full size. When in a dry state, it has scarcely any odour; but it has a bitter and unpleasant flavour. This is obviated by the mode of preparation, and the soup made from it in the lands of the north of Europe, is said to be twice as nutritious as that made of flour. Dr. Henderson observes of it: "For supper the Icelanders have either *skyr*, (coagulated milk,) or porridge made of Iceland moss. To a foreigner this is not only the most healthy, but the most palatable of all the articles of Icelandic diet." Three sorts of plants are said by Von Troil to be converted into bread by the Icelanders. This lichen, which they call *fiäl*, or rock grass; the *korneyra*, which is the common *polygonum* of our meadows, called snake's weed, and the young shoots of which, familiarly known as the easter giant, are eaten in herb puddings in the north of England; and the *melar*, which is a species of reed. Several other kinds of lichen, besides that especially termed Iceland moss, are abundant in the island, and are also used as food.

These lichens are said to make, when ground into flour, a far better bread in flavour than the sour rye, hard kind of biscuit-bread imported from Copenhagen, or the tough doughy loaves of that city, made also from rye flour. The Icelanders are, at any rate, satisfied with his humble meals; and when he gathers his lichen, and thanks the "God who has made bread to grow out of the very stones," we feel that he is at least blessed with that spirit of being content with such things as he has, which is a higher source of enjoyment than aught that worldly wealth or luxury could bestow.

Dr. Henderson gives an interesting account of the manner in which the simple-minded people of Iceland collect the lichen during the season in which it

grows most abundantly. The female portion of the family repair, about the middle of the summer, to gather the *fiälagros*, as they term the plant, in the uninhabited part of the island. They usually have one or two men to accompany them, and the few weeks which they spend in this rustic employment are among the happiest of the whole year. They fix their tents wherever the lichen is in greatest quantity, removing them from place to place as they clear each spot. During this season, the men of the Icelandic peasantry are either fishing in the fresh water streams, or proceeding in large parties to the factories, where they barter their home produce for articles of necessary use or comfort in the winter season. The tents in which the Icelandic women dwell during their country residence are, Dr. Henderson remarks, much like those of the Bedouin Arabs, and this nomadic life on the mountains is as delightful to them as even the wild free life which the Arab spends on his desert.

The Iceland moss contains a great quantity of starchy matter, of a highly nutritious quality, and it is imported hither, and much used for consumptive patients, its tonic qualities rendering it valuable as a medicine for those who have been greatly emaciated by long illness. It has also been extensively used in our land for ship biscuits, and the biscuits made of this powder have the advantage of remaining uninjured, either by sea water or insects, during long voyages. Those who do not know how to prepare the lichen rightly, cannot eat it, on account of its great bitterness; and this was the case with sir John Franklin and his party, when, to relieve the horrors of hunger, they were glad to subsist on the most wretched food. They boiled the Iceland moss which they collected from the rocks; but not having been previously soaked in water, its intensely bitter flavour prevented their being able to touch more than a few spoonfuls of it. The whole party must certainly have perished, however, had it not been for some species of the lichen, termed by botanists *gyrophora*. Several plants of this genus are included under the general name of *trife de la roche*, by which they are called by the Canadian hunters. When these lichens were frozen, the unfortunate travellers suffered dreadfully from the pangs of hunger. They ate raw and putrid flesh, and soup made

of bones so acrid, that unless when they had saved a quantity of the lichen to mingle with it, it often excoriated their mouths. Dr. Richardson speaks with joy of having one day found a bag-full of the *trife de la roche*. "It was easier," he says, "to gather this weed on a march than at the tent; for the exercise of walking produced a glow of heat which enabled us to withstand, for a time, the cold to which we were exposed in scraping the frozen surface of the rocks. On the contrary, when we left the fire, to collect it in the neighbourhood of the hut, we became chilled at once, and were obliged to return very quickly." Sometimes they were so happy as to find a less tasteless food, in a few blueberries and cranberries which the melting snows had laid bare, and now and then the crustaceous branched tufts of the lichen, called *cornicularia*, greeted their view; and being moistened and toasted over the fire, was truly a luxury. But the lichen soup became unpalatable by frequent use, and in some of their numbers it produced illness; and when they laid their worn and exhausted frames down for their nightly rest, the bright and vivid dreams brought to them pictures of costly viands and delicious banquets, and they woke up in the morning to the miseries of starvation, to endure the literal fulfilment of a Scripture prophecy against the enemies of the ancient Jews,—"It shall be even as when a hungry man dreameth, and, behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty: or as when a thirsty man dreameth, and, behold, he drinketh; but he awaketh, and, behold, he is faint, and his soul hath appetite," Isa. xxix. 8. A. P.

SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

THE variations in the natural properties of bodies have given infinite scope for the exercise of human ingenuity. In the erection of engineering works, and in a still higher degree in the contrivance and construction of moving machinery, the combination of theory and practice is perpetually exhibited in surprising perfection. By nice calculation of the opposing forces, together with great practical skill in the mechanical details of construction, we can now attain a result in which abundant strength is united with the utmost possible economy of space and material. There is no waste; no addition of useless and cum-

brous weight: all irregular strains are skilfully counterbalanced, and the greatest pressure distributed over the points of greatest resistance. Experience has entitled us to place implicit confidence in the scientific precision of our engineers. Every day we trust our lives and fortunes, without misgiving, into situations where a slight error in the calculations, or a slight defect in the workmanship, would inevitably lead to some terrible catastrophe. How little do the crowds who throng the deck of a Thames or Clyde steamboat, or who allow themselves to be hurried along at fifty miles an hour in a railway carriage, reflect upon the delicate conditions which must have been fulfilled—the complicated mechanical problems which must have been solved, in order that they might accomplish their journey in security. A multitude will gather upon a suspension bridge without fear of danger, although the rods by which the massive roadway and its living freight are sustained appear as mere threads in comparison with the mass they have to support; while, if any one reflects at all upon the matter, it is to assure himself that every possible amount of pressure has been theoretically provided for; and that, practically, every separate bar and joint has been severely tested, so that no single flaw in the material, or defect in the workmanship can have passed without detection. Fribourg, before the civil war of the Sonderbund had given it a political notoriety, was celebrated chiefly for its wire bridge, hung at an altitude of nearly one hundred feet, between two summits. "It looks," says a recent traveller, "like a spider's web flung across a chasm, its delicate tracery showing clear and distinct against the sky." Diligences and heavy wagons loomed dangerously as they passed along the gossamer fabric.

In works of similar construction to the Fribourg bridge, the limit of magnitude is, of course, found in that proportion where the erected mass is only just able to sustain its own unloaded weight without fracture. Practically testing the strength of the various metals, we find that a regularly shaped bar or column of steel, if suspended perpendicularly by its upper extremity, will be torn asunder by its own weight at a length of 44,350 feet. Iron would break at about 25,000; copper at 9,500; gold at 2,880; and lead at only 180 feet. The processes of annealing and wiredrawing will modify, to a

considerable extent, the tenacity of all metals; but the above proportions may be taken as a general average. Hence we arrive at an absolute limit of possibility, which no ingenuity of construction can enable us to evade, and which is to be conquered only in the most improbable contingency, of our discovering some new material of still greater strength among the stores of nature.

The force that enables a suspension bridge to sustain itself is, what we have called the cohesive force, and is due, we must suppose, to some variety of the attractive principle among the corpuscular atoms which causes them to resist a separating or divellent strain. In ordinary bridges, and among the usual erections of architects, on the other hand, the pressure to be considered is that which crushes the parts together. To resist this, the piers of the bridge must have strength sufficient to support the loaded arch; and the pillars of the cathedral to sustain the fretted vault that rests upon them. In this case we find that the strength which arises from the cohesion of the atoms between themselves is increased by that due to another quality of matter, namely, its incompressibility. When any solid body yields to a crushing weight, the consequent effect must be, either that its particles are actually pressed into a smaller space; or that, being made to exert a wedge-like action upon one another, the exterior layers are forced out laterally. The addition of a band or hoop will then bring the incompressibility of the atoms more fully into play; and bodies that are endowed with slight powers of cohesion may thus be rendered enormously strong. Indeed, we find that fluids, in which the cohesive force is practically at zero, cannot be crushed by any pressure we can exert, provided the hoop or tube that surrounds them can be secured. Now, the interior atoms of every substance under pressure are more or less thus hooped in and strengthened by the exterior. To the strength from cohesion is added that from incompressibility; and this effect is produced in a rapidly increasing ratio as the sectional area of the body is enlarged. A cube of lead suspended from its upper surface, and held together only by cohesion, will break down if larger than 180 feet to a side. If standing upon one side as a base, it might be made of infinite size, without danger of fracture from its own weight.

We may conclude, therefore, that the total force of resistance is amply sufficient to answer any call we are likely to make upon it. It is certain, at all events, that we have not, as yet, built up to the strength of our actual materials. Our marble and granite columns will sustain ten times the weight of any edifice the present generation can wish to erect; or if not, they will use iron. The theoretical limit to the span of our bridges is that only at which the voissures of stone or iron would crumble under the intensity of pressure. The cost and inutility of even approaching to such a limit will always assign them much narrower dimensions; though large enough, nevertheless, to admit of the accomplishment of that magnificent project—of which the first design is due to the genius of Telford—for spanning the Thames at Westminster by a single arch. Such a work would be worthy alike of the age and the site; and we see no reason why it should not be undertaken, and completed at least as soon as (supposing promises to be kept in future only as heretofore) the last stone is laid upon the Victoria Tower.

The tubular bridges, now in course of erection by Mr. Stephenson, upon the Chester and Holyhead line of railway, will probably remain for many years unsurpassed, as specimens of science and engineering skill. While we write, the success of the experiment is verified only in the smaller of the two, known as the Conway Bridge. But the result is even now sufficient to guarantee the success of its larger companion, to be thrown across the Menai Straits. In Telford's celebrated suspension bridge over these straits, the problem was already solved of constructing a safe pathway for the transit of heavy burdens. But the new fabrics were required to have something more than strength; perfect rigidity was in this case necessary, both as regards the lateral oscillations produced by the passage of the enormous trains at high velocities, and the perpendicular undulations so perceptible in ordinary bridges built upon the suspension principle. This requisite is obtained by forming the massive iron beam into a hollow rectangular chamber, 25½ feet high, 15 feet wide, and (in the Conway tube) 412 feet in length, in the inside of which the trains are to travel along the rails. It forms, in fact, a long gallery, whose sides are composed of iron plates half an inch

thick, and its ceiling and floor are formed of compound plates, consisting each of two laminæ of metal, kept apart at a distance of about twenty-one inches, by a series of plates of that breadth extending the whole length of the tube, dividing the top and bottom strata into a series of longitudinal cells, and aiding greatly in the resistance offered to the weight of the passing trains. The whole mass of iron employed is sufficient to form a solid beam 412 feet long from pier to pier, and forty-six inches, or nearly four feet square. Employed in this form, the beam would possess ample strength; but it would have been drawn down by its own weight into a catenary curve, dipping several feet in the centre, and altering in shape upon the passage of a few tons along its surface; while even the action of a high wind would have impressed on it a considerable lateral or horizontal vibration. The same metallic mass distributed into the compound parts of the gallery we have described, was fashioned into a curve, rising only seven inches in the centre, which the action of its own weight (1,300 tons) drew, as was intended, into perfect horizontality; and which has been proved to sink not more than a single inch by the added pressure of 100 tons. A number of ingenious contrivances were brought into use during the process of construction. The compound tubes consist of many thousand separate pieces, with every joint secured by covering plates, and T angle irons, fastened together with rivets, all driven red hot. In drilling the rivet holes, more than a million in number, a curious machine was used, imitated from that employed in making the perforated cards for Jacquard looms, by which the work was done with beautiful regularity. The foundations of the supporting piers are laid upon piles driven by Nasmyth's steam pile-driver, (an engine which seems to have been invented just in time,) as by the old-fashioned "monkey" the same task would have occupied many months' additional labour. The huge structure was floated from the temporary stage whereon it was built, upon caissons which the tide lifted, and was elevated to its destined place by hydraulic pressure. So extreme is the accuracy of this wonderful work, that the thermometric change of shape produced by an hour's sunshine upon one side, or on the top, becomes readily perceptible; and one end of the tube is left loose upon the

abutment to allow for this expansion.—*Edinburgh Review.*

A TRIP TO WATFORD.

ONE of the most interesting spots to which the tourist can be invited on a rural excursion, at a short distance from town, is Watford and its neighbourhood. Having already pointed out the objects deserving especial attention on the railway from the metropolis to Harrow, we need now only refer to those which intervene between that station and the place just mentioned. The small hamlet of Harrow Weald first appears on the right, and the train soon enters into an excavation of three quarters of a mile in length, over which a bridge passes. This communicates between Hatchend on the right and Pinner on the left; the former being a small hamlet in the immediate neighbourhood, while the latter is situated at a distance of about half a mile on the left. The traveller is now about a hundred miles distant from Birmingham.

An excavation, varying from thirty to forty feet deep, and called the Oxhey-lane cutting, next appears, the sides of which are beautiful in due season, by many a cluster of wild flowers; but from the enjoyment of which the "inhabitant of the train" is debarred. Before the sides of these cuttings were adorned with the productions of the vegetable creation, the thinning which here takes place of the London clay, and the appearance of the chalk and green-sand could be readily observed, and were of great interest to the geologist. In the formation of this cutting no fewer than 372,000 cubic yards of earth were removed. The excavation is crossed by several bridges, the principal one being the Oxhey-lane bridge, which has three arches, and is remarkable for its height, the battlement being from thirty to forty feet above the line. On the summit of the range of hills is the boundary line which divides Middlesex from Hertfordshire. On leaving the excavation, the train dashes along an embankment nearly as high as the cutting is deep, and on the construction of which 150,000 cubic yards of earth were expended. The line is now level for rather more than a mile, after which there is a descent for some distance, and an upward incline subsequently commences, continuing for eleven miles, and terminating in the Tring sum-

mit, which is 330 feet above the station at Euston-square.

On gaining the embankment just referred to, an extensive view of the surrounding country is enjoyed. Moor Park is situated two miles to the west, and the mansion is one of the most handsome in the country. The portico is capacious, the doorways are of marble, and beneath an adjacent gallery are some elegant illustrations of Ovid's story of Io and Argus, while the principal staircase and several of the rooms are profusely decorated. The house is surrounded by a park five miles in circumference, and has, at various periods, been occupied by men distinguished in the annals of England's history. The villages of Watford Heath and Sherrard Wood are now to the right, and in immediate proximity to the line. The train then enters another cutting, from which nearly half a million cubic yards of earth were taken, and passes beneath Watford Heath bridge, which has three arches, and is a massive brick structure, the top of the battlements being from thirty-five feet above the line.

Bushey station is sixteen miles from the metropolis, and the pedestrian who is going to the town of Watford may alight here, as he will not gain much by proceeding to the next. It is well, however, to observe, that few trains stop at this station; and if he wishes to do so, he must make special reference to his "time table." The view from hence is extensive, embracing Westminster Abbey, Hampton Court, Windsor, and the Thames, winding through the most beautiful parts of Middlesex and Surrey. For those whose time precludes their visiting this spot, the tower of the church at the village may be recommended. Rickmansworth may also be descried from hence, while to the north St. Albans Abbey will be clearly seen. On the south-east is the village of Clay, and on the north-west is Watford, and a considerable portion of the embankments of the railway may be observed. On reaching Bushey, the train enters on an elevated embankment, in some parts more than forty feet above the surrounding fields. Nearly a million cubic yards of earth were required in its formation, and it is a mile and a half in length. About fifty yards from its commencement the line crosses the London road, on a viaduct of five arches, the view from which is exceedingly attractive, and furnishes great delight and satisfaction to the lover of

nature. The viaduct, which cost 10,000*l.*, is 312 feet in length, and fifty in height. It is erected of brick, with stone cornices, and rests on platforms of wood, which are fixed in the soft clay of which the valley is composed.

The great Watford embankment now "upbears" the passing train, which it was found necessary to erect in consequence of the opposition naturally made by the earl of Essex to the line proceeding through his park. A mile distant from Bushey another viaduct of five arches is traversed, the battlements of the bridge being forty feet above the level of the river, the Colne having flowed for some distance on the left, parallel with the railway. Owing to the want of stability in the soil of which the valley is composed, many slips of the embankment have occurred, and much ingenuity and labour have been required to counteract the evil. Passing over two other bridges which form field communications, and one which forms the road from Watford to St. Albans, the station is entered, which is nearly eighteen miles from London.

The present season of the year, and the resources of the neighbouring landscape, render this a very delightful spot. The beauties of "young verdurous June" never fail to excite the admiration of the lover of nature.

"When leaves are loveliest, and young fruits and flowers

Fear not the frost of May's uncertain hour;
Rich, ripe, luxuriant, yet with tenderest hues;
Waves the full foliage; and with morning dews,
Awakening freshest fragrance as they pass;
There is a peerless greenness on the grass,
Yet somewhat darkened with the loftier swell,
And purple tinge, of spike and pannicle;
While vivid is the gleam of distant corn,
And long and merry are the songs of morn."

Here, then, let the tourist enjoy all in such a scene that tends to delight and elevate the mind; for the poet has truly said:

"'T is wise to let the touch of Nature thrill
Through the full heart; 't is wise to take your fill
Of all she brings, and gently to give way
To what within your soul she seems to say."

Adjoining Watford on the west is Cassiobury, or as it is sometimes spelt, Cassiobury Park, the seat of the earl of Essex, who is lord of the manor. Leaving the station, the pedestrian passes over the bridge which crosses the railway, and pursues his route along a delightful road, the breadth and handsome appearance of which is sufficiently in-

viting, while the rich foliage of the trees in which it is in some parts almost embosomed, presents irresistible attractions to those who have been accustomed to the bustle and noise of the metropolis. The tourist soon arrives at a road turning to the right and left, which is the main street of Watford; and traversing this, and proceeding some little distance forward, the lodge of the park appears. The antique appearance of this little edifice, with its mullioned windows half overgrown with ivy, its square battlemented tower pierced with narrow slit-holes, and the roses clustering around, are pleasing in themselves and in the historic associations which fail not to arise, in the contrast of the security of the age in which we live compared with that with which the architectural form of the building would imply its connexion. The park now appears, and the noble trees invite the visitor to seek their shelter while he observes the beauties of the scenery. The grounds are about four miles in circumference, and were disposed to great effect by the celebrated Le Notre, in the time of Charles II. The Grand Junction Canal adds to the diversity of the scene, as it wends its course through the grounds. A glimpse of the turrets of the mansion is obtained through the trees as the footpath, which runs to the right of the carriage-road, approaches a thick shrubbery around which it winds. The whole building is now seen, in all the beauty of Gothic architecture mingled with the ecclesiastical and castellated styles. The entrance vestibule is light and airy, with an evident "expression" of the antique; while a notice affixed to the wall informs the visitor that the public have permission to view the house, gardens, park, and Swiss cottage on Mondays and Thursdays, from the hours of eleven to five. The liberality of the owner of Cashiobury has indeed gone so far as to allow strangers to form picnic parties on the grounds, for by obtaining an order from the earl, or from the housekeeper, they may bring refreshments with them, and spend the entire day in the enjoyment of the beauties of a spot which has cost the successive owners vast sums of money to perfect, and requires a great expenditure of labour and money to preserve. The late earl is said to have been so far desirous of gratifying the public as to furnish them with crockery; but whether this courtesy is still extended we have not learned.

From the vestibule the dining-room is entered on the right, and here the visitor may commence his examination of some of those treasures of art for which Cashiobury is distinguished. This is a lofty and commodious apartment, and commands a fine view of the rising grounds of the park. In this room is a portrait of the earl of Northumberland, by Vandyke, and there are some beautiful carvings by Gibbons, in which the pictures are set, and which, like all the works of that artist, are exceedingly natural and graceful. In an adjoining apartment are some historical curiosities deserving examination.

The ante-room, which is entered from the dining-room, contains some paintings by sir Peter Lely, and some exquisitely painted miniatures, chiefly copies of well-known works by the countess of Essex. The ceiling is painted by Verrio, the subject being "Minerva and the Arts and Sciences." This room opens into a very beautiful conservatory, which stretches along the front of the house, while the doors and windows of this apartment and of the ante-room, drawing-room, and library, opening into it, have a delightful effect, one side of each appearing like a garden of the choicest flowers. In the drawing-room are some paintings by Lely, a view of Rotterdam by Calceot, and three productions of Turner.

The library, a long and handsome room, contains an original Morland, and an exquisite effort of a modern artist, which imparts to miniature painting much of the force, roundness, and effect of carved ivory. There are also portraits by sir J. Reynolds, Lely, and Vandyke, and many other pictorial treasures, to which we cannot here attempt to do justice. The inner library contains the less handsome books piled on the shelves, among which long rows of parliamentary blue books are conspicuous; and the walls are adorned with several pictures of the Bedford family, to whom the ancestors of the noble earl were allied, from lord William to the present lord John Russell. The oak-room, so designated from a handsome oaken screen by which it is traversed at one end, contains several paintings of value; while the large portrait of lord Abergavenny, in an ornamental carved frame-work by Gibbons, has been styled "truly magnificent," and it has been affirmed by a writer of discrimination, that "but for

the colour, you would fancy you could pluck and taste some of those great pears or tempting bunches of grapes, and make yourself a nosegay from the roses and other flowers which run over the whole so luxuriantly." Her ladyship's boudoir is exceedingly beautiful, and combines all that wealth and luxury can suggest in the preparation of such an apartment.

Ascending the staircase, at the foot of which hangs a Chinese gong, the state bed-room is entered, the walls of which are lined with Gobelin tapestry. The cloister is decorated with richly stained glass windows, and the ends and the wall facing the windows have some interesting works. At the further extremity is a very old painting, the only original portrait extant of Henry iv. At the top of the frame are the words, "Henricus iv.," and beneath is the following inscription:—"Henry the iv., king of England, who lay'd the first stone of this house,* and left this picture in it when he gave it to Lentall, who sold it to Cornwall of Burford, who sold it to the ancestors of the lord Coningesby, in the reign of Henry vi." When or how this picture was removed from its former position to the place in which it is stated to have been left by the king, does not appear. It is in an admirable state of preservation, the colours seeming almost as rich as when they were first laid on. There is a portrait of sir Thomas Coningsby, who appears to have been of great height, to increase the effect of which he is attended by a dwarf servant, whose head reaches but little above his master's knee. Sir Thomas had one leg shorter than the other, and it is stated that in order to avoid inconvenience from this deformity, a favourite dog was trained to be always in attendance, on which the baronet rested his foot when he stopped! The painting accordingly represents a spaniel, which is thus performing the duty of a living footstool, and seems well pleased with the distinction conferred on him. A beautiful suit of armour is suspended in the cloister, which belonged to the duke of Bejar, whose ancestor is said to have severed the chain which defended a Moorish camp in one of the Saracenic campaigns with this sword.

Inhaling the breezes which welcome the visitor on the lawn, the river Gade is observed meandering along:

"In waves impelling soft, it roves
Through sunny banks,"

and embellishes the woodland scenery, while "o'er the clear crystal,"

"The trembling branches, all inverted, seem
To point to other skies beneath the stream."

But we shall not do justice to such of our readers as may accept us as a guide to this delightful spot, unless we conduct them to the flower-gardens. The notification at the gate directs the visitor to ring the bell if he desires admittance, when the gardener will soon appear, and seven acres of pleasure-gardens then invite his attention and elicit his admiration. The portion which is especially dedicated to lady Essex contains the choicest flowers, and presents a rare assemblage of beauty, breathing delightful odours. After wandering through apparently interminable grounds, each portion of which has its peculiar attractions, and winding along the low green alleys, a descent invites the steps, beyond which stretches what is called the emperor dell. Here are two of the cannon-balls of granite, the larger weighing upwards of seven hundred weight—though the calibre of the guns in a first-rate line of battle ship very seldom exceeds thirty-two pounds—which were fired from the castle of Abydos, on the Asiatic side of the Straits of Dardanelles into the "Endymion" frigate, during the passage of the squadron in 1807, under sir John Duckworth. By one of these no fewer than fifteen men were killed or wounded, and when the captain looked over the frigate's side to see the extent of the injury that had been received, he observed the head and shoulders of a seaman, who had looked out through the immense orifice which was thus made; and we are informed that had there been much wind to have made the vessel heel over, she must assuredly have sunk, so destructive had been the fire of these shot. One garden contains a fish-pond, over which a willow grows which was taken as a cutting from the one which hung over the tomb of Napoleon, at St. Helena.

The Swiss cottage deserves special attention, and the kindness of the noble earl merits the best acknowledgment of all who have been permitted to enjoy the beauties of Cashiobury, and the facilities which are afforded for rational and hearty enjoyment. The cottage stands in a sequestered dell, where "the rushing sound of

* Of Hampton Court, Herefordshire.

waters alone disturbs the deep solitude." It is no mere plaything, but a correct and genuine representation of the buildings of that interesting land, and inhabited by one of the domestics of the earl. It is surrounded with lofty wooden galleries, and in these many a visitor has spent an happy hour in the society of friends, and the enjoyment of the scenery. Attached to the principal cottage is the chief room for strangers, which has been correctly furnished, to give a good idea of the domestic manners of the brave Alpine mountaineers. Many interesting curiosities add to the attraction of the spot.

Leaving this cottage, the tourist may stroll along the banks of the river on his way homeward, and he will not fail to observe the clumps of beeches which adorn the park, among which an oak, perhaps "bald with hoar antiquity," is intermingled.

Here, too, may be seen the "cedars of Lebanon," which "with fair branches, and with a shadowy shroud, and of an high stature, had their tops among the thick boughs," Ezek. xxxi. 3.

The neighbourhood of Watford affords many opportunities for rural excursions. If the tourist leaves town by a train at half-past eleven in the morning, he will find a coach to convey him to St. Albans; but we leave a visit to that town to another occasion, for our space will not permit us now to do it justice. An omnibus will convey the traveller to any part of Watford from the trains; but to one who desires to "see what is to be seen," we recommend a walk, especially as the distance is inconsiderable. Proceeding down the road in the direction of Cashiobury, part of the town will be observed a short distance to the right, while a broad road leads to the left, on either side of which are houses belonging to the more wealthy of the inhabitants.

Watford is a market town, the area of which, including four adjacent hamlets, is nearly eleven thousand acres. It consists chiefly of a main street about a mile in length. The more northern end is by far the superior, and as it slopes downward to the railway, which it joins at the southern end, the houses are in many cases small, and the inhabitants poor. The chief branches of industry, next to agriculture, here pursued, are the spinning and winding of silk, straw plaiting, and malting. There were formerly two silk-mills in the parish, furnishing employment to more than two hundred

people; and there are some extensive paper-mills on the Colne, in the vicinity. There are several small and insignificant passages communicating between the main street and a row of houses at the back, which face in the opposite direction.

The country in all directions around Watford is exceedingly pleasing. It presents none of the startling attractions which are found in some lands, of the magnificent, the sublime, or the grand. No mountain rears its hoary head—no pinnacing embattlements rise high in the blue arch of heaven; the roaring of the cataract falls not on the ear of the half-affrighted traveller; the broad expanse of the ocean—

"Beautiful, sublime, and glorious;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free,"—

fills not the soul with a sense of the vastness of created existence, or his own insignificance in the comparison. But there is on every hand that simple beauty for which the rural scenery of England is pre-eminently distinguished; and as the observer wends his way over the fields or the hills in quest of "the poetry of nature," his soul revels in the enjoyment that is afforded. To exchange the bustle and anxiety of public business and life for the possession of means so ample for the delight and improvement of the mind, will be felt by all who love nature to be a tenfold reward for a half-hour's ride,—which in itself is far from being devoid of interest,—and which brings them within reach. These are some of the advantages which the "railway system" affords, and we rejoice that they are brought within the sphere and appreciated by so many thousands of our countrymen.

"What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them.

For him the spring
Distills her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk.

Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure unreprieved."—AKENSIDE.



Reed Wren and Nest.

THE REED WARBLER.

THE reed warbler, which has also been designated the reed wren, and the night warbler,* appears to have been first recognised as a British bird by the Rev. John Lightfoot, who described its appearance, habits, and nest to sir Joseph Banks, bart., by whom his statements were communicated to the Royal Society, and published in their "Transactions" for the year 1785. Mr. Lightfoot found

that it frequented the reeds of the river Colne, from Harefield Moor to Iver, a distance of about five miles, and he thus availed himself of the opportunity to bring before the naturalists of Britain the history of a bird which had previously almost escaped observation. Pennant, in his *Zoology*, omits to mention it till the edition published in 1812.

The reed warbler visits this country in April, and departs in September. It sings repeatedly during the day, and occasionally also at night; and Mr. Selby states, that its song is varied and pleasing; but it is delivered in a hurried manner, like that of the sedge warbler.

* *Sylvia arundinacea*, Penn. Brit. Zool. vol. i. p. 520; *Motacilla arundinacea*, Montagu, Ornith. Dict.; *Sylvia arundinacea*, Bewick, Brit. Birds, vol. i. p. 254; *Curruca arundinacea*, Flem. Brit. An. p. 69; *Sylvia arundinacea*, Bec. *fin des roseaux*, Temm. Man. d'Ornith. vol. i. p. 191.

Mr. Sweet had one which sang during the winter, its voice being loud and variable, consisting of a great number of notes, and from its diversity resembling the song of several different birds. The reed warbler is found in Essex, Surrey, and Kent, within a few miles of the metropolis, and also in the neighbourhood of Sudbury, in Suffolk. The extensive fresh waters called the Broads, near Yarmouth, with their numerous islands, reeds, and aquatic herbage, form a favourite resort. It is abundant in Holland, as might be naturally anticipated, and frequents Germany and France. In order to observe the habits of this bird, the intervening locality between Shepherd's Bush and Hammersmith has been recommended. The ground has there been much dug for brick earth; and water having stagnated in the excavations has produced an abundant growth of reeds, which are cherished by the brickmakers as a crop. The warbler visits these beds when the reeds are considerably advanced, and as it departs before they are cut, it dwells here in comparative security, and affords many favourable opportunities for the observations of the naturalist.

"It is a pretty little lively species," says Sweet, "generally frequenting the sides of rivers and ditches, where its warbling song may be heard amongst reeds, sedges, or other thickets that are near the water." Towards autumn it sometimes visits gardens, in order to obtain insects; it is particularly fond of the common house-fly; and it may be seen by the side of manure heaps, where those flies breed.

Rennie says, that he had a nest built by this bird among the branches of lucerne. It was about three inches in depth and width, and almost entirely composed of hay; the brims being of thicker stems of dry grass. A very few hairs were wound round the interior, which was smoothly finished; and in some parts were some small tufts of willow-down interwoven with elm blossoms. It presented so different an appearance from the nests described by Lightfoot, and represented by Boulton,* as almost to induce doubts of the species to which it belonged. The nest is usually composed of long grass and the seed branches of reeds, and lined with finer materials. It is so deep as to conceal the bird when sitting. It is generally

secured by long grass to several reeds, which are drawn together for that purpose, and placed above the surface of the water. The eggs are four or five in number, of a greenish white, blotched over with dusky brown. The accompanying engraving represents the bird and its nest, as sketched from nature. The bird rarely, if ever, perches on the top of the reeds: its place is on a leaf, or a leaning stem, though when it desires to do so, it can cling to an upright one. It is not easily raised, and remains but a short time on the wing; it is by no means timid on its perch, "upon which, if very flexible, it sits with its wings not quite closed, but recovered, so as to have a little hold on the air, and thereby either prevent its fall, or be ready, when a gust comes," to bear it to a spot where it can gain a more secure footing.

S.

THE SLUGGARD.

"The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing."—Prov. xiii. 4.

WE have oftentimes wondered how it is that principles and maxims, which are so obviously applicable to every-day life and to the domestic and secular pursuits of time, that men have an intuitive perception of their soundness so satisfactory as to render argument superfluous, should be altogether lost sight of when we approach the confines of Christianity, and discarded as inapplicable when the business of religion is suggested. The truth we have selected as the motto of this paper is regarded as axiomatic at a glance. To attempt to reason it out would be looked upon by the diligent, active, and successful citizen as an approach to the ridiculous. He would interrupt the homilist by an exclamation of impatience. With him it is a settled doctrine, needing no commentary, that time is money, and that, consequently, to trifle with the one is to lose the other. Hence his activity, punctuality, and industry; and hence too his success, under the favour of Providence, which, as a rule, crowns these practices with the desired result. We say as a rule, for the exceptions which may be found are insufficient to cast doubt upon the proposition that this is a providential rule, while they are just numerous enough to confirm the tradesman and merchant in the necessity of diligence if they would avoid

* *Harmonia Ruralis*, ii. p. 72.

the wretched experience of the sluggard.

Why, then, is it, that the maxim which is true in regard to the pursuits of this world should be deemed irrelevant to those which concern the next? If a man folds his hands in indolence, and wastes the sunlight in inactivity—we speak, of course, of those who are dependent on their own exertions—the poverty which ensues is not pitied, and the craving desires of the sluggard are not satisfied. “He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand;” and no man wonders. “Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep;” and the active are indignant at the sleeper. “An idle soul shall suffer hunger;” and charity herself will scarcely stoop to relieve it. “He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame,” and benevolence finds no excuse for his folly. Our moral instincts lead us to loathe the crime of the sluggard; for is it not a crime to waste the precious hours of life; to allow talents for which we are accountable to lie dormant and uncultivated; to trifle with opportunities of being useful in society; and to give to inglorious idleness the period when the glowing sun is “re-joicing to run his race,” calling forth man to labour, and bathing in beauty the diversified scenery of a world full of living pictures drawn by a Divine hand? We say, our moral instincts lead us to loathe the crime of the sluggard, even in view of these considerations; and we are mentally relieved by applying to him the bitter reproach which sends him to school to an insignificant insect: “Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man,” Prov. vi. 6—11.

But if we feel thus regarding the folly of the sluggard in relation to what is temporary and physical, how momentously solemn is the case when applied to what is eternal and spiritual! In the former view, “time is money;” in the latter, time is *eternity*! The religious sluggard—that is, the man who trifles with his soul, and God, and eternity—whatever his pretexts, excuses, or promises of an altered course of conduct at some future time—

is, to the enlightened Christian, a painful subject of contemplation.

Let us look at him under the various aspects of human life. He is found among all classes of the community. The upper, middle, and subordinate ranks of society find him in their midst. It is true that in the first class he may, by the liberality of ancestors or the patrimonial estate, be placed above the necessity of labouring with his head or his hands for bread; but it will be recollected that we are viewing the sluggard as an intelligent, accountable, and immortal being, rapidly travelling to an eternal world, where not only shall every man receive according to his deeds, but where he that “hid” his Lord’s talent shall be cast into outer darkness, because he was “an *unprofitable* servant.” Behold this man, then, after the deceptive pursuit of midnight pleasure, retiring from the excitement of the ball, the saloon, or the theatre, when the morning sun is gilding the mountains with glory, to seek that repose which is only the reward of legitimate labour. Having wasted the precious morning in bed, the early evening finds him complaining of what is called in fashionable circles *ennui*, but what would be more correctly denominated the fatigue of sloth, until the hour again arrives for a fresh draught from the cup of midnight pleasure. If conscience, from time to time, whisper in his ear something regarding uncultivated talents, misplaced influence, abused property, unimproved time, and a coming eternity, he meets the admonition, not by a denial of its justness, but by promises of an altered course. As soon, however, as the monitor ceases, these promises are forgotten, and the sluggard dreams on through the accustomed routine, or varies it by the introduction of fresh elements of folly. Energies which are thus devoted to what at best is frivolous—alas! such an indifferent term is seldom applicable—would have raised the man to an honourable position in society as a citizen and a patriot—would have secured for him the approbation and gratitude of the wise; and, by the grace of God, which never fails to descend upon the prayerful and diligent use of his own ordinances, would have led him to the possession of true happiness.

But the character under notice may be found among the most industrious and active, as well as among the physically indolent of the middle ranks of society.

Multitudes who calculate the value of every hour, are punctual as time itself to their engagements, and give their suffrages to every suggestion likely to increase the speed of communication between counties and nations, and thus facilitate the interests of commerce, are, nevertheless, on the most important of all pursuits sluggards. To occupy an honourable position among the world's merchants, and to stand high in human society for integrity and industry, they put forth all their energies; but the cultivation of the heart by Christian principles, self-examination as to the real state of the soul in the sight of God, and earnest endeavours after heart-conformity to the mind of Christ, though their importance is allowed in words, are habitually neglected. The ruinous impression on the minds of multitudes is, that though religion is of all things the most important, yet, as it is principally adapted to the sick chamber and death-bed, close attention to its claims may be dispensed with during the day of health and activity; or at all events its principles are too pure to be brought amidst the every-day business of this gross world, to which consideration must be added the fact of man's natural disinclination to the things of God, and his need of Divine grace to produce a saving change of heart. The religious sluggard is prompt to palliate his conduct, when its impropriety is urged upon him, by such opinions as these; although the first and second are fallacious, and the third, though doctrinally true, utterly inapplicable to the circumstances of the case. The trifler, however, is seldom if ever satisfied with his own conduct; hence sometimes he makes an effort of a spasmodic kind to repair the errors of the past, and to do at once the accumulated work of years; but scarcely has the resolution, if it may be so named, been formed, when external difficulties are created by his diseased imagination, and the momentary excitement is followed by collapse. He is afraid that he shall attract the attention of his worldly associates—that to become decidedly religious will expose him to considerable inconvenience, interfere with habits of "innocent amusement," demand a circumspection of conduct and gravity of demeanour which would be intolerably irksome, require from him sacrifices which he cannot afford, and lead to the use of phrases and ideas, when among

Christian people, with which he is not familiar. Thus, influenced by considerations which at first seem coherent, but which have in reality no bond of union but what is derived from his own sloth, the momentous interests of his soul and eternity are again postponed to "a more convenient season." All this time, however, what is the state of his heart? Are his procrastinating habits in themselves indifferent? or do they issue in his merely leaving undone the things which he ought to have done? Is his trifling merely negative? Far from it; for all this time evil habits are strengthening themselves; indifference to all religion is gradually but surely spreading over his heart; and as the Sun of righteousness is perseveringly shut out, the rank weeds of depravity are luxuriating in darkness, and binding his soul with their strong roots; the moral sensibilities are becoming rigid; the difficulties of religion, viewed through the dull atmosphere of his own criminal sloth, appear of increasing magnitude; and the solemn probability is, that these delusions will entwine him as with a net-work of brass, until the dread messenger of an insulted Saviour carry him to judgment. And if in the meantime the spectator can say of such a man, using the words in a moral sense, "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man," Prov. xxiv. 30-34: then from the heart of the trifler these bitter words may break forth, "How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof; and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me!" Prov. v. 12, 13; for *then* conscience, whose voice can no more be silenced by false promises, will take the words of the Almighty, and hold them in light before the man: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear

cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me; for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices," Prov. i. 24—31.

Among the various excuses which the sluggard, among the poorer classes of society, makes for his indolence on the subject of religion, there are some which relate to his own cares and difficulties, some founded upon the discrepancy between creed and conduct in the case of many professed Christians, and some drawn from the alleged mysteries of the Bible.

Of course the man under notice does not deny the truths of Christianity, nor the applicability of its doctrines to his case as an individual; nor, consequently, is he offended at the kind appeal to his own lasting interests which the Christian visitor may make; so far from that, he wishes it to be distinctly understood that he purposes, at no distant day, to make religion a personal matter; and that the reason why he has not done so before is the impossibility of finding sufficient leisure and mental composure, amidst his many trials and difficulties. It is all very well for ministers of religion and rich men, and men whose business affords time to think about religion; but in *his* case "circumstances" are widely different. Indeed there is a peculiarity in his lot, which he cannot explain exactly to everybody; but he is confident that none of his neighbours are placed in similar circumstances, and that if his visitor knew the constant pressure of his troubles he would fully understand why closer attention to religion was at that time impossible. He seeks to justify his folly, also, by referring to the inconsistency of Christians of his acquaintance with their profession; thus complimenting the excellency of that religion regarding which he is himself indifferent. He maintains that such and such persons, judged by their own standard of excellence, are lamentably deficient—not that he is at all gratified by this deficiency, he would it were otherwise, as in that case an attractive example would be set to many—but he thinks himself more honest in remaining as he is than in pretending to a degree

of moral rectitude, which many, who make this pretence, fail in exhibiting. If the shallowness of this reasoning be pointed out by the obvious fact that Christianity cannot be condemned for practices which she prohibits; that the persons in question, instead of derogating from the value of a sound creed, indirectly proclaim it; and that all that is wanted in their case, to make them even all that *he* would have them to be, is practical conformity with their own profession, he admits this explanation, but pleads again for delay regarding personal decision by confessing his unfitness to become a Christian. If met here by the important fact that the Author of the gospel, knowing the condition of man, has made provision for the acceptance and restoration of all sinners "who come unto God by him," he endeavours to escape from the generous welcome implied in this declaration, by reiterating a general "hope" that he may become religious at no distant day—thus persevering in the way of the sluggard.

A very common excuse for procrastination is the alleged mysteries of the Bible. Now, whilst to deny that the Bible contains truths so divinely glorious as to render them to the eye of man "dark from excess of brightness," would be equal to a denial of its inspiration—for the idea of a revelation from the great God, destitute of all allusion to his own incomprehensible nature and attributes, is an evident absurdity—it is a remarkable fact, that the parties who raise this objection are always the least conversant with the contents of the book against which they object. Moreover the objection goes too far, for when pleaded as an excuse for non-compliance with acknowledged duty, the excuse involves the confession that the Bible is understood to command the performance of certain things which have been neglected. Conscience also assures the objector that he knows it to be both offensive to God and dangerous to himself to pass a life of sin; and that he knows the Bible condemns sin, and points out the way of deliverance, both from its penalty and power, by the Lord Jesus Christ. Indeed the advocate of religious decision has always a voice to second his appeals in the conscience of the sluggard himself. But, alas for the man who thus stands upon a precipice overhanging eternity, framing excuses for the neglect of his own salvation, which is freely offered to him by the almighty

Redeemer! If there be infatuation in the human heart, and crime in human perversity, they are surely involved in the declaration of the compassionate Saviour, "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life," John v. 40.

There is one more appearance of the sluggard which ought to be mentioned here. He is often found in the assembly of the saints. Trifling excuses, such as an atmospheric change, or a slight indisposition, keep him away; but still it may be said, that he is in the habit of going to the house of God. As a rule, the services have commenced before he enters, and he manifests uneasiness if any stranger has taken possession of his accustomed pew; but, with the exception of occasional indications of weariness, especially if the discourse be of a practical and searching character, his attention may generally be said to be fixed on the speaker. But this is all. His habitual sloth conquers him, or rather, he yields himself up to its influence, so that it has no struggle for victory. He is a hearer of the word, but not a doer. The sudden resolution to follow out some thought suggested by the minister is as suddenly abandoned in view of the difficulty which it would occasion: he sits before the prophet as the people of the Lord, and he hears his words, but he will not do them, Ezek. xxxiii. 31. W. L.

A VISIT TO POMPEII.

THE following graphic description, from the pen of a Christian writer, lately appeared in the "Scottish Guardian."

On Thursday, the 18th of January, 1849, along with a few friends from Scotland, I visited Pompeii, and spent several hours of as lovely a day as it was possible to desire, in wandering through the silent streets, and surveying the long-forsaken dwellings, temples, and gardens of this world-renowned city of the dead. On that day I realized one of my earliest dreams, and gratified one of the deep longings I had cherished for many years. From what I had read and heard, my expectations were raised to the highest; but I can truly say that they were more than answered, and that the half had not been told. The history of this devoted and abandoned city, (abandoned to wickedness before given

over to judgment,) it is not my object to give. My object is not to describe it as it was, but as it is. It is the city of the dead I would portray; not the dead of the city. I proceed, therefore, without further introduction, to describe what I saw and felt amid the remains, for I cannot call them the ruins, of Pompeii.

At twelve o'clock we left Naples by the train, and on reaching the terminus, a distance of sixteen miles, and passing through a field sprinkled with pale and sad-looking flowers, now growing where the sea once rolled, you see at first nothing but a long rampart or embankment of earth facing the sea. Within and beneath that earthen mound lies Pompeii; I say beneath, for the city is only partially exhumed, and treasures may be yet discovered, richer in interest even than those which have hitherto been unfolded to the light of day. On approaching it, you find a spacious entrance; and passing through what was indeed one of the ancient city-gates, a long regularly paved street, with its houses, temples, pillars, and monuments, burst upon the view. The exact size of Pompeii at the time of its destruction, it is impossible now to say. Its walls, which yet remain, and part of which have been uncovered, were three miles in circumference. It had four gates—the Herculaneum-gate; the Sarno or sea-gate; the Isiac-gate, so called from the temple of Isis, which stood, and still stands, there; and the Nolo-gate. Its streets were regularly built, and in the direction of south to north. Several of these streets have been thrown open, and of these we walked through the following:—the Via Appia, the Via Consularia, the Via Mercuria, the Via Fortuna, and the Via Therma. The Via Appia we entered first. It was in this street, which is without the walls, that the Pompeians buried their dead; and on this account it is called "the street of the tombs." The ancients had their burial-places without the walls of their cities, and frequently on the road-sides. Hence the inscription, *Siste, viator*, "Stop, traveller;" an inscription which was appropriate enough on those monuments by the waysides, but unappropriate on ours, especially when erected on private grounds, or in retired places. The "street of the tombs" is about twelve feet wide, and is paved with large volcanic stones, fixed in their places by some kind of cement. It had a pave-

ment on either side for foot-passengers, which is yet in a state of good repair.

Passing from the Isiac to the Herculaneum-gate, we commenced our survey with the house of Diomede. This Diomede was a rich Pompeian merchant, and his house, judging of it even from its present state, must have been one of great elegance and grandeur. Entering it by a narrow passage, or doorway, called the *vestibulum*, and in our language the vestibule, we found ourselves in an open court or hall, surrounded with pillars, and having niches in the walls for statues. When this room was first opened, statues were found in the niches; but these, as has been the case with many of the portable treasures of Pompeii, have been carried to Naples, where they may be seen. In the centre was a reservoir or fountain, it is needless to say now dry and silent. By this court we were led into different rooms; the dining-room, the bed-rooms, or apartment rather, with sleeping-places in the walls, such as are frequently to be seen in Scotland; the bath, or bathing-room, with its two baths, hot and cold, and places for dressing and undressing, and furnaces for heating water. The walls of these different apartments were painted with what is supposed to have been the Tyrian dye—a composition, the knowledge of which is now lost; and the floors or pavements were laid with the most beautiful marble mosaic. Though the floors of the houses in Pompeii were generally of this description, the use of carpets was not then unknown. In the dining-room of Diomede's house, when first discovered, there was found the remains of a carpet. This, however, we did not see. Nor were glass windows then unknown. One of Diomede's rooms had a large bay window, and remains of the glass itself were discovered. These, indeed, were not common, and were not placed, as in our houses, only for use but ornament, in front, but on the roof. It is to be remembered, however, that the inhabitants spent most of their time in the open air, in the bright and golden air peculiar to this country, and that their houses were built for shade as well as shelter. This, too, was a city of the most dissolute manners, and it is to be feared its guilty and voluptuous inhabitants but too frequently associated the idea of pleasure and luxury with that of darkness.

From these rooms we passed into the

garden, which is of considerable extent, having a reservoir in the centre, surrounded with numerous marble pillars; all of which are entire and uninjured. Some of my friends descended to the cellars. Here there were found the skeletons of twenty human beings, who, it is supposed, had fled thither, but in vain, for safety. One of them had a key in one hand, and a bag of gold coins in the other. This is supposed to have been Diomede himself. Another was adorned with jewels and ornaments, and is supposed to have been his wife; while the other skeletons are conjectured to have been the other members of his household, children and servants. Such is a short description of the house of Diomede, from which your readers may not only form some idea of it, but of the rest of the houses of Pompeii, which seem to have been built on the same principle, and to have contained the same number of apartments. Though not of great extent, every house contained within itself a court, with fountains of water, a dining-room, a room for receiving visitors and strangers, bed-rooms, or sleeping-places, a writing-chamber, baths—hot, cold, and vapour—servants' rooms, a kitchen, cellars, and garden; each of these rooms and places had their appropriate names, well known to scholars, such as the *Atrium*, the *Triclinium*, the *Cœnaculum*, the *Tablinum*, etc. The walls were mostly all coloured with the bright Tyrian dye, and many of them were adorned with paintings of the most exquisite beauty. Some of these remain; others have been removed to the Museum at Naples, and are said to be greatly admired by the best judges of this delightful art. Whatever may be said of them, however, in an artistic point of view, morally considered, many of them are most objectionable. In this respect, truly, they may be said to be the "works of darkness," and the productions of men who, "as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge," were given over by him to "a reprobate mind;" who thus "became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened:" who "changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." The noblest of all the arts, painting, has perhaps, of all the others, least answered its end. This is true even of the so-called Christian masters. And if true of them,

it is not wonderful that it should be so of their pagan predecessors.

Leaving the house of Diomede, we commenced our survey of the tombs, which in long rows line both sides of the way. To describe or even enumerate them all, is impossible. We would merely notice the tomb of Diomede, which, as we have seen, neither he nor his children were ordained to inhabit. It consists of a marble front, with two Corinthian pillars on each side, and with an appropriate inscription in the midst, stating it to be the "burying-place of Diomede and his children." The next was the tomb of two children: Velasius Grotus, who died in the twelfth, and Salvius, who died in the fifth year of his age. We come next to the "tomb of Scaurus, a duumvir." The inscription on this monument is in some parts mutilated, but, on the whole, is intelligible. Space forbids me to do more than notice those of "Servilia—to her friend," of Calventius, of the priestess Mammia, of the tribune Veius, and of the gladiators, and numbers more. The interior of this last tomb is in the most perfect state of preservation, and we saw several apertures in the wall, in which were placed the urns which contained the ashes of the dead. The inscriptions on the tombs are all remarkable for their simplicity, and some of them for their tender and touching expressions of sorrow, intimating that they who came to weep there "sorrowed as those who had no hope;" for although "life and immortality had been brought to light by the gospel," it does not appear that the light of life had shone into the hearts or homes of this depraved and devoted city. It sat under a darker shadow even than that of the dread mountain behind it—the shadow of spiritual and eternal death, and under this shadow it perished.

The Via Appia contained dwelling-houses and shops, as well as tombs. Of these we examined several; and among others, the following:—1. A baker's shop, in which there is a mill for grinding corn, so perfect as to be almost ready for the working, and an oven ready to be heated. 2. A *café*, or coffee-shop,* with the marks of the cups visible on the counter. 3. A dairy, or milk-shop, at "the sign of the Goat," which still remains at the door. 4. An inn, with the

word *Salve*, "welcome," on the door, and which some not unhappily have termed the "Salutation Inn." 5. A wine shop, with an appropriate painting of Bacchus on the wall. 6. A surgeon's shop, with his surgical instruments, and the sign of a serpent eating an apple. 7. A sculptor's studio, which contained several statues, some finished, some half-finished, and others only just begun. In the other streets were shops of similar and of various other descriptions, in which were found at the time of their being opened all manner of goods and merchandise, in such a state of preservation as to indicate the character of the shops which contained them; and if the name and sign on the door had not done it, the nature of the traffic that was carried on within them would. Most of these objects, such as lamps, candelabra, glass, vases, statues, paintings, utensils, tables, wine-jars, medicine-bottles, loaves of bread, gold and silver coins; necklaces, bracelets, rings, and other female ornaments, and such like articles of ornament and use, have been removed from the houses, shops, and temples to which they belonged, to the Museum of Naples. Enough, however, remains to awaken interest, to gratify curiosity, to recall the past, and not only to recall, but to represent it. So many, indeed, are the indications of youth and business and life around you, it is difficult to believe that the city is one of remote era, and not one of modern times; that since the voice of harpers and musicians, of the bridegroom, and the bride—since the sound of the millstone was heard in it, and the light of a candle shone in it, two thousand years have rolled away; and that instead of a city of the dead, it is not still the city of living men.

"On finding myself," says a traveller, "occasionally alone in some of its dwellings, I felt as if intruding, an unbidden guest, in some mansion whose owners had but lately left it; and the echoes of the voices of my companions from other buildings sounded strangely in my ears, as if they were those of the departed hosts reproaching me for thus unceremoniously exploring the sacred recesses of their domestic privacy." Among the temples of Pompeii, that of Isis, an Egyptian divinity, deserves a longer notice than I can now give to it. It may interest the reader to be told, that the secret place in which the priest hid himself, and from which he uttered his lying

* Coffee, it is needless to say, was not literally sold there; but medicated wines and drinks, answering to those sold in our *cafés* at the present day.

oracles, and the secret stairs by which he ascended to it, and the means by which he moved the figure of the god, are all now revealed to the light of day. In one of the chambers a skeleton was found, with an axe beside it; the walls had been pierced by the axe; but ere the victim could proceed farther, the hand of death was upon him: the temple became his tomb. In another part of the city a skeleton was found, with several ornaments and sacred instruments of the temple: destruction had overtaken him in his flight. Having visited several other streets and their chief buildings—the Pantheon; the Basilica, or Court of Justiciary, a magnificent structure; the houses of Pansa and Sallust, with its startling inscription on the vestibule, *Cave canem*, "Beware of the dog;" and though last, not least in interest, the Forum, in ancient cities well known to have been the chief place of concourse and traffic, the place where the tide of human existence and interest rolled the deepest and rose the highest, and where the din of voices was ever the loudest,—I had now leisure to survey the local situation of Pompeii. The more I considered this, the more it filled me with admiration. Placed on a rising ground, the sea rolls on the south at its feet. Behind it towers Vesuvius, which at that moment was pouring forth volumes of smoke and lava, five streams of which could be seen rolling and smoking down its breast. To the east rise the Sarnian Mountains; one of which, St. Michel, or St. Angelo, is of much greater height than Vesuvius itself. At the foot of this mountain is seen the milk-white town of Castella-Mare; and far up above it, and apparently out of this lower region altogether, the town of Lettero. Add to this the surrounding *campagna*, the soil of which is the richest in the world; a cloudless sky, a radiant atmosphere, breathing the rich odours of thyme and myrtle—and you have a scene to which neither the pen of the poet nor the pencil of the painter could do justice, and which, for mingled loveliness and grandeur, can, I think, have few parallels in the world. Such is the site on which once stood the living, and on which now stands the dead, city of Pompeii. Now, too, I began to reflect on the doom which overtook this proud city, and of the three days when it rained as it were fire and brimstone from heaven upon its guilty inhabitants.

But these days of woe to this guilty city, and the horrors which during them it witnessed and endured; the supernatural darkness, when the day became night at noon; the earth heaving, and the sea roaring and receding as in horror from its polluted shores; the destroying mountain, and the deluge of vapour, smoke, and fire; the consternation of the inhabitants; the hurrying to and fro; the sad embraces of kindred, and their wild and despairing partings; the shrieks of the living, and the loud wail, and then fainter and fainter, till all was hushed in everlasting silence; and the low, stifled moans of the dying;—these days and these horrors, what heart may conceive, what pen describe? A Dante only was worthy to write the "Last Days of Pompeii." He who portrayed in such ineffaceable characters the sufferings of Ugolino, was alone able to describe the despair and the death of Diomedes. Awful as these days were, I was led to think of one still more awful, "in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up;" and when the wicked, instead of fleeing from the burning mountains and the dissolving rocks, shall, in their fear of meeting God, cry to them to fall on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, saying, "The great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

We now prepared to return to Naples. The sun, setting in cloudless glory on his evening throne, continued to shed a blaze of light on land and sea; and even after he had sunk beneath the horizon, the peaks of the lofty mountains we were leaving behind were seen bathed in purple and gold, presenting a scene to the eye,

"Before whose splendours all earth's pageants fail."

Inwardly praying that the time might soon come when, on this land of such surpassing natural loveliness and beauty, but spiritually a dark, a dead, and a "dry land, wherein there is no water," the "Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings," and Italy shall be "holiness to the Lord," we entered Naples; and such was my first, but, should I remain long here, not my last, "Visit to Pompeii."

J. ANDERSON.

OLD HUMPHREY AT LOCH LOMOND AND BEN LOMOND.

Where fair Loch Lomond lovely lies
 With fairy isles bespread,
 And deck'd with wooded headlands wild,
 Ben Lomond rears his head.
 He rears on high his rocky brow,
 And proudly looks around
 On hills, and dales, and mountain streams,
 And ocean waves profound.

THOUGH I made a much longer stay at Oban than I intended, my trunk did not arrive while I remained there. In vain I wrote to Blair Atholl, to Inverness, and to Fort William, for no tidings of it could I obtain. This was vexatious, for I had many calls to make, which in my tourist's dress I felt it necessary to forego. We talk of humility, but I fear that we are all of us proud. I made arrangements for my trunk to be sent after me to Glasgow, should it arrive.

Though the Caledonian hotel was my Oban home, the house was too full for me to sleep there; my worthy hostess, therefore, procured me a bed at the house of a friend. The lady of this house, though I never saw her, showed me the kindest attentions, through the medium of her very civil and attentive servant. When I returned at night to my lodging, there was always some act of courtesy performed. A cheerful fire was kept up for me, for the evenings were rainy and cold; a warm pair of slippers was provided, the sofa was turned to the blazing hearth, books of different kinds were laid on the table, and pens and ink were placed for my accommodation. Then there were kind inquiries from my invisible hostess, through her domestic, if in any way my comfort could be increased. I gratefully remember these attentions, but, as I said, I never saw my attentive hostess.

On leaving Oban, I was not able to obtain an inside place in the coach, and, therefore, seated myself between two Glasgow gentlemen, similarly circumstanced, in the low seats behind. In this situation we had to endure as pitiless a storm of rain as I ever remember to have witnessed. We pulled down the tarpaulin over our heads, and my companions, even more attentive to my comfort than their own, made a resolute defence with their umbrellas; but, in spite of all, we could not keep out the storm.

At one time the wind blew the tarpaulin away from us, then the strap and buckle with which we fastened it down gave

way; then the fitful blast turned one of our two umbrellas inside out; then my stick dropped on the ground; and then another coach came up, and we, by our defenceless position, furnished much amusement to the lighthearted passengers; but in spite of these mishaps, so far from the storm depressing our spirits, it seemed rather to increase our hilarity. When the storm abated, our converse was of the most agreeable kind, gay and grave by turns. We indulged in poetic quotations, held friendly discussions, moral and religious, and succeeded in winning our way to each other's regard and esteem. The kind attentions of my agreeable companions to me, not only on the coach, but also on board the steamboat, entitle them to my affectionate remembrance.

While the giant mountain Bencruachan, 3,390 feet high, and twenty miles round its base, oppressed my spirit with its enormous bulk, the loud roar of the cataract of gloomy Glensray broke upon the ear in fit accompaniment. But neither the cataract of gloomy Glensray, nor the enormous bulk of huge Bencruachan were half so influential as lonely Loch Awe, and the picturesque ruins which adorn it. The loch, as a whole being thirty miles long, and containing many islands, is too vast an object to be taken in at a single glance; but that circumstance is not to be regretted, occasioning as it does greater variety of scene from different points of view. Scarcely can imagination sketch a more perfect picture than that of Kilchurn Castle, crowning the promontory at the east end of the lake. Every object is so strictly in keeping with the amplitude, the motionless beauty and extreme solitude that reigns around, that the spirit of the spectator partakes of the repose:

Let nought from that secluded lake be seen,
 But sky and rocks, and russet leaves and green;
 Let nought be heard on that sequester'd shore,
 But winds loud wailing and the cataract's roar.

There is that in the loneliness of lakes, the grandeur of mountains, the romanticity of rocks, the beauty of trees, and the venerable appearance of olden ruins, that affords harmony to the mind as well as to the eye. True it is, that the fortress and the castle are the creation of art and not of nature, and that, when in their strength, they present to the mind images of armed men and violence rather than of solitude and repose; but it is

otherwise with a castle whose towers are mouldering in desolation, and whose ruined walls are covered with moss and ivy. The square tower of Kilchurn Castle was erected in the year 1440 by the famous sir Colin Campbell, knight of Rhodes, an ancestor of the family of Bredalbane. Wordsworth says of Kilchurn Castle: "It is, I grant, easy to conceive, that an ancient castellated building, hanging over a precipice, or raised upon an island, or the peninsula of a lake, like that of Kilchurn Castle, upon Loch Awe, may not want, whether deserted or inhabited, sufficient majesty to preside for a moment in the spectator's thoughts over the high mountains among which it is embosomed; but its titles are from antiquity—a power readily submitted to upon occasion as the viceroy of Nature; it is respected, as having owed its existence to the necessities of things, as a monument of security in times of disturbance and danger long passed away—as a record of the pomp and violence of passion, and a symbol of the wisdom of law; it bears a countenance of authority, which is not impaired by decay."

"Child of loud-throated war, the mountain stream
Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age!"

I was much pleased with the Inn of Dalmally; it has many advantages for one who wishes to spend a day or two in secluded and delightful scenery. Magnificent is the view from the old stone bridge over the Archy. In the neighbourhood of Tymdrum are the lead mines of the marquess of Bredalbane; and not far from them is Dalree, or the King's Field, where Macdougall of Lorn, in the year 1306, defeated king Robert Bruce.

Many people who stay at Tarbet, or at other places in the neighbourhood of Loch Lomond, go to see the Cave of Rob Roy and the Fort of Inversnaid, which was erected to restrain the excesses of that famous robber, who was, perhaps, the most notorious outlaw that ever infested Scotland. His cave is a gloomy place, and very suitable to the purposes of the daring robber.

Rob Roy, like most of those who have lived on plunder, had many very narrow escapes for his life. According to the following description of sir Walter Scott, he was once very near being taken by his determined foe the duke of Montrose:

"Marching through Balquidder with

a party of his tenants, the duke surprised Rob by himself, and making him prisoner, committed him to the charge of one of his followers, a large and powerful man, called Ewan of Brigglands. Rob was mounted behind this man, and fastened to him by a horse-girth, and the party marched away with their prize. They had to cross the Forth at a place where the descent to the river was precipitous, and where only one could enter the river at a time. While huddled together on the bank, Rob whispered to the man behind, whom he had placed on horseback, 'Your father Ewan wadna hae carried an auld friend to the shambles like a calf for a' the dukes in Christendom.' Ewan returned no answer, but shrugged his shoulders as one who meant that what he was doing was none of his own choice. 'And when the Macgregors came down the glen,' continued Rob, 'and ye see empty folds and a bloody hearth-stane, and the fire flashing out between the rafters o' your house, ye may be thinking then, Ewan, that were your friend Rob alive, you would hae had that safe which it will make your heart sair to lose.' Ewan of Brigglands again shrugged and groaned, but remained silent. 'It's a sair thing,' continued Rob, 'that Ewan o' Brigglands, whom Roy Macgregor has helped with hand, sword, and purse, should mind a gloomy look from a great man mair than a friend's life.' Ewan seemed sorely agitated, but was silent. The duke's voice was now heard from the opposite bank, 'Bring over the prisoner.' Ewan put his horse in motion, and just as Rob said, 'Never weigh a Macgregor's blood against a broken whang o' leather, for there will be another accounting to give for it baith here and hereafter,' they dashed into the water. Many had crossed, some were in the water, and the rest were preparing to follow, when a sudden splash showed that Macgregor's eloquence had prevailed on Ewan to give him a chance of escape. The duke heard the sound, and instantly guessed its meaning. 'Dog!' he exclaimed to Ewan as he landed, 'where is your prisoner?' and before Ewan could falter out an apology, he drew a steel pistol, and struck him down with a blow on the head. 'Disperse and pursue!' he then cried; 'a hundred guineas for Rob Roy!'—but Rob had escaped.

"This was not the only time when Rob and Death shook hands. Once his band, dispersed by a party of dragoons, were

baffling their pursuers by running off in different directions. A well-mounted dragoon dashed after Rob, and struck him a blow on the head with his broadsword, which, but for the plate of iron which he had in his bonnet, would have killed him. As it was, Rob was stunned, and fell. At this moment, Rob's lieutenant or sergeant appeared with a gun in his hand. 'Oh, Macanaleister,' cried Rob from the ground, 'is there naething in her?' (in the gun.) 'Your mother never wrought that nightcap,' cried the dragoon, and was coming down with a second stroke, when a ball whistled from Macanaleister's gun, and he fell, shot through the heart.'

"As Rob Roy grew older, he would willingly have abandoned his course as a freebooter, and returned to his old trade of cattle-dealing, but the letters that he wrote to Field-marshal Wade on the subject appears to have been disregarded. Many who take to evil ways, find, like Rob Roy Macgregor, that they cannot, when they would, return to the path of rectitude.

"When he was on his death-bed, one of his enemies, a Maclaren, came to see him. Before admitting him, the old man insisted on being lifted up, with his plaid put round him, and his broadsword, pistols, and dirk placed beside him; for, said he, 'No Maclaren shall ever see Rob Macgregor unarmed.' He received his foeman's inquiries coldly and civilly. As they were together the priest came in. Taking the opportunity afforded him by the meeting of the two hostile clansmen on so solemn an occasion, the priest exhorted Rob to forgive his enemies, and quoted the appropriate passage in the Lord's Prayer. 'Ay,' says Rob, 'ye hae gi'en me baith law and gospel for it. It's a hard law, but I ken it's gospel.' Then, turning to his son Robert, who was standing near, 'My sword and dirk lie there, Rob. I forgive my enemies; but see you to them, or may —' The priest checked the rest, and Rob grew calm. When Maclaren had left the house, the dying man—the Highland spirit burning brighter in him at this last moment than it had ever done before—said, after a little pause, 'Now it is all over; tell the piper to play "Ha til mi tulidh!"' ("We return no more!") The piper obeyed. With the music of this Gaelic dirge in his ears, Rob Roy breathed his last. He was buried in the churchyard of Balquidder. His grave

is covered with a simple tombstone, without an inscription, but with a broadsword rudely carved on it."

Ben Lomond, with its ridges of rock one above another, and conical top, rises majestically on the sight. Its height is 3,190 feet above the sea, and it has a frightful precipice of 2,000 feet on its north side. The mountain is an immense mass of granite mingled with quartz, while on its sides strata of gneiss and mica schist are seen. The botanist who climbs and explores Ben Lomond will be richly rewarded by its vegetable stores.

As I had already ascended Ben y Gloe and Ben Nevis, I gave up all thoughts of climbing Ben Lomond, notwithstanding the splendid view its summit commands. In rainy or misty weather, the top of a mountain is but a dreary position. The language of one who endured, or rather enjoyed a storm on Ben Lomond, is enough to excite a desire to witness so arresting and sublime a spectacle. "A park of artillery is nothing in comparison to the dreadful sound which I heard crashing and tearing as if it would split the mountain in pieces; while Ben Lomond vibrated with the concussion in the air, and the mighty mountain trembled under my feet. It struck me at the moment, that such would be the sound, when, according to the words of inspiration, 'the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.'"

If Ben Lomond is a king of a mountain, Loch Lomond, or the Lake full of Islands, is a queen of a loch, no other Scottish lake being able to compete with her in loveliness. With a surface of thirty miles of extent, adorned with romantic islands, and surrounded by mountains of beauty and sublimity, with summits of the most singular forms, it possesses more attractive points than any other loch. Beautiful, however, as Ben Lomond is, most people would like it better were it less lengthy. Tourists, who wish to make the most of their time, after passing along Loch Lomond, land at Tarbet, cross over to Arrochar, at the head of Loch Long, and reach the Loch Long steamer, on its return to Glasgow; thus enjoying the magnificent scenery of both lochs on the same day.

A few miles from Inverglas is a very pleasant village called Luss. A little to the north of this village a splendid prospect of Loch Lomond may be obtained:

Islands, and wooded heights, and loch, and fall,
And huge Ben Lomond rising over all.

Glenfalloch is at the north end of the lake, and Glencroe, a gloomy and solitary valley, and Glenfruin, or Vale of Lamentation, to the west. Overhanging the entrance of Glenfruin stand the ruins of the Castle of Bannachra. "This castle was, in days of yore, the abode of the Colquhouns, between whom and the Macgregors a furious battle took place in Glenfruin in 1602; in the onset 200 of the Colquhouns were slain. After their success, the Macgregors cruelly murdered eighty youths of the Colquhouns, who had been led by curiosity to witness the flight; and, as a punishment for this barbarous butchery of innocent persons, the clan Macgregor or Alpin were proscribed by law, and ordered to renounce their name; but their legal rights were restored to them in 1755, after a century of shame and suffering. The chief of the Colquhouns was murdered in 1640, in the Castle of Bannachra, by one of the clan M'Farlane:

" Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glenfruin,
And Bannachra's groans to our slogan replied."

Many of the islands of Loch Lomond are interesting for their romantic appearance, and others on account of the purposes to which they have been or are applied. Inch Calliach, or the Island of Women, was so called because a nunnery was once established there; and Inch Murrin, the largest island on the lake, with the ruins of a castle on it, is looked on with interest by every eye, for it is used as a deer-park by the duke of Montrose, and, being well wooded, it furnishes an excellent covert for the antlered herd.

Dumbarton Castle arrests the attention the moment it breaks on the sight, by its striking and picturesque appearance. Dumbarton rock, on which it stands, is between 500 and 600 feet high, and rises abruptly out of the bed of the Clyde. This rock is cleft in twain, and has, therefore, two summits. The craggy twins are in form like two haycocks; but standing alone, as they do, they produce a remarkable effect. The rock and the castle blend, as it were, into one, much in the same manner as Stirling Castle does with the rock on which it stands, and this gives to the fortress an appearance of impregnable strength. Impregnable, however, as it may appear,

it has been reduced by famine and taken by escalade:

Led on by hate, or greed, or glory's lure,
What will not man achieve? what will not man endure?

Dumbarton Castle was the last fortress that held out to sustain the falling fortunes of queen Mary. The exploit of taking the place by escalade in the year 1571, by captain Crawford, of Jordanhill, with a small body of soldiers, is regarded as one of the most daring and hazardous enterprises recorded in history. "Captain Crawford took advantage of a misty and moonless night to bring to the foot of the castle rock the scaling-ladders which he had provided, choosing for his terrible experiment the place where the rock was highest, and where, of course, less pains were taken to keep a regular guard. This choice was happy, for the ladder broke with the men who attempted to mount, and the noise of the fall must have betrayed them had there been any sentinel within hearing. Crawford, assisted by a soldier who had deserted from the castle, and who, doubtless, was moved by motives of interest, and was acting as his guide, renewed the attempt in person, and, having scrambled up to a projecting ledge of rock, where there was some footing, contrived to make fast the ladder, by tying it to the roots of a tree which grew about midway up the rock. Here they found a small flat surface, sufficient, however, to afford footing to the whole party, which was, of course, very few in number. In scaling the second precipice another accident took place. One of the party, subject to epileptic fits, was seized by one of these attacks, brought on, perhaps, by terror, while he was in the act of climbing up the ladder. His illness rendered it impossible either for him to ascend or descend. To have slain the man would have been a cruel expedient; besides that the fall of the ladder might have alarmed the garrison. Crawford caused him, therefore, to be tied to the ladder, and thus mounted with ease over the body of the epileptic person. When the party gained the summit, they slew the sentinel ere he had time to give the alarm, and easily surprised the slumbering garrison, who had trusted too much to the security of their castle to keep good watch. Certainly this exploit of Crawford's, as it has been said, may compare with anything we read of in history."

On our passage up the Clyde the

steam-boat was crowded. A storm came on, and fortunate were they who could get shelter from the blustering wind and drenching rain. At last we reached Glasgow. If tourists have much to enjoy, they have something to endure. Glad was I to exchange the wind and the storm, the crowded deck and the heat of the engine of the steamer, for the comforts of Comrie's hotel in George's-square, to which respectable establishment a cab conveyed me from the river's side. As I presented the appearance of a weather-beaten tourist, and had no luggage but a small carpet-bag, I considered myself fortunate in passing the inspection of my host and hostess creditably, and in securing as much as I did of their attention and respect. "Here," thought I, "will I take up my abode for a few days, and surely in that time my trunk will reach me." So hard had I toiled as a tourist, and so often had I been drenched to the skin, that a temporary repose was very acceptable.

THE DESIGN OF AFFLICTION.

THE great design of affliction is to sanctify us. God chastens us "that we may be made partakers of his holiness:" he effects this by correcting us for our transgressions. In this way he restrains our impetuous passions, purges away our pollutions, and embitters to us the ways of sin. He wounds that he may heal: he prunes the branches of the true vine, that they may become more fruitful, John xv. 2. When his people break his laws, and keep not his commandments, he visits their iniquities with the rod, and their sins with chastisement, Psa. lxxxix. 30—32. When we are running from the fountain of living waters, and seeking cistern after cistern, he in mercy destroys these, one after another, to cure us of our folly. When any earthly object steals our heart from himself, he breaks our idol before us, and makes its vanity manifest. We then feel that this is indeed "a dry and a thirsty land"—a land of death and of darkness. But he who caused the wreck of our earthly joys, did it that he might lead us to take our stand on the sure foundation of his word. He who broke our cisterns and withered our gourds, designed thus to lead us to fountains of living water, and to the refreshing shade of the paradise of God. Not that he stands in need of our services, but because that without

him we must be miserable. His love to us, and his desire that we may be happy, will not allow him to suffer us to be deceived and destroyed. He cannot think of leaving us to make the world our portion; but even at the expense of the most painful afflictions, will call us from that which is not, to substantial and permanent blessedness. Often do we seek rest in that which cannot yield it—often do we leave the only refuge from the storm, and betake ourselves to the sands; and so may expect to be visited with tempests and inundations. We need checks and disappointments to our pursuits and our hopes, that we may learn by experience that we have no true happiness but in God—no home but heaven. Even in these storms his love is made manifest. A voice is heard saying, "It is I; be not afraid." Thus the heart is at once humbled and tranquillized. Sharp afflictions refine the soul. Should our inordinate desires be gratified, our earthly hopes and imaginations fed, and our sinister ends secured, we should die of this indulgence. But He who loves us will not suffer this. He frames his dispensations according to our real wants, and not according to our foolish wishes. Were his love cold, or were it but foolish fondness, he would act otherwise; but in that case we should be ruined.

Afflictions are designed to prevent, as well as to recover from sin. Should we in the day of trouble be unable to discover any particular transgression in which we have indulged, we ought not to question the goodness of God; for he sees the future in the present. We may not have formed and worshipped any particular idol, but he saw that we were about to do it; he saw a train of circumstances commencing, which, owing to our habits, tempers, and dispositions, would be a snare to us; and he determined to prevent the evil. Prevention, surely, is better than cure; and merciful indeed must it be to render the pursuit of sin bitter and difficult. Hezekiah was suffered to fall into pride; but Paul was prevented from doing so by "a thorn in the flesh," 2 Kings xx. 12—19; 2 Chron. xxxii. 25, 26, 31; 2 Cor. xii. 7—9. Which of these two cases, then, is the most desirable, and which of them affords the highest demonstrations of love? The second, surely. If we are about to go astray, is it not well that God hedges up our way with thorns, and builds a wall, that he may make our

wanderings from him perplexing, embarrassing, and painful? Hos. ii. 6, 7. In his providence he removes us from this or the other situation, where we might have been corrupted; he breaks ensnaring friendships, keeps from forming improper connexions, removes or embitters worldly comforts, and sends disappointments and trials, to keep us humble, holy, and watchful. He withdraws us from our purpose, because it would destroy us, Job xxxiii. 17. In reviewing the course of a gracious providence, we may see many salutary instances of this nature; and the retrospect ought to excite a spirit of confidence and of gratitude towards Him, who preserves us from what would at once have dishonoured his name and deeply injured ourselves.

Afflictions are designed to be trials likewise: they are so with a special view to the discovery of our disorders, in order to their cure; and the exercise of our holy principles, in order to their growth. Tribulation often calls forth the latent corruptions of the heart: the mind feels the workings of impatience; the heart frets, murmurs, and repines against the painful providence of Heaven; earthly attachments are found to be strong, and the spirit of rebellion seems to gain vigour. We startle, as if our trials had caused those evils; whereas they have only brought to light what had always been within, but in a state of concealment. Our faith and confidence are thus brought to the test, and we find, to our shame, how apt we are to distrust the God of our mercies. We are led, like Ezekiel, from one evil to another; and hear the voice which said to him, I will show thee yet more and greater abominations than these.—*Dr. Russell.*

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

HAVE YOU PONDERED THEM IN YOUR HEART?

You have read, no doubt, many books; some have pleased, and some have profited you, while others may have done both; but have you ever read, with the attention they deserve, the five books of Moses? Have you ever pondered them in your heart? They contain all that we know of the creation of the world, of the origin of mankind, and of the holy law of God, as revealed in early times. Have they interested you, informed you, and

impressed you? Have they called up in your heart a holy reverence for Jehovah? Have they convinced you of sin, and showed you that without blood there is no remission? Do you feel that, like God's people of old, you are wandering in a wilderness? and like them, are you journeying to a promised land?

Whate'er betide, still keep thine eyes
On that fair world beyond the skies.

What think you of the books of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, and Samuel? Have you pondered them in your heart? Have they brought before you the manners and customs of olden times? Have the retribution of Adoni-bezek, the hardihood of Jael the wife of Heber, and the song of Deborah challenged your regard? Have the stratagem of Gideon, the rash vow of Jephtha, and the parable of Nathan by turns absorbed your attention? Have you admired the courage of Joshua in holy things? Have you marvelled at the strength of Samson, in his life and at his death? Have you been moved by the tender love and devoted attachment of Ruth for Naomi? and have you hewn in pieces your darling sin, as Samuel hewed Agag to pieces in Gilgal?

When evil lurks thy path within,
Spare friend and foe, but spare not sin.

The books of Kings and Chronicles are a series of events setting forth the history of the monarchs of Israel and Judah. Have you read them carefully and thoughtfully? Have you pondered them in your heart? What striving after power! What grasping and grappling for a crown and sceptre does the history of kings set forth! What plots and confederacies! What gathering of armies! What battles of warriors "with confused noise and garments rolled in blood!" What driving out and taking possession! What slaughter, what spoil, and leading into captivity! From the building of the temple to the taking of Jerusalem, from the beginning of the reign of Solomon to the Babylonian bondage, a mingled train of good and evil succeed each other; peace and war, wisdom and folly, uprightness and wickedness, religion and idolatry. Kings, with all their glory, are not without care.

Care climbs the palace walls, and flings
A shadow o'er the paths of kings.

The books of Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, and Job are important portions of Holy Scripture; have they appeared such to you?

Have you spread their pages before you after closing your chamber-door? Have you really pondered them in your heart? Have you seen, as it were, Ezra before you as the scribe of the Lord? and Nehemiah as the servant of God, during the building of the wall of Jerusalem, when every workman with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon? Have you been ready to weep at the afflictions of Esther and Job, and rejoiced at their returning prosperity? And have you broke out in the fulness of your heart into the words of the shepherd king, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all?" Psa. xxxiv. 19:

Though flood and flame enclose him round,
The righteous shall in peace be found."

Have the Psalms of David been as meat and drink to you? Have you found them suitable to all seasons and all necessities? Have you pondered them deeply in your heart? Have you seen in them the finger of God, the handwriting of the Eternal? Have you felt them, clung to them, and delighted in them? Have they been the means of making you love the Lord with all your heart and with all your mind, with all your soul and with all your strength? Have they brought you low when you have lifted up your heel against the Holy One, and thought more highly of yourself than you ought to think? And have they raised you when you have fallen, making your broken bones to rejoice? Have they supported you in adversity, and sobered you in prosperity, teaching you patiently to endure and gratefully to enjoy? Have they filled your mouth with praise, and your heart with hallelujahs?

Oh strike with joy the golden strings,
And loudly praise the King of kings!

I need not ask you if you have read the Proverbs of Solomon, for who can help reading them? but I will ask you if you have read them in the spirit in which a man digs for hidden treasures? Have you felt, when roaming over them at will, as though you had in your possession what rubies would not buy? Have you been all alive to their lessons of instruction to princes and people, masters and servants, parents and children? Have you, in very deed, pondered them in your heart, committed them freely to your memory, and repeated them to those

around you? And have you, after reading them, with delight exclaimed, "Truly, 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge; but fools despise wisdom and instruction?'" Prov. i. 7.

True knowledge seeks the sacred word,
True wisdom fears and loves the Lord.

The books of the Prophets have a claim on our regard that none of us can deny. They come with the voice of the Eternal, setting forth the things that were, that are, and that yet shall be. Have you listened to them with wonder, with reverence, and with sacred fear? Have you, with self-abasement, pondered them in your heart? Have you paused on the prophetic words of Ezekiel, and Daniel, and Joel, and Amos, and Jonah, and Habakkuk? Have you shrunk within yourselves at the withering denunciations of Jeremiah, and hailed, with exultation, the glorious prediction of Isaiah: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, the everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace?" Isa. ix. 6.

O love Divine! O wondrous plan!
The Lord of glory dies for man!

And now I come to the Gospels and Epistles; and what shall I say of them? What can I say of them sufficiently to set forth my estimate of their worth? Have you sought their instructions, their reproofs, and their consolations? Have you deeply and devoutly pondered them in your heart? Have the clearness and brevity of Matthew and Mark, the learned eloquence of Luke, and the kind expressions and tender love of John sunk into your soul? Have you lingered on their language, imbibed their spirit, and believed unreservedly their testimony? Have the Gospels and Epistles been a means of doing you good, making you sick of sin, and humbling your heart? Have they, in a word, led you to the Saviour? so that you have cried out with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Luke xviii. 13; with Peter, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee!" John xxi. 15; with Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" John xx. 28; with Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" Luke ii. 29.

O God! though countless cares increase,
Thy work be mine—my last end peace.

VISIT TO THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

As the Royal Observatory, sometimes called Flamstead House, in Greenwich-park, is visited by few, a familiar account of an hour or two spent at the place may not be unwelcome to some of my readers. Like many others, I had often looked with wonder at the building, and as often wished to become initiated in the astronomic and magnetic mysteries passing within its walls.

Permission having been obtained by a friend from the lords of the admiralty, for three of us to visit the Observatory, with a view of witnessing, through the powerful telescopes of the place, the deep cavities near the edge of the moon, there appeared a reasonable prospect that we should soon gaze on this interesting spectacle; but earthly hopes are proverbially uncertain and fallacious. In consequence of a communication from the astronomer royal to the admiralty, setting forth the inconvenience that would arise from the occupation of the telescopes, the permission given was courteously and reluctantly withdrawn. As, however, there was no obstacle in the way of our visiting the Observatory by day, we gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity.

I left London by the railway, in sufficient time to be at the Observatory by twelve o'clock; but owing to my ignorance of the locality of the appointed place of rendezvous, I had nearly an additional mile to walk, under circumstances by no means agreeable. Knowing the extreme exactness with which the ball at the Observatory falls at one o'clock, and having heard that some of the chronometers at the place hardly varied the hundredth part of a second in a year, I thought to myself, what if professor Airy should practise this extreme exactness in his daily affairs, and we should arrive half an hour after time! Why, unless he be a very patient man, he will be more anxious to keep us on the outside, than to admit us to the inside of the Observatory. I afterwards found, to my great relief, that no exact time had been fixed for our arrival; we were, therefore, enabled to recruit our strength and spirits with a hearty lunch, at the hospitable residence of one of my accompanying friends.

The day was a splendid one! The sun shone, the sky was bright and blue, and the avenues of trees and the antlered deer in the park, together with the view

of Greenwich, the hospital, the shipping in the river, and London in the distance, presented a goodly spectacle. We stopped more than once to gaze around us and enjoy the scene: at length we arrived at Flamstead House.

Most likely my readers are aware that the spot on which the Observatory now stands was once occupied by Greenwich Castle, a very picturesque building, used both as a fortress and a prison. It was also a residence for the younger branches of royalty, and sometimes as a banqueting-house its walls rang with revelry and mirth. There were merry doings at the castle when the eighth Henry turned Blackheath into a tournament-yard, and held his festivities in the palace. An old poet says, in rather grotesque rhyme:

"Behold by Prospect, with what Art
Fayre Greenwich Castle pleasantly,
A House of Banquet, neare and part
Of Thames and London, How they ly."

As it wanted but little of one o'clock, we stood, with our watches in our hands, awaiting the ascent of the great ball. It crept slowly up the pole, half mast high, and at five minutes before one ascended to the top. Precisely at one, it fell part of the way down. I had watched it so intently, fearing that if I removed my eyes, even for a moment, it would fall, that I felt tremulously excited. Hardly need I mention the well-known fact, that at the moment the ball falls, the captains and mates on board the ships in the river correct their watches and chronometers.

The court-yard of the place was in confusion, on account of the new building in course of erection; workmen were passing to and fro, and stones, bricks, and mortar lay in heaps; but the bright sunshine, the blue sky, the verdant laurel and laurustinus, the pleasant prospect, and the exciting sound of the band that struck up at a distance, spread a general air of cheerfulness around.

While looking on the Observatory, a strange feeling of mystery came over me. It was the place whence the longitude was reckoned for the whole world, and where observations and calculations of the most intricate and important kind were made with extreme care and correctness. There the heavenly bodies were accurately observed, and magnetism, electricity, and meteorology pursued on the broadest scale. I had in my mind a mingled confusion of monster telescopes, forty feet reflectors, and all kinds of

astronomic instruments, and the very shades of Flamstead, Halley, Newton, and Herschel seemed to be moving round me, to say nothing of the talented astronomer royal himself, whom I expected shortly to see. To our great regret, we soon learned that this latter personage was in Edinburgh; this to me was a very great disappointment.

On entering the Observatory, under the guidance of a courteous conductor, we saw a variety of clocks, meting out time into fractions in different ways, together with barometers, thermometers, and various instruments.

Every hole and corner seemed to be occupied, and everything had such a learned look, that I felt half afraid I should commit myself if I opened my mouth to speak.

Our attentive guide took us into a large circular room, where four or five persons were seated, busily occupied in calculating and recording what recent observations had been made. A telescope occupied one part, with other instruments around it, while here and there were paintings or prints of astronomers royal, astronomical instrument makers, and others, with a library, and seemingly endless manuscript volumes of the transactions of the Observatory. I felt myself marvellously ignorant, and thought that all around me were marvellously wise.

Hardly can I imagine an astronomer pursuing his avocation without an occasional burst of adoration to his heavenly Father.

"These are thy glorious works, thou Source of good!
How dimly seen, how faintly understood!
Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care
This universal frame, thus wondrous fair;
Thy power Divine and bounty beyond thought;
Adored and praised in all that thou hast wrought."

Willingly would we have pored awhile over Flamstead's "Scheme of the Heavens," in the folio vellum-bound manuscript where it is unfolded; or pondered over his memoirs in the other folio calf-bound manuscript, in which he mentions his cause of quarrel with sir Isaac Newton; but we had much to see, and as the learned heads around us, with all their astronomic lore, could not, like Joshua, command the sun to stand still for us, nor bring back the shadow as it was brought backwards ten degrees, "by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz," so were we obliged to forego one

gratification, that we might not rob ourselves of another.

Mounting a staircase from a large circular room, we visited the upper apartments, all of them appropriated to some useful purpose. One of them was fire-proof, and in this the records of the Observatory are kept, that should a fire take place, the results of the labour of years may not be involved in the general destruction.

As we proceeded onwards along a passage, there was pointed out to us, hanging against the wall, a large, lumbering old quadrant, that most likely Halley, or Bradley, or Maskelyne had turned to some account; but its day was gone by, and more improved instruments had cast it into the shade, and made it obsolete. "Oh!" thought I, "there are many of us old quadrants in the world, who will soon be laid by, that our places may be supplied by more efficient instruments than ourselves."

On the roof of the building we saw more distinctly the large ball, which is formed of wood, and covered with black leather, the hoist that raises it, the trigger and discharging gear for setting it at liberty, and the clock, regulated by observation, for giving the precise moment of time required.

As I looked down on the quiet and retired premises of the astronomer royal, a blackbird flew across from one bush to another. The place presented a sweet picture of seclusion. Descending from the roof, we proceeded to visit the larger telescopes.

It had always been a puzzling problem to me, how it could be possible for the telescope to command the whole field of the heavens, without the observer being exposed to the inclemency of the atmosphere; but this problem is solved in the most simple manner imaginable. The dome-like room has a slit of light let into it from above, by the withdrawal of a shutter, and through this slit the heavens are surveyed. The whole roof being movable, it can be turned round at pleasure, and the slit brought opposite any of the heavenly bodies that are to be surveyed. "I see," said I to myself, "there are much wiser people in the world than old Humphrey."

The transit, and the equatorial, the altitude and azimuth instruments awakened our wonder. Though the sizes of the telescope glasses were much less than I had expected to see; the largest glass

not being, I believe, more than about six or seven inches in diameter. The ease with which these large instruments are managed is very striking to a stranger. There is a beautiful arrangement by which, when the telescope is once directed, the motion of the earth is equalized, or, in other words, the telescope moves one way while the earth moves the other; so that, without any readjustment, the glass is always pointing to the same object.

As I looked on the different instruments, the old tale of the astronomer seeing, as he supposed, a monster in the sun, with a large head, six long legs, and an enormous pair of wings, which turned out in the end to be nothing more than a common fly between the glasses of his telescope, came into my mind, and I thought, supposing for a moment the narration to be true, the astronomer had really quite enough to alarm him. When we begin to magnify, either with telescopes or with imagination, we soon make a fly into a monster, and a mole-hill into a mountain.

It was a circumstance rather singular, that the first telescope through which our intelligent conductor had ever looked, belonged to one of my accompanying friends. This was accidentally mentioned in the course of conversation. I had heard that a well was once used at the Observatory, for the advantage of discerning stars by daylight; but forgot to make inquiry whether such was the case. The poet says,—

"Wise men in deepest pits see best by far
The sun's eclipses, and count every star
When sight 's contracted, and is more intent:
So are men's souls in close imprisonment."

The mural circle, for observing heavenly bodies at the meridian, and other instruments, set us thinking about things that were too high for us, and we were obliged to refrain.

In one room we saw piles of government chronometers, in their small square boxes. There is a humorous story told of a carpenter, who was once employed at the Observatory. The man's wife could not at all understand how it was that her husband was kept there so late at night, when he, to pacify her, gave her to understand that the falling stars came down so fast, that it was quite as much as they could do to make wooden boxes fast enough to put them in. Without stopping either to inquire into the

truth of the story, or to censure the want of veracity in the carpenter, I will venture the remark, that had his wife put her head into the chronometer-room, she would have seen enough to have strengthened her conviction of the truth of her husband's relation, in the number of chronometer-boxes presented to her view.

If my readers have never heard of the amazing perfection of our English chronometers, they will evince no little surprise at being told that one chronometer, No. 679, varied only ninety-eight hundredths of a second in a year; that another, No. 665, varied only eighty-nine hundredths of a second; and that a third, No. 675, varied only eighty-six hundredths of a second. Such extreme accuracy as this could hardly be believed, were not the rates taken by accredited persons, rendered competent both by knowledge and continual practice. The importance of the knowledge of the exact time of the day to nautical men when at sea is incalculable, as it enables them to discover both their latitude and longitude, and the part of the ocean in which they are.

As we moved about from one part to another, two or three times I fell in with Mr. Rogerson, of the Observatory establishment, whose "Brief Astronomical Notices," and "Notices of Animated and Vegetable Nature," have for years afforded me both pleasure and instruction.

In visiting the magnetic and meteorological Observatory, we had a fresh conductor, who appeared to be perfectly familiar with everything around him. The pole in front of the building, used for electrical purposes, is as much as eighty feet high; the lamp at the top is always burning; the building itself is in the form of a cross, and in it are instruments of the most complicate and curious kind. Among these are the declination magnet, the horizontal force, the magnet, the vertical force magnet, the three telescopes, by means of which the variations of the positions of the magnets are observed, the mean-time clock, the barometer, the sidereal clock, the check clock, and the alarum clock. The electrical instruments are numerous, and there is an opening in the roof in the astronomical meridian.

In stealing an occasional glance around, both in the magnetic and the other department of the Observatory, I saw among the wise heads employed

several that took my fancy, though I could not help thinking, after all, that learned astronomers looked very much like other people.

Our conductor explained to us what, without explanation, would have been as unintelligible to us as Arabic. It was always a high treat to me to listen to one who, having the gift of words, and uniting a thorough knowledge of the subject on which he treats with some degree of enthusiasm, pours out a redundant stream of profitable information. I could listen by the hour, under such circumstances, without weariness, and I did listen on this occasion with much satisfaction. My two friends played well their part, in keeping up a conversation with our intelligent conductor, and thereby left me at perfect liberty to see, to hear, and to reflect.

I ought not to omit the instrument for measuring the rain, which we saw; nor the wind-meters, if such I may call them, for calculating and recording the motion of the air. One of these latter instruments determined the exact direction of the wind, another its power, and a third its speed, recording the whole with pencils, in the most correct manner, so that afterwards there might be read the direction, the force, and the velocity of the wind throughout every hour.

While admiring one of the instruments which was then being described to us, I observed that a spider had woven his web across it, just as if he had done so on purpose that he might say to us, "Judge ye which are most worthy of your wonder, the works of man, or the works of a spider!" I pointed out the web to our conductor, who observed that spiders were friends to astronomers, for that the latter often crossed the glasses of their telescopes with spider's threads, as they were so much thinner than the thinnest wire they could obtain. The spider is not only, as Solomon says, "in king's palaces," but also in the halls of learning and science.

Among the many things to which the attention of the Observatory is directed, are the heavenly bodies, the magnet, the barometer, the wet and dry thermometer, electricity, the direction, power, and speed of the wind, the currents in the atmosphere, the clouds, meteorology, the dew-point, the aurora borealis, halos, coronæ glories, solar and terrestrial radiation, and the intensity of the sun's rays. Great is the labour of the observations

made, but immeasurably greater the calculations they afterwards require.

After receiving the most courteous attentions, we withdrew, and hardly do I ever remember having been more deeply interested. My companions were, perhaps, as much impressed by our visit as myself; for a note just received from one of them says: "My mind is still reveling on what we have seen; the equatorial instrument, the transit instrument, and the instrument for measuring the motion and force of the air, open a wide field for reflection. The magnet department is very gratifying; the mode of collecting the fluid, its action of traversing, and the method of registering its oscillation are wonderful. The horizontal and vertical cylinder, its motion to receive the impress of the light, and the chemical process to render that impress more manifest, indicate the great and untiring energies of the human mind in searching out the wonders of the Almighty in his works."

My only source of regret on leaving the Observatory, save that of a painful sense of my own ignorance, was my disappointment in not having seen the astronomer royal. He was, however, nearly four hundred miles distant from the place, and therefore to see him was out of the question. All that I could do was, to desire for him that, after living a long and useful life below the stars, he might spend a glorious eternity above them. I know that I am not expressing myself as an astronomer in using the terms below and above the stars; but no matter, the wish is the same. After awhile there will be no stars.

"The Stars shall fade away; the Sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years."

The heaven to which we look, and hope through mercy to attain, has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, nor the stars, for the glory of God and the Lamb are the light thereof: "There shall be no night there; and they need no candle;—for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever," Rev. xxii. 5. G. M.

THE WALDENSES, OR VAUDOIS.

A WRITER in the north of Italy observes, "It will be interesting to us as Protestants, and may be useful also to keep an eye upon the circumstances of

our Vaudois brethren. Their late emancipation, imperfect as it still is with regard to some essential parts of religious liberty, such as the uncontrolled printing and circulation of the Bible and religious books, has been received with a very different spirit from that which has characterized the Irish emancipation. An account of the fête at Turin in commemoration of the event, (February 27th, 1848,) has been given in a little monthly publication, *L'Echo des Vallées*, lately published at La Tour." It is said in reference to this fête :

"One flag in particular excited extraordinary enthusiasm and the most lively sympathy. It bore, surmounted with the royal arms, the simple inscription, '*A Carlo Alberto, i Valdesi riconoscenti*.' About 600 men followed it, Vaudois formerly execrated, and even lately the objects of the most unjust and unreasonable prejudices. Two days before they had welcomed the edict that put them on an equality with their fellow-subjects, by bonfires on three mountain-tops, and on this day they came forward to celebrate the happy event. 'They have long enough been last,' said others; 'let them once also be first.'"

"When treading the spot celebrated by the martyrdom of their brethren instead of the old cry, 'Death to the heretics,' was heard the cordial shout, 'Long live our Vaudois brethren! Success to the emancipation of the Vaudois!' What thanksgiving arose from the hearts of many to the Giver of all good, who had once more shown that it is not in vain that we wait for him. How dear to the hearts of their children was the memory of those parents who, by unshaken devotedness to the truth, by their self-denial, and their sacrifices, had prepared this auspicious day for their descendants!"

THE LIFE OF ANIMALS.

STEWART, in his "Elements of Natural History," says, "Frogs do not arrive at maturity till their fourth year, though they hardly live above twelve:" he might have added that so many are their enemies, they seldom live out their natural term.

The toad, however, is long-lived. A tame individual of this species lived in the possession of Mr. Arcott, in Devonshire, for thirty-six years, when it was killed by accident: and certain it is that

toads have been discovered imprisoned in situations in which they must have lived for a long period of time. Not that we believe the common absurd stories respecting these animals being completely imbedded in masses of stone and the heart of solid trees. We would not here insinuate that these stories have been got up to deceive. They have, indeed, a portion of truth in them; and a little scrutiny will set the matter in its true light. Numerous experiments have been undertaken, in order to ascertain the power of endurance possessed by the toad, when immured in a close prison. Into these we cannot here enter at full length; suffice it to say, that the poor toads perished speedily,—leading to the inference that "accident must have introduced the toads in question, while yet very young, into the prisons in which they have occasionally been found; and that by the closing of the orifice which admitted them, they have become immured for an indefinite period, perhaps for many years; sufficient air and moisture reaching them for the support of the system in a sort of torpid condition, but yet not so torpid as to prevent a certain degree of growth."*

With respect to snakes, little is known. Vipers are said, but on doubtful authority, to attain to their full growth in seven years, but to produce young in their second or third. The common snake has been kept for eleven years in captivity; but of the age of the individual in question (preserved in the museum of the Zoological Society) when caught, or the circumstances of its death, we have been able to gain no information.

Those huge snakes, termed boas and pythons, which attain sometimes to the length of thirty feet, and even more, with proportionate bulk, are doubtless very long-lived; for on exclusion from the egg, the boa measures little more than sixteen or eighteen inches in length, and does not grow, so far as our limited observations have gone, at a rapid ratio. The same remarks apply to the crocodile and alligator. The eggs of these huge and terrible animals scarcely exceed in size those of a goose, and the young, when hatched, are not more than a foot in length, but we know not how many years have to pass before they attain the length of ten, twelve, or fifteen feet; neither know we the period at which

* "Popular History of Reptiles," published by the Religious Tract Society.

their growth ceases, nor what is the natural duration of their life.

With respect to tortoises, we have sufficient grounds for asserting that their growth is slow, and their existence greatly protracted. In the bishop's garden, at Peterborough, a tortoise died in the year 1821, which must have exceeded 220 years of age. The Lambeth tortoise, which was introduced into the garden in the time of archbishop Laud, about the year 1695, died, from neglect on the part of the gardener, in 1753, having been 128 years in the garden. Gilbert White records several details respecting a tortoise which had lived thirty years in captivity, and states that another, in an adjoining village, was kept till, by tradition, it was supposed to be 100 years old.

In the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society," July 9th, 1833, a notice will be found relative to one of those huge elephantine tortoises, originally from the Seychelles Islands, which was then living in the Zoological Gardens, and which had been presented to the society by lieutenant-general sir Charles Colville, late governor of the Mauritius. The specimen in question "was one of those which were brought from the Seychelles Islands to the Isle of France (Mauritius) in 1766, by the chevalier Marion du Fresne, and is believed to have since remained unchanged in size and appearance. Consequently it had been, in 1833, sixty-seven years in the island, and was full grown, or at least as large as it was in 1833, at the time of its transportation to the Mauritius. What its real age was it is impossible to conjecture; its length, measured along the curve of the back, was 4 feet 4½ inches, its breadth, taken in the same manner, 4 feet 9 inches. The length of the under-plate was 2 feet 8 inches, the breadth of the same, 2 feet 1½ inches. Its weight 285 pounds. We have, however, seen far larger specimens.

With respect to marine tortoises, or turtles, which, when first hatched on the sandy shore, are minute and feeble, and the prey of sea-fowl and quadrupeds, some of them grow to a prodigious bulk. The leathery turtle has been known to weigh 800 pounds. Advancing from these cold-blooded vertebrata, whose circulation is languid, and whose tenacity of life is proverbial,

We next come to birds. The goldfinch has been known to live sixteen, and even twenty years in confinement; and the canary also as long. The grey parrot,

and other species of this group, have been known to live for fifty, sixty, or even a hundred years. Eagles, ravens, swans, and pelicans attain to a great age, upwards, it is said, of a hundred years. The expression in Psalm ciii. 5, "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's," evidently alludes to the long duration of life allotted to the eagle, as if, from time to time, its energies were recruited, and the vigour of younger days reassumed. The goose is said to live for a lengthened period; but the life of our gallinaceous birds, or ordinary poultry, varies in natural duration from twelve to fifteen years. With respect to the feathered tribes in general, our information, as to the term of their existence, is very partial.

"Birds," says an admirable writer on physiology, "excel all other vertebrated animals in the energy of their muscular powers. The promptitude, the force, and the activity they display in all their movements, and the unwearied vigour with which they persevere for hours and days in the violent exertions required for flight, far exceed those of any quadruped, and implies a higher degree of irritability, dependent, probably, on the great extent of their respiratory functions than is possessed by any other class of animals."

Let us now turn to the mammalia. Among the races of this class of animals, those that are the most prolific are the shortest lived naturally, and most liable to become the prey of other animals; they reach maturity very early, and proportionate is the duration of their existence. In proof of this statement, we appeal to the rodents, remarkable, as a rule, for fertility, and brevity of life. Their fertility, however, is not intended only as a compensation for shortness of natural existence, but as a mode of counterbalancing the great loss their numbers sustain from the assaults of their many foes, both furred and feathered; hence it is ordained that the species should not only be perpetuated, but perpetuated in a ratio equal to loss, in order that the tribes which make them their prey may not find a deficiency of food; and thus is maintained the balance between the weak and the predatory.

The mouse, for example, as Baviack observes, "is saved from extinction only by its amazing fecundity." The mouse breeds several times in the year; the young, six or eight in each litter, are

born blind and naked; in about fifteen days they are able to shift for themselves; in a few months they attain maturity; and are aged when three years old. The same observations apply to the rabbit, which is mature at about seven or eight months old, and lives about six years. From six to eight years appear to be the natural extent of the life of the hare.

On the other hand, animals which slowly attain to maturity, and produce only a single offspring every two or three years, generally attain to a great age. The elephant, the hippopotamus, and the rhinoceros are said to live through centuries. Of the natural duration of the wild horse, the wild ass, and wild ox, we have no means of gaining any information; but these animals, in a domestic state, granting they be not prematurely worn out, are old at thirty. The age of sheep is said to be about fifteen years. The hog is unquestionably the most prolific of the pachydermatous order. Yet it would appear that this animal lives as long, at least, as the horse, in a state of nature. White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," mentions a sow that produced young till beyond the age of fifteen, when she was killed for bacon.

Among the carnivora there appears to exist considerable variation. Of the huge seals of the southern seas, we know nothing with respect to their natural life. The bear of Europe is said to live for upwards of fifty years. The huge grizzly bear of North America, which died a few years since in the Zoological Gardens, had previously existed in the Tower for more than twenty years, and afterwards for six or seven in the gardens; but we must not form conclusions from animals in unnatural captivity. The lion is said to live to a great age; he is not mature till from five to seven years. Pompey, a noted lion, which died in 1760, is known to have been seventy years in the Tower; another lion, brought from the Gambia, died at the age of sixty-three. On the contrary, the cat lives only for fifteen or sixteen years. The dog lives from fifteen to twenty.

Of the duration of life in the mighty cetacea, the whales and grampuses of the ocean, we know nothing; they appear to be slow in coming to maturity, and, doubtless, are among the longest-lived of the animal creation. The cub of the whale is comparatively small, and is long fostered and protected by the dam. But who has counted its years of existence?

who has traced it, month by month, from its birth, till its great form succumbs to death, and becomes the prey of myriads of aquatic creatures "rejoicing in its decay." Hundreds of years roll over ere its term of existence closes.

The crustaceous animals, as lobsters and crabs, etc., change their shell at given periods, till fully adult,—this renewal of their armour then ceases,—but to what period they continue to live is not ascertained. We have seen a dense array of full-grown muscles adhering to the back-plate of a Norway lobster, and oysters fixed on the back of crabs.

The mollusca, namely univalve and bivalve shellfish, are, many at least, probably very long lived; this fact the marks of animal growth on the shells of various species sufficiently prove; but the average duration of the life of any given species is quite unknown.

With respect to insects, as a whole, they enjoy but a brief term of being,—a few months in a caterpillar and larva state, and a few months, nay, weeks, in their perfect form; some even die in a day. Of others, however, the caterpillars live for two or three years, and the perfect insect for two or three more; burying itself in the earth during winter.

With respect to those strange animals, the jelly-fish, the physalia, the Portuguese man-of-war,—the zoophytes, and the microscopic animalcules, we know nothing.

But man is one of the animal creation. "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." "So teach us," O Lord, "to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!" M.

GIBRALTAR IN JANUARY.

WHAT shall I say to you of this wonderful rock? Nothing can exceed the beauty and variety of the vegetation with which its mighty bosom is all over embroidered. What think ye, at this season, of clusters of the white and odoriferous narcissus-polyanthus, and whole beds of lavender-flowers of the deepest purple and most aromatic fragrance? Every few yards you encounter beautiful shrubs, of which I know not even the names; and the broad rough stems and fan-like foliage of the palmetto mingle in

abundance with the gigantic leaves of the aloe, and the uncouth and unwieldy bunches of the prickly pear. Some parts are all blue with periwinkles; and here and there the wild tulip shows half his bulb, about the size of a turnip, among tufts of the most delicious herbs. Lower down are almond and damascene trees in full blossom; and here and there a noble old pine waves in gloomy majesty side-by-side with the light and feathery cork-tree. All is fragrance, verdure, and bloom. The indescribably beautiful Al-meyda, with its geranium hedges and gorgeous-coloured flowers, occupies the broad esplanade at the base; while the blue surface of the Mediterranean, backed by the solemn outline of the Granada and Barbary hills, finishes the picture.

You have no idea what a nice little clean, pretty, bustling town Gibraltar is. The fortifications are a source of astonishment and delight to me. Their extent, size, and beauty must be seen to be appreciated. And as for the streets—there you behold a daily masquerade of all nations! You are absolutely bewildered with the incessant variety of feature, complexion, and costume, which you encounter at every step. The noble countenance of the Spaniard, shadowed by his black steeple-hat; the turbaned Moor, with his clear olive cheek and large eye; the African Jew, with his hideous cowl of striped cloth; the Turk, the Negro, the Italian; and, though last, not least, the well-fed, fair, and comely Englishman, mingle in the variegated gala of this romantic town.—*White*.

GOOD GOVERNMENT.

It is essential to the goodness of a governor, or king, to guard the rights, secure the peace, and promote the prosperity of his subjects. No one can be called a good governor, who does not exercise his supremacy and authority in framing and executing laws for the protection and safety of his subjects. It is as essential to the character of a good ruler to punish vice as to reward virtue; to avenge the wrongs of his subjects, as to secure their interests; yea, the former is essential to the latter, since it is only the fear of punishment that restrains wicked men from violence. Should a ruler suffer crimes to go unpunished, the laws, however good and righteous in themselves, would presently lose their

authority, and government fall into contempt. Laws have no force any further than they are carried into execution; and authority loses its respect whenever it ceases to be exercised. Whenever the supreme magistrate neglects the execution of the laws, he loses the confidence of the people, and his regard to the public welfare becomes suspected. No one can confide in his public spirit, when he suffers the disturbers of the peace to go unpunished; for, ideas of true regard to public good as necessarily connect punishments with crimes as rewards with virtue. Should God pardon the sinner without taking effectual measures to minister conviction of his hatred of his sins, the evidence of his love to the public good would necessarily be defective. This, of course, would be a mode of administration exceedingly inconsistent with his original design in the creation and government of the world.—*West*.

THE SOUL OF MAN.

The soul of man is a great light reflected upon itself—"the candle of the Lord, searching all the innermost parts." It is a beam from the sun,—a candle lighted from the Light of heaven. And the light of this candle is ever streaming out and reflowing upon itself; like a diamond always playing with and in its own light. It may be covered with the thickness and grossness of earthly vapours from the body; but it is inseparable from its nature to be light. It cannot but in some degree shine, and send out itself, though its beams be but pale and wan; but when it hath any greater freedom and resolutely moves itself, there is a circle of rays about it, which have broken out from itself. In its creation, in its native splendour, it was of angelic brightness, near to God, and Divine glories and all the excellences of understanding were its proper lustre; and in eternity it will again rend all its clouds, and shine without interruption—and for ever!—*Beverley*.

GOOD AND EVIL.

Out of all earthly things there cometh out good and evil; the good through God, and the evil from the evil heart.—*Coleridge*.



Ullswater.

ULLSWATER.

THE following account of Ullswater is from the pen of Mr. Wordsworth:—In order to see the lower part of the lake to advantage, it is necessary to go round by Pooley Bridge, and to ride at least three miles along the Westmoreland side of the water, towards Martindale. The views, especially if you ascend from the road into the fields, are magnificent; yet this is only mentioned that the transient visitant may know what exists; for it would be inconvenient to go in search of them. They who take this course of three or four miles on foot, should have a boat in readiness at the end of the walk, to carry them across to the Cumberland side of the lake, near Old Church, thence to pursue the road upwards to Patterdale. The churchyard yew-tree still survives at JULY, 1849.

Old Church, but there are no remains of a place of worship, a new chapel having been erected in a more central situation; which chapel was consecrated by the then bishop of Carlisle, when on his way to crown queen Elizabeth, he being the only prelate who would undertake the office. It may be here mentioned, that Bassenthwaite chapel yet stands in a bay as sequestered as the site of Old Church; such situations having been chosen in disturbed times to elude marauders.

The trunk or body of the Vale of Ullswater need not be further noticed, as its beauties show themselves; but the curious traveller may wish to know something of its tributary streams.

At Dalemain, about three miles from Penrith, a stream is crossed called the Dacre, or Dacor, which name it bore as early as the time of the venerable Bede.

This stream does not enter the lake, but joins the Eamont a mile below. It rises in the moorish country about Penruderock, flows down a soft sequestered valley, passing by the ancient mansions of Hutton John and Dacre Castle. The former is pleasantly situated, though of a character somewhat gloomy and monastic, and from some of the fields near Dalemain, Dacre Castle, backed by the jagged summit of Saddleback, with the valley and stream in front, forms a grand picture. There is no other stream that conducts to any glen or valley worthy of being mentioned, till we reach that which leads up to Ara Force, and thence into Matterdale, before spoken of. Matterdale, though a wild and interesting spot, has no peculiar features that would make it worth the stranger's while to go in search of them; but in Gowbarrow-park the lover of nature might linger for hours. Here is a powerful brook, which dashes among rocks through a deep glen, hung on every side with a rich and happy intermixture of native wood; here are beds of luxuriant fern, aged hawthorns, and hollies decked with honeysuckles; and fallow-deer glancing and bounding over the lawns and through the thickets. These are the attractions of the retired views, or constitute a foreground for ever-varying pictures of the majestic lake, forced to take a winding course by bold promontories, and environed by mountains of sublime form, towering above each other. At the outlet of Gowbarrow-park we reach a third stream, which flows through a little recess called Glencoin, where lurks a single house, yet visible from the road. Let the artist or leisurely traveller turn aside to it, for the buildings and objects around them are romantic and picturesque. Having passed under the steep of Stybarrow Crag, and the remains of its native woods, at Glenridding Bridge, a fourth stream is crossed, which is contaminated by the operations of the Greenside lead mines in the mountains above.

The opening on the side of Ullswater Vale, down which this stream flows, is adorned with fertile fields, cottages, and natural groves, that agreeably unite with the transverse views of the lake; and the stream, if followed up after the enclosures are left behind, will lead along bold waterbreaks and waterfalls to a silent tarn in the recesses of Helvellyn. Eagles formerly built in the precipitous

rock which forms the western barrier of this desolate spot. These birds used to wheel and hover round the head of the solitary angler. It also derives a melancholy interest from the fate of a young man, a stranger, who perished, some years ago, by falling down the rocks in his attempt to cross over from Wythburn to Patterdale. His remains were discovered by means of a faithful dog that had lingered here for the space of three months, self-supported, and probably retaining to the last an attachment to the skeleton of its master.* But to return to the road in the main Vale of Ullswater. At the head of the lake (being now in Patterdale) we cross a fifth stream, Grisedale Beck: this would conduct along a woody steep, where may be seen some unusually large ancient hollies, up to the level area of the valley of Grisedale; hence there is a path for foot-travellers, and along which a horse may be led to Grasmere. A sublime combination of mountain forms appears in front while ascending the bed of this valley, and the impression deepens till the path leads almost immediately under the projecting masses of Helvellyn. Having retraced the banks of the stream to Patterdale, and pursued the road up the main dale, the next considerable stream would, if ascended in the same manner, conduct to Deepdale, the character of which valley may be conjectured from its name. It is terminated by a cove, a craggy and gloomy abyss, with precipitous sides; a faithful receptacle of the snows that are driven into it by the west wind, from the summit of Fairfield. Lastly, having gone along the western side of Brotherswater and passed Hartshop Hall, a stream soon after issues from a cove richly decorated with native wood. This spot is, I believe, never explored by travellers; but from these sylvan and rocky recesses, whoever looks back on the gleaming surface of Brotherswater, or forward to the precipitous sides and lofty ridges of Dove Crag, etc., will be equally pleased with the grandeur and the wildness of the scenery.

Seven glens or valleys have been noticed, which branch off from the Cumberland side of the vale. The opposite side has only two streams of any importance, one of which would leap up from the point where it crosses the Kirkstone-road, near the foot of Brothers-

* See the Poems of Scott and Wordsworth on the subject.

water, to the decaying hamlet of Harts-hop, remarkable for its cottage architecture, and thence to Hayswater, much frequented by anglers. The other, coming down Martindale, enters Ullswater at Sandwyke, opposite to Gowbarrow-park. No persons but such as come to Patterdale merely to pass through it, should fail to walk as far as Blowick, the only enclosed land which on this side borders the higher part of the lake. The axe has here indiscriminately levelled a rich wood of birches and oaks, that divided this favourite spot into a hundred pictures. It has yet its land-locked bays and rocky promontories; but those beautiful woods are gone, which perfected its seclusion; and scenes that might formerly have been compared to an inexhaustible volume, are now spread before the eye in a single sheet, magnificent indeed, but seemingly perused in a moment! From Blowick a narrow track conducts along the craggy side of Place Fell, richly adorned with juniper, and sprinkled over with birches, to the village of Sandwyke, a few straggling houses that, with the small estates attached to them, occupy an opening opposite to Lyulph's Tower and Gowbarrow-park. In Martindale the road loses sight of the lake, and leads over a steep hill, bringing you again into view of Ullswater. Its lowest reach, four miles in length, is before you; and the view terminated by the long ridge of Cross Fell in the distance. Immediately under the eye is a deep-indented bay, with a plot of fertile land, traversed by a small brook, and rendered cheerful by two or three substantial houses of a more ornamented and showy appearance than is usual in those wild spots.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

It was a busy evening at the Red Lion, at Merston.* Outside were some who, under the pretence of refreshing themselves, were tipping; and there stood the horse and cart of Jacob Hudson, a small tradesman of a neighbouring village. The light cart was not one of the spruce-looking vehicles which are sometimes seen in rural districts; it was old and shabby; and the splashes it had received during recent drives after heavy

rains were on its body and wheels; and with it agreed the stuffed seat, showing its contents at several places, the short and broken whip sticking out by its side, and the poor, jaded, tumble-down sort of animal in the shafts. Their owner had "just looked in," as he called it, to take a pint of ale; but this was followed by another, another, and another; these were quickly succeeded by glasses of rum-and-water, aided by a pipe repeatedly filled, during successive hours, until he had become vociferous in talking to all who had joined him at the table, amidst the plaudits of those who had plenty to drink and nothing to pay. Wretched man! sunk far beneath the level of his horse at the door—who would not take a lap of water beyond what nature required—while he is ruining by intemperance his body and his soul. Often has he fallen from his horse and been overturned in his cart, sometimes at the cost of much pain and suffering; yet here he is; it will be midnight before he leaves, and he may be spending now his last hours. What must it be to be hurried, in such a condition, into eternity!

Up stairs there is a great bustle; it is a meeting of the club, and now its business is being concluded, its members are forming into parties, some sitting and others standing, and all engaged in various conversations and discussions. In one corner is Adams, smoking, amidst a group similarly employed, to whom he is describing what he witnessed yesterday. It was the opening of the assizes in the county town; he had seen the high sheriff, attended by his javelin-men, go forth to meet the judge, who stepped into the state-carriage; and he had become very warm as he denounced what he termed "so much senseless stuff and parade."

Watkins, who had that moment come up, sympathized to some extent with him, when, on Adams uttering his sentiments with unusual violence, Clare exclaimed, "I wonder if you would say that if Mr. Ford were here!"

Of course Adams declared that he would; that he would say it before the face of any man, he did not care who; and the more people there were, and the higher they thought themselves, the better he should like to tell them just what he thought.

Such is the usual effect of giving way to the mere impulses of feeling instead of being swayed by deliberate and just

* See *Visitor*, January, February, March, and April.

thought. And yet such declarations are rarely verified. "I will tell my master what I think of him," says a mechanic, over his glass; but before he reaches the counting-house, he has cooled down, and then goes back; or if not, he becomes cooler still while he waits after his rap at the door, for "come in," or for his master's returning or being disengaged; and what was purposed to be forcible as the discharge of a bullet, ends merely in a flash of the pan. The fact is, that when the feelings are excited, objects are not clearly beheld, and therefore strangely metamorphosed, so that what was pronounced to be a ghost, proves to be only a scooped turnip with a candle in it, surmounting an old woman's red cloak. Then again, in proportion as the object which excited the feelings assumes its proper shape and character, other objects are seen, which moderate, perhaps calm, the passion that had been aroused. Thus the mechanic referred to thought only of "lowering," as he termed it, "his master's pride," as if he were sure of success; but as he walked along, other thoughts arose, "What will he care about what I say?"—"I shall be turned off in a huff."—"Work is scarce now; I will wait till times get better," he says to himself; and so he stops short of the counting-house altogether, or if he has actually entered it before discovering that "discretion is the better part of valour," his threat shrinks into a few simple words, takes the character of an inquiry, or becomes changed into a plea.

Other circumstances have precisely the same effect. Adams never doubted for a moment, as he was going with his neighbours to Caleb Ford's, that he should be able to "say a thing or two," that would be very embarrassing, and indeed place him in the attitude of conquest. It is well known that questions suddenly popped are often very annoying, even to the intelligent and sagacious, though the inquiries are trivial in themselves, as peas from a boy's pea-shooter; and that the veriest blockhead may suggest a difficulty in a few words, which it would take an able man an hour, perhaps many, effectually to remove. But the kind and quiet manner of Caleb Ford in the recent interview, checked Adams's strong disposition to show himself off, and then Caleb's lucid and patient statement of the actual facts in reference to parliament, allowed opportunity for only a few remarks, which

were promptly and summarily, yet courteously, set aside.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the effect of this procedure was more than temporary. Prejudice or passion, though put down, is not destroyed, any more than the fire is absolutely extinguished in the smouldering embers; only let the opportunity be favourable, and as, in the one case, the blaze will burst forth, so, in the other, prejudice will become loquacious, and passion inflamed. Accordingly, Adams was looking for a time when he could "tell Mr. Ford his mind," and as Watkins proposed that he should be asked for another interview, Adams concurred at once, thinking that the wished-for opportunity was at hand. With Caleb's usual kindness, and earnest desire to diffuse sound information, he cordially agreed, when Watkins made the request, that the proposed meeting should take place, and not long after, the former party were found again, one evening, in his pleasant-looking and well-ordered cottage.

"And now friends," said Caleb, "what question have you to propose? I have not yet heard of any topic that has excited your special interest."

"We should be much obliged to you, Mr. Ford," said Clare, just as Adams was about to reply, "if you would be so kind as to tell us all about law."

Without any criticism on the extended range thus opened, Caleb remarked, that "law is manifest everywhere, in all the works of the great Creator."

Instantly Adams saw an opening; he had recently perused a work which virtually denied the creative power of the Almighty, and he now intimated his expectation that the views of the writer to whom he referred would one day be generally admitted.

"I know the theory to which you allude," said Caleb; "it is not new, it is a revival of one long since propounded: it assumes that a little creature first appeared, like a very small living ball; that this gave rise to a being in a small degree its superior; and that, in the course of time, this development being carried onwards, an animalcule became an oyster, the oyster a monkey, and the monkey a man. Now, to my mind," continued Caleb, "there are to this theory fatal objections. It directly opposes, for instance, the Divine declaration, that by our Lord Jesus Christ were all things created, whether visible or

invisible; he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast. But the theory is a sceptical one, and therefore I meet those who hold it on their own ground, and contend that even there it is utterly untenable. In the first place, it has no evidence to sustain it. I ask you, Adams, did you ever find between the two shells of an oyster, anything but an oyster; any variation from the usual form of that creature; any development of new parts, ay, the slightest improvement in the last oyster you ate, over the first which you ever noticed?"

"I cannot say I have, Mr. Ford," replied Adams; "but you know other people may have seen what I have not."

"That is quite true," said Caleb; "but though there have been men to give not merely days, but months, and years to the careful study of one creature; and though we have the recorded observation of such men for many hundreds of years, we have not a single fact to sustain the notion of a creature of a higher order, proceeding from one that is inferior. No peculiarity in any creature becomes transmissible. Like produces like throughout the universe. Were it otherwise, the instances would be innumerable; they would start up before our eyes every day and every hour; we should be as familiar with them as we are with the leaves of trees, the flowers of plants, the young of animals; whereas, the theory before us, unsupported by a single fact, is absolutely contradicted by universal experience."

Adams did not expect this; but another statement of the same theorist occurred to him: "Animals may have had the power of self-improvement, and lost it."

"That is," said Caleb, "a notion as utterly fanciful as the other; it is, at best, only a subterfuge to avoid a difficulty, and one which might have been learned from the cuttle-fish, who instinctively blackens the water to escape from its pursuers. Let us be told how and when they lost it; and when we are apprised of this to our satisfaction, there will be another question, how were they possessed of this power? to which there could be no reply, but that which we now give in reference to all things visible and invisible: they are the works of an all-wise and almighty Creator. Granted even that all superior creatures are the result of gradual development, from the little living globes called monads, to whom are these to be traced but to the great Author of life, who

upholds all things by the word of his power, according to the laws which he has been pleased to establish and maintain?"

"But, Mr. Ford," said Adams, "if these things were created, what need is there of being constantly looked after? The man who made my watch is not always looking at the wheels."

"Certainly not," said Caleb; "but is there a parallel between your watch and the objects we are now contemplating? A grain of wheat, for example, produces other grains of wheat, just like itself, and this increase is dependent on other laws, affecting the quality of the soil, and the influences produced by the atmosphere, the sun, the rain, and the dew, to which all the waters of the globe contribute. In like manner we have an unfailing succession of the animal tribes, with all their amazing diversities of structure and instinct, as well as of those which are vegetable, for which summer and winter, seed-time and harvest return, in an order on which we may confidently calculate. Here then is the result of other laws, which regulate the motions and orbits of the whole planetary system. So exactly determined are these, that the minute and the second of an eclipse can be predicted, the precise time of a comet appearing and withdrawing can be calculated, and even the coming into view of a new planet—the planet Neptune—exactly foretold: thus we have, in the largest orbs of our system, as well as in the most minute plant or animal, the evidence brought under our own eyes, of the undeviating and invariable laws which God has appointed throughout the universe. When men, following the suggestions of pagan philosophers, speak of law as sufficient, they take, as you did in the case of your watch, an instance which falls almost infinitely short of the question at issue."

What is a law, apart from its being maintained in the exercise of intelligence? Were there no executive in England, no power to carry it into effect, of what use would a single law be on its statute-book? It would be manifestly only 'a dead letter.' Let these men take the question as it really is, as comprehending laws directing and controlling all the phenomena of nature—phenomena proceeding in unbroken succession and harmony from age to age; and then will they feel that to attempt to resolve them into mere law is utterly vain. The laws of nature are simply the fixed and estab-

lished modes of Divine operation, securing an uniform series of causes and effects; a certain and invariable order of antecedents and consequents. True philosophy requires, no less than Scripture, the admission that the kingdom of the Omnipotent ruleth over all, and that wherever we look we behold

'The unambiguous footsteps of a God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And moves his car among the rolling worlds;'

and hence," added Caleb, "it was truly and eloquently said, 'Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power: both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all, with one firm consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.'"

Various were now the thoughts and emotions of the party assembled; and the profound silence which followed the last appeal, so far from being broken by Adams, would have continued for some time, had not Sims inquired, "How Mr. Ford would describe the law of England?"

"Law," replied Caleb, "in the strict sense of the word, is a general command of an intelligent being to another intelligent being. Laws, established by the sovereign government of an independent civil society, like our own, are called positive. When we speak of law simply and absolutely, or of legislation, or a legislator, or of a lawyer, or student of law, positive law is always meant. The subject-matter of the science of jurisprudence is positive law. Under this head falls every general command of a sovereign government to its subjects, however conveyed. Blackstone divides the law of England into the unwritten, or common law, and the written, or statute law. The unwritten law he states to include not only general customs, or the common law, properly so called, but also the particular customs of certain parts of the kingdom; and, likewise, those particular laws that are by custom observed only in certain events and jurisdictions. Not that these laws are at present merely oral, or communicated to us by former ages solely by word of mouth. When the nations among whom laws

prevailed had little idea of writing, they were entirely traditional; but with us the monuments and evidences of our legal customs are contained in the records of the several courts of justice, in books of reports and judicial decisions, and in treatises of the learned of the profession, preserved and handed down to us from the highest antiquity. Unwritten law was so called, not because it does not exist in writing, but because it was not promulgated by the legislature in a written form. At present unwritten law comprehends not only the common law, which is administered by the courts of common law, but also the greatest part of the law administered in courts of equity. It has been concisely and correctly called judge-made law."

"And there you see, Mr. Ford," said Adams, "is one of our grievances. Who knows what law a judge will make?"

"A judge is, of course," said Caleb, "a fallible man, but his decisions are made before the world; they may be modified or overruled by a higher power, and therefore the strongest possible motives operate to just decision. Then, be it observed, there is the written law, which comprehends not only the statutes made by parliament, but also the written regulations issued by subordinate legislatures, as orders in council, and rules of court made by the judges. Positive law is divided, with reference to its subject, into the law of persons and the law of things; and still further, as relating to the legal consequences of a breach of legal duty, into civil and criminal."

"I suppose," said Watkins, "that the judges who have just come to the assizes attend to both of these."

"They do," said Caleb; "one presides in the civil, the other in the criminal court. The judge who administers the civil law in the neighbouring town will administer criminal law in the next county, and thus the public business will be dispatched throughout the circuit. Civil law is that in which every breach of a duty may be made the subject of a legal proceeding, for the purpose of conferring on the person wronged a right, from the enjoyment of which he has been excluded by the defendant; or of obtaining from the defendant compensation for a right violated by him. The scope of a civil action is, therefore, the redress of the plaintiff, by conferring on him a right or compensation for the violation of a right, which he claims from the defen-

dant. Criminal law is that department in which every breach of duty may be made the subject of a legal proceeding instituted by the sovereign or his representatives, for the purpose of inflicting punishment on the person charged with a breach of duty. The scope of a criminal action is, therefore, to inflict punishment on the defendant for the breach of a legal duty which is imputed to him. I hope," said Caleb, "that I have made the distinction clear."

"Perfectly," said Watkins. "As I understand it, when at the last assizes Dixon got his action against Robins for the malt he did not pay for, that was civil law; and when that scapegrace, Jackson, got two years' imprisonment and hard labour for embezzling the money he had collected for his master, that was criminal law."

"Exactly," said Caleb.

"But," said Sims, "I met a friend a few days since, and he told me that he intended to have Rogers punished for some wrong that he had committed, but that he did not know whether he should treat the matter 'civilly or criminally.' Pray, Mr. Ford, what did he mean by that?"

"The fact is," said Caleb, "that when one man injures another, he inflicts two wrongs, or rather the wrong may be looked upon from two points of view. In the first place he injures the individual, and, secondly, he does an injury to society in general; for every injury received by the individual is rightly considered to have been an attack on the society and the nation of which that individual forms a part, in the same way as if a man were to fire a pistol at a crowd of people, not only is he considered to have done a wrong in reference to the party whom he may wound or kill, but to have made an attack on the whole body there assembled. An illustration of the double operation of law may be furnished in the case of trespass. Suppose, for instance, one man trespass on the land of another and injure it, or if he allows his cattle to trespass on the land of another, and they tread down the corn, the owner may, on the refusal of the trespasser to award reasonable recompence, commence an action against him for the recovery of pecuniary satisfaction. In this way civil law will be appealed to, and justice being awarded, criminal law will, as it were, stand aside and let the matter pass. But suppose the party who

has done the injury have no money, and thus no means of giving pecuniary satisfaction for the injury; as if, for instance, the corn be trod down by some vagrant boys, or an orchard has been despoiled by others, it would be ridiculous on the part of the injured man to commence a civil process against them, for the boys having no money would be unable to pay the plaintiff when the case terminated. Instead, therefore, of attempting this, the farmer obtains a constable, lays his charge against the culprits, and on being brought before a magistrate, they are treated 'criminally,' and sentenced to such term of imprisonment, or other punishment, as the magistrate or magistrates may think best. In this case civil law has nothing to do with the matter, justice is satisfied by criminal law."

"But are all legal questions taken up on this double principle?" inquired Watkins.

"No," said Caleb; "it is only some of them, for many would not allow it, and come under the cognizance of criminal or civil law alone. Murder, or manslaughter, for instance, could not be treated civilly; and, on the other hand, the question of right to particular property could not be regarded as a criminal matter. Let us now proceed to a point as yet only alluded to, I mean equity."

"I have something about that in my pocket, Mr. Ford," said Adams, taking out a small book.—"The writer says: 'Equity in law is the same that spirit is in religion, what every one pleases to make it; sometimes they go according to conscience, sometimes according to law, and sometimes according to the rule of court. Equity is a roguish thing; for law we have a measure, and know what to trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him that is chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. It is all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a foot, of the chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be! One chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot; it is the same thing in a chancellor's conscience.'"

"I know the book well from which you have just read an extract," said Caleb; "it is 'Selden's Table Talk,' but our lot is cast happily, not in the days of Charles I., but under the reign of queen Victoria. We need not examine how far it was true then; most certainly it is not true now. Of equity we must now

speaking in very different terms: 'It is no longer,' says Sir James Mackintosh,* 'in the acceptance in which the word is used in English jurisprudence, to be confounded with that moral equity which generally corrects the unjust operation of law, and with which it seems to have been synonymous in the days of Selden. It is a part of laws formed from usages and determinations which sometimes differ from what is called common law in its subjects, but chiefly varies from it in its mode of proof, of trial, and of relief.' The general object and character of this equitable jurisdiction," continued Caleb, "is to supply in civil matters the deficiencies of the other courts of justice, whether those deficiencies arise from the imperfections of the machinery of those courts, or from the too rigid adherence to particular forms, by which certain classes of rights become excluded from the benefit of their protection. I will read to you a general, as well as a precise description of a court of equity, as given by Mr. Justice Story:† 'It has jurisdiction in cases where a plain, adequate, and complete remedy cannot be had in common-law courts. The remedy must be plain, for if it be doubtful and obscure at law, equity will assert a jurisdiction. It must be adequate, for if at law it fall short of what the party is entitled to, that founds a jurisdiction in equity; and it must be complete, that is, it must attain the full end and justice of the case, it must reach the whole mischief, and secure the whole right of the party, present and future, otherwise equity will interpose and give relief. The jurisdiction of a court of equity is sometimes concurrent with the jurisdiction of the courts of law; sometimes assistant to it, and sometimes exclusive. It exercises concurrent jurisdiction in cases where the rights are purely of a legal nature, but where other and more efficient aid is required than a court of law will afford. In some of these cases courts of law formerly refused all redress, but now will grant it. For strict law, comprehending established rules, and the jurisdiction of equity being called into action when the purposes of justice rendered an exception to those rules necessary, successive exceptions on the same grounds became the foundation of a general principle, and could no longer be considered as a singular inter-

position. Thus law and equity are in continual progression, and the former is consequently gaining ground upon the latter. Every new and extraordinary interposition is by length of time converted into an old rule; a great part of what is now strict law was formerly considered as equity, and the equitable decisions of this age will unavoidably be ranked under the strict law of the next.' And now," said Caleb, "I will make you a proposition."

"What is that, sir?" said more than one voice.

"This evening we have been," said Caleb, "so far as the laws of the realm are concerned, like a man who has been skirting a vast territory. He has observed some of its outlines; he has marked the divisions which intersect it; but how much more is there worthy of notice! I have long thought it would be well if the people of this country generally had some knowledge of the principal laws by which their condition is affected; my proposal then is, if you are agreeable, to give you a brief and succinct account of them; what do you say?"

The inquiry was met by a varied expression of pleasure, mingled with a sense of obligation.

"So let it be, then," said Caleb. Again the conference ended; and as Adams crossed a neighbouring stile, and joined Watkins and Clare on their way, he felt that his time for "coming fully out" with Mr. Ford had not yet arrived.

V. V.

WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

IF all Scripture and all experience can be brought in to support the doctrine of human depravity, should not this stir the question within each individual who now hears me—What shall I do to be saved? If there be a throne in heaven, and a God sitting upon that throne, what is to become of me, who have trampled upon the solemn authority of that law, and come under the full weight of its condemnation? I may wrap myself in a general feeling of security that God is merciful; but in a question of such mighty import as the favour of my God, and the fate of my eternity, I should like to have some better security than my own feelings, which may be delusive, and my own conjecture, which may be rash and ignorant. I have no right to trust to my own conjectures in this, and far

* "Life of Sir Thomas More."

† "Encyclop. Americana."

less have I any such right, in the face of the authoritative message which God has sent to the world upon this very subject. An actual embassy came from God to man, upon an errand of reconciliation, about 2,000 years ago; and the records of this embassy have come down to us, collected into a volume, and lying within the reach of all who will take the trouble of stretching forth their hand to it. Why spend my strength upon my conjectures on the subject, when the obvious expedient of consulting the record is before me? Surely what God says of himself is of higher authority and signification than what I think of him; and if he has chosen to reveal, not merely that he is merciful, but that there is a way in which he has chosen to be so, nothing remains for me but to learn of that way, and obediently to walk in it. If he says there is no other name given under heaven but the name of Jesus; if he says that it is only in Christ that he reconciles the world to himself; if he says that redemption is only in Him whom God hath set forth to be the propitiation through faith in his blood, that he might be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus,—what have I to do but to count these sayings faithful, and worthy of all acceptance? I have been, perhaps, too long in coming to this conclusion, and adopted too circuitous a line of argument to bring you to it; and while I have endeavoured to maintain through the whole of this process the forms and the phraseology of a philosophical argument, which I know not whether I should have magnified, I rejoice to think that many a simple cottager has got before me, and that under his humble roof there exists a wisdom of a more exalted kind than mere philosophy can ever reach—the wisdom of a Christian who loves his Bible, and rests with firm assurance upon his Saviour: “Father, I thank thee, that whilst thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, thou hast revealed them to babes; even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.”—*Chalmers*.

NINEVEH AS IT IS.

No. I.

THE flood of light which has been shed upon the history of Nineveh by the recent discoveries of Mr. Layard, is invaluable to the intelligent and devout student of

Scripture. The disinterment of ancient life,—the display of the ruins of that once great city, as they lie crumbling in fragments and in dust, have dispelled the mists of truthless legends which obscured some of the early annals of his faith—have disclosed much of the history of a spot of which he knew but little, and longed to know more—and have illustrated the inspiration of the Prophet that pronounced the doom of that “great city:”

“Hillocks heap’d
On what were chambers, arch crush’d, column
 strown
In fragments, choked-up vaults and frescoes
 steep’d
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep’d,
Deeming it midnight;—temples, baths, or halls,”

have surrendered their contents, and disclosed the story of their origin.

In examining the past history of the metropolis of the Assyrian empire, we find that Lucian, who flourished in the second century, informs us that it had so utterly perished, that even its site was absolutely unknown. Eighteen centuries passed away, and the world’s ignorance was undiminished. The antiquary and the scholar explored the remains of Greek and Roman grandeur, and the geologist ranged over the globe in pursuit of the fossil remains of the primeval world; but none sought the Nineveh and Babylon of holy writ. So little, indeed, were modern travellers acquainted with the land, that though huge mounds, seemingly composed of earth and rubbish, on the left bank of the Tigris, had attracted attention, they were regarded by Mr. Kinnear as the site of a Roman camp of the time of Hadrian.

The first investigation of Assyrian remains was made by Mr. Rich, who states, in his work on Babylon, that he considered the rectangular inclosure opposite Mosul, as answering to the palace of Nineveh. He subsequently spent four months on the site, but made no attempt at excavation of any magnitude.

The enthusiasm of Mr. Layard was first fully aroused to the discoveries of the relics of the past in the years 1839-40, when he wandered through Asia Minor and Syria. “I now felt,” says he, “an irresistible desire to penetrate to the regions beyond the Euphrates, to which history and tradition point as the birth-place of the wisdom of the west.” The deep mystery which has long hung over Assyria, Babylonia, and Chaldea—names with which

are linked great cities and mighty nations, dimly shadowed forth on the annals of history's page; the vast ruins, in the midst of deserts, almost defying by their very desolation the examination of the traveller; the remnants of races still wandering over the land; and the fulfilment and fulfilling of prophecies, were amply sufficient to inflame his desire, and urge him to attempt its gratification.

His resolution was soon formed, and, accompanied by one scarcely less enthusiastic than himself, he quitted Aleppo for the banks of the Tigris, and threw himself into the midst of semi-barbarism. The scene which rises before the traveller in Mesopotamia is very different from that with which he may have become familiar in more western regions. "The graceful column, rising above the thick foliage of the myrtle, the ilex, and the oleander; the gradines of the amphitheatre," covering the gentle slope, and overhanging the dark blue waters of a placid bay; the richly-carved cornice or capital, half hidden by the luxuriant herbage, with which he is gratified in Syria or Asia Minor, are replaced by the stern, shapeless mound, rising like a hill from the scorched plain,—the fragments of pottery, and the stupendous mass of brickwork, laid bare by winter rains. "The scene around is worthy of the ruin the traveller is contemplating; desolation meets desolation; a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder; for there is nothing to relieve his mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. Those huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thoughts and more earnest reflection, than the temples of Balbec or the theatres of Ionia."*

In 1842, Mr. Layard found M. Botta, who, after carrying on various excavations at Konyunjik, proceeded to Khorsabad, and there discovered the first Assyrian monument, and opened a series of chambers constructed of slabs of gypsum, covered with representations of battles, sieges, and processions. These he liberally communicated to Mr. Layard, who joined and assisted him in his researches. His enthusiasm would, however, have availed but little, had not the British ambassador at the Ottoman Porte appreciated the energy and ability of the young Englishman, and at his own hazard given him the means with which to prosecute

his researches. Mr. Layard acknowledged the important service thus conferred, and it is to sir Stratford Canning—to whom we already owe the marbles from Halicarnassus—that we are mainly indebted for the collection of Assyrian antiquities with which the British Museum is enriched; as, without his liberality and public spirit, the treasures of Nimroud would have been reserved for the enterprise of those who had appreciated the value of the discoveries of Khorsabad.

The circumstances under which Mr. Layard first broke ground at Nimroud were far from auspicious. The ruling representative of the Sublime Porte required much dexterous management. He was rapacious and unprincipled, while his appearance was so repulsive, that "nature had placed hypocrisy beyond his reach."

The excavations were at length commenced, and rewarded by several important discoveries. The intrigues, however, of all parties who hoped to gain something of the "spoils," soon stopped the proceedings; for the report of hidden treasure had been spread and credited. Mr. Layard accordingly proceeded to "his excellency" the pasha, who, after pretending to know nothing of the excavations, subsequently produced a scrap of paper, in which was preserved an almost invisible particle of gold-leaf, which had been forwarded by the officer sent to watch the proceedings at Nimroud. The astute Frank was fully equal to the difficulty, and suggested that an agent should be present as long as the excavations were prosecuted, to take charge of all the precious metals that might be discovered.

Upon this, affairs progressed satisfactorily for some days; chamber after chamber was explored, and sculpture after sculpture brought to light. Among other curiosities were two fine bas-reliefs, representing war chariots, with warriors and richly caparisoned horses; and another, the siege of a castle or walled city, with warriors, some on the turrets discharging arrows and stones, and others ascending a ladder placed against the walls. Orders were, however, now brought from Mosul to stop the excavations; and though, on Mr. Layard expostulating with the pasha, he was assured that he had given no commands of the kind, yet, on his return, he found that further work was stringently forbidden. Surprised at

* "Nineveh and its Remains." By A. H. Layard. Vol. i.

this inconsistency, he returned to Mosul to seek an explanation. The pasha then informed him that it was with "deep regret" that he had learned that the mound in which the excavations had been made had formerly been used as a burying-place by mussulmans, and was covered with their graves, while it was forbidden by the law to disturb a tomb. Mr. Layard replied, that no graves had been disturbed, and added, that "after the wise and firm *politica*" which his excellency had exhibited at Siwas—when, to use his own phrase, he had made those "lick the dust" who complained because he had encroached upon a burying-place—grave-stones would present no difficulty. "No," continued the pasha, "I cannot allow you to proceed; you are my dearest and most intimate friend: if anything happens to you, what grief should I not suffer! Your life is more valuable than old stones; besides, the responsibility would fall upon my head." Finding that it was resolved to interrupt his proceedings, Mr. Layard obtained permission to draw the sculptures and copy the inscriptions which had already been uncovered; and ere long, the government of the province was committed to a more equitable authority. It may here be remarked, that during his subsequent excavations he did come on some real graves; but having convinced the Arabs, by an elaborate argument, that since the feet were not turned to Mecca they could not be the tombs of true believers, their removal gave no offence to orthodox mussulmans.

Employing only a few men to open trenches by way of experiment, several gigantic figures were discovered;—a crouching lion rudely carved in basalt, and a pair of immense winged bulls, cut in high relief on slabs fourteen feet long. A pair of headless winged lions, admirably designed and carefully executed, were also found, and a human figure nine feet in height. Slowly and carefully were the excavations thus carried on, despite the opposition of many, who believed that hidden treasure was the object of research. At length, to the delight of our persevering countryman, and the dismay of the people generally, an enormous human head, sculptured in the alabaster of the country, was disclosed; but having already detailed the circumstances connected with this discovery, we need not further allude to them here.*

The skill and intelligence which marked

the progress of the researches were rewarded with extraordinary success. Three great edifices were brought to light, adorned with various sculptures of different characters, revealing, probably, the Nineveh of Ninus and Semiramis, of Salmanser and Sennacherib, of Esarhaddon and Sardanapalus. Eight chambers were opened before Christmas, 1847; but, by the pecuniary assistance of the trustees of the British Museum, and fully sustained by a vizirial letter procured by sir S. Canning, which secured to the English nation the records and monuments of Nineveh, twenty-eight chambers and galleries were explored, and the structure and arrangement of an Assyrian palace fully revealed.

The most interesting portion comprised the north-west palace, as it was not only the most ancient, but, as it had not been exposed to fire like other edifices, the sculptures, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions which it contained, were admirably preserved. "A certain symmetry was, to some extent, preserved in the plan of the building, particularly in the arrangement of the chambers to the east—those at each extremity corresponding in form and size, and both leading into small rooms which do not communicate with any other part of the edifice. Each slab, however, in one chamber, was occupied by only one figure—a gigantic winged divinity or priest; whilst in the other, the slabs are divided into two compartments." One of the colossal figures represented a winged female deity or priestess bearing a garland in one hand, while around her neck were suspended, in the form of a double necklace, various star-shaped ornaments. In the central chamber, all the groups resembled each other; and in the outer large one, they were chiefly remarkable for the variety and elegance of the ornaments on the robes of the king and his attendants. Three entrances, which are left standing, were formed by winged lions and bulls. Behind the great court, was a cluster of small chambers leading one into another, one of them being a sort of *coul de sac*, and remarkable for having had, near the entrance, a number of ivory ornaments of great beauty and interest. Several small heads in frames, supported on pedestals, very elegant in design and elaborate in execution, show not only a considerable acquaintance with the art, but an intimate knowledge of the method of working in ivory. There were also

* See *Visitor* for March, pp. 102—104.

with them several oblong tablets, on which standing figures were sculptured with great delicacy, having one hand elevated, and holding in the other a stem or staff, surmounted by a flower resembling the Egyptian lotus. Scattered about, were winged sphynxes, the singularly beautiful head of a lion, human heads, hands, legs, and feet, and bulls, flowers, and scroll-work.*

Well might the traveller meditate on such objects, and muse over their intent and history. Such were the forms that ushered the people into the temples of their gods—such the images borrowed from nature to embody the feeble conceptions of finite man of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a Supreme Being. The wisdom and knowledge of God were personified in the head of man; his strength in the body of a lion; his rapidity of motion, or in a higher signification, his omnipresence, in the wings of a bird. Twenty-five centuries have passed since they were hidden from the gaze of man; and how changed the scene! The ignorance and wretchedness of a few semi-barbarous tribes had usurped the scene of the civilization and luxury of a mighty nation. The wealth of cities and of temples had fled—their site was indicated by shapeless heaps of earth. The plough had passed, and the corn had waved above those spacious halls. Egypt had monuments no less ancient and wonderful, but they have stood forth for ages to testify her early power and renown. But though the Assyrian was once “a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs;—all the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations;” yet now is “Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness; and flocks lie down in the midst of her, all the beasts of the nations: both the cormorant and the bittern lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice shall sing in the windows, and desolation shall be in the thresholds.” Our space forbids us to follow Mr. Layard in the expeditions which he undertook to make himself acquainted with the neighbouring land and people, in the intervals which occurred at various times in the prosecution of the more immediate object of his

researches. It must suffice to say that their description is highly valuable, and worthy the perusal of all interested in the condition of the people of the east, and the lands over which they wander.

On the success which has attended the exertions of Mr. Layard, a word may here be said. It has been well remarked that, “Employing his sovereign power, he placed his foot on the mound of Nimroud, and with a master’s voice called up those old Assyrians to witness in his deeds the triumph of their brother Japheth.” It is a wonderful illustration of the words of Noah when he said,

“God shall enlarge Japheth,
And he shall dwell in the tents of Shem,
And Canaan shall be his servant;”

as well as a matter of lasting gratulation to England that a native of this once insignificant island should have “broken the iron slumber of thirty centuries, and revealed to the world a scene which shows what art and human life were in the morning and the grey dawn of the world.”

An Arab sheikh, Abd-ur-Rahman, strikingly expressed to Mr. Layard his views on the efforts that had been made, and the success which had attended them: “In the name of the Most High,” said he, “O Bey, what are you going to do with these stones? So many thousands of purses spent on such things! Can it be, as you say, that your people learn wisdom from them? Or is it, as his reverence, the cadi, declares, that they are to go to the palace of your queen, who, with the rest of the unbelievers, worships these idols? As for wisdom, these figures will not teach you to make any better knives, scissors, or chintzes; and it is in the making of them that the English show their wisdom. But God is great! God is great! Here are the stones which have been buried ever since the time of the holy Noah—peace be with him! Perhaps they were underground before the deluge. I have lived on these lands for years. My father, and the father of my father, pitched their tents here before me; but they never heard of these figures. For twelve hundred years have the true believers (and, praise be to God, all true wisdom is with them alone) been settled in this country, and none of them ever heard of a palace under ground. Neither did they who went before them. But, lo! here comes a Frank from many days’ journey off,

* Layard’s “Nineveh.”

and he walks up to the very place, and he takes a stick and makes a line here, and a line there. 'Here,' he says, 'is the palace;' 'there,' he says, 'is the gate;' and he shows us what has been all our lives beneath our feet without our ever having known anything about it. Wonderful! wonderful! Is it by books, is it by magic, is it by your prophets, that you have learned these things? Speak, O Bey; tell me the secret of wisdom."

The reader will find the interest unflagging with which Mr. Layard tells of "The successive steps of the operation; to catch, as almost the coldest and most unimaginative will do, the infection of his zeal, to enter into his anxieties and his hopes; to behold chamber after chamber, hall after hall, unfold themselves, as it were, from the bosom of the earth, and assume shape, dimensions, height; to watch the reliefs that line the walls gradually disclosing their forms; as the rubbish clears away, the siege, and the battle, and the hunting piece, becoming more and more distinct; the king rearing more manifestly his lofty tiara, and displaying his undoubted symbol of royalty; the attitude of the priest proclaiming his office; the walls of the besieged city rearing their battlements; the combatants grappling in mortal struggle; the horses curvetting; the long procession stretching out slab after slab, with its trophies of victory or the offerings of devotion; above all, the huge symbolic animals, the bulls or lions, sometimes slowly struggling into light in their natural forms, sometimes developing their human heads, their outspread wings, their downward parts—in their gigantic but just proportions—heaving off, as it might seem, the encumbering earth."* So in Milton's noble description, if we only add the broad-horned bull to the lion and the stag,

"Now half appear'd

The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as if from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the
ounce,
The leopard, and the tiger—as the mole,
Rising—the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks; the swift stag, from under ground,
Bore up his branching head."†

A remarkable part of the discoveries thus made, is the fact that Assyria had, at the earliest time, a style of art of its own. The people were also adorned with the rich Babylonian garments, so

celebrated for the beauty of their hues, and the fineness of their woof; their furniture exhibited graceful forms; their apartments displayed elegant design and brilliant colouring; and their palaces were lined with relief, displaying high artistic power. "Their sculpture, by every appearance, was indigenous, original, taken from Assyrian life, representing Assyrian form and costume; it does not Egyptianize till a comparatively late period. It is, doubtless, the parent of Persian art as exhibited at Persepolis and elsewhere. But while we speak of its real artistic power, we are anxious to give no exaggerated estimate of its value as sculpture. It is well to prepare the visitors to the Ninevite Gallery at the British Museum for that they must not expect, as well as for what they may. It is by gigantic dimensions it intimates power; by a stern sedateness of countenance and splendour of dress, kingly majesty. The lofty tiara adds to the solemn dignity of the human head; the draperies, hard in outline, mere layers of alabaster instead of folds, are worked into a kind of network of embroidery. It is at the same time singularly true and absolutely untrue; it does not, on some of the reliefs, give more than two fore legs to a pair of horses in a chariot; there is no graduation in size; and yet there is a spirit and freedom in its outline, a force and energy in its forms, a skill in grouping, which ventures on some of the boldest attitudes into which the figure of the warrior can be thrown; it is that which is to sculpture what action, according to Demosthenes, was to oratory—life."—*Quarterly Review*.
F. S. W.

KAKABIKKA; OR, SCENES AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

DREARY is the region of Baffin's Bay, and still more dreary that dark, frowning, inhospitable, watery wilderness, the Frozen Ocean. The fogs that there prevail are fearful, and the cold extreme, while thick ice and mountainous icebergs endanger and arrest the course of the hardiest mariner. There the whale, the walrus, and the seal inhabit the water; while in the islands are found the musk ox, the rein-deer, and the wolf; the moose, the Arctic fox, and the white bear. Yet dreary, and dark, and frowning as is that inclement domain, in spite

* "Quarterly Review."

† "Paradise Lost," vii. 263.

of its ice and icebergs, its thick fogs and intense cold, there the Esquimaux finds a home, wandering on its sterile shore, and sailing in his kayak on its perilous waters :

Appalling solitude, and gloom profound,
And wide-spread desolation reigns around.

* * * * *

Not a moving thing is seen on the water; neither whale, nor whale-boat, seal, walrus, nor Esquimaux's kayak. Not a sound is heard, neither the voice of man, the roar of wild beast, nor the scream of bird. The mountainous icebergs, many of them two hundred feet high, stand up in pyramidal, spiral, and other picturesque forms. When the sun rose, the rich, blue, purple of the horizon was crowned with an arch of brilliant red; but now the Aurora Borealis is abroad, and very beautiful is its appearance. Vivid lightning, white, red, and yellow, appears darting through the air, and waving bands of light are falling from the heavens in showers. The "merry dancers," of all shapes and colours, are flitting to and fro in inconceivable brightness :

A thousand beauteous forms around us rise,
And beams of living light illumine the skies.

* * * * *

On the edge of a frozen bay are seen a cluster of Esquimaux huts, built of whale-bone, and covered with snow. Three or four Esquimaux, with long knives in their belts, are preparing their sledges; the dogs which are to draw them are already in their rude harness, while other dogs are barking around, one of them with a young Esquimaux on his back. Two Esquimaux women, grotesquely attired, are eating a piece of seal, now and then giving part of it to the young Esquimaux. Children of the frozen waste! Inhabitants of the dreary north! though scanty are your comforts, your wants are proportionably small! If the icy wind be not tempered to you, you are hardened to the icy wind; and if you have no dainties, neither is your appetite delicate :

Your huts are homely and your climate drear,
And dark and desolate; yet God is there!

* * * * *

A kayak, or canoe, manned by four Esquimaux, Kakabikka among them, has pushed off from the shore. Kaka-

bikka has been taught a little English by a missionary, and he is not altogether ignorant of Christianity. The kayak has now approached the icebergs. A seal lifts his head near the canoe, and in an instant Kakabikka strikes him with a light harpoon, to which is fastened by a string a seal-skin bag, blown up like a bladder. The seal plunges beneath the boiling waves, but soon the bladder that has been taken under water is seen again on its surface, revealing the spot where the creature is about to reappear. Again Kakabikka strikes the seal, which is soon overcome, and hauled into the canoe. In the dreariest climes a provision has been made for man :

Where one eternal winter reigns around,
His food and raiment in the deep are found.

* * * * *

It is early in the morning, and a whaler is seen lying motionless on the waters. A whale, struck with the harpoon, has rushed downwards to the shadowy depths of the unfathomable deep. A flag has been hoisted in the boat, to give intelligence to the ship. An alarm has been given by stamping on the deck of the whaler; the shout, "A fall! a fall!" has aroused the men in their hammocks, and they have rushed on deck, and leaped into different boats, with a part of their clothes tied together with a string. Now they are making for the fast-boat, and soon will the wounded whale, rising again to the surface of the deep, find abundant employment for all. Kakabikka, in a canoe, is regarding with wonder the great kayak, the whaler. The whale has risen; he has struck one end of the fast-boat with his tail, and some of the crew are in the air, and others are floundering in the sea. Little thinks he who trims his lamp with oil, of the perils of those who risk their lives in the fishery of the Frozen Ocean,

Where frightful solitudes and silence sleep,
And man o'ercomes the monarch of the deep.

* * * * *

A discovery ship is in great danger of being crushed by the floating icebergs. Kakabikka is on board, as interpreter to the Esquimaux and other Indian tribes. The crystal, snow-capped mountainous masses, hurried on by a rapid current, are in fearful commotion among the whirling waters, the winds are loud, the waves are high, and the thundering

sound of the icebergs, dashing one against another, splitting, breaking, and falling over, is terrible. The wild spray of the sea is flying high above them all. The clamour is fearful to hear, and the scene dreadful to behold. Now the discovery ship is whirled round and round, and now partly raised from the water by opposing icebergs pressing against her sides. See the towering mass that is now approaching her! Well may the crew lift up their heads to Him who alone can restrain the fury of the elements, and deliver those who trust in him:

Alike his power in cold and burning lands;
Mid frozen icebergs and in sultry sands.

* * * * *

Six or eight of the crew are gathered round Kakabikka, on board the discovery ship, and he is telling them the following tale.

"I met an Indian, he was one of the Yellow-knives; and when I fell in with him he had suffered from hunger; he could shoot no deer, he could catch no fish. I smoked my pipe with him, and gave him food. 'I knew,' said he, 'that the frost would be hard, and that the deer would not be taken; I will tell you why; a Chippewyan came among the Yellow-knives, pretending to be our friend; he was in secret an enemy. He hunted with us, and dragged the net, and threw the line. We told him, if a deer was beaten, the bad deed would be known, and that no other deer would come to the place. The Chippewyan laughed; he believed us not. He put on his snow shoes, and went silently to where a herd of deer fed on a frozen swamp; he got behind them, but they heard him and fled. The snow was not hard enough to bear them, for it was spring; they sank in it up to their haunches. He killed all but one: that one he beat cruelly, and laughed when it died. It was a cruel deed; but he was a Chippewyan. 'Now,' said he, 'I shall know if there be any truth in the sayings of the Yellow-knives.' Since then, who has seen a deer cross his path? who has stripped off his skin and tasted his flesh? Not one! The deed is known to the fleet-footed ones, and they will not come near:'"

The red man—Nature's rude, untutor'd child—
Has tales of wonder, and traditions wild.

* * * * *

The discovery ship is just visible through the fog, and five or six seamen in a boat, with Kakabikka among them, are rowing towards an iceberg, on the lower part of which a herd of walruses are huddled together, one almost on another. There they are, with their great bulky bodies, their finny, flabby limbs, and their long tusks hanging from their upper jaws! They move not till a musket is fired, and then they tumble over each other, pell mell, into the water. Some of the men have leaped from the boat to the iceberg, and one of the wounded walruses, tenacious of life, is now struggling violently beneath the spear of Kakabikka.

While man extends his empire o'er the main,
The walrus and the whale resist in vain.

* * * * *

Kakabikka, with a supply of food, is in search of a straggling party, who, wandering on the shore to shoot ptarmigan and snow-buntings, have lost their way. Flags have been hoisted on poles, rockets have been sent up from the ship, and men have been dispatched in quest of the missing party; but in vain. Now, Kakabikka, all depends on thee! Though the Esquimaux knows not the way the wanderers may have taken, he knows several ways in which they could not proceed. This knowledge narrows the field of his inquiry, and enables him at last to fall in with them. They have just met, and a joyful meeting it is; for the stragglers, almost exhausted by two days' wandering, with hardly a mouthful of food, regard Kakabikka as their deliverer. Thus the instructed European is indebted to the friendly offices of the untutored Esquimaux:

When sultry climes or frozen wilds abound,
Where man meets man, a brother should be found.

* * * * *

Hark! What a crash! A field of bay ice has been driven by the current against a tall iceberg, piling up against it enormous fragments. The vessel yonder out of the current is impeded in her onward course, and her crew are at work, some sweeping away the snow, some sawing through the ice, and others dragging the pieces sawn off under the main field, to make a path for the ship. Kakabikka lends a helping hand; his grotesque figure and odd manners afford no small amusement to the laughing

crew, while he, in his turn, is evidently entertained. Sweepers, sawyers, ice-dragners, and Kakabikka have enough work before them :

Prodigious labour ! toil beyond degree !
To saw a pathway through the frozen sea.

* * * * *

An alarm is given, and not without reason, for three large Polar bears are seen taking huge strides in the direction of the ship. One of the crew has a musket, five or six others are armed with hand-spikes, and Kakabikka has hastily snatched up a hatchet. On come the bears, and one of them is even now climbing up the side of the ship. Take care of your head, sir Bruin, for the hatchet of Kakabikka is already in the air. That cleaving blow has arrested the progress of the shaggy intruder : he will never climb up the side of another ship. A musket-ball has passed through the head of the second bear ; and the third has descended the vessel's side, much more rapidly than he mounted it, struck by the hand-spikes that awaited him. The crew are now preparing to strip off the shaggy hides of their vanquished foes. God has indeed been good to man,

And clothed his arm with power, and made him
king
O'er beast, and bird, and fish, and creeping thing.

* * * * *

The winter set in with all its rigour. The hull of a ship, dismantled of its masts, is fast frozen in the ice, and planks covered with thick cloth form a sort of housing over the deck. Ice and snow are seen all around, and the deck of the dismantled ship being clear, the crew are dancing there by way of exercise. Two of the seamen who have wandered on the ice have just returned, with frost-bitten faces, and the surgeon is rubbing their cheeks with snow. Here comes Kakabikka, with a party of Esquimaux that he saw from the dismantled ship ; he has pulled his nose as a token of amity ; they have pulled theirs in return, and now he is introducing them to the sailors. The Esquimaux are starting back from looking-glasses, admiring the coloured glass beads which are showed to them, devouring with their eyes the hatchets and knives that are laid before them, and offering their seal-skin dresses, with the hope of obtaining them. How many advantages have white men, to which the poor Esquimaux is a stranger !

On Britain's land a thousand blessings fall ;
But greater gifts for louder praises call.

* * * * *

Neither the burning rays of India, nor the icy winds of the frozen regions can drive away death. It enters alike the habitation of the Hindoo and the hut of the Esquimaux. "What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death?" An Esquimaux is attending the body of his wife to the grave. The corpse is dressed in all respects as if alive, and is drawn in a sledge by dogs to its last resting-place. A shallow grave has been dug, the body has been deposited in the ground, the attendants have departed, and the Esquimaux is left alone to converse with his deceased partner, before he quits the place of sepulture. Confused is the belief, and dim the spiritual hope of the Esquimaux ; but the promise shall not fail, for the knowledge of the most High shall cover the earth. The red man shall yet magnify the Lord, and Kakabikkas of the icy north rejoice in God their Saviour :

The gospel page a flood of light shall fling,
And frozen regions with hosannas ring.

* * * * *

It is the sabbath, and divine service is conducted by the captain on board the dismantled vessel ; for no minister of the Most High is at hand, and many a frozen lake and wilderness of snow lies between the discovery ship and the nearest missionary. The word of God is reverently read, a prayer is offered up to the throne of mercy, and a suitable sermon is delivered to the attentive crew. Kakabikka is among the assembled worshippers ; may his heart be melted within him, and a beam of heavenly light dart into his soul. The iceberg, the snowdrift, the fog, and the frozen ocean are around the dismantled ship ; but the praises of the Holy One are rising from her deck. The captain leads the choir, and among the voices of the crew is heard the voice of Kakabikka :

Where winter breathes his bleakest air around,
The praises of Jehovah shall resound.

CHARITY.

THE desire of power in excess, caused angels to fall ; the desire of knowledge to excess, caused man to fall ; but in charity is no excess, neither can man nor angels come into danger by it.—*Bacon*.



The Water Ouzel.

THE WATER OUZEL.

A GRAPHIC picture has thus been painted by the hand of one of our poets :

"The bird

Is here—the solitary bird that makes
The rock his sole companion. Leafy vale,
Green bower, and hedge-row fair, and garden
rich

With bud and bloom, delight him not;—he bends
No spray, nor roams the wilderness of boughs,
Where love and song detain a million wings,
Through all the summer morn—the summer
eve;—

He has no fellowship with waving woods,—
He joins not in their merry minstrelsy,—
But flits from ledge to ledge, and through the day
Sings to the highland waterfall, that speaks
To him in strains he loves and lists
For ever."

As the water ouzel is an early bird, its nest is begun soon in the season. It is formed of such materials as may be most conveniently obtained, and on it con-

siderable ingenuity and labour are expended. The female builds it on the ground, in some mossy bank near the water, of hay and dried fibres, and lines it with dry oak-leaves, or a similar material.

M. Herbert stated to the comte de Buffon, that he once lay concealed on the verge of the lake Mantua, in a hut formed of pine-branches and snow, where he had a good opportunity of observing some of the movements of this singular bird. Before him was a small inlet, the bottom of which was gently shelving, and was some two or three feet deep in the middle. A water ouzel here went through various manœuvres during more than an hour, entering the water, and at length emerging on the other side of the inlet, which it completely forded. It thus traversed the whole of the bottom,

and discovered no hesitation or reluctance in the immersion.

"However," he says, "I perceived several times, that as often as it waded deeper than the knee, it displayed its wings, and allowed them to hang to the ground. I remarked, too, that when I could discern it at the bottom of the water, it appeared enveloped with air, which gave it a brilliant surface; like some sort of beetles, which in water are always enclosed in a bubble of air. Its object in dropping its wings on entering the water might be to consume this air; it was certainly never without some, and it seemed to quiver. These singular habits were unknown to all the sportsmen with whom I talked on the subject; and perhaps, without the accident of the snow-hut in which I was concealed, I should also have for ever remained ignorant of them; but the above facts I can aver, as the bird came quite to my feet; and that I might observe it, I refrained from killing it."

A pair of these birds, which had for several years built under a small wooden bridge in Carmarthenshire, had a nest early in May. Though the bird flew out on the approach of the spoilers, no eggs were found when it was taken. In a fortnight afterwards, five eggs were taken in a nest which had been built in the same place; and in a month later, a third nest was removed from the same bridge, which had four eggs, which was ascertained to be the work of the same pair. On the last occasion the female was sitting, and on quitting it, she instantly plunged into the water, and after disappearing for a considerable time, emerged at a great distance down the stream. The nest of another water ouzel was also found in a steep bank which projected over a rivulet; and the nest was so ingeniously concealed among the moss by which it was surrounded, that nothing but the old bird flying in with a fish in its bill would have led to the discovery. The young ones were nearly feathered, but unable to fly, and the moment the nest was disturbed they fluttered out, and dropping into the water, instantly vanished; but in a short time re-appeared at some distance down the stream, and it was with difficulty that two out of five were secured.

The water-ouzel may be said to be rather local than rare, but is seldom found in the counties near London.

S.

THE DILIGENT.

"The soul of the diligent shall be made fat."—Prov. xiii. 4.

We invite attention to the diligent. Diligence, in the abstract, is neither a virtue nor a vice. The term in itself is indifferent. It always derives its character from the object of its pursuit—the thing which it seeks perseveringly to attain. If that be good, it is a virtue. If that be evil, it is a vice. We are about to speak of diligence in well-doing; in other words, to speak of a Christian grace, as exhibited by Christian men for the imitation of all who would "make their calling and election sure." To them the precept is, "give diligence;" and none who value the privileges referred to, will find fault with the injunction which incites to an appreciation of them.

It is possible, notwithstanding the rapid decrease of the school which denies the doctrine of human responsibility, that these thoughts may be looked at by one who thinks it right to persist in that denial. Before we attempt a sketch of the diligent Christian, therefore, with his privileges, enjoyments, and hopes, we would invite the person who is supposed to be reading this paper carefully and prayerfully to examine the following injunctions with their respective contexts: "Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently," Deut. iv. 9. "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live," Deut. xxx. 19. "Ye shall diligently keep the commandments of the Lord your God, and his testimonies, and his statutes, which he hath commanded thee," Deut. vi. 17. "Take diligent heed to do the commandment and the law, which Moses the servant of the Lord charged you, to love the Lord your God, and to walk in all his ways, and to keep his commandments, and to cleave unto him, and to serve him with all your heart and with all your soul," Josh. xxii. 5. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life," Prov. iv. 23. "Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David," Isa. lv. 2, 3. "When thou

goest with thine adversary to the magistrate, as thou art in the way, give diligence that thou mayest be delivered from him; lest he hale thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and the officer cast thee into prison. I tell thee, thou shalt not depart thence, till thou hast paid the very last mite," Luke xii. 58, 59. "We beseech you that ye receive not the grace of God in vain.—Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation," 2 Cor. vi. 1, 2. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?—Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive," Matt. xx. 6, 7. "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts," Heb. iii. 7, 8. "And we desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end: that ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises," Heb. vi. 11, 12. "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith," Heb. xii. 1, 2. "Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," 2 Pet. i. 5—11.

These citations are sufficient to show the responsibility of those who are favoured with spiritual privileges, and the consequent duty of earnestly pursuing the end for which they were given. Activity in a good cause is praiseworthy among men, and approved by God. He who has rebuked sloth, has presented the most stirring inducements to diligence in the spiritual life; and those precepts which make it our duty to obey, even apart from

probable results, ever generously point to results of the most animating kind, so that the diligent disciple may adopt as his own the language of the laborious apostle of the Gentiles, "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beatech the air," 1 Cor. ix. 26.

We shall look at the diligent Christian, then, first, as a man stimulated to activity by the prospect of a valuable prize. "Know ye not," says Paul, "that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain." The prize is certain, the reward sure:—"To him that overcometh," says the exalted Saviour, "will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne," Rev. iii. 21. And the value of the prize is inestimable. It is, says Paul, an "incorruptible crown," 1 Cor. ix. 25; and "a crown of righteousness," 2 Tim. iv. 8; "a crown of life," says James, i. 12; and "a crown of glory," adds Peter, 1, v. 4. That which is so characterized by inspired writers, must be so valuable as to set all comparison by visible similitudes at defiance. That which is distinguished by "righteousness," "life," and "glory," and all "incorruptible," must be intrinsically precious beyond all computation or comparison. Such a prize, if attainable by any possibility, requires but to be contemplated, to nerve the energies, and stimulate the activities, and elicit the powers of any aspirant. To obtain it is true fame, honour, and glory; and the certainty of its attainment, if the rules be attended to, is placed beyond question by Him who has exhibited it as the stimulant to energy, and the goal of activity. The diligent disciple of Christ, then, keeping his eye fixed on the prize set before him in the gospel, presses on amidst the opposing influences of the visible and the temporal. Animated, both by the intrinsic worth of the prize, and by the glories which associate themselves with its reception, he fixes his earnest attention on the city of habitations, the new Jerusalem, the home of redeemed men and sinless angels, and the dwelling-place of God. He thinks also of the disgrace of failure, and, upheld by Him whose grace is sufficient for him amidst all his difficulties, and whose strength is made perfect in weakness, amidst all his temptations to linger by the way, he resolves that no man shall take his crown. His brow is radiant with heavenly light; his eye is lifted to the

hills whence his help cometh; his countenance beams with indications of communion with his exalted Leader; his demeanour bespeaks the greatness of his enterprise; and his course is straight onwards through the path, whose length he knows not, but which leads to the object of his holy solicitude. And as every foot of the way is disputed by principalities and powers, and spiritual wickednesses in high places, he is clothed with the whole armour of God, that he may be able to resist the fiery darts of the wicked. His loins are girt about with truth, and his feet are shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; he has on the breastplate of righteousness, and the helmet of salvation; and over all he has the shield of faith, whilst he wields the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Knowing that rest and the crown are to be bestowed together, he forgets his weariness in anticipation of the one, and holds on his way in hope of the other. Feeling assured that he follows no cunningly devised fable, but that the crown of righteousness shall be bestowed on all who love the appearing of the Lord the righteous Judge, his constant prayer is that he may be enabled to finish his course with joy. Hence his diligence in the Christian life.

Let us look also at the rules by which this activity is regulated. He has not only to run, but "so" to "run that he may obtain" the prize. Swiftness of foot was celebrated among the ancients. "Asahel was as light of foot as a wild roe." Among those who joined David at Ziklag, some are mentioned who were "as swift as the roe upon the mountains." And in David's famous lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, he says "they were swifter than eagles." Homer constantly commends Achilles as the "swift-footed;" and he tells us—

"No greater honour e'er has been attain'd
Than what strong hands or nimble feet have
gain'd."

However valuable this agility might be in pursuing an enemy, or running for a prize, yet, in the latter case especially, the observance of certain rules was indispensable. The apostle Paul more than once illustrates the Christian race by alluding to the Olympic games. The *Stadium* especially serves for illustration. But a course of preliminary training, as well as rigid attention to the laws of the

race, was necessary for the competitors. Horace has referred to the preparations:

"A youth who hopes the Olympic prize to gain,
All arts must try, and every toil sustain."

In like manner, however encouraging the prize set before the Christian, he must begin his activities and continue them by rule. The starting point is Calvary: Christ crucified is the first lesson—a lesson to be both felt and remembered ever after. All that is meant by being born again must be experienced. The self-denial involved in the precept of Christ, "Follow me," must be submitted to, whilst the faith and hope which it implies must be respectively experienced and cherished. The glory of God must be the primary motive of all exertion, if the Christian would be diligent according to the tenor of redemption; and when it is so, he will find grace given him, enabling him to lay aside every weight that encumbers him in his heavenly race. And in proportion to the unmixed character of this motive will be his readiness to comply with the apostolic entreaty: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service," Rom. xii. 1. Having thus entered the race, according to the invariable rule for all who shall obtain the prize, and being thus inspired to activity by the most powerful of all motives, we are prepared to contemplate the various manifestations of the Christian's diligence.

He begins the day in the closet. The Bible is before him—the book that reveals the character of God, his Creator, preserver, Redeemer, and Judge—that lays open the condition of man as an intelligent, moral, and accountable being—that describes the ruin brought upon mankind by sin, and the Divine plan for the justification, sanctification, and ultimate glory of all believers—that enunciates the system of agency which God has instituted as the medium through which saving truth is conveyed to the soul—that proclaims the effectual working of the Holy Spirit by that truth—that details the evidences of a state of safety in contrast with those of a state of danger, and that exhibits the attractive and solid joys of heaven for the purpose of drawing the spectator from the vanities of time and sense. Pondering the statements of this invaluable book, and desiring to be influ-

enced by its purifying and elevating principles, he presents himself at the throne of grace, to which he has access by faith in Christ Jesus, and earnestly beseeches God to subdue in his heart all the adverse workings of his depraved nature, and to assimilate him to the image of the Saviour. Deeply impressed with the necessity of fidelity to himself, he tries the state of his heart by the inspired test of character, and examines the nature of his motives as in the sight of God. Conscious of a thousand follies and deficiencies, his confessions are of the humblest description; and having learned from bitter experience, as well as from the Bible, his constant liability to err, and his constant exposure to moral evil, he earnestly implores fresh donations of gracious influence, that he may be preserved from the plagues of his own heart, from the evil that is in the world, and from those deceptions which the objects of sense are continually practising upon the unwary; and, extending his desires beyond that which relates to mere preservation, he prays that he may be enabled to walk as a child of light—to show before the world the genuine character of the religion he loves—to illustrate its benevolence by showing kindness to his fellows—its truthfulness, by high-toned integrity—its holiness, by personal purity; and the amplitude of its provisions for the recovery of man, by inviting the wretched to the Saviour, and entreating the rebel to be reconciled to God. On his knees he has communion with God as his Father in Christ. By this wonderful privilege his graces are quickened, his estimate of the great salvation raised, his resolutions to live to Him who died for him strengthened, and his sense of the unutterable love of Christ deepened. The machinery of thought and action thus brought under the inspection of Him who seeth in secret, the diligent Christian goes forth to the legitimate toils of life comforted and strengthened. He has been closeted with the King, and knows more of the secrets of that spiritual kingdom of which he is a subject, and whose laws, if they operate at all in this world, must first develop themselves upon the heart of the individual man. He has been at the source of spiritual consolation, and is prepared to receive the mercies of the day with lively gratitude, or to submit to its disappointments with Christian tranquillity, as fatherly chastisements which shall issue in good.

But as the cultivation of his own heart, because primarily important, is first attended to, so the next object of his Christian activity is the well-being of those whom God has placed under his protection. He is next seen, therefore, as the head of the family, and the centre of the domestic circle. Again the book of unerring truth is opened. He reads reverently some of its inexhaustible lessons of wisdom; and, kneeling before the Most High, presents those whom he tenderly loves to the mercies of his covenant-keeping God, giving thanks for the Providential blessings of which they are all recipients, interceding for them that they may bear the image of Christ—may share in the blessings of his atonement—may be useful Christians whilst their lives on earth continue, and that all, without exception, may be found at the right hand of the Judge, clothed upon with his righteousness, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them that believe.

We follow him now to the active business of life. Have his morning's devotions detained him beyond the usual hour? He is at his desk, or in his shop, as early as those who have no fear of God before their eyes. Have his spiritual contemplations unfitted him for a correct estimate of the secularities of life? On the contrary, the clearness of his judgment, and his correct appreciation of character have caused him to be looked up to by others. Have his religious principles interfered with his perceptions of political rights? So far from it, they have given him the proper data on which to found conclusions? Have his desires after a better country crippled his energies regarding the duties of this world? He is diligent in business, while fervent in spirit. Have his convictions of the importance of eternity made him callous to the sufferings of time? To the extent of his ability, he clothes the naked and feeds the hungry, and sympathises with distress, and alleviates woe. The needy flee to him, and his name is revered in the circle of the afflicted. He does good unto all men as he has opportunity, not forgetting the special claims of the household of faith; and the charity which he extends, without ostentation, is ever accompanied by "a word in season," fitted to impress the thoughtless, or to cheer the desponding, or to warn the unruly, or to check the wayward, or to edify the believer. He considers the temporalities

of which he is constituted steward, as so much material agency by which to further the interests of spiritual truth. In him, consequently, the external apparatus of the gospel, and Christian and benevolent institutions, have a steady friend and supporter. While he prays for their success he consistently places at their disposal those means by which, in part, the Redeemer works for the accomplishment of his own gracious purposes. He believes in doctrine while he discharges duty; and so far from thinking that the former exonerates him from the latter, the heartiness of his obedience is in proportion to the strength of his faith. Nor has his high estimate of mind, and of the necessity of its training and culture, made him careless regarding the social disorders and temporal discomforts of the people; for he is a patriotic citizen, a benevolent member of the community, and diligent "in every good work."

Methodical in all his duties, and decided in all his purposes, the day closes as it began; and he retires to rest, cheerful, grateful, hopeful, with his mind fixed upon that adored Saviour with whom he desires to live for ever.

The first day of the week dawns. The sun, that was concealed by a preternatural veil when the world's Redeemer was suffering on Calvary, now pours his light upon the nations as if it were vocal with the intelligence of the Sufferer's victory and resurrection; and the diligent Christian, whose active labours have been rewarded by refreshing rest, arises with the sentiment of a grateful welcome to the loved day:

"Hail! morning, known among the blest!
Morning of hope, and joy, and love;
Of heavenly peace, and holy rest;
Pledge of the endless rest above!

Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting Sun!
The dawn of joy's eternal day!

Mercy looked down with smiling eye,
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith mark'd his bright ascent on high,
And Hope with gladness raised her head."

To the man whose Christian diligence we are tracing, the Lord's day is a day of "rest" in the Scriptural sense of the term; not a day of indolence, for in that sense he could not love it, but a day of cessation from secular pursuits and worldly cares, and its arrival is welcomed as enabling him to unite with his fellow-disciples in sitting at the feet of the Great

Teacher, in celebrating the praises of the God of salvation, in encircling the throne of grace, and in listening to illustrations and enforcements of the truths of the everlasting gospel from the lips of the pastor whom he esteems "very highly in love for his work's sake." He appears in the house of prayer as a man in earnest. His appearance indicates that he appreciates his privileges, and that, whilst he is mentally thankful for every intimation from the pulpit calculated by the blessing of God to arouse, correct, or edify others, his self-honesty is actively at work in his own breast. Wishing to be a doer as well as a hearer of the word, he tries himself by the illustrations of Christian character which are presented to him—questions his faith whether it has cordially received the doctrines which are expounded—measures his spiritual stature by the claims of Christ, which are found in the sacred volume, to ascertain whether he is growing in grace—tests his motives by representations of the spirituality of truth, and of the heart-searching prerogative of the God "with whom he has to do"—feeds upon the doctrinal, and resolves by grace to pay stricter attention in future to the preceptive parts of the gospel—lays open his heart to the influences of the Holy Spirit, and retires from the house of his Divine Master, a humbler, a happier, a holier man. He is "diligent," and "his soul is made fat."

W. L.

AN ELECTRIFYING MACHINE IN PERSIA.

WHEN sir James Malcolm was in Persia, on his first expedition, an electrifying machine which he took with him was one of the chief means of astonishing his Persian friends; and with its effects he surprised and alarmed all, from majesty itself to the lowest peasant.

At Isfahan, all were delighted with the electric machine, except one renowned doctor and lecturer of the college, who, envious of the popularity gained by this display of superior science, contended publicly that the effects produced were moral, not physical; that it was the mummery the Europeans practised, and the state of the nervous agitation they excited, which produced an ideal shock; but he expressed his conviction that a man of true firmness of mind would stand unmoved by all that could be produced out of the glass bottle, as he scoffingly

termed the machine. He was invited to the next experiment; the day arrived, and he came accordingly.

This doctor was called "Red-stockings," from his usually wearing scarlet hose. He was, notwithstanding his learning and reputed science, often made an object of mirth in the circles of the great and wealthy at Isfahan, to whom he furnished constant amusement, from the pertinacity with which he maintained his dogmas. Hence, "Red-stockings," with all his philosophy, was not over-wise. Nevertheless, he maintained his ground in the first society, by means common in Persia, as in other countries: he was, in fact, a little of the fool,* and not too much of the honest man. This impression of his character, combined with his presumption, made sir John Malcolm and his party less scrupulous in their preparations to render him an example for all who might hereafter doubt the effects of their boasted electricity; indeed, their Persian visitors seemed anxious that the effect should be such as to satisfy the man that had dared them to the trial—that it was physical, not moral.

The philosopher, notwithstanding various warnings, came boldly up, and took hold of the chain with both hands, planted his feet firmly, shut his teeth, and evidently called forth all his resolution to resist the shock. It was given; and poor "Red-stockings" dropped on the floor, as if he had been shot. There was a momentary alarm; but, on his almost instant recovery, and it being explained that the effect had been increased by the determination to resist it, all gave way to one burst of laughter. The good-natured philosopher took no offence. He muttered something about the reaction of the feelings after being overstrained, but admitted there was more in the glass bottle than he had anticipated.

OLD HUMPHREY AT GLASGOW AND STIRLING CASTLE.

Keep, fortress, castle, citadel,
Whate'er thy name be now,
Thou hast a lion-hearted look,
A bold and kingly brow.
How proud thy rocky ramparts stand!
How fair thy princely bowers!
How vast the glowing landscape spread
Round thine embattled towers!

In my first walk from Comries I was sadly disappointed, so much so that I told

* *Poco di matto* is deemed by the Italians an essential quality in a great man's companion.

a fellow-traveller at the hotel, that I had been looking for Glasgow and could not find it. How it happened, I know not; but in the direction taken by me, I met with nothing which came up to the picture I had formed in my mind of the most populous city of Scotland. On a farther acquaintance, the place wondrously rose in my estimation.

The cathedral, or high church, founded in 1123, by Achaius, bishop of Glasgow, is held in high estimation. It is now divided into outer church, inner church, choir, and vaulted cemetery. The edifice, independent of its beauty, has a claim to regard on account of its close connexion with Scottish history.

What a strange influence o'er the thoughtful mind
Have Gothic windows, cluster'd pillars high,
Huge buttresses, and low-brow'd sculptur'd vaults.
The deep-stained glass, too, in the leaded pane,
Lets in a solemn and mysterious light,
As though it came from ages long pass'd by.

The Fir Park, or Necropolis, which has a monument to the memory of the great Scottish reformer, John Knox; the churches of St. John, St. George, and St. David, with the College, University Library, Hunterian Museum, Observatory, Botanic Gardens, Anderson's Institution, and the Royal Exchange, add much to the beauty and consideration of the city. As a seat of learning, Glasgow is greatly distinguished. Of all rivers that I know, the Clyde is the most crowded with steam-boats; and of all streets that I have ever yet promenaded, Balmanus-street, Glasgow, is assuredly the steepest.

The green, to the south-east of the city, stretching along the northern bank of the Clyde, would present to the eye a beautiful lawn; but it is sadly disfigured by the grass being worn away in patches, and by the custom of drying clothes laid out flat on the grass. In a hundred places you see laundresses attending their newly-washed linen, spread out in all directions before them. This clothes-drying process at first much offended me; but at last I became more reconciled to the practice. "It is of much more consequence," said I, "that the good people of Glasgow should have clean and dry linen, than that I should enjoy a pleasant prospect."

The shoeless and stockingless feet and ankles of the Scotch women and girls of the poorer class being, for the most part, heavily formed and usually dirty, impart to the people a sad, squalid appearance,

especially when in connexion with ragged and unclean clothes. Now and then I met with an agreeable exception to this general remark. I saw on a hot day two fair, tall girls, neatly dressed, walking together across the green, with feet and ankles well shaped, and as clean as soap and water could make them. They looked like beings of a superior order, and very pleasant must have been the soft cool grass to the soles of their feet. I regarded them with surprise and admiration, and could at the moment have written a stanza or two in their praise. Had I done so, most likely my readers would have laughed at me for my pains; for the picture of old Humphrey penning a sonnet to two barefooted Scottish maidens, on the banks of the Clyde, would have been too provocative of mirth to have passed by unheeded.

On the large space beyond the green, which I think is called the park, I expected to find, in the prime part of the day, a throng of carriages, not absolutely like the goody throng in Hyde-park, London, but still somewhat extensive. What, then, was my surprise to see, day after day, only one solitary carriage, with an invalid in it, pacing slowly along the gravel walks! This circumstance convinced me that the industrious inhabitants of the city were too busy in spinning and weaving cotton, and in building steam-packets, to find much time to drive about in their carriages. The first boat propelled by steam in Britain, forced its way through the waters of the Clyde, and the steam-boats in the river now are numerous indeed.

On the sabbath morning I set off to attend a place of Divine worship, and found the streets thronged with people on their way to their several churches and chapels. My desire (not very commendable, certainly) was to see and hear something peculiar. It would just have suited me, could I have joined a congregation in the retired glens and craggy fastnesses of the mountains, with the blue heavens above me, while some white-headed old covenanter, abounding in piety and zeal, eloquently poured forth, from his rocky pulpit, the words of eternal life, and the heart-sustaining truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I passed several churches, but entered them not, carried away by my desire of novelty.

At last I saw a somewhat singular, staid, neatly dressed, servant-like female, walking alone, with a small clasped Bible

in her hand. By her appearance, it struck me that as she had not entered the churches, it was not unlikely she was on the way to some place of a peculiar kind. "Wherever that Bible goes I will go," said I mentally. Full of this resolution, I held on my course, keeping my eyes on the clasped Bible.

Up one street I went, and down another, for some time, till I began to call in question the prudence of my undertaking; for so long did I follow my guide that the streets were quite solitary, and I saw no appearance of a place of worship. Still I went on. "It is impossible," thought I, "that the clasped Bible can deceive me." It appeared to me that I was quite leaving the city, and approaching the suburbs of some adjoining hamlet; but I had proceeded too far to think of going back, so fortifying myself as well as I could in my Quixotic resolution, once more I doggedly repeated to myself my resolve, "Wherever that Bible goes I will go."

I can hardly express my surprise and mortification, after my long walk, and the patience and perseverance manifested by me, when I saw my guide, who had been altogether unconscious of leading me so far astray, ascend a flight of steps to a private house, where she was going, no doubt, to read by some aged relative, or invalided acquaintance, or friend in service there. By the time I came to the house the door was closed, and my guide and the clasped Bible had disappeared together. "Well," thought I, "this is a most untoward adventure, and I know not how to turn it to advantage; but who can tell—I shall yet find, perhaps, some place of worship to go to."

I had not walked fifty yards farther before I met a bonnie lassie, all broad Scotch, rosy cheeks and good humour, who assured me that it was "na muckle distance to a kirk and a guid minister." This was the case, for another quarter of a mile brought me to a church, in the gallery of which I obtained an excellent seat, though unhappily not until the text was about to be delivered. The minister abounded in knowledge, eloquence, and zeal, and was evidently a man of great experience and piety. After my disappointment, I listened to him with unwonted satisfaction, and left the place with a grateful heart, believing after all, that I had more reason to rejoice than to regret that I had followed my singular,

staid, neatly dressed, servant-like guide and her clasped Bible.

While I was at Comrie's Hotel, a very agreeable and intelligent artist arrived there, after a rough passage by steam-boat from Liverpool. He had been very ill while on board the steamer, and seemed quite dispirited. His object in visiting Scotland appeared to be, to secure a few faithful sketches of pure Highland scenery; and the account I gave him of the shepherd's hut, and the locality near Loch Lydoch, so interested him, that he determined at once to set off to see with his own eyes the things I had described, and to pass a night in the shepherd's hut. I can fully realize his reception, though I by no means envy him the night's lodgings which I suppose he obtained. The shepherd, of course, behaved civilly; and no doubt the shepherd's wife showed him her good teeth and her good temper, gave him whisky that was "rale smuggled," telling him that it would be "mate and drink" to him, and do him good, and finally shouted out to him her valedictory admonition, as he took his departure with a young guide from the hut, "Ye said that ye wad gie the bairn som'at! Ye mind that ye gie the bairn som'at!"

While passing scenes of common kind
From faithless memory flee,
Loch Lydoch—with thy mountains round,
The rugged rifts and boggy ground,
Thy shepherd's hut and wilds profound—
I shall remember thee!

It was with much curiosity that I entered the royal burgh of Stirling, which is said to resemble the old town of Edinburgh. It occupies a hill rising westward, that terminates in a bold, precipitous cliff crowned by the castle. The old church of Greyfriars, a fine Gothic structure, built by James IV., is now divided into two churches. King James VI. was crowned here, and the coronation sermon was preached by John Knox, the reformer. The ruinous building called Mars Work was erected by the earl of Mar, of stones brought from the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey; thus the ruins of one edifice constitute the strength of another. The royal arms of Scotland still decorate the front of the building, while those of the regent Mar adorn the projecting towers.

Stirling is celebrated for its excellent ale, and a very curious anecdote is related that may possibly have some con-

nexion with this fact: "Hector, the historian, says, that in the reign of Kenneth (858) the Picts possessed the knowledge of brewing a certain delicious drink from heather tops, a valuable secret when barley must have been a rare article. At the extirpation of this warlike race by the Scotch, two alone remained who were possessed of the secret, and their lives were offered them on condition that they would teach the ancient enemies of their race the mode by which the favourite beverage was brewed. They were father and son. The father agreed to make the disclosure, on the condition that a boon should be granted him. This was promised and sworn to.

"My demand, then, is," said the old man, "that you at once strike off the head of my son." The Scotch were surprised at the request, but it was persisted in, and they complied.

"Now," exclaimed the stern old captive, as the quivering trunk of his son lay before him, "you may put me to death also. My son was young and timorous, and the promise of life might have availed with him. I am old and resolved, and by no tortures which you can inflict shall you ever extort from me that knowledge you so much desire." The next moment, and he also lay stretched in death.

The great attraction of Stirling is its castle. Like Dumbarton Castle and others, when seen from a distance, it blends harmoniously with the rock on which it stands, and thus rock and castle impart an appearance of strength to each other. "Whatever you do, and wherever you go," said a friend to me, "be sure that you go to Stirling Castle." "There is no sight in Scotland better worth seeing than the Castle of Stirling," said another; and "the finest view in all Scotland is seen from Stirling Castle," said a third. No wonder that I hurried up the steep rocky way to the fortress. As I passed the drawbridge over the deep fosse below, some drummers were beating their discordant instruments, which loudly reverberated from the castle walls, while the scarlet coats of the soldiery imparted a warlike character to the scene. Stirling Castle is one of the four Scottish fortresses which, by the articles of union, are to be constantly garrisoned: the other three are those of Edinburgh, Dumbarton, and Blackness.

And shall the sword be scabbarded? the heart
That beats for glory in the guilty strife
Of cruel war forget its bitterness,
And man rejoice with man in love and peace?
Roll on thy chariot wheels, Almighty Lord!
And bring us down the blessing from above.

"Scotland, in the early feudal times, was covered with innumerable forts or castles, from the kingly battlements down to the single tower of the humblest chief, with its lone ribbed door and loop-holed windows. Even in the present day, the traveller cannot explore the most unfrequented scenes without meeting some grey relic of other days, reminding him that the chain of feudal despotism had there planted one of its links, and around which there often linger those fine traditions in which fiction has lent her romantic colours to history. In the vicinity of these strongholds were placed the rude habitations and cottages belonging to the more immediate retainers and dependants, such as the armourers, tailors, wrights, masons, falconers, and forest-keepers. Many others, however, took advantage of their situation, and, by the payment of a small rent, obtained permission to erect their habitations and booths under the protection of their walls; and to this practice we owe the origin of our towns and royal burghs in Scotland. Of this, Stirling is a most striking example; for who would have planned a tower on so steep a hill, if it had not been for the protection of the fort? When this occurred there is no record to show, the origin of Stirling Castle being lost in antiquity."

Many of the Scottish castles brought to my memory snatches of olden ballads, and antique rhymes of knights and tournaments and border forays. It was so with me on my visit to Stirling Castle, and as I ascended the ramparts the words appeared to ring in my ears—

"They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae saddled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back."

The time-worn and weather-stained stones of the castle have much influence over the mind of the spectator. The censurable freedom of some of the sculptured effigies on the walls of the palace, built by James v., now a barrack, are of the most lawless character.

Stirling Castle was the favourite abode of the monarchs of Scotland, nor is this to be wondered at, when we regard its strength, and the goodly prospect it com-

mands. Many times was the castle taken and retaken during the time of Edward I. of England. When the battle of Stirling was fought, in 1297, it was held by Wallace. At the battle of Bannockburn, in 1314, it was occupied by the adherents of Edward II. If the palace of Holyrood has a chamber rendered remarkable by the murder of Rizzio, Stirling has an apartment not less memorable for the murder of the earl of Douglas by James II. James had invited the earl to the castle, which invitation Douglas had accepted, first obtaining a safe conduct under the great seal, that he should come to the court and depart in safety. After dining together, the king led the earl into a small apartment, where a few of the privy council were, and urged him to break off his league with the Crawfords and Rosses. The earl of Douglas replied by a haughty and positive refusal, when the king, in a burst of rage, drew forth a dagger, and, telling him that if he would not break the league the dagger should, instantly stabbed him. Sir Patrick Gray, who had before sworn revenge against Douglas, with his battle-axe struck him down with a mortal blow. Thus did king James, forgetful of what he owed Douglas after giving him a safe conduct under the great seal, and equally forgetful of what he owed to the Lord of lords and King of kings, stain his hand with blood, and brand his brow with the infamy of a cowardly and murderous deed. This ruffian treachery will be handed down to posterity.

Wealth cannot gild the shade that treachery flings,
Nor power and splendour hide the crimes of kings.

Long did I linger at the castle, for though the palace, the parliament-house, chapel royal, and other parts of it are not now applied to the purposes for which they were originally intended, they have attached to them many historical associations. The past was gone by, but the remembrance of it was present with me.

The king's park, the gardens, the king's knot, the steep path leading to the entrance of the castle, called the Ballen-geich Gate, whence James v. stealthily departed on his wanderings of doubtful morality as the "Guidman of Ballen-geich"—the Gowling Hills and the tilting ground, all were regarded with attention, as well as the mount named Hurlyhacket, the Heading Hill. Here Murdoch, duke of Albany, cousin of James II., and his two sons, were sacri-

feed; and here sir James Graham and his associates, after being put to cruel tortures, were brought to the block. The castle and Heading Hill are thus apostrophized in "The Lady of the Lake:"

"Ye towers, within whose circuit dread,
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headman's bloody hand."

Not soon was I satisfied in looking from the elevated ramparts on the wide-spread amphitheatre that presented so much to excite my wonder and my delight. I might have had a more glowing day, though hardly could I have had one more suited to the character of the place. The weather being fitful, the landscape was alternately lit up and begloomed. The bold and precipitous hills, draped with dark clouds black as the eminences they shrouded, appeared to great advantage with the gleamy, wild, and stormy sky behind them. The Abbey Craig, the fertile vale, the spreading woods, the winding river, the beautiful Ochil hills, the Strath of Monteith, castles, lochs, glens, with Benlomond, Benvoirlich, Benledi, and Benmore by turns arrest the attention.

"Dull and insensate were the grovelling soul
That mid these mountain scenes could stand, nor feel
Emancipation from the dark control
Of earthly cares and low desires that steal
Against the joys of life, and war against the weal
Of the immortal spirit, to whose sight
These hills, these clouds, these torrents, nought reveal
Of their Creator's glory—of that might
Which seems to sit enthroned on every cloud-capt height."

The Stirling bridges over the Forth are a little distance from the town. On the old bridge archbishop Hamilton was hung, in 1571. The middle bridge is not far removed from the other two.

A bowman there might take his stand,
And send a shaft on either hand;
Far o'er the bridge's bending brow
That stands above him or below.

But neither the bridge of greenstone from Abbey Craig Cliff, nor the other new bridges, nor the picturesque old bridge still remaining, were half so present to my thoughts, while I gazed on them, as the old wooden bridge that once bestrid the stream half a mile farther up the river. Fierce and bloody was the strife that there took place, when Cressingham, with his 57,000 English fol-

lowers, was met by Wallace, backed by 40,000 Scots.

On rolled the river between the assembled hosts, as though it would put a barrier to the wrath of man, set aside the feud of angry hearts, and prevent the death-grapple of those that were implacable. All in vain! The English, in numbers, rushed across the bridge, and when thus their force was divided, Wallace, with all his strength, came down upon them. Busy indeed were the pike and the claymore that day, and the river was reddened with the strife. Wallace remained victor, and the English, after burning the wooden bridge, to prevent their enemies from pursuing them, retreated in confusion from the fearful scene.

So long have mankind constituted the sword as the arbiter of national differences, that battles of necessity occupy a prominent part of history. Look at Scotland, studded with fortresses! Why, the country, for ages and ages, was little better than a vast battle-field!

Where Celts and Saxons in contention stood,
Like angry tigers all athirst for blood.

The battle of Sheriffmuir, in 1715, was fought at a distance of about seven miles from Stirling; and that of Bannockburn, in 1314, took place in a hollow, not more than two miles south of the castle. This latter battle was the greatest victory ever obtained by Scotland over England. Few Scotchmen are altogether unacquainted with Robert Burn's supposed address of Robert Bruce to his army before the engagement, beginning with the words,

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour—
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
His chains and slaverie!"

The day of the battle of Bannockburn was a dark day for the English host, for the arm of Scotland triumphed. In vain were a hundred thousand Englishmen opposed to an army of Scotchmen, less than a third of their number, the Burn of Bannock running between the contending hosts; for confusion awaited them, the footmen were discomfited, and the horse and his rider were overthrown. The English mistook an approaching throng of servants and women carrying

blankets and sheets on poles, for a Scottish reinforcement of soldiers, and a panic ensued. The archers were cut down, the cavalry fell into holes which had been purposely dug for them and covered over, and a general rout took place. Thirty thousand Englishmen were slain, and among them two hundred belted knights and seven hundred esquires. By this victory the independence of Scotland was secured. Five hundred years have rolled onward since this victory and defeat, but old men on the other side of the Tweed love to talk of it still,—

And children from their nurses learn
To lisp the name of Bannockburn.

I mused on these battles of days gone by, as I slowly left the ramparts of Stirling Castle, thinking to myself, "For nearly six thousand years has the race of mankind been in existence, yet even now has it not learned the truth, that kindly words and deeds are better than swords, and that for every victory that is enjoyed, a defeat must be endured."

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

HAS any reader of ours ever performed a winter voyage homewards over the Atlantic, and not had indelibly impressed on his recollection the last long dreary night spent in the outlook for those symptoms of land which were to demonstrate the correctness or the error of the captain's reckoning, bringing the ship into the safety of a sheltered harbour, or leaving it a wreck upon a reef of rocks? Can such an one ever forget the delight with which his watching eyes hailed the first bright flash of light that, streaming on them through the refracting lens of Fresnel or the luminous disk of Brewster, welcomed him back, and lighted him with the torch of science on his devious way round precipitous headlands into a harbour of safety in his island home? In the breast of such a reader there will ever be a feeling of gratitude towards the wise, brave, and beneficent men who have risked their lives and expended their talents in lighting every angle and bay round the corrugated outline of our accurately surveyed coast. So completely has this been done, that in the dark and stormy night almost as well as in the bright sunny day the homeward-bound ship need not near danger without

receiving friendly warning. Her pathway is illuminated by gigantic fire-beacons, so thickly set that the sight of one is lost only to get into sight of the next. In fact, for all purposes of safety, Regent-street is not better lighted than the British Channel or the Northern Isles.

If there should ever be written a history of engineering adventure, some of its most romantic incidents will be taken from the lives of the builders of lighthouses—and perhaps we ought to add, of the men who tend them. The situation of the latter is more easily appreciated, and therefore more commonly understood, than that of the former. Fancy a little black speck of rock in the centre of a boundless circle of green sea: no single object in sight. On this speck of rock stands a tall round pillar like the Monument; and perched in a little cell on the top of it is one lonely man. Lonely, we say; for though there are two, one always sleeps while the other wakes; and so they rarely meet. There, then, the solitary lightsman sits, tending with midnight oil his waning wick, and counting "tick, tick, tick" by the great lighthouse clock, each passing second of his tedious responsibility. Night after night, for four long dark winter months, is he thus occupied; and woe betide him if the lamp go out! Honest and sober, of irreproachable life and habits, must these men be to endure the penalties of this solitary cell. Men of high character only are capable of performing a duty attended with such weighty responsibility. The situation is one likely to quicken the conscience even into a morbid sensibility. We know an instance illustrating this. An honest Presbyterian Scotchman having closed his eyes, and for three minutes let his lamp go out; and having succeeded in relighting it without observation, and with no evil consequence, was yet so haunted with the image of his crime, that he informed against himself, and was dismissed the service.

A short account of the useful duties of this strange isolated being, the lighthouse-keeper, will not be out of place here. His instructions show that his minor duties are as greatly diversified as the unmitigable uniformity of his principal care will allow. First, and of course principally, he is to see that the lamps of his lighthouse are kept burning bright and clear every night from sunset to sunrise; and in order that the greatest

degree of light may be obtained throughout the night, the wicks must be trimmed as often as necessary, and at least every four hours. Secondly: The keeper is to maintain a regular and constant watch in the light-room throughout the whole night; the first watch to begin at sunset, and a change to be always made at midnight. Thirdly: The first light-keeper shall, immediately after the morning watch, polish, or otherwise cleanse, the reflectors or refractors, till they are brought into a proper state of brilliancy. He shall also cleanse thoroughly the lamps, and carefully dust the chandelier, supply the burners with cotton, the lamp with oil; and have everything connected with the apparatus in a state of readiness for lighting in the evening. But the second light-keeper shall clean the glass of the lantern, the lamp-glasses, the copper and brass work and utensils, the walls, floor, and balcony of the light-room, together with the tower-stairs, passage, doors, and windows, from the light-room at the top to the oil-cellar at the bottom. The following is carefully underlined: "The light-keeper on duty shall on no pretence whatever, during his watch, leave the light-room and balcony." Bells are provided, to enable the keeper on duty to summon the absent one; and the light-keeper on duty shall, at his peril for disobedience, remain on guard till he is relieved by the other light-keeper in person.

We must not allow curiosity regarding the habits and duties of these men, made interesting by the strange wild accidents of their position, to divert our attention further from the important work now under notice. But what we have said about the lighthouse-keeper will help to give us some sort of notion also of the nature and extent of that isolation to which the chief engineer of a lighthouse consigns himself when he undertakes (without that shelter which at least the keeper has) to prepare on the surface of a solitary rock—most generally covered with water—the foundation of a future lighthouse; remaining by it year after year until he has raised the head of his noble structure far above the power of waves to harm it. The position of the master in such a case is an intellectual isolation of the completest nature; and so deeply is it felt, that we have seen an engineer return from such an occupation a silent, sad, changed man—his cheek careworn, and his hair turned from raven

black to gray. The Skerryvore Lighthouse is the largest, most arduous, and important work of its kind which has been executed in this country, and we think we may add in any other. There are but two of the same nature, well known by reputation to everybody—the Eddystone Lighthouse and the Bell Rock. This of Skerryvore is twice as high as Eddystone, and contains double the matter of the Bell Rock, its mass being four times that of the Eddystone Lighthouse. Its other peculiarities are, its great distance from the land, and its inaccessible nature in the extensive and dangerous reef of which it forms a part.—*Athenæum*.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Six hundred years before the birth of our Lord, Thales, of Miletus, gave forth to the world a remarkable aphorism, which, tested by revolving ages, even to our day retains all its force and significance. The pagan moralist of a later age, unwilling to ascribe it to mortal ingenuity, asserted that heaven was its birth-place, and that thence it descended to man. And yet, when Thales uttered his maxim, "Know thyself," he had only the dim light of nature to guide him in his search, and the dry speculations of his own mind to reward his toil. If, then, to him, with such aids and prospects, the study of self was all-important, how much greater interest does it gather for us, who have God's word for our counsellor, and eternal happiness promised as our reward?

Revelation has outshone the dawn of reason, as the sun, when he rises in the east, eclipses the brilliancy of the planets—not to destroy, but to obscure them; and now it develops to us, in all their splendour and magnificence, those truths and realities of which sages and philosophers of old could trace but a dim and shadowy outline. And what a light does this revelation throw upon self! Once it was regarded merely as the animal part of our existence—to be gratified, indulged, and pampered, till the highest gratification was pictured as the very bliss of the gods. Now we see how it may be "clothed, and in its right mind," sitting, not at the banquet of excess and violence, but "at the feet of Jesus." How, then, do we apply the illumination we have received?

Doubtless, to all who regard self properly, it will appear a very dark thing; and its very darkness would naturally make us recoil from the contemplation of it. "The most formidable, and, it is to be feared, the most frequent impediment to men's turning the mind inwards upon themselves, is, that they are afraid of what they shall find there. There is an aching hollowness in the bosom, a dark cold speck at the heart, an obscure and boding sense of a somewhat that must be kept out of sight of the conscience—some secret lodger, whom they can neither resolve to reject or retain."*

It must, indeed, always be an arduous or unwelcome task to call up every action to the tribunal of conscience, that it may be sifted and sentence pronounced upon it. What struggles between principle and expediency—what wars between duty and feeling must we meet with! Still, we shall never "know ourselves," if we do not thus call them up. The longer we delay to test them, the more arduous and unwelcome will the task become. The first outbreak of a spring has so soft and gentle a flow, that it yields to the slightest obstacle that may check its course; but if we wait till it has formed its own channel, and gathered into a steady stream, we shall see those impediments which could once turn it hither and thither, now whirled onward in its rapid current. So with self; if not checked and learned at once, it will rush on, impetuous and uncontrolled, till we are hurried to a conflict for which we are unprepared—to use, like David, "weapons we have not proved."

It would be impossible to give any definition of self which would be universally applicable; for each man must have one of his own. But if there can be any general expression of it, it may perhaps be defined as the embodiment in each man of those evil and unsanctified desires, passions, and motives which, as St. Paul says, are ever warring against the law of God. And this we gather from our Lord's own words, He that would be my disciple, must deny himself; from which it is at least evident that self is that part of us which is totally opposed to, and incompatible with, vital religion. How needful, then, is it to know this self of ours!

The task is not so difficult. We must be constantly examining our thoughts, words, and deeds. We are not like

* Coleridge's "Aids."

Thales, without the means of judging of them. We have a touchstone to apply them to and test their quality. God's word tells us what his religion is, and what he requires of us: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Micah, vi. 8. So then every difficulty vanishes. We are to see what God says we ought to be, and then to look into our own hearts, and see what we are; or, in St. Paul's words, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith." There was only one who ever lived, who could bear such a test unflinchingly, and in whom the friends of this world could find nothing: one "who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth," and who hath left us an example to follow in his steps.

But it is not possible for us of ourselves to examine our hearts and ways, so as to secure "self-knowledge." We must seek the assistance of his Holy Spirit to guide us in our attempts to follow Christ as our pattern, knowing that we are not "sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God," 2 Cor. iii. 5. It has been quaintly observed, that "Prayer and provender stay no man's journey;" and they who have been constant in making known all their requests to God, will be able to bear witness at least to the comfort and patience they have derived from the habit, and oftentimes have traced promises of approaching light where to others all might seem dreary and dark. No concern of life, however trivial it may seem, is too trivial to ask God's guidance and blessing upon; for "his eyes behold and his eyelids try the children of men." He watches the motives of the heart before they have developed themselves into actions. What aid then could he render us in our study of self! How could he disentangle for us that web of motives which our breasts appear to us!

Nor is this all. It is useless to attain this information if we do not apply it to our lives, and act resolutely upon the conclusions we gradually come to. Like the merchant, who knows by constant calculation what his worldly risks and prospects are, so we must plan all ours here for the life that is to come. And what would the application of self-knowledge be? It would teach us what we were before God and men. We should know how low and mean we are, and

must be, in His sight who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity; and so we should be able to grasp somewhat of the immensity of that love which he showed us, when we were yet sinners, in sending his Son to die for us. Much as we may now feel our weaknesses and imperfections, how much greater would they appear when we had looked into every crevice of our heart, and laid every emotion bare before God. Precious, indeed, then should we esteem his strength, which is made perfect in our weakness!

And before man we should know ourselves, too. Gain would not influence us to wrong doing. Wealth, station, talents, would all sink beneath the surface of that stream of love, which, springing from love to God, would flow round upon all our fellows. By having learned our own frailties, we should learn how to forgive others their trespasses. Pride would never lead us to shun them, nor suspicion to wound them; and in the every-day routine of life, we should be able to bring all our dealings to the strict unswerving line of right. It would no longer be "quite impossible" to remedy those thousand little dishonesties which use has almost sanctioned into necessities. We should live in the fear of God all the day long, and, as a necessary consequence, at peace with men. The old courtier's words are far more true than he meant them to be:

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Is not this a study, then, worth cultivating? And it has this advantage above others, that there can be no excess of it. On other subjects, we find men wise above what is written—trying to explain mysteries or elucidate doubts which their very handling makes more mysterious. Not so with self. It should be with each one of us a life-long study. In the dawn of childhood, when the imagination first opens into being;—in the morning of youth, when life's sun has overstepped the horizon, and the world's flowers look sweetest, and earth most like paradise;—in the noonday of maturer years, when the feelings become fixed, and the heart runs maddened after pleasure, or, chilled with its deceits, clings closely and immovably to God;—or in the sober eventide of age, when the sun is fast going down to rise in a brighter or gloomier region, and bear along with it the tale of

life's eventful day. In each of these stages and periods, this study will assume some different phase, and afford some profitable lesson, and show us how self, indulged or denied, forgotten or examined, will be conqueror or conquered in the end.

S. F. J.

GOLD IN SIBERIA.

THE reign of the emperor Nicholas has been distinguished by the important discovery, that portions of the great eastern regions of Siberia are highly auriferous; namely, the government of Tomsk and Teniseik, where low ridges, similarly constructed to those on the eastern flank of the Ural, and like them, trending from north to south, appear as offsets from the great east and west chain of the Altai, which separates Siberia from China. And here it is curious to remark, that a very few years ago, this distant region did not afford a third part of the gold which the Ural produced; but by recent researches, an augmentation so rapid and extraordinary has taken place, that in 1843 the eastern Siberian tract yielded considerably upwards of two-and-a-quarter millions sterling, raising the total gold produce of the Russian empire to nearly three millions sterling! —*Sir R. I. Murchison.*

THE MARQUIS OF VICO,

AN ITALIAN NOBLEMAN IN THE TIMES OF
THE REFORMATION.

No. I.

NEVER were there so many striking instances of the progress of the gospel, which ought to be compared to the discovery of the treasure hid in a field, Matt. xiii. 44, as in the age of the Reformation, even in countries like Spain and Italy, in which the reformed religion was suppressed, and not encouraged, as in Germany and Great Britain. The prize of eternal life was often found by those who sought not for it, but who saw that it was their gain to abandon all their earthly goods and worldly connexions, in order to settle in distant lands, where they might find a happier home among those who, like themselves, were true believers in the gospel of Christ. Such a character was the marquis of Vico, whose character will

be set forth in the following pages. He was one who, for joy at the treasure he had found, sold all that he had to secure it to himself.

Galeazzo Caraccioli (for that was his family name) was born at Naples in 1517. His father, Nicolas Antonio Caraccioli, belonged to one of the most ancient and considerable families in that province, and was, in his early youth, intimate with the prince of Orange, to whom the command of the imperial army was intrusted. This nobleman gave such proofs of his able and trustworthy character, that he was sent into Italy with that prince by the emperor Charles v., in order to assist him with his counsels in the siege of Florence. And when he went back to his sovereign to give an account of that contest, he behaved altogether with so much discretion that he received promotion to the post of privy councillor to the king of Naples. In this office he remained until his death, in the year 1562, and assiduously attended to the advantage of that state, and the interests of Charles v. and his son Philip II. His wife was descended from the noble house of Caraffa, and her brother, under the name of Paul IV., rose to the papal see.

Of these distinguished parents Galeazzo sprang, and he grew up in the enjoyment of all the luxuries and dignities of a high station in life. His talents might have been exerted in the same course which his father had trod, had not a nobler pursuit opened itself to his mind. When he was about twenty, his father being left a widower, and having no other child, thought it time for him to marry, and secured an income of 12,000 crowns to himself and his posterity. He chose for him a wife of an eminent family, the daughter of the duke of Nocera, whose portion amounted to 20,000 gold crowns. No attention seems to have been given to the actual inclinations of the parties, which are seldom regarded in marriages between persons of the highest rank. This is much to be regretted, for such unions often prove unhappy, and, indeed, Galeazzo found his Vittoria one who afterwards was wanting in sympathy with his feelings, and of this he had painful experience; but as to the things of this world, he could not have made a happier choice. They lived in undisturbed harmony until the year 1551, and had six children, four sons and two daughters; and historians speak of their family life as happy.

The old marquis was not satisfied with

securing a comfortable position to his children, he was bent on exalting them, and he strove to promote the advancement of his son in the court of Charles v., who gave him many proofs of his regard. He knew that there were few to be compared with Galeazzo for uprightness, discernment, understanding, and good habits of business. The way was open for his son to attain the highest honours, and the prince whom he served was the mighty potentate who could boast that the sun never set on his dominions. But just as the prospects of this young nobleman seemed the brightest, dark clouds began to gather; yet the showers which shook and scattered the fair blossoms of his earthly hopes, only ripened the fruits of the Spirit within him.

There was then a Spanish nobleman, Juan Valdez, residing at Naples, who had formerly attended Charles v. into Germany, and had acquired many friends by his eminence in learning and the excellence of his character. He was the first Spaniard whom the doctrines of the Reformation had really impressed and convinced, and he strove to disseminate them among his friends and connexions. He was especially clear in his views on the important doctrine of justification by faith, and constantly set forth this subject, showing that all reliance on good works and human righteousness is false and deceptive, and he was the means of delivering many from their errors and unbelief. Among these was the intimate friend and associate of Galeazzo, a relation of the latter, named Giovanni Francisco Caserta, with whom Valdez had many conversations on the danger of self-righteousness. These conversations were not, indeed, pleasing to the natural heart, which, in youth especially, delights in the vanities and follies of the world; but though at the time they had no decided effect upon him, yet this seed, which fell among thorns, under the blessing of God, afterwards produced fruit.

Another resident in Naples at that time was Peter Martyr Vermiglio, of Florence, a man whose deep insight into Christian truth, whose pious character and ready utterance, procured him considerable respect whenever he spoke. Galeazzo began to listen to these men, rather from curiosity than from a desire for instruction. Martyr was one day speaking on the First Epistle to the Corinthians, chap. 2, and showing that the natural man is insensible to the things of God, until the

wonderful work of the Spirit has renewed the heart. A man, he said, who sees the alteration in the life and habits, the proceedings and conduct of a Christian, is ready to regard him as one beside himself, because the causes of this alteration are unknown; but when the source of this change is better understood, when the work of the Holy Spirit has been made manifest, and also the word of God, by which alone such effects can be produced, he ceases to revile, and feels an earnest desire to join himself to those who renounce the world and its vanities, and direct their lives according to the principles of the gospel.

Galeazzo afterwards repeatedly told his friends that this comparison made a deep impression upon him, and from the time he heard it, he resolved no more to make provision for the lusts of the flesh, but diligently to search for the truth. He read the Holy Scriptures with attention, knowing them to be the true source of wisdom, and he chose for his companions those men whose examples and conversation would promote his growth in piety. This happy change in him took place in the year 1541, when he was twenty-four years of age.

Among those who rejoiced at the conversion of Galeazzo Caraccioli, was Marco Antonio Flaminio, a man of considerable repute in that age for his poetry and learning, who, in his heart, was attached to the Protestants' cause, though he never openly professed himself a Protestant. His good wishes for Galeazzo were expressed in a letter, of which the following is a translation :

"Flaminio to Caraccioli, health.—When I consider these words of the holy Paul, 'Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called,' I am reminded of the distinguishing favour which the Lord has shown to you, in adding to your earthly nobility that true and heavenly nobility of which he has made you a partaker by faith. The greater this benefit is, the more should you endeavour to devote your life to the glory of God, that the thorns, that is the riches, and pleasures, and pride of this life may not choke the good seed of the gospel, which has been sown in your heart. You may be assured that the Lord will carry on the good work which he has begun within you. As you have hitherto laboured to excel all who are of your own rank, and

to guard against everything that might stain the dignity of your birth, may the Lord give you grace, that henceforth your first care may be to live according to the character and privileges of the children of God. The duty of the sons of God is this, to strive with all their hearts and all their powers to become perfect, as their heavenly Father is perfect, and to begin on earth the holy, righteous life which they hope to lead in heaven. Keep in mind constantly, in all things that you say and do, that God has shown us this unspeakable mercy of making us his children through Jesus Christ our Lord. Let the remembrance of this benefit, through the assistance of the Holy Spirit, preserve us from every step that is unbecoming to our high station, and have also in mind, that he who will please God, must be willing to displease men, and must despise the vain honours of this world, if he would possess the everlasting glories of paradise; for, as our Lord Jesus Christ declares, it is impossible for those to believe who only seek honour from men, who are less than nothing, as the royal prophet says, Psa. lxi. 9. We need not therefore concern ourselves about their judgment, but only as to the judgment of God, who seeth all our doings, and our most secret thoughts. Therefore it is not mere folly, but real madness, to draw down the anger of God, for the sake of this perishing world. Is it not shameful, when a woman cares to please another rather than her own husband? and must it not be much worse, if our souls seek rather to please men than their beloved Bridegroom, our Saviour Jesus Christ? When God has given his own Son to be loaded with reproaches, and pierced with nails for us, and to suffer death upon the cross, shall we not stand fast, and endure the mockings of the enemies of God? Why not smile at them with a sacred contempt? or, rather, as we are the members of Jesus Christ, should we not pity such a lamentable blindness? Let us pray to God to remove the thick darkness in which they are sunk, and to enlighten them with the Divine light, that they may not be the slaves of Satan, by whom, as his messengers and servants, he persecutes Jesus Christ in his members. In the meantime, whatever trouble he gives us, and however fierce are his assaults upon believers, he cannot hinder all the afflictions that we endure from working

together for the glory of God and our own salvation.

"Whoever is partaker of this strong confidence, can easily sustain the temptations of the flesh, the world, and Satan. Therefore let us pray to our heavenly Father, that he would increase this faith in our hearts, to produce the same fruits, which he is ever wont to work in the souls of his elect, so that our faith may bring forth the fruits of good works, and be openly manifested as such, not as a fanciful, dead, and human belief, but as true, living, and divine, grounded on his word, which is the sure pledge of our everlasting salvation. Let us show that we are truly the children of God, and seek nothing else but that his own most holy name may be glorified. Let us follow his unspeakable goodness, who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good. Let us worship his Divine majesty in spirit and in truth, and devote to our Lord Jesus Christ the temple of our hearts, as a holy offering. Yea, since we are true members of the body of our heavenly High Priest, let us yield up to him our own bodies, and crucify our flesh with its desires, that they may die in us, and that the Spirit of God may live in us. We may gladly die to ourselves, that we may live happily with God and Jesus Christ; or rather, we desire to experience that we are dead and risen with Christ, and have our conversation in heaven, and the image of God reflected in us. The image will shine the more brightly in you who are already distinguished by your riches, rank, power, and influence. Oh what a pleasing sight for all true Christians, yea, even for the angels and for God, to see a man of so exalted a station mindful of the frailty of life, and the vanity of earthly things, and saying with Christ, 'I am a worm, and no man;' or with David, 'Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.' He is truly rich, who is brought to this state of spiritual poverty, and with his whole heart abandons all that he possesses, even human wisdom and learning, riches and honours, earthly pleasures, and the favours of princes, and himself also. Such an one is looked upon by the world as a fool for Christ's sake, and with all his riches, he prays in simplicity of heart, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' He prefers suffering for Christ's sake, to all honours and pleasures; and because he

counts all things as nought compared with the righteousness of Christ—because he has been, and is led by the Spirit of God—he can sing, like the kingly prophet, with unutterable joy, 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.' He sets not his confidence on any earthly thing, but in God alone; he seeks no other power or wisdom, no pleasure or glory, but in God himself; therefore he can say, with the same psalmist, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.' The man who used this language was a powerful and wealthy prince, but he was not blinded by the love of earthly riches and pleasure. He knew that all good things came from God, and must be possessed as his gifts, and used to his glory. (See 1 Chron. xxix. 10—15.)

"Continually remember these important truths, and pray to God that he would teach you to know your own littleness, and his immeasurable power, that you may take example from David, and humble yourself under his mighty hand, to whom all power and glory truly belongs, and you shall enjoy the grace he gives to the humble, but refuses to the proud. (See Jer. ix. 23, 24.) If, therefore, you boast, boast not of your riches, as do the men of this world, nor of the nobility of the family from whence you spring. Leave such honours to those who cleave to the world, to flesh, and sin. But rather glory that it is your privilege to enter into the kingdom of God, and that the Lord has shown mercy to you, in bringing you out of the thick darkness of error, to the knowledge of his unutterable goodness, and raised you from being a child of wrath, and one of the lowest slaves of sin, to be a child, and a happy citizen, of heaven, through his dear Son Jesus Christ, and has given you also all the good things of this world, so that, as St. Paul writes, all things are yours, the world, and life, and death, things present, and things to come, in and through Jesus Christ, who is the only life of our souls. Behold, this is the true glory of the Christian, whereby you may understand the mercy of God, and tread under foot the pride of men, which never suffers them to look above themselves, except in resistance against God.

"This glory makes us humble in the

most exalted situations, modest in prosperity, patient in adversity, firm in danger, generous to our fellow-creatures, joyful in hope of happiness hereafter, persevering in prayer, full of the love of God, free from the love of self and of the world; and, finally, it renders us faithful disciples and true followers of Jesus Christ. Therefore let us turn all our cares and our efforts to this end, that we may follow his great example, and, as strangers and pilgrims, set little value on all the things of this world. You know that the earnest wish of my heart for your salvation has led me to write this address to you, which neither accords with my calling nor my practice, for I freely confess my own ignorance, and am well aware that I am far more fit to be a scholar than a teacher, and would rather desire to listen to and learn from others, than to teach and exhort. But I hope you will pardon my freedom. May God make you as poor in spirit as you are rich in earthly possessions, that with this spiritual poverty you may procure heavenly and everlasting treasures! Given at Viterbo."

E. S.

VISIT TO HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE, FENCHURCH-STREET.

THERE are many scenes of an interesting kind in the great metropolis, which are rarely gazed upon either by the stranger who comes up from the country to see "fayre London citye," or by the citizen born and bred within hearing of "Bow bells." As they could not be generally visited by the sight-seeing public without inconvenience, so they are not mentioned in the guide-books. One of these interesting scenes is described in the following sketch.

The sharp double rap of the postman prepared me for the breaking of seals and the opening of envelopes, and in another minute I was reading a communication from Hudson's Bay House, Fenchurch-street, from which I give the following quotation:—"As our warehouses just now present a spectacle in which you would probably feel some interest, I write to acquaint you of it, in the hope that you will avail yourself of the opportunity. Our principal sale of furs will take place next week; so that, at the present time, the goods are 'on show.' The collection of thousands of skins of various wild animals, some ex-

trremely beautiful, would prove to you, I think, an interesting exhibition. The skins of bears, wolves, foxes, lynxes, martens, minks, and other creatures, help to form our catalogue. If you can spare half an hour to pay us a visit, I shall be delighted to walk round the warehouses with you."

The reading of this letter presented to my imagination vivid scenes, in which white bears and black, grey badgers, wolves of various colours, wily foxes, quick-eyed lynxes, slender-bodied ermines and flying squirrels, were strangely blended with fur-hunters and trappers. These scenes, however, being ideal, and the exhibition at Hudson's Bay House, on the contrary, real, I gave up the former, and set off to witness the latter.

There was something so thoroughly practical, and yet so decidedly calculated to excite the imagination in the spectacle I was about to see, that it just suited me, and I hurried on, speculating largely on the probable appearance it would assume. Long before I arrived in Fenchurch-street, in my fancy I had heard the last howl of a Polar bear on an iceberg, and seen a beaver caught in a trap; to say nothing of the wood and prairie, Indians with their war-eagle plumes, medicine-bags, moccasins, scalp-locks, tomahawks and war clubs that crossed my path.

Hudson's Bay House,—the property of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company,—is the great emporium in England for North American furs, and the principal sale takes place, on the premises, in the month of March. A passing allusion to the formation of the company may not be unwelcome to the reader.

Hudson's Bay, in North America, lies to the northward of the Canadian lakes, and is entered from the Atlantic by way of Hudson's Straits. It was named after the English navigator, Hudson, who discovered it. In the reign of Charles II., prince Rupert obtained the grant of a ship, commanded by captain Zachariah Gillam, who sailed to Hudson's Bay with one Grosseleig, an enterprising man: the latter having already visited and reported favourably of the place, Fort Charles was then erected on the bank of Rupert River.

The year following, prince Rupert with seventeen other persons were incorporated into a company, with the exclusive privilege of carrying on trade and establishing settlements in that inhospitable

region. This was the origin of the present Hudson's Bay Company.

Independently of the great fur traffic, which has ever since been carried on between North America and this country, the company has rendered great public services in exploring regions before little known, and in fitting out expeditions to discover a north-west passage into the Pacific, and to attain other objects of an interesting kind.

The growing success and importance of the company was at length regarded with envy by many who desired to share the profits that were annually realized, and a "North-west Company" was established. For some time these rival establishments opposed each other with much bitterness and animosity,—so that many a death-grapple took place between their several agents in the secluded recesses of the wilderness; and many a fur-hunter fell beneath the rifle or the knife of his excited rival. Self-interest steels the heart of man, and goads him on even to the shedding of his brother's blood.

Nothing could be more certain than the destruction of both establishments, if such a ruinous course was persisted in; they therefore agreed to make up all their differences, and to become one company. This arrangement took place in the year 1821; since which time the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company has included the original establishment, and the North-West Company united.

The different animals which supply the civilized world with fur are destroyed in winter, because at that season their skins are in their prime, for their great Creator has not been unmindful of their wants during the rigour of the winter season. The fur-hunters and the trappers convey their skins to the company's establishments at Hudson's Bay; from whence the greater part are shipped to England, and find their way to Hudson's Bay House, Fenchurch-street, London. They are then either reshipped to other countries, or, after being beaten, assorted, and trimmed, sold by public auction to the fur-merchant and the wholesale furrier. In addition to the skins of animals, the company disposes of isinglass, bed feathers, goose and swan quills, oil, buffalo and deer tongues, and other commodities.

The fur-hunters and trappers in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company are usually provided by it with all necessary implements and comforts, to enable

them to pursue their calling; these are paid for when they take in their skins.

On entering the store-warehouse of Hudson's Bay House, it would be difficult to say whether fur or fish has the ascendancy in the mind of the visitor, for such of the skins as are turned inside out have somewhat the appearance of dried fish, and the odour of the place is almost as much fishy as it is furry.

The spectacle is a novel one, for the skins lie together on the floor, tied up in bundles of different sizes, containing from half-a-dozen to two hundred, or more, in a bundle, according to their kind and scarcity. In England we rarely see an otter, or a fox; the sight, therefore, of eight thousand otter skins, or eighteen thousand fox skins, at one view, excites the surprise of the spectator. What wandering, what privations, what hair-breadth escapes must be endured! what scuffling with dogs, and what firing of rifles must take place before such a number of wild creatures can be captured in their haunts!

At one end of a store-room, a canoe, such as is used on North American rivers, and dragged up the rocks at the different portages, attracts the attention of the spectator; at the other end, a smaller one, suitable for a man to sit in when employed in harpooning seals, catches the eye, while over the door a larger canoe made of bark, in which one of the directors of the company, in days gone by, ventured on many an arduous enterprise, claims a passing regard. Here and there the branching horns of an elk, or a reindeer, arrest the wandering glance.

One store-room is filled with otter skins, another with furs of different-coloured foxes, a third with hides of the shaggy bear, a fourth with wolf skins, a fifth with mink, lynx, or marten skins; and others with skins of fishes, wolverines, or bison. The whole of the fur-warehouses through which I passed contained between three and four hundred bison, or buffalo robes, nearly nine hundred wolverines, more than three thousand black, brown, grey, and white bear skins; six thousand four hundred wolf skins, upwards of eight thousand otter skins, six thousand fishers, between eighteen and nineteen thousand silver, cross, red, white, and kit fox skins; more than twenty-three thousand mink skins, upwards of forty-five thousand lynx skins, and eighty-six thousand two hundred and forty marten skins, or sables. Besides these, there

were skins of the seal, squirrel, hare, blue fox, racoon, skunk, ermine, weenusk, and musquash, or musk rat. There might be, perhaps, from forty to fifty thousand pounds worth of furs in the whole.

What added greatly to the interest of the scene, was the circumstance that everything was kindly and fully explained to me, and then I came in contact with several among the attendants and workmen who were practically acquainted with the regions around Hudson's Bay. One had been employed in fishing, another in building vessels, and a third was familiar with hunting and trapping. I could have passed an hour pleasantly in listening to the arctic adventures of a Scotchman, who appeared quite at home in his narrations. Every one who has been out to Hudson's Bay, seemed to have imbibed a love for the liberty of a wandering life.

I could not take even a rapid glance at the skins around me, without fancifully recalling to existence the creatures that once belonged to them, and restoring them to their accustomed habits;—thus seals were plunging in the ocean waves; bison hurrying over the extended prairie; squirrels leaping from tree to tree; martens springing on half-fledged birds; and musquashes burrowing beneath the ground. The glutton, as I gazed on his hide once more, seemed to gorge himself to the full; and the wily reynard, with his ample brush, sweeping the earth behind him, made off with a grey goose from the banks of an adjoining lake.

On regarding the wolf skins, I saw in my imagination a pack of fleet-footed, gaunt, and greedy animals in full cry after the flying steed of a hapless traveller, who had met with a misfortune in the woods. On fled the affrighted steed, with the fierce and implacable tormentors at his heels, till breathless, stumbling, and exhausted, he fell to the earth, and expired beneath the devouring fangs of his rapacious pursuers.

There was an unusually large, grizzly bear-skin spread out on the floor. He must have been a fine old fellow to whom it belonged in the woods. I have seen the picture of a bear dragging the body of a horse across the trunk of a fallen tree, over a deep ravine; now the original wearer of that shaggy surtout would have been just the creature to do such a deed;—what an enormous back!—what tremendous paws he must have had! Why,

such a monster might almost have hugged a buffalo to death. To live in a country with such settlers, must be no small check on the inclinations to promenade the woods and wilds. Bearish manners in civilized life are bad, but the manners of bears in savage life are much worse. Happy England!—No snarling wolf leaps out from thy shady coverts, and no grizzly bear inhabits thy secluded solitudes.

In passing through the various store-rooms, the extreme beauty of many of the skins much surprised me; the snowy whiteness of some, the intense blackness of others, with the ruddy browns, the glowing reds, the rich greys, and the shining silver colours presented a galaxy of goody hues.

The fur of the ermine is very valuable, and that of the black fox also; a skin of the former has sold as high as fifteen pounds, and one of the latter at nearly double the amount. When the Polish Jews wore clothes faced with a particular fur, a high price for it was maintained, but when the ukase of the emperor of Russia abolished this dress, the demand lessened and the price fell.

There was much in the novel sight at Hudson's Bay House to induce reflection; and when I called to mind the fact that the mighty whale of the ocean, the eagle of the air, and the rattle-snake of the wood were all captured by human beings, and considered that I had already gazed on two hundred thousand skins, all stripped from the wild beasts of the forest, for the comfort, convenience, and pleasure of man, it set before me in a strong light that portion of God's holy word which speaks of the supremacy of man on the earth. God has indeed given him "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth," Gen. i. 26, 28. Well would it be if our thankfulness kept pace with the benefits that we receive. G. M.

THE BIRDS OF NEW ZEALAND.

No. I.

WITHIN the last few years, New Zealand has greatly attracted the notice of zoologists. When first discovered, this island, or rather these islands, comprehended under the term New Zealand,

were found to be destitute of all indigenous terrestrial mammalia,—man, of the Malay race, and, we believe, a small dingo-dog, his companion, excepted. As far, therefore, as the lower mammalia are concerned, the zoological history of New Zealand is a blank. In the adjacent seas, whales of various species are abundant; but these animals are tenants of the wide ocean, and we are speaking in reference to the land alone. What, then, is there in New Zealand so remarkable as to have produced a sort of excitement in the world of zoological science? Has it any strange reptile forms?—No. Has its insect population awakened surprise?—Not at all. But its ornithological productions include among them some of the most singular in nature, and on which the eye of science gazes with astonishment and delight.

New Zealand is a theatre, so to speak, on which strange birds have, in comparatively recent days, acted their destined part and passed away, and on which strange birds still exist, the extinction of which, in a few years, is inevitable. Some of these birds are *brevipennate*, or, in popular language, wingless, the wings being in so rudimentary a condition as to be utterly useless as organs of flight;—others are remarkable for the singularity of their forms and habits.

First, let us glance at the *brevipennate* group. In the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London for January 10, 1843, will be found the notice of a letter from the rev. Mr. Cotton, dated Waimate, near the Bay of Islands, relative to the remains of a gigantic bird discovered in New Zealand. This letter is addressed to professor Owen, who for some time previously had become possessed of a single bone, which he correctly regarded as belonging to a huge bird, far exceeding the ostrich in stature.—(Proc. Zool. Soc. 1839, p. 169.) On making inquiries of the rev. Mr. Williams, East Cape, Bay of Islands, that gentleman showed the rev. Mr. Cotton a great quantity of these bones, of which he had already sent off two cases to Dr. Buckland, with a letter detailing the circumstances under which they were found. These bones are not truly fossilized, but have been buried in the mud of fresh water streams communicating with high mountains. It would appear that the natives have some old traditions respecting these birds, which were most probably

extirpated by the Malay population soon after its spread in these islands, inasmuch they afforded the largest supply of animal food, and that, too, obtained with ease, as they could not escape by flight.

On January 24, 1843, one of the cases sent to Dr. Buckland by the rev. Mr. Williams, having arrived, professor Owen, to whom the bones were entrusted for description, entered at some length into the comparative osteology of this huge New Zealand bird (the *moa*, or *moa* of the natives), to which he gave the scientific appellation of *Dinornis Nova Zealandiæ*. These bones were found in the North Island; the species was three-toed, like the emeu, rhea, and cassowary; its contour was heavy and massive, and probably it was sluggish in its manners. In concluding his remarks, professor Owen says, "There is little probability that the *Dinornis Nova Zealandiæ* will ever be found, whether living or extinct, in any other part of the world than the islands of New Zealand or the parts adjacent. At all events, this bird will always remain one of the most extraordinary of the zoological facts in the history of those islands; and it may not be saying too much to characterize it as one of the most remarkable acquisitions to zoology in general which the present century has produced."—(Proc. Zool. Soc. 1843, p. 10.)

The arrival in due time of the second box of bones from the rev. Mr. Williams, enabled professor Owen to push forward his researches, which led to the discovery of five distinct species. Consequently, the specific term *Nova Zealandiæ*, equally applicable to all, could no longer be retained. Among these bones, no part of the skull, sternum, ribs, or wing-bones were transmitted—nevertheless, the indicia afforded by the bones of the legs were perfectly conclusive. These species were termed, respectively—1. *Dinornis giganteus*, which must have stood about ten feet high; 2. *D. struthoides*, about seven feet high; 3. *D. didiformis*, about four feet high, stout and robust; 4. *D. otidiformis*, equal in stature to the great bustard; 5. *D. dromæoides*, about five feet in height, or the size of the emeu.

In the course of his observations, professor Owen commented upon the evidences of the former existence of tridactyle birds, afforded by the impressions of their feet in the new red sandstone of Connecticut, called *Ornithichnites*; and,

having pointed out the proportions of the tarso-metatarsal bones (shank bone) in the existing struthious birds (ostriches, etc.) to their foot prints, indicated thereby the size of the same bone in different *ornithichnites*, and reciprocally the sizes of the foot prints of the different *dinornithes* from those of their tarso-metatarsal bones.

The two phalanges of the *dinornis* which were described and compared in this section of the memoir, afforded pretty clear indications of the form and proportions of the toes in the two species (*giganteus* and *didiformis*) to which they were referred. These data show that the tripod footprints of the *Dinornis giganteus* must have exceeded in size those of the *Ornithichnites giganteus* and *O. ingens* of professor Hitchcock, and that the *Din. didiformis* must have left impressions as large as those called *Ornithichnites tuberosus*. The professor warned his hearers against inferring identity of species, or even genus, between the extinct struthionidæ of New Zealand and those which have left their footprints on strata of the trias formation of North America.

Subsequently to 1843, other cases of bones have been received from New Zealand, and among them portions of the skull of *Dinornis struthoides* and *D. dromæoides*, as well as the shield-shaped sternum of *D. giganteus*. These bones, and others of the limbs and vertebræ, in a very perfect condition, enabled professor Owen to determine some additional species, and to make a more rigorous examination. He found, for example, that in some species, the presence of a fourth or back toe was clearly indicated, by a surface for its articulation on the back of the shank. Such species he has separated into a genus termed *Palapteryx*, and into this must the *Dinornis dromæoides* be drafted.

The new species then recovered were—
1. *Palapteryx ingens*, North Island; little inferior to *giganteus* in magnitude. 2. *Dinornis crassus*, Middle Island; with a stature nearly equal to that of the ostrich, but with the femur (high bone) and tarso-metatarsus double the thickness in proportion to their length. "It must have been the strongest and most robust of birds, and the best representative of the pachydermal type in the feathered class." 3. *Dinornis curtus*, North Island; a small species, intermediate in size

between *D. didiformis* and *D. otidiformis*. 4. *Dinornis (Palapteryx) casuarinus*,—Middle Island; a feeble depression indicates that this species had a back toe, in the corresponding situation to that in the apteryx, but more rudimental. — (See *Proceeds. Zool. Soc.* 1846, p. 46; also, *Trans. Zool. Soc.*, vol. iii.)

In all, professor Owen cleared up nine species; but he observes, that among the remains, were the femora, tibiae, and tarso-metatarsi of a *dinornis* of the height of *Palapteryx ingens*, but of more robust proportions, and with a feeble indication of a surface for a back toe. From the Middle Island. This species is not named.

The progressive knowledge which we have obtained relative to these strange extinct birds, does not here terminate. Further discoveries have been made within the last year—the result of a very extensive and valuable series of skulls and other bones, collected by Mr. Walter Mantell, in a deposit of volcanic sand at Waingongoro, North Island of New Zealand, and now in the possession of Dr. Gideon Mantell, F.R.S., who invited professor Owen to determine and describe them.

These relics are principally referable to *Dinornis giganteus*, *D. casuarinus*, *D. didiformis*, *D. curtus*, *Palapteryx ingens*, *P. dromæoides*, and a new species, *P. geranoides*. Professor Owen directed the attention of the scientific meeting to a tarso-metatarsal bone, which had supported a strong back toe, and resembled the metatarsus of the dodo, and which apparently belonged to the leg of the species which he had previously characterized as *Dinornis otidiformis*; but this species constitutes the type of a new and distinct genus, termed by the professor *Apterornis*. The collection contained the bones of seals and of the dog, and also of the human subject; the latter had been calcined, and were probably the remains of some cannibal feast of the natives. The uncalcined bones of the seal were in the same state (brittle, absorbent, and of a yellowish brown colour) as the bones of the extinct birds with which they were associated, and appear to have been coeval. Numerous fragments of the shells of more than one kind of egg, the largest surpassing in size the egg of the ostrich, had also been discovered with the bones. In his description of the bones of the head, the professor clearly demonstrated

that they belonged to five distinct genera of birds, namely, *Dinornis*, *Palapteryx*, *Apterornis*, a wingless bird of the grallatorial order, and allied to the rails, forming the type of a new genus, *Notornis*; and a parrot referable to the genus *Nestor*.

In *Dinornis*, the beak is of a peculiar form, being very strong, broad, subelongated, and subincurved, and resembling an adze in shape. In *Palapteryx*, the beak makes a near approach to that of the emeu. In *Notornis*, the beak resembles that of the rail or *Porphyrio* (*purple gallinule*.) In *Nestor*, the beak is hooked, with the upper mandible singularly elongated and adapted for digging up roots. A living species, nocturnal in its habits, is still found in New Zealand.

"With regard to the peculiar form of beak in *Dinornis*, reference was made to the deductions in the former memoirs from the unusual strength of the neck, that the *Dinornis* would be found to have a beak applicable to a more laborious task than the mere plucking of seeds, fruits, or herbage, and that the robust proportions of the cervical vertebræ, especially of their spinous processes, may have been the foundation of those forces by which the beak was associated with the feet in the labour of dislodging the farinaceous roots of the ferns that grow in characteristic abundance in New Zealand.

"For this labour the beak of the *dinornis*, formed after the model of the adze or pickaxe, seems peculiarly adapted; and the singular development, both in breadth and depth, of the occipital part of the cranium, with its strongly marked ridges, processes, and muscular depressions, is precisely calculated for the adequate attachment of the muscular masses arising from the cervical vertebræ.

"The second form of beak and cranium referred to the genus *Palapteryx*, and indicates that genus to be a member of the true *Struthionidæ*, and, by its affinities, to have been intermediate between *Dromaius* (emeu) and *Apteryx*.

"The *Notornis* is a struthious or brevipennate form of the *Rallidæ*, intermediate between *Porphyrio* and *Brachypteryx*. The remains of the beak of the psittaceous bird are not distinguishable generically from those of the genus *Nestor*, of New Zealand."—(Proceeds, Zool. Soc. 1848, p. 9.)

We have no reason to believe that this

extinct parrot was wingless, any more than is the living species. Setting, therefore, this genus aside, we have four distinct genera of wingless birds already determined peculiar to New Zealand;—others, probably, will be hereafter brought to light. This observation is applicable to other countries besides New Zealand. The remains, for example, of a gigantic struthious bird, representing the ostrich of Africa, have been discovered by Dr. Falconer, in the Sewalik Hills.—(Proceeds. Zool. Soc. 1847, p. 11.) We merely mention this circumstance *en passant*. It is with New Zealand only with which we have any present concern, and which, as we have said, presents us, as far as is ascertained, with four wingless extinct genera—*Dinornis*, *Palapteryx*, *Apterornis*, and *Notornis*.

On taking a review of the foregoing details, one thing cannot but strike us, namely, the vast number, specifically considered, of wingless, or, strictly speaking, brevipennate birds, which once tenanted so comparatively small a portion of the earth as New Zealand. It is true, that in remoter times, brevipennate birds might have been far more numerous, and far more widely spread than we see the existing species to be at the present day; and could all their remains be recovered and rigidly studied, it is not improbable that these birds would be found naturally to constitute a distinct section of the class *Aves*, divisible into several families and many genera. We know, for example, that the dodo, of Mauritius, and the solitaire, of Rodriguez, together with, perhaps, one or two wingless birds in Bourbon, were in existence nearly to the middle of the last century; yet we know not what these birds really were, nor the degrees of their relationship to other wingless birds. In a recent work on the subject, by Messrs. Strickland and Melville, (London, 1848,) it is strenuously contended, from a comparison of the few relics left us, that the dodo is more intimately related to the pigeon group than to any other now extant. Without hazarding an opinion in favour of, or contrary to this theory, we cannot help suspecting that, until a more extensive acquaintance with the relics of many more extinct wingless birds than are at present discovered is obtained, the true place neither of the dodo, the solitaire, the *Dinornis*, the *Palapteryx*, the *Apterornis*, etc., will not be thoroughly established.



Old Stage Coach Travelling.

STAGE COACHES AND OMNIBUSES.

It is stated by Stow, that in "1564, Boonen, a Dutchman, became the queen's coachman, and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England." Anderson; on the other hand, says that "about 1580, the use of coaches was introduced by the earl of Arundel." "Before that time," according to Hume, "the queen, on public occasions, rode behind her chamberlain." A long time elapsed before this luxury was attained by more than a very few rich and distinguished individuals, and a very much longer time before coaches became general. Coaches let for hire were first established in England in 1625. They did not stand in the streets, but at the principal inns. In 1637 there were, in London and Westminster, fifty hackney coaches.

Stage coaches were first used in England soon after the introduction of hired carriages. In Scotland, in 1678, provost Campbell established a coach to run from Glasgow to Edinburgh, "drawn by six able horses, to leave Edinboro' ilk Monday morning, and return again (God willing) ilk Saturday night." The first mail coach travelled from London to Edinburgh about 1785, and to Glasgow in 1788. The Scotch custom of the male

passengers treating the female to breakfast and dinner on the road, continued till these coaches were established.

The public are now so familiarized with the use of stage coaches, that they are apt to forget that their origin is so recent. Until the invention of springs, a man's endurance was the measure of his journey: it was impossible to travel fast, on account of the weight of the carriage; it was equally impossible to travel far, since no one could long bear the direct and unmitigated jar. Springs were the first means towards better travelling; since their invention, the increased speed and better appointment of English stage coaches were caused by the improvement of roads in conjunction with the great demand for rapid travelling.

In France the diligences are conducted by private speculators, who are obliged to use the horses of the *poste royale*. They are clumsy carriages, generally consisting of three bodies, and are drawn by five or six horses, usually driven by one postilion from his saddle. The first body, called the *coupé*, formed like a chariot, contains three people; the second, which is like a coach, the *intérieur*, holds six persons; the third, which is similar to a coach turned sideways, carries six or eight passengers, and is called the *rotonde*. In addition to

these, there is on the roof, before the place appropriated to the luggage, the *banquette*, a bench sometimes garnished with a hood, for the accommodation of four passengers. Should all these places be filled, the *conducteur*, or guard, sits upon the luggage. The speed of these carriages is from four to five (English) miles an hour: the fares vary according to the part of the vehicle in which the place is taken; the *coupé* being the dearest; the *intérieur* the next; and then the *rotonde* and the *banquette*. The fare in the *coupé* is rather more than half that of an outside place in England; but a large additional charge is often made to each passenger for all luggage above thirty pounds in weight. The *malle postes*, by which the letters are conveyed, are conducted by the government. They are the fastest and best appointed public carriages on the continent. Their speed is at least eight miles an hour; they are drawn by horses of the *poste royale*, and carry one person in the *cabriolet*, with the courier, and two persons in the second body, or *calèche*. The fares are considerably higher than in the diligences.

Stage coaches, which in this country had arrived at such a degree of perfection, and which, till within a few years, passed through and connected almost every small town in the united kingdom, have now nearly disappeared in consequence of the introduction of railroads. It is also rare in London to meet with a solitary hackney coach, this class of vehicles being almost entirely superseded by the lighter one-horse *cabriolets* now plying for hire in the streets of London, amounting to 2,650, of which probably not more than 250 are two-horse coaches.

That very useful form of public conveyance, the omnibus, which is at present met with in nearly every large town in Europe, originated in Paris in 1827. In the latter part of 1831 and the beginning of 1832, omnibuses began to ply in the streets of London. Those running from Paddington to the Bank were the earliest. Carriages, however, of a similar form were used in England, as long stages, more than forty years ago; but were discontinued, as they were not found profitable.

There are now about 900 omnibuses running in London and its immediate vicinity. The line from Paddington to the Bank is served by two companies, the

London Conveyance Company, and the Paddington Association, which have mutually agreed to run forty omnibuses each. An idea of the utility of these conveyances may be formed from the fact that the receipts of each of the eighty carriages on the above line averages 1000*l.* per annum, in sixpences.

C.

PHYSICAL AND MORAL FORCE.

THE man who can choose his place of residence, and who wishes to screen himself and his domestic circle from prying inquisitiveness and constant remark, should seek it in the midst or on the borders of a large and busy population. In London such is the ceaseless activity, that multitudes live utterly ignorant of those dwelling in their immediate neighbourhood. The writer knew a man of business in one of its populous thoroughfares, who, obliged to leave his shop to change a note, obtained smaller ones of a tradesman only a few doors off: till then they had never looked in each other's face, though they had been absolutely living together in St. Martin's-court for many years. He was also acquainted with another, who for a very long period never saw his next door neighbour; that person always leaving his home very early in the morning, and returning home late. Could the extent be described to which concealment may be carried in the metropolis, if desired, by persons of solitary habits, or, if sought as a refuge from the penalties of crime, it would be deemed incredible.

It is not so in a little country town. Enter it as you may, on foot, on horseback, or in any vehicle, and there will probably be some one at least to gaze at you intently, and to wonder who you are. Stop there a few days, and there will be assuredly many a speculation about you; but take up your abode there, and if everything is not known as to your "birth, parentage, and education," what money you have gained or lost, with all your plans and prospects for the future, it will not be for want of the inquiries and guesses of those who seem to attend to every one's business but their own; or of gossips, ever ready to fetch and carry all they can obtain.

The settler down in such circumstances, or in the heart or borders of a village, will often be surprised as to what

he hears of himself. Rumour will tell him of his having done, or being about to do, what never once entered his thoughts. What he has said will be reported in a style so reckless of truth as to be equally astounding. Misapprehension and misrepresentation are alike manifest. Were we, indeed, in search of evidence of the degraded state of thought and feeling, so deplorably prevalent, and of the necessity of greatly augmented means for enlightening and elevating the popular mind, this one fact might be regarded as conclusive and sufficient.

It could be no secret, therefore, in Merston* and its neighbourhood, that Adams and his family were now in trouble; and it were vain to expect that rumour described accurately the circumstances which had just occurred, much less the cause of their occurrence. It was said that John, Adams's eldest son, was in prison; and his offence was variously described, till every crime that depravity can perpetrate was intimated or suggested, and the gibbet started up before the mind as likely soon to inflict the punishment which his offences deserved.

Here, however, report, as usual, was wrong and premature. John had, indeed, written to his father on being captured by the police and lodged in the station-house; but as yet he had not been before a magistrate. As a boy he had been unruly; his pugnacity was notorious in the village, and he was not a little proud of his feats of prowess. As a youth, his familiarity increased with his father's political opinions; like him, John was a great talker; his father brought him up, indeed, an orator, of no ordinary power, and always pointed him out to a stranger as a chip of the old block! When he could get any to listen, though only the lads of the village, John was glad to show that he could "make a bit of a speech;" then he became vociferous against the powers that be, and the fun that arose, often at the expense of the would-be orator, not unfrequently gathered about him a little crowd of eager and willing, but idle and worthless auditors. On going to work in London, as a young man, he soon joined a band of the similarly disposed, and among them he rapidly became far more distinguished than his father was at the Merston club.

The events of the year 1848—to which

* See *Visitor* of preceding months.

these sketches have hitherto been limited—served as fuel to the flame long since kindled, and which he had constantly fostered in his mind. Of this there were not wanting many indications. He naturally became, therefore, to those in his district who constantly looked on to guard against an outbreak, an object of suspicion; but for a time nothing could be detected sufficiently tangible for loyal procedure. On one of these occasions, however, when at a distance from his dwelling, he attended a meeting, where the names of the speakers were not announced, under the idea that this would render them secure; he talked loudly in his usual style, and supposed he had done so with entire impunity. But a former associate, who like others had become a spy, apprised the police of the intended movement; some of whom proceeded, therefore, to the meeting in plain clothes, took down John's speech, with whose person they had been made fully acquainted, and then captured him on the charge of sedition, for "open and advised speaking against the crown and government." John consequently spent the night in the station-house, from whence he despatched, as already mentioned, a few words to his father.

It has been justly said, that conspiracy generally involves the elements of its own destruction. If the parties engaged in it are few, they are too feeble to succeed; if they are many, the probabilities of failure are proportionate, from the treachery of pretended adherents. How important is it, then, that the cause in which we at any time enlist our energies should be a righteous one: then no treachery need be apprehended; then the highest hope may be cherished of ultimate and complete success.

It is also worthy of remark, that opinions and principles alike acquire a new aspect, when their maintenance brings us into trouble. Coercion for principle—for that which is felt to be right, only renders the grasp of it more tenacious; the estimate of it rises higher in the prison-house, and prepares its occupants for the scaffold or the stake. But opinions hastily taken up, and perhaps utterly flimsy and baseless, often melt away, when trial comes, into "thin air." Certain it is that John Adams, in the station-house, was not in his own estimation just the hero he thought himself on the platform; and that his father, on reading his son's note, was quite unfitted for a speech at

the club. That its tidings were disastrous were evident in a moment, from his countenance, and the few words he muttered; and full acquaintance with them threw his wife and daughters into deep distress.

Mrs. Adams was, in many respects, a contrast to her husband. With those active, cleanly, and orderly household habits, which seem as common in some parts of our country as they are rare in others, she had little disposition to loquacity, and much quietude of spirit. Her son's course had always been distressing to her; she was constantly apprehensive of some evil issue; and though she did, by word and deed, what she considered best, the character and conduct of her husband exerted a counteractive and overwhelming energy. Her worst fears now seemed realized, and deep indeed was the anguish of her spirit.

A woman of a different order would at once have vented her feelings in violently upbraiding her husband, who was the primary cause of her sorrow. As to this there could be no possible doubt, and on such an occasion many a feminine mind would have had no calm until a tempest had passed through the house, which might perhaps have disturbed the neighbourhood. But Mrs. Adams knew all her husband's "sore places," and so far from running violently against, always endeavoured to keep clear of them; and for this, honour is due to her sagacity and affection—honour which it would be well were it more generally deserved; and now she knew he was really distressed, she would not have risked the increase of his suffering by a word or a look.

The question that arose in her mind after the first gushings of sorrow was, what could be done? Yet to her the whole matter was completely bewildering. The images which started up before her were like those of a dream: fitful, undefined, changing, incongruous; nothing was distinct, nothing palpable; and yet, as she looked into the mist that gathered around her, and glimpsed at the figures that darted on her view, she was terrified and agonised. And then she wondered if Mr. Ford could help her: for with a woman's tact as to character, surpassing that of the rougher and hardier sex, she had formed of him a just estimate, as a real friend to the necessitous. On proposing that she should go to Mr. Ford, her husband made no objection, and so making the best of her tear-furrowed face,

a few moments only were required to adjust her neat and not costly, but well kept and well arranged attire, and, with more than her accustomed activity, she was off.

Caleb was sincerely grieved at the tidings she brought, and heartily disposed to help her and her family to the utmost of his power. He explained to her the law as it stood; and while he did not conceal the peril that had been incurred, he did what he could to allay those fears he considered unfounded. He also wrote a letter at once to Mr. Forster, a friend in London, a solicitor, asking him to watch the proceedings before the magistrate, should the prisoner be remanded; and make every desirable arrangement for the defence, should he be committed for trial; a letter which Mrs. Adams was to post on her return.

Adams was greatly relieved, though he did not say so, at his wife's report; but as he had already made up his mind to go to London, he thought he had better be the bearer of the letter she brought. On his arrival in the metropolis, he delivered it at Mr. Forster's office, where he learned that John's first hearing had taken place, and that he was to be brought up again in three days. He was also told how he might see his son in Newgate, in the presence of the police; and an interview took place; but John's bravery in their presence was ill sustained, and his father was unfitted to restore the courage which had already oozed out, like water from a cracked pipkin.

Dreadfully passed the days of Adam's stay in town, with the solitary consideration of Mr. Forster's assurance that as John was committed for trial, an able counsel had been retained, who would carefully sift the evidence, and urge whatever he could in the way of mitigation, but with the prevailing impression, which Mr. Forster did nothing to abate, that escape was absolutely impossible. Adams watched eagerly, but with a chilled heart, the formal proceedings in the police court; was in the gallery of the Old Bailey at the trial which very quickly followed; found Mr. Forster's assurance amply verified, for the counsel made a powerful speech; but heard the verdict of "guilty," and the sentence pronounced of imprisonment in Newgate for six months, in a state of mind which discredited for a time the testimony of his ears and his eyes, and plunged him into a state of anxious and painful bewilderment.

Caleb Ford was no stranger to what was thus occurring. His London paper supplied him with its details from day to day; and as soon as the guilt of the accused was clear, he was at no loss to foretell the consequence. He had, however, scarcely read the report of the trial, than, glancing through the opened window, he saw Clare advancing, and in a few seconds the village blacksmith had passed the garden gate, and was quickly at the door of the cottage.

Clare thought he was the bearer of news which he felt to be painful; and was not a little surprised on finding that Caleb knew far more about the trial than himself. Clare was indeed heartily sorry for Adams and his family; and he was not quite easy as he remembered some things that had been said at the club, by which he thought that even he might be compromised. On the other hand, Caleb was loth to allow so favourable an opportunity to pass of producing on Clare's mind a favourable impression as to the only right course, or of deepening it, should such an impression have been already made.

It was therefore with perfect sincerity that he sympathized with many of Clare's remarks; while he expressed his deep concern that so many persons in various parts of the united kingdom were exposing themselves to suffering, in an utterly hopeless struggle with existing authorities. "I am one," said he, "warmly attached to the constitution of my country; no means of late employed in its defence have been, in my judgment, exceptionable; and on every criminal sentence hitherto pronounced, I can look with deliberation and entire approval. I would have been most cheerfully a special constable on the tenth of April, had I been in London; were it necessary I would now go in chase of the delinquents in Ireland; nor is there any effort or sacrifice I would refuse to put down all such nefarious attempts at mob domination.

"But do you think, Mr. Ford," asked Clare, "that things are going on just as they should? Might not many be altered for the better?"

"Most undoubtedly," said Caleb; "but how can real and substantial improvements be made? Only by moral, and not physical force. Were I to come to your club, and talk with you, and reason with you, on points about which we differed, what would be the consequence?"

"We should all listen, I have no doubt, Sir," said Clare.

"But suppose," continued Caleb, "I were to bring in a horsewhip, and lay it about the first man I saw on entering, what would be the consequence?"

"I should think he would turn you out, if he could," said Clare.

"That would be natural," said Caleb, "and might be fairly expected. Man, endowed with intellect, reason, affection, is not to be assailed by brute force; as if he were senseless as the logs of wood which you hack and hew, till they become a cart wheel. Individually and socially, he must be enlightened to be mentally and morally improved; and he must be both, to attain his proper rank in the scale of being. I am not one of those who say, the former days were better than these; I am deeply sensible of the advantages we possess over our fathers, but not one real good was gained by such outrages as these which have recently taken place; these can have only one issue, most disastrous to those who engage in them, because they dare a conflict with a crushing and overwhelming force."

"I should think poor John Adams feels that now," said Clare.

"I hope," said Caleb, "his present experience, painful as it is, will prove truly salutary. Well will it be when men are more impressed with the power of truth. Truth is a living principle. Cast that grain of wheat into the earth, and as sure as it is a living seed it will germinate. Suppose, however, it is buried so deep in the soil that it cannot imbibe the moisture necessary to its growth; yet if dug up after the lapse of scores or hundreds of years, and its vital power be uninjured, then, if sown, it will shoot downwards its roots, and dart upwards its stem; the ear will succeed the blade, and the full corn in the ear will, in due time, be brought forth. Here, then, is a symbol of truth. Truth enters some minds, and perhaps only one; but he gives it art by his voice or his pen. Others look at it; it may be they dislike it, and even attempt to crush it, but truth defies their malignity; they might as well attempt to empty the ocean or blot out the sun. They may indeed malign, torture, slay, the man who first gave it wings; but what he thought and said, or wrote, is immortal. It is a product of the world of mind; it is an emanation from the mind of God.

"With this conviction," continued

Caleb, "when I hear of some deficiency or wrong in connexion with our further affairs, I ask myself, is it true? Would there be a real boon to the people at large if what is sought were bestowed? Then I am sure it will come. The right idea may only be in the mind of one legislator, and the rest may laugh whenever he enunciates it; but as certainly as that idea is instinct with truth it will gather converts, till it becomes as strange to object as it was once strange to applaud. And suppose that the idea arises in the mind of one who is not and never will be a legislator, what then? Why others will be brought to his views, and the multitude will increase, and the legislature itself will take up the principle, either from cordial approval, or from fear of the consequences of delay. There is a mighty antagonism in the world to error of every species and degrees; that antagonism is truth, and truth partakes of the importance of its infinite Author."

Clare would still have listened, but Caleb took out his watch, and stated that he had an engagement to which he must attend. "I would, however, add one word," he said, "before you go; Adams may perhaps be inconvenienced by the expense to which he has recently been put, by his journey and the defence of his son; here then is a sum which, without mentioning my name, you may tell him a well-wisher places at his disposal, till its return is perfectly convenient."

"You are a gentleman, I am sure, Mr. Ford," were the words that would have passed Clare's lips; but, touched by the act of confidence as well as of kindness, his throat was suddenly obstructed, he could not utter them, and so with that movement of the upper part of his frame which was his nearest approach to a bow, he left the cottage. V. V.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE CROSS TRIUMPHANT.

THOUGH our Lord Jesus Christ, during his personal ministry, spake as never man spake, testifying what he had seen and heard of the Father, yet few received his testimony. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." Though in his own name, and by his own power, he did among them such works as no other man did; yet he was despised and

rejected of men. If the Jewish nation, which eagerly looked for the coming of the Messiah, gave him such treatment, was it probable that Gentiles, strangers to the covenants of promise, would receive him more favourably? Yet, in fact, so it was. God had foretold: "To Him whom man despiseth, to Him whom the nation abhorreth, to a servant of rulers, kings shall see and arise, princes also shall worship," Isa. xlix. 7. He, who had so little influence while he tabernacled on earth; now, when men see him no more, becomes the desire and delight of all nations. In about thirty years after Christ's resurrection, Christianity gains ground in most of the provinces of the Roman empire, and penetrates to Parthia, India, and other remote corners of the earth. Hundreds, yea, sometimes thousands, were converted by one sermon. The busy, the idle, the profligate, the civilized, the court, the camp, the schools of philosophy, all afforded trophies to the cross.

Nor did Christianity thus gain ground in a dark, illiterate, superstitious age. Never was there a period when imposture bid fairer to be detected, and every cunningly devised fable or specious argument to be thoroughly sifted. The religion preached among the Gentiles did not favour their prejudices, flatter their pride, or soothe their depraved appetites and passions. It called them to abhor what, from their infancy, they had been taught to venerate; to embrace opinions which the men of wisdom pronounced foolishness; to own One as their Saviour and Lord, who hung on a tree; and not to indulge even in sins once dearer to them than a right hand or a right eye. Great was the opposition the gospel had to encounter. The superstition of heathens, the bigotry of Jews, the wisdom of philosophers, the eloquence of orators, the ridicule of men of wit, the authority of princes, the craft of priests, joined in alliance against the gospel, with every vicious inclination, every emotion of pride in the human heart.

To oppose the efforts of this formidable confederacy, men are employed, of no rank and fortune, no power and influence, no policy or learning. The bold attempt provokes the vengeance of earth and hell on them and their followers. Yet fines, banishment, torture, death, inflicted with every circumstance of cruelty, could not deter multitudes, of the tenderest age and sex, from boldly and openly professing a

religion, against which, a little before, they had been deeply prejudiced. Tent-makers, publicans, and fishermen, by preaching the plain truths of Christianity, without the ornaments of eloquence, or enticing words of man's wisdom; by enforcing duties contrary to every corrupt affection; and by patiently suffering persecution for the word of their testimony—are honoured as the instruments of accomplishing a great and most improbable change in the sentiments, tempers, and manners of men. The more they are persecuted, the more they grow. They who led them captive are themselves captivated by Divine truth. Meanness proves an overmatch for greatness, foolishness for wisdom, weakness for strength. Philosophy is baffled and silenced by unpolished simplicity. The sheep overcome the wolves, the lambs the lions, the doves the birds of prey; and the gospel treasure is in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power might appear to be of God. The gracious influences and miraculous gifts of the Spirit were the only adequate causes of those triumphs of the gospel.—*Erskine.* N.

WARWICK AND ITS CASTLE.

Of the baronial mansions of feudal times which formerly abounded in England, very few have been adapted to the habits and requirements of the moderns. Some, however, while presenting the external features of distant ages, impressing the beholder with sentiments of chivalry, and calling up to vivid review many an historic recollection, have been changed into the residences of the opulent, the intelligent, and the refined; and instead of sheltering a rude and austere race of mail-clad knights and their vassal dependents, have become the special retreats of wealth, literature, and the arts.

Great indeed has been the advance of civilization, knowledge, and civil and religious liberty, since such walls could bid defiance to kingly despotism, or shelter baronial insolence. At that period, if a sovereign expected submission, he must be prepared and willing to lead his followers to battle against a rebel power; the law of might seemed to reign supreme. The monarch—while he pro-

fessed to be the father of his people—was ready to desolate the home and exterminate the race of any who resisted his authority; and to those only whom he found too strong to punish, did he extend immunity for rebellion. The result was that the barbarous power with which he was thus invested, was often employed in enthralling, instead of elevating, the people over whom he reigned.

Possessed of extensive demesnes—often the rightful inheritance of others, and which he had acquired only because they were too weak to defend them—he conferred them on those who aided his ambitious projects; and thus, not unfrequently finding himself independent of his people, he regarded them with contempt, and crushed them under the iron heel of tyranny. Hence arose those numerous and determined confederacies, some of the members of which appear in the annals of England's history as the defenders of her liberties; and hence the seed of freedom, which had been lying beneath the cold and ungenial soil, gradually but securely grew, imbibed rich and abundant nourishment, and now stands forth an object of wonder and admiration to all. In the enjoyment of our present security, and the prospective contemplation of Britain's history, we may indeed "thank God and take courage."

To these considerations we have naturally been led by the contemplation of Warwick Castle—the finest relic of feudal splendour in the country. Its foundation appears to have been laid before the Norman conquest; and it is probable that Ethelfreda, the daughter of king Alfred, here constructed a fortified residence.* In the reign of Edward the Confessor the property belonged to the crown, but history acknowledges no earl of Warwick prior to the one created by the Conqueror. This was a nobleman named Newburgh; and in the time of the second earl, the castle appears to have been a place of much strength and importance. Earl Roger died in 1153, and it was then garrisoned by soldiers on behalf of Stephen; but on the advance of prince Henry, who was afterwards Henry II., the widow of the earl delivered to him the fortress. William de Newburgh lived here with great splendour, and we are informed that he procured an addition of two knights to "the five knights and ten sergeants who before

* Dugdale, Google

kept guard in the moat of Warwick Castle."*

The estate remained for nearly two centuries in the possession of this family; but in the furious contests which characterised the latter years of the reign of Henry III. the castle was regarded as of such importance, that the king's precept was sent to the archbishop of York and William de Cantalupe, requiring good security for Margery, sister and heir of the earl of Warwick, "that she should not take to husband any person whatsoever in whom the king could not repose trust as in his own self." For this, the strength of the castle was alleged as a sufficient reason. Though now impregnable to open assault, it was sacrificed to indiscretion. William Mauduit, who was then earl, aware that his enemies were encamped at Kenilworth, neglected to keep a sufficient guard; his fortress was therefore surprised, and, with the exception of the towers, levelled with the ground, while he, with his countess, was carried prisoner to Kenilworth. The family of Beauchamp next came into the possession of the property; and in the reign of Edward III. the walls of the castle were rebuilt, the gateways strengthened, and defended with embattled towers. By him the portion called Guy's tower was erected, which is at the north-east corner of the castle.

The marriage of Richard Nevil, the son of the earl of Salisbury, in 1449, and Anne, daughter of Richard Beauchamp, occasioned a transfer of the property. This was "the king-maker," with whose history all are familiar. He was certainly one of the most potent nobles in the English peerage; he was "fierce, fearless, haughty, turbulent, yet with a chivalric honour. An Achilles without his steadiness of purpose, without his accomplishments, not without his boasting or his vengeful spirit." The splendid style of living which he maintained was well calculated to secure the regard of the people, for Stow tells us that "when Richard Nevil attended the parliament in London, he brought with him six hundred men, all in red jackets, embroidered with ragged staffs, both before and behind; and were lodged in Warwick-lane: in whose house six oxen were oft eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat; for who that had any acquaintance in that house, he should

have had as much sodden and roast as he might carry upon a long dagger."

On his death on the battle-field of Barnet, the earldom was conferred on George Plantagenet, duke of Clarence, who had married Isabel, the daughter of the king-maker. This noble and his son having alike met with violent deaths, the title was given to John Dudley, who was subsequently duke of Northumberland; and nine years afterwards it came into the possession of his second son, Ambrose Dudley, whose eldest son was the celebrated earl of Leicester. The title remained in abeyance till 1618, when it was conferred by James I. on Robert Lord Rich; and it was then bestowed upon a descendant of Fulke Greville, in whose family it remains. The castle was at the time of this grant in a ruinous condition, having been used for some time as a county gaol; and Dugdale says that the repairs cost 20,000*l*. To the care and taste with which the restorations were conducted, its present proprietors are much indebted. When, from lapse of time, the dilapidations had again become serious, Francis, the late earl, repaired the defective portions with great judgment, and made many additions in harmony with the original pile.

The castle stands on the northern bank of the Avon, its foundations resting on the solid rock, and impending over the "classic" stream. Those who have recently enjoyed a visit to Belvoir, where no expense has been spared to keep in perfect repair every portion of the edifice; and especially whose commanding position attracts the admiration of all by whom it is beheld, may feel somewhat disappointed as they look on the dingy walls and lethargic waters of Warwick, as seen on the approach from Leamington. But when they recall the historic associations of the past; when they see the embattled turrets of stone, where in a long-past century the herald at arms demanded the name and purpose of those so hardy as to approach unbidden; or picture to themselves the scenes of war and revelry which have transpired within these walls, they cannot fail to feel an interest in the objects before them, which will preclude any serious occasion of disappointment.

The principal entrance to the castle faces the east of the town, and is formed by a passage cut through the rocks, from which but occasional glimpses of the towers and battlements can be obtained.

* "House of Greville," p. 19; following Mag. Rot. 20. Hen. II., etc.

It is not till the great gate-house is passed that its gigantic proportions are seen; a chained dog was long its only warder—a noble animal, who lay stretched beneath a great tree, and, as though conscious that he was there merely for show, disdained even to challenge the visitors by a growl. A wall, with all needful defences, encloses the great base-court, and was formerly surrounded by a wide and deep moat; but this, as in many similar instances, is now drained.

The oldest portions of the castle present some bold specimens of Norman architecture, while other parts display the less tasteful additions of modern times. At the south-eastern extremity of the long line of buildings is the majestic edifice called Cæsar's tower, rearing its turret to the height of 147 feet, and supposed to have seen the lapse of at least seven centuries. The line of buildings which faces the river extends more than 400 feet, and presents a stupendous and picturesque mass. From the level of the water to the basement floor, the rock has been cut away in an almost perpendicular face, and is nearly of equal height with the whole superincumbent building, while it is diversified by overhanging shrubs, plants, and mosses. Guy's tower, 128 feet high, and built in 1394, is in good preservation. Its walls are ten feet thick, and it has rooms for its defenders, with loopholes, so as to command a wide extent. It appears to be of a decorated character, and though plain, is perhaps the most perfect remain of the kind in existence, and curious alike as to composition and construction.

One of our poets has said :

"Now Warwick claims the song; supremely fair
In this fair realm; conspicuous raised to view
On the firm rock, a beautiful eminence,
For health and pleasure form'd. Full to the
south
A stately range of high embattled walls,
And lofty towers, and precipices vast,
Its grandeur, worth, and ancient pomp confess."

In a greenhouse is the beautiful and celebrated specimen of Grecian art, known as the Warwick vase. There is something very pleasing to the imagination in the preservation of this exquisite piece of ancient workmanship from the time of Alexander of Macedon, the vase being generally admitted to have been the production of the statuary Lysippus. It was found at the bottom of a lake at the villa of the emperor Adrian, at Tivoli, was purchased by sir William Hamilton,

and consigned to his relative the earl of Warwick, by whose liberality it is placed in a situation in which it may at all times be seen by the public. It is probably one of the most entire, and, to a certain extent, the most beautiful specimen of ancient sculpture of which this country is possessed. Its form is nearly spherical, with a deep inverted rim, and it is composed of white marble. Two interwoven vines wreath their tendrils with fruit and foliage round the upper part, and form the handles. The centre is composed of antique heads, which stand in relief; and the skin of a panther, the thyrsus* of Bacchus, and other embellishments, complete the composition. The vase is capable of containing 136 gallons.

The park attached to the noble castle is very extensive, and finely adorned with wood and water. A broad gravel walk conducts through the grounds, and is embowered by a rich variety of evergreen foliage; while vistas, designed with great judgment, afford fine views of the castle, the windings of the Avon, and the picturesque scenery of the surrounding country. The neighbourhood furnishes an almost endless variety of opportunities for pleasing excursions, and is diversified by the residences of the Warwick, Clarendon, Leigh, Willoughby, and other families; the ruins of Kenilworth Castle,† Guy's Cliff, and other spots of great interest to the historian, the antiquary, and the tourist.

The situation of the town of Warwick on the acclivity of freestone rock which rises on the north side of the river Avon, rendered it well adapted for defensive purposes, and art combined with nature to make the spot impregnable. It is approached from the campaign country, with which it is surrounded, by four principal roads, which are cut through the rock. The chief streets are well built and spacious, and several of them unite in the centre of the town. The most conspicuous of the public buildings is St. Mary's church, which exhibits a singular combination of various styles. Rickman says, that with the exception of the chancel and its adjuncts, it is "a composition of the greatest barbarity; but the chancel is an uncommonly fine

* This was a pole carried by Dionysius, and by Satyrs, Menades, and others who engaged in Bacchic rites and festivities. See Athen. xiv. p. 631, a; Vell. Pat. ii. 82; Dionysia, p. 411, a.

† See *Visitor* for November, 1842.

specimen of perpendicular work, and the east front is remarkably fine, simple in its arrangement, yet rich from the elegance of its parts and the execution of its details." On the north side are a monumental chapel and vestry; but the great feature of the building is the Beauchamp chapel, erected in 1464. In the centre is a richly executed tomb, with the effigies of Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick; and there are some other monuments, including one of Dudley, earl of Leicester, which is regarded as an historic memento of no small interest.

The county hall has a façade of free-stone, and is enriched with Corinthian pilasters, and a central portico of the same order, surmounted by a bold triangular pediment. The principal room is more than a hundred feet long and nearly fifty in width, and is very elegantly ornamented. The civil and criminal courts, which are on either side, are neat and commodious.

In the neighbourhood of Warwick are the remains of several monastic establishments, and at the eastern and western extremities of the town are gates. Leicester's Hospital was originally a hall belonging to two guilds, and was converted to its present use by the earl for the reception of twelve poor men and a master. In 1813 the salary of the principal was raised from 50*l.* to 400*l.* a year, and the number of inmates increased to twenty-two. The college-school was originally founded by Henry VIII., as a free grammar school, and endowed from the revenues of the old monasteries. It is open to all the boys of the town, and has exhibitions of 70*l.* to Oxford and Cambridge.

The proximity of Leamington has had no small influence on the prosperity of Warwick. As the former rose in public estimation, many of the tradespeople from Warwick opened shops in the new town; but the superior advantages it possessed at length withdrew the capital and business from the one to the other, and with the advance of Leamington, the old town became considerably depressed. So rapid has been the advance of this interesting spot, that within forty years it has been transformed from an inconsiderable village to one of the handsomest and best-built towns in the kingdom. The elegance of its squares, crescents, and terraces, and the width and cleanness of its streets, please the stranger, especially when they are con-

trasted with many an old country town. It formerly stood on the south of the river, but within the last few years it has extended to the opposite direction, being connected by two handsome stone bridges over the Leam. The waters, to which the town owes its celebrity, comprise eleven different streams, and comprise saline, sulphureous, and chalybeate. The pump-rooms and baths are constantly supplied with water from the springs, and are fitted up with the usual attention to comfort and elegance. The Warwick and Northampton canal passes close to the town, and by its union with other lines of canal communication, gives it the advantages of extensive inland navigation.

The increased facilities which have been afforded of access to Leamington and the neighbourhood by the formation of the branch of the London and Birmingham line from Coventry, has given no small impetus to the prosperity of the town; and it is now the resort of great numbers from the surrounding counties, the manufacturing districts, and the metropolis itself. The branch line is about nine miles in length, and 103 from London, being within a three hours' journey by express train. It was constructed under the superintendence of Mr. Robert Stephenson, occupying eighteen months in completion, and costing 170,000*l.* The line is of somewhat peculiar construction, forming a continual series of ascents and descents.

Kenilworth, the only station between Coventry and Leamington, is five miles from the former and about four from the latter; it is situated on the outskirts of the town, and within a stone's throw of the castle. It is built of Kenilworth stone. The Leamington station is elegantly constructed, of Roman Doric style, and is pleasantly situated on the main road between Leamington and Warwick, at a place called Emscott, in the parish of Millverton.

One of the principal works on the line is the Milburn viaduct, prettily situated in the centre of a valley, and composed of seventeen arches of red brick faced with stone. A timber bridge, of fifty feet span, unites the roads of Leek-Wooton, Hill-Wooton, and Stoneleigh, with Guy's Cliff—so named after the celebrated earl of Warwick. The Avon viaduct, a beautiful structure, is composed of nine arches of sixty feet span. The line runs chiefly through the estates

of the earl of Warwick and lord Leigh, and the latter has his family escutcheon, in very beautiful style, in granite characters, on the front of one of the bridges.

The journey between Leamington and Coventry formerly occupied an hour and a half; it is now accomplished in eighteen or twenty minutes. A direct line is in course of construction from Leamington to Rugby, which will be a considerable advantage to travellers to and from the metropolis. Railways will also be formed to connect Leamington with Birmingham by Henley-in-Arden, by joining the Birmingham and Oxford line, so that a communication will be afforded with the districts to the south. This line will be connected with the London and North Western by the Rugby and Oxford, and the Buckinghamshire Railway, which will terminate both at Bletchley and Aylesbury. When all these, however, will be finished, it is difficult to predict; but the attractions thus furnished by the spot will be then fully rendered available.

The facilities now afforded induce many to visit them, while thousands take pedestrian tours, or travel on horseback or in gigs to see the hills and vales of Warwickshire; and in the contrast which is thus afforded to the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, or the bustle of the provincial town, they fully reciprocate the sentiment of old Du Bartas:

"Oh thrice, thrice happy he, who shuns the care
Of city troubles!"

His knowledge of the land of his birth and of the family of man are increased, his sympathies are expanded, his tastes improved by the enjoyment of the beauties of nature, and he returns to the duties that await him with invigorated health, and pleasing and hopeful anticipations.

F. S. W.

MEDUSÆ, OR JELLY-FISHES.

I EMPLOYED the few hours of the Saturday evening that intervened between the time of our arrest and night-fall, in fishing from our little boat for medusæ with a bucket. They had risen by myriads from the bottom as the wind fell, and were mottling the green depths of the water below and around, far as the eye could reach. Among the commoner

kinde, the kind with the four purple rings on the area of its flat bell, which ever vibrates without sound, and the kind with the fringe of dingy brown, and the long stinging tails, of which I have sometimes borne from my swimming excursions the nettle-like smart for hours, there were at least two species of more unusual occurrence, both of them very minute. The one, scarcely larger than a shilling, bore the common umbelliferous form, but had its area inscribed by a pretty orange-coloured wheel; the other, still more minute, and which presented in the water the appearance of a small hazel-nut of a brownish yellow hue, I was disposed to set down as a species of *beroe*. On getting one caught, however, and transferred to a bowl, I found that the brownish-coloured, melon-shaped mass, though ribbed like the *beroe*, did not represent the true outline of the animal; it formed merely the centre of a transparent gelatinous bell, which, though scarce visible even in the bowl, proved a most efficient instrument of motion. Such were its contractile powers, that its sides nearly closed at every stroke behind the opaque orbicular centre, like the legs of a vigorous swimmer; and the animal, unlike its more bulky congeners—that, despite of their slow but persevering flappings, seemed greatly at the mercy of the tide, and progressed all one way—shot as it willed, backwards, forwards, or athwart. As the evening closed, and the depths beneath presented a dingier and yet dingier green, until at length all had become black, the distinctive colours of the *acelpha*—the purple, the orange, and the brown—faded and disappeared, and the creatures hung out, instead, their pale, phosphoric lights, like the lanterns of a fleet hoisted high to prevent collision in the darkness. Now they gleamed dim and indistinct, as they drifted undisturbed through the upper depths, and now they flamed out bright and green, like beacon torches, as the tide dashed them against the vessel's sides. I bethought me of the gorgeous description of Coleridge, and felt all its beauty:

"They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.
Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire—
Blue, glassy green, and velvet black:
They curl'd and swam, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire."

—Miller's "Summer Ramble."

BROCKY, THE VILLAGE LAWYER.

THERE is much truth in this French proverb: "The sure way to be deceived is to believe ourselves more cunning than the rest of the world." The character of "Brocky, the lawyer," as he used to be termed by his neighbours, may be offered as an apt illustration of this truth.

"Brocky, the lawyer," was not a lawyer in reality. He had never been initiated into the mysteries of the law; had never perhaps seen even the binding of the elaborate works of Coke and Littleton, or Chitty, or any of the great masters of the law; and certainly he had never read their learned contents. "Brocky the lawyer" was, in fact, a tradesman who set himself up for an oracle in all matters appertaining to the law, without ever having troubled his head with anything in the shape of a book, or being instructed therein by a master.

That man must certainly possess a dull intellect who cannot learn much, even in matters of law, from observation; and his intellect must be still more obtuse if he cannot learn still more from experience. These were the means, and especially the latter, by which "Brocky the lawyer" obtained his legal knowledge.

"A long head," according to common report, had "Brocky the lawyer." Was any villager in difficulties; did he stand in fear of that most dreaded personage, the bailiff; or did he want to overreach his neighbour, he was sure to consult "the lawyer." He had such "a long head:" no one could measure its length or fathom its depth.

Yet, strange to say, wise as "Brocky the lawyer" was in the law, he was scarcely ever unentangled from its meshes. I remember a tall man, wearing a glazed hat, who often used to be seen walking up our village with a majestic air, and long strides, and people used to run to their doors or their windows, to see which house he was going to visit. That noted personage was the sheriff's officer, and it was by a rare chance that he passed the door of "Brocky the lawyer." An unwelcome visitor he was, no doubt; but the doors could not be locked against him, and, however unwelcome, he must be received. There is no withstanding the power of the law; nor is there any means by which one can evade its officers. A man may, indeed, lock himself up for a time,

as "Brocky the lawyer" used to do; but, sooner or later, the sheriff's officer was sure to find out his hiding-place, and deliver into his hands his credentials in the shape of a writ.

It was wonderful, however, to see how well and how long "Brocky the lawyer" stood his ground. People thought he would now certainly be ruined, when they saw the man with a glazed hat darkening his doors; but though he was often "sold out," yet he rose again like another phoenix from his ashes. It was this that gained him so much celebrity as a man with "a long head."

Notwithstanding, the secret by which "Brocky the lawyer" so long kept his ground was by no means so profound as was imagined. It was more by craft and dishonest practices than from wisdom. When "sold out," there were yet means by which he could again well replenish his shop. His credit was gone among those who had received a shilling in the pound; but the world is wide, and there were many ignorant of his devices, and hence his shop was soon filled again with goods. People stared at the full supply offered to their view in the windows, and were often tempted to go in and purchase some articles, just to see whether the shelves were as full as the windows indicated. And full they were, to their utter astonishment: but then they attributed the marvel to his "long head." The man with a glazed hat might strip him of everything; but still "Brocky the lawyer" was too knowing for him. He could fill his shop as quickly as "Mr. Sheriff's-officer" could clear it out. He was, in fact, more than a match for the man with the glazed hat: he had such "a long head."

Such was the general opinion of his character. Some few saw it in its true colours, and spoke of it with reprehension; but they were deemed uncharitable: others attributed his repeated failures to misfortune; but they knew nothing about it. He was not unfortunate; or if he was, his "long head" enabled him to stand his ground.

Thus years rolled away. But there is an end of all things, however stable they may appear; and a house built on the sand cannot expect to be enduring. The name of "Brocky the lawyer" had so often been gazetted, that it became a name known and noted in the commercial world in no very favourable light. A man who often deceives, can-

not hope to be trusted when his character is fully discovered. If a man's reputation for probity and honesty be once lost, however long his head may be, he cannot recover it. Such was the experience of "Brocky the lawyer." The man with a glazed hat finally came for the last time, and tripped him up. He could no longer stand his ground against him: he was, after much apparent prosperity, sold out and ruined.

"Honesty is the best policy." As an old writer remarks, "it is the best security in nature. It does business without expense, trouble, or delay. It takes no advantage of mortality, of the want of writings, of the ambiguity of words, or the omission of forms." The world generally admires it, if it is not generally practised. It was curious to hear the opinions of "Brocky the lawyer's" conduct after his downfall. Even those who had admired his "long head," pronounced him a knave; and there were some who denounced him as a cheat. He even sunk many fathoms, if the expression may be used, in his own estimation.

"Oh, sir!" remarked "Brocky the lawyer," to the writer of this article, "had I been honest in all my dealings, what a world of sorrow should I have escaped! My dishonest practices rise up in judgment against me. Better had it been for me if I had contented myself with a little, gained by honest industry, than have sought wealth by overreaching the world. I have been a self-deceiver: I have overreached others, but in doing so have sadly overreached myself. My sin has found me out."

And thus will the sin of dishonesty ever find out those who practise it. It procures for a man misery both in this world and the next. Even though the world should not discover it, conscience will; and conscience is a bold accuser of guilt. If conscience, indeed, be not our ruler, it will be our tormentor; for whatever faculty of the soul or member of the body commits sin, the guilt of it runs into the conscience, and settles there, as the impurities of a city pass into the common sewer. There is a kind of elastic power in it that will bear itself up, if it be innocent, whatever reproach may be cast upon it; but if it be guilty, it will rise up to condemn the sinner—and its voice is as the voice of thunder: however deaf the man may be whom it accuses, it must and will be heard. As I

have watched the downcast look of "Brocky the lawyer," in his age, I have often said to myself, "He is oppressed by the voice of conscience." That was wise counsel which the great apostle of the Gentiles gave to the Roman converts, and deserves to be written in letters of gold on the walls of every Christian's dwelling—"Provide things honest in the sight of all men," Rom. xii. 17. That is, all who bear the name of Christians should study and take care to do all that is amiable and creditable, and recommend religion to all with whom they may converse. A Christian should not only be a Christian in name, but in reality,—in deed and in truth; otherwise, better had it been for him had he been born in a land where the light of Christianity has never shone, and where the name of Christian is unknown. It will be more tolerable for those who worship their gods of wood, or stone, or brass; or those whose bones and sinews are crushed under the huge rolling wheels of the car of Juggernaut, in the day of judgment, than for him. "That servant, which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required," Luke xii. 47, 48.

E. F.

THE SKY.

THE atmosphere immediately incumbent upon the earth has probably the power of absorbing and retaining more of the blue rays of light than that at greater altitudes; and thus, when we cast our eyes on high, we look through a volume of the densest air, replete with blue light; and so likewise, if we look abroad over an extensive tract of country, the horizon of which is formed by distant hills, they appear blue, or in other words, they partake of the colour of the medium through which they are viewed; if we journey to them, their blue colour gradually vanishes, and at length their ordinary colours appear; and now, looking from the hills towards the spot from whence we journeyed, it in turn appears blue.

"The ridge called 'The Blue Mountains,' in Australia, another of the same name in America, and many others else-

where, are not really blue, for they possess all the diversity of scenery which their climates can give; but to the eye which first discovered them, bent on them generally from a distance, they all at first appeared blue, and they have retained the name."

The air contained in a spacious hall or room is too small in volume to affect the eye with an impression of blue colour, and all objects appear of their natural tint; the same as an alabaster figure will appear beautifully white when viewed through a thin glass shade, but will gradually appear green, upon being covered with three or four additional shades, although they are of equal thickness and transparency; and if several more be employed, the vase will at length become invisible.

The red appearance of the evening and morning sky, so popularly known as indicative of fair and foul weather, was chosen by the Saviour of mankind, as the medium of a reproof, similar in its force and tendency to that which has already engaged our attention, in humbly endeavouring to present its philosophical interpretation. "When it is evening ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowering."

The astronomer proves, that in consequence of the refractive or light-bending power of the atmosphere, the sun is visible for a considerable time after actual sunset, and also before actual sunrise; the chemist ascertains the fact, that at actual sunset, the surface of the earth radiates heat, and the watery vapour, present throughout a vast height of the atmosphere, immediately enters into a state of incipient condensation; he therefore presumes the glow of light that so often blushes in the sky during a summer or autumnal sunset, may depend upon the vesicular vapour reflecting the red rays more powerfully than the others, for he discovers, that if light be transmitted through steam mingled with air—and therefore on the verge of condensation—that it assumes a deep orange or red colour.

"The red colour of the sky at sunset is indicative of fine weather; for although watery vapour is present in the air, it is probably only on the verge of incipient condensation, and not sufficiently condensed to form rain-clouds; and this slowly progressive transition of vast

volumes of the air through the temperature of the dew-point can only occur in serene weather at sunset, and not at sunrise."

"The red and lowering appearance of the morning sky, which indicates foul weather, probably depends upon such an excess of vapour being present in the whole atmosphere, that clouds are actually forming in the higher regions, contrary to the direct tendency of the rising sun to dissipate them; they accordingly reflect the red rays of light abundantly, and are considered as announcing a speedy precipitation of rain."

"In the morning, in fine weather, the strata of the air near the surface of the earth alone, and in the lowest and most sheltered spots, are in a state of absolute dampness; the more elevated regions are comparatively free from humidity, and the morning light is grey. The vapours which, during the reversion of the process, might probably reflect the red rays, are not elevated until the action of the sun upon the surface of the earth has continued long enough to impart a sensible warmth, by which time the moment of sunrise is past, and the sun has risen above the horizontal vapours."

The close observance of natural phenomena by our ancestors gave rise to many sayings and proverbs, of which several have been presented; and we find another concerning the appearance of the skies that we have just considered:

"An evening red, and morning grey,
Will set the traveller on his way;
But an evening grey, and a morning red,
Will pour down rain on the traveller's head."

The "rainbow," that so frequently adorns and gladdens the clouded, watery heavens, in full display of gorgeous-coloured zones of first-created light, as the token of the covenant between God and man, that the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh, must be esteemed as the most beautiful and magnificent atmospheric phenomenon that we behold throughout the four seasons of the revolving year.

The rainbow invariably appears in that part of the heavens which during the day is directly opposite to the sun, and whilst rain is falling between the dark clouds in one quarter, and the solar beams in the other; these, under most circumstances, impinging upon pellucid drops of water, will either directly pass through them in right lines, or if refracted from

such course, they will, upon emerging from the drops, immediately resume it, and pass onward as colourless light.

Under certain natural conditions, which, merely to facilitate our inquiry, may for the moment be called extraordinary, the solar rays impinging upon drops of water will not only pass through them, or be simply refracted, as above, but upon emerging from the drops, a portion of the rays will continue to pass onward as colourless light after ordinary refraction; whilst another portion deviates from such path, and is further refracted, or broken, into seven extraordinary-coloured rays, or prismatic rays.

This extraordinary or coloured refraction or analysis of solar light is frequently presented by drops of morning dew, but in greater perfection by drops of rain, in falling through the atmosphere, between a dark cloud and the brilliant sun, the rays of which entering and emerging from successive drops are refracted into violet light, which departs furthest from the path that the unaltered rays would have pursued, and into red light, which keeps nearest the path that the unaltered rays would have pursued; thus the external and the internal fringes of the rainbow are formed, and they include within their zones the remaining coloured rays in the order of their inherent refrangibility, the indigo, blue, and green being nearest the violet, whilst the yellow and orange are nearest the red; thus presenting a perfect rainbow of the seven colours of analysed light.

Or in more technical terms; the violet, indigo, blue, and green rays are the most refrangible, whilst the yellow, orange, and red are the least refrangible rays of solar light. The rainbow, therefore, is said to present a magnificent natural example of its analysis; for the coloured rays cannot be divided into others.

When a single and perfect rainbow appears, its interior fringe is red, and its exterior fringe is violet; but a "double rainbow" is most frequent—a phenomenon, that is, of one bow within another; and then not only are the colours of the inner and smaller, or primary bow, more vivid than those of the outer and larger, or secondary bow, but they are exactly in the reverse order, the interior fringe of the inner bow being violet, and its exterior fringe being red.

The following ancient and popular proverb concerning the rainbow affords one more example of a refined phy-

sical truth appearing in plain homely guise:

"A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning,
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight."

"This old proverb is generally correct, as a rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite to the sun; and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road by the wind to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in the clouds is passing from us.

"As an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall."

All things demand equal attention from him who truly loves and desires knowledge; thus the foregoing explanation of the homely proverb emanated from the most enlightened philosopher that ever devoted his talents to the fascinating science of chemistry.—*Griffiths.*

CHRISTIAN ASSURANCE.

THERE are a number of persons among professing Christians whose minds are almost ever dwelling on certain high points of doctrine, sought chiefly in the book of God's eternal decrees. And it is on these doctrines that they found, in some manner, an absolute assurance of their being in Christ, in the Divine favour, children of God, and therefore as sure of heaven as if they were there. Now God forbid that, with the New Testament before us, and a multitude of pious examples, we should deny, or for an instant doubt, that there is a firm and rational assurance of salvation attainable in this life; or that any one of us should not earnestly seek to attain it. But how attained?—whereon founded? Do the Scriptures and reason authorize any other principle or process than this, namely, that a man do most carefully ascertain what it is that, according to the Divine word, constitutes a Christian; and then, make a most faithful investigation into the state of his soul and his life,

to ascertain whether that which constitutes a Christian be actually there; and if it be, to take the assurance, and bless God for the evidence; and bless him for having wrought in them this preternatural character? But the persons we speak of refuse to have the matter placed on this ground. Not wholly indeed, perhaps, for they will somewhat equivocate; but in substance they refuse it, and will maintain their assurance independently of it. And they describe it nearly as if it had come to them by a distinct, positive, and formal revelation from heaven; setting aside all need of any such rule of evidence as we have spoken of. We are not ignorant, that men of eminent piety and holiness have often received a kind of blissful illapses and irradiations into their souls, bearing to them (we may call it) a mystical testimony, to confirm and animate into triumph the assurance founded on evidence. And, questionless, elevated and humble piety, in communion with God, will often receive such rays from his countenance. But these devout spirits have been careful not to substitute such confirmatory impressions for the tangible basis of evidence on which the question rested. They recurred to this in their repeated self-examinations and self-judgments; and earnestly insisted on it in their religious instructions. And as to the practical influence of this their happy assurance; it has both served to rectify, still more highly, their conscience and moral principles, and to repress any disposition to a self-righteous arrogance toward persons less favoured in point of religious confidence. Whereas, some such persons as we are referring to, betray that their assurance, which takes its stand on so lofty a position, independent of a faithful estimate of the heart and life, has an unsanctifying effect; it slackens and narrows the force and compass of the jurisdiction of conscience; and, especially, cherishes in them the spirit of the text: "Stand by thyself, come not near to me; for I am holier than thou." They can look with pride, not with pious gratitude, from a high and privileged condition, on those who are suffering doubts and solicitude respecting their state toward God and a future world.—*Foster*.

THE ONLY WORD OF GOD.

THAT traditions of men should be obtruded unto us for articles of religion, and admitted for parts of God's worship;

or that any traditions should be accepted for parcels of God's word, beside the Holy Scriptures, and such doctrines as are either expressly therein contained, or by sound inference may be deduced from thence, I think we have reason to gainsay, as long as for the first we have this direct sentence from God himself, Matt. xv. 9: "In vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men;" and for the second, the express warrant of the apostle, 2 Tim. iii. 15, 17, testifying of the Holy Scriptures, not only that they are able to make us wise unto salvation, which they would not be able to do if they did not contain all things necessary to salvation; but also, that by them the man of God (that is, the minister of God's word, unto whom it appertaineth to declare all the counsel of God,) may be perfectly instructed to every good work; which could not be if the Scriptures did not contain all the counsel of God which was fit for him to learn, or if there were any other word of God which he were bound to teach, that should not be contained within the limits of the book of God.—*Archbishop Usher*.

CARBONIC ACID IN ROOMS.

It is commonly supposed that the carbonic acid resulting from burning charcoal, in a brasier remains as a heavy stratum of vapour upon the floor of the *grotto del cane*, and that no danger is to be apprehended in entering the apartment if a person stand upright; but this notion is seriously erroneous, as the chemist can prove. In fact, as carbonic acid is formed during the combustion of charcoal, it is materially lighter than air, because it is of an exceedingly high temperature, or in other words, rarefied by the heat; and accordingly it ascends in virtue of this thermal levity, and blends uniformly with the air of the apartment, whilst another curious action is simultaneously ensuing; namely, the charcoal, in order to burn and to continue burning, must have oxygen; it takes this from the air to form carbonic acid, but leaves the nitrogen, which is equally mephitic, so that in the course of a very short time, if no egress be permitted for these substances so inimical to life, the entire volume of the air becomes thoroughly vitiated, and a person entering the apartment would be suffocated.—*The Builder*.



The Ivory-billed Woodpecker.

THE IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER.

THE largest white-bill woodpecker of Catesby, ivory-billed woodpecker and large log-cock of the Anglo-Americans, is thus described:—Black, with a gloss of green. Fore part of the head black, the rest of the crest crimson, with some white at the base. A stripe of white proceeding from a little below the eye, down each side of the neck, and along the back, (where the two are about an inch apart,) nearly to the rump. Tail black, tapering from the two exterior feathers, which are three inches shorter than the middle ones; the feathers concave below. Legs lead colour. Bill an inch broad at the base, of the colour and consistence of ivory, and channeled. Tongue also white. Iris vivid yellow.

Length about twenty inches; alar extent about thirty inches.

This bird is found in Brazil, Mexico, and the Southern States, is seldom seen to the north of Virginia, and but rarely in that state.

Catesby says that these birds subsist chiefly on ants, wood-worms, and other insects, which they hew out of rotten trees, nature having so formed their bills that in an hour or two they will raise a bushel of chips, for which the Spaniards call them *carpenteros*. He adds, that their bills are much valued by the Canada Indians, who make coronets of them for their princes and great warriors, by fixing them round a wreath, with their points outward. The northern Indians, he tells us, having none of these birds in their cold country, purchase them of the

southern people, at the price of two, and sometimes three buckskins a bill.

Nuttall states that it is a constant resident in the countries where it is found, in the warmer regions, breeding in the rainy season, and that the pair are believed to be united for life. "More vagrant," says Nuttall, in continuation, "and independent than the rest of his family, he is never found in the precincts of cultivated tracts; the scene of his dominion is the lonely forest, amidst trees of the greatest magnitude. His reiterated trumpeting note, somewhat similar to the high tones of the clarionet (pait, pait, pait, pait) is heard soon after day, and until a late morning hour, echoing loudly from the recesses of the dark cypress swamps, where he dwells in domestic security, without showing any impertinent or necessary desire to quit his native solitary abodes. Upon the giant trunk and inaccessible and moss-grown arms of this colossus of the forest, and amidst inaccessible and almost ruinous piles of mouldering logs, the high rattling clarion and repeated strokes of this princely woodpecker are often the only sounds which vibrate through and communicate an air of life to those dismal wilds. His stridulous, interrupted call, and loud industrious blows may often be heard for more than half a mile, and become audible at various distances, as the elevated mechanic raises or depresses his voice, or as he flags or exerts himself in his laborious employment. His retiring habits, loud notes, and singular occupation, amidst scenes so savage yet majestic, afford withal a peculiar scene of solemn grandeur, on which the mind dwells for a moment with sublime contemplation, convinced that there is no scene in nature devoid of harmonious consistence.

"Nor is the performance of this industrious hermit less remarkable than the peals of his sonorous voice, or the loud choppings of his powerful bill. He is soon surrounded with striking monuments of his industry: like a real carpenter, (a nickname given him by the Spaniards,) he is seen surrounded with cart-loads of chips and broad flakes of bark, which rapidly accumulate round the roots of the tall pine and cypress where he has been a few hours employed; the work of half a dozen men, felling trees for a whole morning, would scarcely exceed the pile he has produced in quest of a single breakfast upon those

insect larvæ which have already, perhaps, succeeded in deadening the tree preparatory to his repast. Many thousand acres of pine-trees in the Southern States have been destroyed in a single season by the insidious attacks of insects, which in the dormant state are not larger than a grain of rice. It is in quest of these enemies of the most imposing part of the vegetable creation that the industrious and indefatigable woodpecker exercises his peculiar labour. In the sound and healthy tree he finds nothing which serves him for food."

Wilson, whose "American Ornithology" is known to every lover of the subject and of nature, wounded one of these birds. His narrative is painful. The woodpecker did not survive his captivity more than three days, during which he manifested an unconquerable spirit, and refused all sustenance. When he was taken he uttered cries almost like those of an infant; and no sooner was he left alone for an hour, than he so worked that he nearly made a way through the wooden house in which he was confined. He severely wounded Wilson whilst the naturalist was sketching him, and died with unabated spirit. This unconquerable courage most probably gave the head and bill of the bird so much value in the eyes of the Indian.

The four or five white eggs are generally deposited in a hole in the trunk of a cypress-tree, at a considerable height, at which both the male and female have laboured, to enlarge and fit it for the purposes of incubation, till it is some two or more feet in depth. About the middle of June, the young are seen abroad. Besides the usual arboreal insects, this woodpecker, it is said, is fond of grapes and other berries; but Indian corn, other grain, or any orchard fruit, it does not touch, according to good authorities.

LICHENS.—No. II.

THE Iceland moss is very abundant in the north of Germany, and during years of scarcity in Saxony, it has been powdered and mingled with flour. It is a rugged, bushy-looking plant, growing on rocks, and about two or three inches high.

A lichen, which is common in some of the mountainous districts of Great Britain, and covers at all seasons of the year with

its shaggy olive-green crusts some of our old trees, is often substituted for the Iceland moss, and appears to have equally tonic properties. This is the liverwort *sticta*, and it is used in Siberia for giving the bitter principle to ale. Almost all the species of *sticta* grow on trees, in form of rudely-shapen leaves, and they are among the handsomest of our native lichens.

Equal to the Iceland moss in its usefulness to man and animals, is that well-known lichen of the north, called the reindeer moss, which, as Linnæus has observed, grows in greater abundance than any other vegetable throughout Lapland. The Almighty hand which planted it, has adapted this humble vegetable to the climate, as well as to the necessities of these cheerless regions. On this herbage the reindeer of the Laplander subsists during the greater portion of the year. These animals will not feed upon hay, and will eat no dried plants, except some species of horsetail; but when the summer's wind blows over the mountains, they will range away from the store of lichens to feed upon the wild flowers and green pastures. Lapland has these, too, in their season; and then the reindeer crops the blue sowthistle, and the marsh trefoil, and the lady's mantle, and the rosebag willow, and all those blossoms which the Laplander terms the *Midsommar's* blomster, and they eat the young shoots of the mountain shrubs, which they crop hastily as they pass along. But the reindeer moss is the grand means of support to the herds of deer; and as the lichen is adapted to the wants of the animal, so the animal is fitted to be the stay and comfort of the people of the land.

To the Laplander, the reindeer is his sole property, and some of the richest of the mountaineers possess from five hundred even to a thousand of these animals. Thomson, in his "Seasons," thus notices them:

"The reindeer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare and cheerful cups.
Obequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed,
By dancing meteors seen, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze reflected o'er the heavens,
And vivid moon and stars that keener play
With double lustre, from the glassy waste."

Hoffberg says that there are two varieties of the reindeer lichen, one of which, called the woodland species, covers over the sandy gravelly fields, and makes them as white as if the snow or the hoary frost of heaven had fallen over them. The large barren desert lands of Lapland are white with it, and marshes and dry rocks are clad in its rugged tufts. The Alpine species is to the mountains what the woodland kind is to the plains; and when from a mountain height the pines and firs of a forest are cut down, then this lichen springs up in thickest abundance. The Laplander in these districts has wood enough and to spare, and he can afford, now and then, to burn a whole forest for the sake of the valuable lichen, which rises among the ashes of the fallen trees, getting larger and larger every year, till, after ten successive seasons, it becomes a plantation of immense value. The Laplander rejoices in his desert, white with the crops of reindeer moss, as we should rejoice in the rich fruit of the corn-field, or as the native of the sunny south would be gladdened by his vineyard and olive-yard.

These people often take their herds, during the summer season, to some of the highest spots of the mountains, when the scene seems dreary and cold in the extreme, and when, as Barron observes, no signs of vegetation are exhibited, save here and there some scanty bed of moss and lichen, the most common of which is the reindeer species. Here this traveller found these poor but contented people living in huts made of the poles of the birch tree and grass tufts, braving the sun and the cold winds and furious storms of the mountains, for the sake of the pasturage, which their heights afforded for their herds of deer. In winter, however, the greater number of these animals come down to the plains, and, rooting under the snow for the lichen, bring it out from some depth below the surface. This they are enabled to do by means of the hard skin with which the nose, forehead, and feet are covered, and which protects them from the icy crust that lies upon the snow. Sad, indeed, is it for the poor Laplander and his herd, when the cold winter season commences with heavy rains. This is not often, but when it is the case, the water hardens into ice, which, hiding the lichen, as with a thick, firm crust, brings starvation alike to the reindeer and their owners. Many reindeer perish for want of food under such

circumstances, though their masters will save some of the smaller herds by felling trees which are covered with a long black lichen. This, like masses of shaggy, dark hair, is common on the forest trees, and it yields a poor, but temporary supply for the perishing animal. This plant is the mane-like *alectoria* of the botanist.

Although the Icelanders have not, like the Laplanders, their herds of deer, yet the reindeer lichen grows in abundance on their plains of lava, making them in some places look truly beautiful by its tufts. In the winter of this country, the snow is frequently scraped from the surface of the ground, to give the sheep the means of feeding on this and some other lichens so abundant in Iceland. Barron observes of it: "I brought some of the reindeer lichen to England, and on spreading it on a saucer of water, all its little delicate tubular ramifications became full and plump, taking their natural position; but it turned black the next day." This plant is found in some of the woods of our native land. Kalm remarks, that it grows in great plenty in the woods of Quebec, and says that the French, in their long journeys through the woods in their fur trade with the Indians, sometimes boil this moss for want of better food, and think it very nutritious. There is no doubt that it is so. Sir Arthur Capell de Brooke, who passed a winter in Lapland, observes of the reindeer lichen: "The properties of this plant, which is so providentially strewed over a country destitute of almost every other vegetable, are very nourishing, and capable of supporting even man himself, though it is not, I believe, ever used for this purpose by the Laplanders. It seems probable that this, as well as Iceland moss, might be applied with great advantage to the purpose of making a more nutritious and palatable bread than that which is used occasionally in the north of Sweden and Norway by the peasants in years of extreme scarcity." The chief ingredient of this bread is the bark of the fir tree.

A species of lichen, which is very common in our native land, may be easily known by its peculiar form. This is the cup moss, which is, however, in shape more like a wine-glass on a tall stem than a cup. It may be seen in spring on banks, or heaths, or rocky places, appearing at first as a number of gray-green circular patches, but gradually growing into little cups or slender stems,

sometimes an inch in length. The plant is of a gray green, and very pretty, but exceedingly brittle. It is valued by villagers, as they make of it a decoction with which to cure the whooping-cough, and it has also been used by medical practitioners as a febrifuge, and so, too, has the similarly shaped scarlet cup moss, which glitters like a ruby, wearing an intensely scarlet tint, so lovely, that it is to be regretted that no skill can preserve its beauty for many hours after it is gathered.

It is in winter that we see the greater number of lichens. As Bishop Mant has described:

"Would you haply wish to trace
The wonders of the lichen race,
Cold, but congenial to their kinds,
The wintry air pervades, unbinds
The tubercled and warty crust,
Which in the summer heat, a dust,
Now swoll'n with moisture, spreads around
In shapes fantastic: and the ground,
Stones, rocks, and walls, and heathy waste,
And branching tree, exhibits, cased
In spots with many a shining boss,
Or mingles with the verdant moss;
Prank'd like the snake's enamel'd skin,
Fit 'wee'd to wrap a fairy in.'
With hues as manifold as glow
Embroider'd on the heavenly bow."

These plants are, as every one has observed, common enough on our native trees. Some are peculiar to one kind of tree, others gather alike on all, as well as on rocks and palings. The fir woods, or moist or moory ground, are arrayed with numbers of these plants, and the fruit orchard trees are often gray with them. The oak, the ash, the fir, the birch, the alow, the hawthorn, the apple, and the pear, seem, when old, almost weighed down by them; but the elm, the sycamore, and the lime most frequently escape their intrusion; and as to the lordly beech, it is sometimes, though it has lived for hundreds of years, with scarcely a lichen on its smooth trunk.

One of the commonest of our native lichens may be seen on almost any country spot of our island, on old branches of trees, or old tiles, or thickly encrusting the wooden palings of the park or garden. It is commonly called yellow moss, from its deep yellow tint, and is the wall *parmelia* of the botanist. It is said, when mixed with alum, to yield a good dye, and is of a very bitter taste. It has been used as a medicine in intermittent fever, not in Great Britain only, but throughout Europe. The old hawthorn is in the autumn generally profusely covered with the yellow moss. The genus *parmelia*,

to which this plant belongs, is very extensive. One species, called the candle-dying *parmelia*, though by other botanists termed the candle-dying *lecanora*, which grows, in scaly crusts, at all seasons of the year on the trees and pelings of England, is employed by the Swedes to give a colour to the candles which they use in the religious ceremonies of their church.

Among the lichens which lend their hoary livery to conceal the decayed limbs of the trees of many of our woodlands, are the different species of *usnea*, or, as it is commonly called, tree-beard, or Jupiter's beard. The crustaceous branched tufts of these plants hang about the fir, and oaks, and other trees during winter, and are of a grayish green. The name *usnea* is said to have originated in the Arabic *achneh*, which is the word by which the Arabian physicians designate the lichens in general. When trees are covered, as they often are, with these hair-like lichens, they have a very picturesque and venerable appearance.

The plaited *usnea*, found commonly, not on the aged tree only, but on the park or garden paling, is said to be a good cure for the whooping-cough. Another very common lichen of Great Britain, called the *evernia*, or stag's-horn, may be found on the oak or other trees at almost any time of the year. It is said to have the peculiar property of imbibing and long retaining sweet odours, and is therefore powdered and used for scent-bags and scent-vases. It is also recommended as likely to prove useful in pulmonary affections. Evelyn remarks of it: "This very moss of the oak, that is white, composes choicest cypress powder, which is esteemed good for the head; but impostors familiarly vend other mosses under that name, as they do the fungi for the true agaric, to the great scandal of physic." One species of *evernia* is said by the Swedes to be poisonous to wolves, and is called by them *ulf-mossa*.

Several species of lichen, too, termed the *ramalina*, are found covering with their bushy tufts the trees on which the species of *evernia* are collected, especially on the oak tree, and also on the fir, the ash, the birch, and hawthorn. The beech is not so covered with the shaggy lichens as the oak and other trees; but there is a lichen which clothes, though far more sparingly, the trunks and boughs of the old beechen tree, which has for

centuries given its shadow to some of our old parks, and fed thousands of deer by its autumnal fruits. On such trees we may almost depend on finding the bitter zoned *variolaria*. This plant contains oxalic acid, and it is said by sir W. Hooker to be now much used in France for furnishing this acid. It is exceedingly bitter, and forms a sort of crust-like spot upon the tree. The genus received its botanical name because the spots on this lichen were thought to resemble the *variola*, or measles. Several species are to be found in this country on trunks of trees, or on rocks, walls, or the ground. One species which grows on rocks in mountainous districts, the milky white *variolaria*, is a very elegant lichen, and it is used in dyeing.

Some of the different species of *lecidea* are well-known lichens, especially to those who live among mountains. Many of them are extremely beautiful, when examined; but their beauty is not discoverable, on account of their minuteness, by any but those who place them beneath the microscope. This is the case with the species termed the geographical *lecidea*, which is a small crust on the old rock.

We have already adverted to the uses of some of the lichen tribe as food; but there are, besides those already mentioned, several which are cooked and eaten. A lichen which is common in Tartary is a frequent food of the people of that land, and the lichen called the *alectoria* has been, in times of scarcity in Saxony, ground and mixed with the wheat flour. One species of *alectoria* which grows on trees in warm countries in Asia, Africa, and America, hangs down its branched tufts sixteen or eighteen inches. The Arabian physicians used it as a cordial, for the purpose of procuring sleep. The nutritive properties of lichens appears to depend on the presence of a substance analogous to gelatine, which in some exists in the form of pure starch. Two species of the large lichen, called the target-bearer, which are very handsome plants, are much valued by the Swedish peasants, when boiled with milk, as a remedy for the thrush; and one of them is considered a cure for madness in dogs.

We have hitherto considered the lichens chiefly in the use of which they are to men and animals as food. Another valuable principle, however, exists in this tribe of plants, which renders

them of much service in the arts and manufactures. Oxalic acid is contained in abundance, particularly by the crustaceous kinds of lichen; and some species, which grow on the summits of the tall fir-trees, are found to contain a large proportion of oxide of iron, which, as Dr. Lindley remarks, "may be viewed as illustrative of the formation of iron by the vegetable process."

A large number of lichens are in common use to furnish us with dyeing materials. Several of the species termed by botanists *lecanora*, are thus employed. The *oselle de terre*, or *perelle d'Auvergne*, is one of them. The people of Auvergne scrape the rocks for this lichen, and sell it to the manufacturer. It yields a rich purple dye, called *litmus*, and is used very extensively in France, either alone, or mixed with some similar lichens. Another species of the *lecanora* is the famous cudbear of commerce. This plant was long used by the Welsh and Scotch for dyeing woollen cloths of a dull brown tint, but was brought into general use as a purple dye by Dr. Cuthbert Gordon, who took out a patent for the dye, and changing his own name to Cudbear, gave this also to the substance which he had procured from the lichen. This plant is imported largely from Norway, where it grows naturally in abundance on the rocks; but the great price given for it has led to its being gathered so much, that it is more scarce than formerly. It thrives well on the rocks in the Highlands, and Loudon mentions that many an industrious peasant gains a livelihood by scraping this lichen off with an iron hoop, and sending it to the Glasgow market, as it is used to a great extent by some Glasgow manufacturers. He adds, that when he was in the neighbourhood of Fort Augustus, in 1807, a person could earn 1*4s.* per week at this work, selling the material at 3*s.* 4*d.* the stone of twenty-two pounds.

But the cudbear is but a poor substitute for the valuable dye afforded by some lichens, which is so largely used by manufacturers, under the name of orchil or orchall. This dye is of a beautiful purple, which though fugitive is, when mingled with some other colours, of great value, as it much augments their brilliancy, and English cloth owes to its being first dyed with orchil the peculiar richness of its purple tint. The Canary Isles have long been celebrated for fur-

nishing this lichen. Humboldt saw it growing on the Isle of Teneriffe, and remarks that it grows in greater abundance in the desert islands of Salvage, La Graciosa, and L'Alegranza, as well as in Canary and Hierro. It is imported to us also from the Azores, Madeira, Africa, South America, Cape of Good Hope, and the East Indies. Nor are the shores of our own island destitute of this valuable lichen. The rocks over which the sea-breeze plays, and the stone wall where on the stormy day the salt spray of the ocean is sprinkled by the wave, can show the whitish gray tufts of the *roccella*, whose name appears to be derived from the Portuguese word for rock, *rocca*, on account of the place where the plant grows; as orchil is derived from the *oricello* of the Italians, and the *orchilla* of the Spaniards. Humboldt observes that the orchil of the Canaries is a very ancient branch of commerce; and Tournefort also considers that the use of the dye which it furnishes is of great antiquity. This botanist thinks that this was the material used in dyeing the purple of Amorgo, one of the Cyclades; adding, that when he was in this isle the lichen was still collected for importation to England, and sold at ten crowns the hundred weight.

Those interesting lichens the chink-worts, sometimes called Scripture-worts, a number of which are to be found on our old trees, have long interested botanists. Singular cracks appear upon their surfaces, which seem like letters, and the fancy of different botanists has assigned to some a resemblance to the characters of the Chinese, and to others to those of the Hebrew or Oriental languages. None can see these singular lichens without agreeing that they are well calculated to suggest such names as have been consequently given them, and all who have studied lichens have felt pleasure in observing these "living letters" traced on the plants of this genus. Still more interesting is the fact discovered by Fée, that the growth of certain of these lichens, on certain barks, will prove an infallible means of distinguishing one bark from another. Thus one particular kind of Scripture-wort is to be found only on the back of the lance-leaved *cinchona*, and its presence, therefore, would at once assure the botanist of the correctness of his judgment in pronouncing as to the species of this tree. Fée anticipated that the study of the

lichens on barks of trees used in medicine might be attended with some further valuable results of a similar character; and although this writer has been thought, in the enthusiasm of science, to have somewhat overrated the value of these results, still much good has been, and probably will be, attained by an increased knowledge of them. Burnett, referring to these opinions of Fée, observes that the study of the *opegraphas* and their allies, plants always curious and admirable even to the least tutored eye, seemed formerly to be one rather of speculative amusement than practical utility; but that the case is now wholly changed. "Like the hieroglyphics (says the writer) of the Egyptian fanes, their meaning was buried in obscurity, and so little guessed at, that it was often doubted whether they had any secrets to reveal. They were the sources of wonder, rather than of wisdom, until the Young and the Champollion of the vegetable world arose, and by means of a natural rosetta stone, deciphered these hitherto unknown manuscripts, and taught us to peruse this part of the Sacred Scriptures of creation."

We must close our remarks on these wonderful products of Almighty creation, and happy shall we be if any fact recorded here shall unfold to the reader some fresh proof of God's skill and goodness, or shall lead him to search deeper into the works of God in the natural world. Of all these works it may be said, that to examine most accurately and most minutely, is to learn most of the wisdom displayed in them. Nor has science yet effected its utmost with regard to this, or any other tribe of the vegetable kingdom. A large field lies open to discovery, which may reward the diligent observer, and awaken in his mind enlarged and thankful sentiments to the God of nature and of providence.

Some thoughts of poetry, too, will be always gathered by him whose sensibility is alive to the beauties which God has scattered around us, as may be seen from the following quotation from the writings of one who knew and loved all plants and flowers, from the noble and vigorous forest tree, to the moss or lichen which shall crown its decay:

"As in the wood where leathery lichens weave
Their web among the once green sallow leaves,
Which, through cold months in whirling eddies
blown,
Decay beneath the beauties once their own;

From the brown shelter of their foliage sere
Spring the young blooms that lead the floral
year;

So views the wonderer with delighted eyes,
Reviving hopes from black despondence rise,
And as delirious dreams enchant his mind,
Forgets his sorrows past, and gives them to the
wind."

A. P.

THE HARP.

THE harp is a stringed instrument of some antiquity, but its precise origin cannot be determined. Philologists have disputed about the derivation of the name, each supporting that analogy which best suits his own theory. Some writers are of opinion that the word harp is derived from the Latin *carpo*, because touched with the fingers; some attribute the invention to the Arpii, an Italian tribe, who are by these persons supposed to have invented it; while others trace it from the Anglo-Saxon word *harpa*. Many other opinions have been expressed, but what dependence can be placed on them we do not pretend to determine.

The harp, in its many different forms, has been a favourite instrument among almost all ancient as well as modern nations, and especially among our forefathers.

Of the harps used by ancient nations, we shall have occasion to speak presently; that now commonly employed in Europe is a triangular-formed instrument, and stands upright between the legs of the player. The strings are touched with the fingers of both hands. The harp, in the days of the romancers, was very highly esteemed by all classes of society, and hence it is that they always place it in the hands of their heroes. An ancient writer, speaking of it in terms of the highest praise, says, that "it is too solemn an instrument to be profaned in taverns and places of merriment, and should be used only by knights, esquires, ladies with beautiful hands, clerks, and men of highest quality."

Mr. Walker, in his "Historical Account of the Irish Bards," informs us that the Irish have four different kinds of harps.

1. The *clar-sch*, or *clar-seach*, which is distinguished pre-eminently as the Irish harp.

2. The *kiernine*, a species of dulcimer.

3. The *cionu-cruit*, an instrument of

ten strings, which might with more propriety be called a guitar.

4. The *greamthne-cruit*, which is the *crwth* of the Welsh.

There can be little doubt that the harp has long been a national instrument among the Irish, whether before or after its introduction into England, is disputed. Galilei, the father of the celebrated Galileo, says, that the harp was known to the Italians before the time of Dante, and that they were first made acquainted with the instrument by the Irish. In the Appendix to Walker's "Irish Bards," we find an interesting paper on the Irish harp, by the rev. Edward Ledwich; and from this we must be permitted to make one or two extracts, as the author's opinions will be best conveyed in his own words. He considers the harp to have been altogether unknown to the Greeks and Romans, except as they may have seen it in the hands of the people whom they conquered. That it was confined to the northern European tribes is probable, as it is not mentioned by Isidorus Hispalensis in his "Origines," or by Suidas in his "Lexicon." The Anglo-Saxons introduced it into Britain. The ancient Britons, or rather the Bards, who were a sacred class, played on the *crwth*.

The harshness and discord of voice peculiar to the Germans, and mentioned by many of the ancient writers, was not, it may be supposed, in any way compensated for by their national instrument the harp. "Inflamed with a thirst of conquest, and eager to possess alone that fertile isle, they almost exterminated the natives, and totally erased every vestige of Roman and British civility. The gentler modulations and softer harmony of the *crwth* were equally despised with its performers and admirers: this instrument was banished to Wales, Cornwall, and Armorica; in the last country Venantius found it in the sixth century.

"The Irish, I think, received it in the fourth and fifth centuries, from their close connexion with the Saxons, and other rovers from the Baltic shores, who conjunctly ravaged the coasts of Britain and Gaul in those ages. I know that Mr. Macpherson has ingeniously combated the opinion of this connexion; but it is impossible to invalidate all the arguments supplied by antiquity in its favour. Giraldus Cambrensis speaks of St. Patrick's harp, which, if any faith is to be placed on legends, he might have brought from Tours, where he studied;

and where, no doubt, it was cultivated by the barbarians. The harp is mentioned by Ido in the ninth century; he was a monk of St. Gall. The founder of this abbey being an Irishman, and the monks for the most part of the same nation, who fled from the Danish tyranny, they could be no strangers to this instrument.

"The harp is now the national emblem of Ireland, and there has been much dispute as to the time when it was adopted. Hereditary coats of arms were not introduced in Europe till about the middle of the eleventh century. Hector Boethius relates, that on a treaty concluded between Charlemagne and the Scottish king Achaius, A.D. 791, it was granted that the latter prince should bear a red lion in a counter-charged border of fleurs-de-lis. As the Irish were equal favourites with that great monarch, he might have conferred the same honour on our kings; though from what has been advanced, there is not the least probability of this being so. Besides, had the taste for heraldic pageantry been thus fashionable, some specimens would have been displayed on his coins, whereas they exhibit nothing but simple monograms.

There is sufficient evidence to prove, that in the reign of Henry III., Wales, Scotland, and the Isle of Man had their armorial bearings, and even the principal nobility of the kingdom; but there is no allusion to the arms: from which circumstance we may fairly conclude that Ireland had none. When Henry VIII. was proclaimed king of Ireland, he gave the national arms, and as he could find (we express the opinion of an Irish author) no other thing in which the people excelled than in their performance on the harp, (always excepting their bravery,) he gave them that instrument as their national emblem.

The triple harp of the present day has five octaves, from double C in the bass to double G alt. It has altogether ninety-seven strings, which are placed in three rows; the two outer are in unison, and the middle give the semi-tones. On the right-hand side are the bass strings, thirty-six in number; on the left the treble, twenty-six in number; and in the middle there are thirty-five strings.

How greatly the harp has been esteemed by the Welsh, may be gathered from the laws which have been made to encourage the practice of it among

persons of quality. The possession of a harp, and an ability to play upon it, was one of the three qualities required to constitute a gentleman. The slaves were not permitted to own one, and all persons were forbidden to teach them the art of playing. The king, the king's musicians, and gentlemen, were the only persons who were permitted to have a harp in their possession. The value thus placed upon the instrument was no doubt the reason why it could not be seized to liquidate a debt, for to have lost it would have been paramount to a loss of rank.

In the Sacred Scriptures there are frequent allusions to the harp. David is said to have played on the harp before Saul; and when raised to the throne frequently exercised himself on the same instrument. We have no evidence, however, that the instrument which the Hebrews called the *chinnar*, and which we have translated the harp, at all resembles either of those to which we have alluded in the preceding pages. There is nothing more difficult than to distinguish or describe the ancient musical instruments. Many representations of these may be found on ancient sculptures, but what names are to be given to them must be a matter of conjecture. On a Hebrew medal of Simon Maccabæus, two stringed instruments are exhibited; but neither of them has more than four strings, and cannot therefore at all resemble the modern harp. That the lyre used by the Romans is a very different instrument from the harp, all writers believe.

In one of the grottos of the first kings of Egypt, Mr. Bruce, the African traveller, observed a painting of the Theban harp. When his description and drawings were first made public, many persons objected to them, and indulged in expressions of incredulity not altogether fair to the enterprising traveller. The truth of his description is now attested by sir William Jones, and the French philosophers who visited Egypt with Buonaparte.

To the north-west of the ruins of the Egyptian Thebes there are several "mountains," which have been hollowed as tombs, and are said to contain the bodies of the kings of Thebes. In the most considerable of these "mountains" there is one cave which contains a large granitic sarcophagus, quite perfect, except that the lid is broken. At the end of the passage leading to the chamber in

which the sarcophagus is placed, there is the figure of a man playing on the harp, painted on the wall in fresco. This figure attracted the attention of Bruce, and the account he has given is peculiarly interesting, not only as affording evidence that the harp was probably known at a very early age, but also that it is quite impossible ever to know the extent of information among a people who do not possess the art of printing.

The figure is dressed in a costume similar to that still worn by the men of Nubia. The body is covered by a shirt reaching to the ankles, and apparently formed of white muslin, with narrow strips of red; the feet are uncovered. The dress is gathered above the elbow, so that the neck and arms are left bare. The figure is in a stooping posture, the right hand being at the bottom of the instrument, as though the performer were about to strike all the notes upwards with great rapidity. Taking the stature of the man at about five feet ten inches, the harp was estimated at something less than six feet and a half. The instrument, according to Burney's description, wants "the fore-piece, or stay of the frame, opposite to the longest string, which certainly must have improved the tone, and that deficiency must have rendered it very subject to go out of tune. The back part is the sounding-board, composed of four thin pieces of wood joined together in the form of a cone, that is, growing wider towards the bottom, so that as the length of the string increases, the square of the corresponding space in the sounding-board, in which the sound is to undulate, always increases in proportion." The harp has thirteen strings, and therefore the addition of two more would have formed two complete octaves. Whether we are to consider the omission of these as an error committed by the painter, or whether the instrument was in this respect defective, cannot at present be determined. Taking into consideration the fact that the painting was evidently done by one who was not a master of his art, that the instrument is constructed on scientific principles, and decorated in an ingenious and even elegant manner,—we are not unwilling to believe that the want of two strings may be traced to the negligence or ignorance of the painter. This view of the question is not, however, that proposed by Burney; for he says that if the harp be painted in accurate proportion, it could not bear

more than the thirteen strings; but to this he adds—and the remark in some degree destroys the first objection—that if the four longer strings were made of the same size and density as the strings of the modern harp, and tuned to the same pitch, they would of themselves break the cross-bar. But however this question may be settled by any discovery that may be hereafter made, it is quite evident that the harp must have been known in Egypt at an early age.—*Higgins.*

OLD HUMPHREY'S ASCENT OF BEN NEVIS.

The mountain and the precipice
Both wear a fearful frown:—
What, ho! come down, thou ancient man!
Again I say, come down!
He hears me not, but winds his way
O'er yawning depths profound;
And boldly climbs the misty peak,
While clouds are gathering round.

WHOEVER climbs Ben Nevis, will know, before he comes down again, somewhat of the worth of health and strength, and the value of a glass of water. Seven hours devoted to the ascent and descent of the monarch mountain, including a reasonable time to gaze around, will be well filled up. The guide-book informs us that the summit of Ben Nevis commands the most sublime prospect in Great Britain; but a reasonable doubt may be entertained on such a subject, inasmuch as several other prospects from several other high hills are spoken of in much the same terms. It may, however, be asserted, with some degree of confidence, that he who feels disappointed when looking from the mountain's brow on a clear day, must either have formed a most princely notion of a prospect, or be of a most dissatisfied disposition:

If sea, and loch, and glen are sought,
And hill and valley fair;
The loch and glen, and distant sea,
And vale and hill are there.

Wide, widely spread on every hand
The varied prospect lies,
A goodly, glowing, glorious scene
Beneath the kindling skies.

Ben Nevis attains a height of 4,375 feet, and Ben Macdhuì is said to lift its head about forty feet higher; but many doubts exist in this latter opinion. Enough for me that I have seen the summit of each, without undertaking

to decide which is the real monarch mountain of the Highlands.

The morning on which I intended to make my ascent was both misty and showery; in a word, Ben Nevis had his cap on, and as not a guide in Fort William would have ventured on his customary avocation, the adventure was reluctantly given up; but somewhat suddenly a little blue became visible in the sky, and with it came hope, and a spirit of enterprise and decision—the ascent of Ben Nevis was no longer to be deferred.

While standing at the door of the hotel, I saw, at no great distance from me, Mr. Mac Ian, the artist, kilted and plaided in the full national dress of a Highlander, with a roll of paper in his hand. Understanding that he was descended from the Glencoe Mac Ians, almost all of which were savagely murdered, as I have before stated, and knowing that he was an artist of celebrity, I immediately joined him.

Some of my readers may possibly be aware that I once offered a few novel remarks on the difficulty of making a direct front, downhill sketch. It was with the view of obtaining Mr. Mac Ian's opinion on this subject that I joined him. In our short and friendly interview, he appeared to see but little difficulty in making the sketch in question. I took out my cedar pencil, and urged him to oblige me with a few strokes on the paper he had in his hand, while I held before him my penknife to copy, the haft of which was nearest to him, while the point was directed from him towards the ground. He excused himself, on the plea that his carriage was waiting for him, but hoped to see me again after my descent from Ben Nevis. He gave me his promise, however, that should he not see me, he would not lose sight of the subject I had proposed; a promise which, as I have not since seen him, I hope he has not forgotten.

Soon after parting with Mr. Mac Ian, I was on my way to Ben Nevis. My companions were a young clergyman, from Magdalene College, Oxford, and a professor, from Marischal College, Aberdeen. The frankness, gentlemanly manners, and amiable disposition of the former, won upon me the more I knew him; while the latter, whose features were unusually small, united lightness of heart and friendliness, with talents and much originality. In a word, I felt well satisfied with my associates. With Hugh

Mac Kinnon for our guide, we set off in the very spirit of adventure, to breast the mighty mountain.

As the climbers of Ben Nevis, for the most part, do not know the toil they have to endure, the provident guides fail not to remind them of the refreshment they will require. What with the biscuits, the flask of spirits, and the tumbler, or glass out of which we were to drink at the different fountains, the pockets of Hugh Mac Kinnon were far from empty.

One of the peculiarities of the Aberdeen professor was the carrying of a huge stick, though perhaps staff would be the more appropriate appellation: this appeared the more singular, as he was a man of small stature. His fondness for this staff was very apparent. When I recall his image to my remembrance, his huge staff is a necessary part of the picture.

My last adventure in the bog had much tried me, so that the day after it I was quite lame; and though my lameness passed away, the toil of climbing Ben Nevis brought it on again, when the kind-hearted professor observing that my hazel stick was not strong enough for my purpose, proposed to make a temporary exchange with me. I hardly knew whether the staff of the professor, or his friendliness in putting it in my hand, did me the most good.

I soon found that though my spirit was good, my strength was not equal to that of my more youthful companions; but they were very considerate and forbearing, accommodating themselves to my pace; so up we went, now zig-zagging the steep eminence, and now stopping to rest and admire the goodly prospect around.

In crossing the swampy ground from the Bridge of Nevis to the mountain, our feet had become very wet. No doubt they would shortly have been dried with our toil, but we did not pass the house of Claggen, ascend Mheule-eintre, the sitting hill, and reach the little lake, without every now and then meeting with boggy ground. Hugh Mac Kinnon kept up a good pace, and we seemed to ascend rapidly.

It was cheering to see the heavy cloud that had so long rested on the mountain, roll itself up like a curtain before us. For a season the Hill of Glenurs limited our prospect; but after we had mounted what is called the Foot of Ben Nevis,

and resolutely toiled upward for a time, the glorious prospect opened to our view. The shadowy glens, the glittering lochs and rivers, the distant mountains and sunny sky, bewildered us with their beauty. Hardly do I know which of us was the most carried away by the enchanting scene. For myself, I could almost have spoken in poesy. After all my fears, I was really on the side of Ben Nevis, with nearly the certainty of reaching its summit:

To gaze on gloomy glens profound,
Beneath the glowing heaven,
And revel in the scenes around,
To me the gift was given.

Nor was I ungrateful for the abundant banquet that was there spread for my eyes and my heart. To add to my enjoyment, we suddenly heard the cry of an eagle, and the quick eye of Mac Kinnon soon discovered the royal bird; but in another moment the æreâle visitant was invisible, having flown behind the projecting rocks. We still heard his cry, but we saw him not, though with almost breathless interest we stood watching, with our eyes intently fixed on the crags which hid him from our sight. Bold and majestic is the flight of the king of birds!

He proudly soars above the mountain bare,
And cleaves with hurried wing the mountain air;
Alike prepared, when clouds the skies deform,
To brave the whirlwind and defy the storm.

My lameness sadly increased, and at times when I took a false step I endured great pain; but on we went, the cloud rolling itself up the mountain as before.

By degrees vegetation began to fail, though we were able, even to the summit of the mountain, to pick up choice morsels of saxifrage, birdsfoot, and other hilly plants. As we toiled up the steep, the professor discoursed learnedly on the gneiss, mica-slate, red granite, and green porphyry of which Ben Nevis is composed: the clergyman well sustained his part in the conversation, and Hugh Mac Kinnon related many anecdotes connected with the scenes around. We drank delicious draughts at the fountains that gush from the scarnachs or ragged rocks, and with renewed energy continued our ascent, till the dark-coloured basalt at the top of the mountain was beneath our feet. Waving our hats and caps with exultation, we stood on the proud summit of Ben Nevis.

It was well for us that we had been

favoured with a clear sky and glowing sunshine on our ascent, for when we had crowned the mountain, its head was enveloped in clouds. Our prospect was limited to the space of a few yards around us. The surrounding scene from the head of Ben Nevis, on a clear and glowing day, must indeed be delightful. The guide-book says, "Here the tourist sees across the whole island, from the German to the Atlantic Ocean. Eastward he beholds the chain of lakes which occupy the bottom of the Great Glen; and to the south-east, Loch Laggan and Loch Rannoch. All around are lofty mountain summits, among which are seen Bencruachan, at the head of Loch Awe, in Argyshire; Schehallien, Benmore, and Benlawers, in Perthshire; Bhillan, in Glencoe; Benmore, in Mull; Benwyvis, and other hills, in Ross-shire; each of them surrounded by an assemblage of other mountains. At the distance of ninety miles Colonsay seems to rise from the sea like a shade of mist, over the opening of the Sound of Mull. The verdant Lismore and Shuna, though distant thirty miles, appear as if immediately under the mountain. The whole extent of view is 170 miles, from the horizon of the sea at the Moray Frith, on the north-east, to the island of Colonsay, on the south-west. The vistas, formed by the opening of the mountains, appearing to rise like ramparts from the valleys, are very grand. The eye travels along the course of noble rivers, and marks the relative bearings of different lakes and islands; and the ocean, with its numerous friths and bays, indenting the western shores. Above is spread the vast dome of the sky, and no sound reaches the ear but that of the rushing wind."

Having attained the elevated object of our enterprise, the summit of the mighty mountain, we regaled ourselves with the remains of our provisions. Our guide had taken the provident precaution to fill up our spirit-bottle at the fountain, whence it is said flows the highest water in Great Britain. The professor proposed that we should pledge those dear to us; this we did with all our hearts, and as it happened to be the birthday of an honoured friend of mine, he was not forgotten on the occasion. The professor next proposed, as we were strangers to each other, that we should write our names in each other's pocket-books, that we might be mutually remembered in

after years. The record I then received is now lying before me; it bears the inscription of the clergyman from Magdalen College, Oxford, and that of the professor from Marischal College, Aberdeen, followed by the signature of Hugh Mac Kinnon, and then by my own; duly setting forth the fact that we did together climb Ben Nevis, on Wednesday, the 25th of August, 1847, and there and then respectively sign our names in each other's presence.

The professor expressed some little surprise at my plain signature, having had a suspicion that I should turn out to be some learned doctor. Though old Humphrey was thus taken for his betters, he did not give himself any airs, nor even make himself known to his agreeable companions as the author of any one of the many volumes which have flowed from his prolific pen.

As we stood on the very brink of the fearful precipice, on the north-east side of the mountain, our guide told us that the fall was nearly perpendicular, and that a stone heaved over would be five minutes before it reached the bottom. My companions were inclined to credit this account; but I having avowed my scepticism, the case was brought to trial. I held my watch in my hand while Mac Kinnon dropped a fragment of the rock; it was long before it struck against the craggy side of the mountain, and afterwards it went clinking down a fearful depth. We bent our heads over the dreadful void, rendered to us invisible by the misty cloud, to listen. "There!" said one, when it could hardly be heard. "Again!" exclaimed another, when the sound was still more indistinguishable. "I hear it yet!" cried out Mac Kinnon; and even after this we all heard it, as though rattling among loose stones. At the end of two minutes and a half all were satisfied that the descending crag had finished its downward career. Again and again our guide, jealous for his reputation, repeated his experiment, but in vain, for we never extended the time of the descent beyond two minutes and a half.

To me, on account of my lameness, the descent was more difficult than the ascent of the mountain. Hour after hour we kept descending, without very sensibly diminishing the distance of the vale below. Though the top of Ben Nevis was still wrapped in clouds, his south and western sides were lit up with sunbeams.

The loose stones that in one part composed the precipitate descent were extremely troublesome, and I had one or two narrow escapes from a fall. The professor's boots were cut by the sharp crags, as if with a knife, nor did mine escape without a few honourable scars.

When we came to the fearful precipice, where poor Macdonnell lost his life, we made a pause, while our guide related the particulars of the sad catastrophe. The following account is taken from a newspaper, published soon after the lamentable occurrence:

"On Thursday, Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Britain, was the scene of a very distressing accident. Mr. Samuel Macdonnell, a fine young man, about twenty, son of captain A. Macdonnell, Fort William, set off for the summit of the mountain, accompanied by two young gentlemen from the south. Mr. Macdonnell having been frequently on the hill, it was deemed unnecessary to engage a guide, and accordingly the party left Fort William about eleven, to task their pedestrian powers upon an excursion from which they promised themselves much enjoyment. They scaled the gigantic precipices with comparative ease, and having satiated themselves with the magnificent prospect from the summit, prepared to descend. They had loitered away a considerable part of the afternoon, and by the time they returned to the point opposite the house of Glen Nevis it was six, and the evening fast setting in. Here the party separated, one in advance of Mr. Macdonnell, the other a little behind. The grass was wet and slippery, and Mr. Macdonnell amused himself by sliding down parts of the hill, to outstrip his more cautious companions. They remonstrated with him on the danger to which he exposed himself, but he persisted, till at length he lost the power of stopping himself, and his foot coming in contact with a stone, he was precipitated headlong down a deep ravine. The gentleman in the rear hurried to where he lay, and found him weltering in blood and insensible. He lifted him from the ground, and carried him to a spot less dangerous in appearance, and then proceeded onwards in search of his companion, whom he overtook at a short distance. He described the accident, and directed him to return to the place, while he went to Glen Nevis to procure assistance. About an hour elapsed before he got there; but

this being accomplished, not a moment was lost in obtaining torch-lights, and individuals ready to render what aid was in their power. Here, however, a most painful cause of delay took place; the young man, not knowing the local bearing of the hill, and being otherwise confused, could not recollect the exact spot where he left his companions. He wandered about in quest of them, imagining every fresh turn or ascent would lead him to the fatal place; and thus four hours were spent in fruitless search. At last one of the men heard a faint cry, which proved to be the moaning of the second party, who was lying exhausted, and in danger of perishing from cold and fatigue. He had also been unable to find the spot where their unfortunate friend lay. Some of the party carried this gentleman to Glen Nevis, where restoratives were promptly administered, and he again revived. A fresh party, consisting of Dr. Creighton, captain Macdonnell, and the rev. Mr. Gifford, now set out to join those already on the hill; and after a long and anxious search of several hours, they discovered the body of Mr. Macdonnell in the place to which it had been carried by his companion; but every trace of life had fled. There were several cuts on the head, particularly one large wound on the left temple; and it was supposed death must soon have followed the fall, the immediate cause being concussion of the brain. The deceased was a young man of honourable and gentlemanly feelings, and was such an universal favourite in the district, that his death has spread a deep and general gloom over the whole town and neighbourhood."

Oh, what a prospect was that to the south and west on which we gazed on our return, lit up as it was by the declining sun! The impressive and lovely, the sublime and beautiful, were strangely mingled. The sky was blue and clear; the clouds, all but their gilded edges, snowy white, and the sun was bright, beaming, burnished, and unbearable gold!

We came down by the West Pass, to a point at no great distance from Glen Nevis House, and crossed the boggy ground as well as we could. As I had not the power to spring across the running streams, on account of my lameness, my feet and legs were wet enough: at last we reached the side of the river.

It was now growing late, and we were

all of us anxious to enjoy the luxury of comfortable quarters after our toilsome expedition; the professor, therefore, proposed that, instead of walking round to the bridge, we should wade through the river, as the water appeared to be but little more than knee-deep. Immediately I suggested, as an improvement on the plan, that instead of walking, we should ride through the river, as I doubted not that Hugh Mac Kinnon would willingly play the part of a horse on the occasion. In another minute, mounted on my Mac Kinnon steed, I was making the best of my way through the running river.

Few things are more deceptive than a river, for oftentimes the part that appears to be only a foot deep, turns out to be a yard. The river Nevis afforded us a practical illustration of this on the memorable occasion to which I allude. There was old Humphrey, with the professor's huge staff in his hand, vainly endeavouring to keep his feet out of the water, by crooking up his knees as near as he could to his chin; and there was Hugh Mac Kinnon floundering about, now setting his foot on a loose stone at the bottom, and now popping into a hole that occasioned him to lose his balance. Half a dozen times I expected to be pitched headlong into the running stream.

All this time we were as merry as crickets; our reverend friend laughed at me heartily—an attention which I amply repaid when he, in his turn, mounted the back of Mac Kinnon. As for the professor, who disdained such an ignoble mode of proceeding, he, to our great entertainment, bravely waded through the rushing tide, emerging therefrom with dripping legs and thighs. Our guide had well earned the recompense we gave him for the assistance he had rendered us in crossing the river.

As we walked on, we fell in with the laird of Glen Nevis, the proprietor of the mountain and the glen, who joined us in conversation very courteously, and expressed his hope that we had enjoyed our arduous undertaking. Our spirits were high, our conversation cheerful; and judging of the emotions of my companions by my own, we were none of us unmindful of His manifold mercies,

Who bade the everlasting hills arise,
And hid their pointed summits in the skies.

My lameness had much impeded our

progress in ascending and descending the mountain, and several times had I urged my companions to leave me behind, for it grieved me to be a drag upon them; but they would not hear of it. They might, certainly, had they been inclined, have reached their hotel two hours before me. After nine hours' hard toil, mingled with intense gratification, with sprays of birdsfoot in our hats and caps, and elated hearts beating in our bosoms, we arrived at Fort William, keenly anticipating the double luxury of a well-spread table, and the delight of living over again in our narrations the adventures of the day.

And where are you now, my companions? Willingly, in a second ascent of Ben Nevis, would I have you as my associates, with the trusty Mac Kinnon for our guide. Together we engaged in an adventurous enterprise, and much did you contribute to my gratification. We met as strangers, we parted as friends; and an old man's blessing rests upon you. Health and peace be yours on earth, and endless joy above the stars.

LIFE.

"Because I live, ye shall live also."—John xiv. 19.

THESE are Christ's words, addressed to his dejected followers, in that sublime discourse which St. John seems to have reported at length, uttered on the eve of his passion and death. Let us ponder a while on their meaning.

What is our life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. Assuredly this is not the life of which our Redeemer speaks. What we call life is but a pretence—its realities are but the fancies of a dream. Few days and evil span its poor extension, and form the limits of its little circle. In itself it seems truly insignificant—"length without breadth." Yet man is willing to make it his all, to take it as his portion and heritage, fleeting as it is. He hallows its very follies, and

"Here buries all his thoughts,
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes. . . .

And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly."

Such a life is but a secondary state. There is another, which cannot be over-rated. Thought may exhaust its own powers, but can never fathom the powers of this endless life. Where to find it, how to obtain it, when to enter upon it—these are surely weighty topics. Christ has brought life and immortality to light by the gospel.

Why is it that we so often feel drowsy and indifferent as to the course of life? Whence comes it that everything around us has a dull, leaden hue—that everything seems devoid of power to rouse slumbering energies, and tedious as a tale twice told? What causes our frequent lassitude of mind—our want of interest in any object and in all? It is because we have not learned what life really is; because we look at it through a false and narrow medium; because we are strangers to, or at least unmindful of, the one great absorbing truth, beside which (as Leighton said) all the world ought to appear one grand impertinence,—that God hath taken upon him our nature, and actually visited, in the likeness of sinful flesh, our darkened earth, to redeem it from the death of sin and ignorance to the life of righteousness and light. We have common thoughts of Christ. We forget the Divinity that was incarnate in the man Jesus. We do not feel as the apostle felt when he said, (and imagine with what energy when you remember the mind that was in him,) "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!" We treat the history of Christ like any other history, we dive not below the surface; we hear that in him are riches unsearchable, but leave them unsought. And so our connexion with Christ is not an union with Christ; the relationship is distant; the life is imperceptible, its best signs are wanting: there is no lively beat in the pulse, but all is cold as cold can be.

According to our divinity, then, what meaning have the words, "Because I live, ye shall live also?" Have they any at all? Or if they have, is it not a cramped, ungenerous notion, that never warms us up to high thoughts of God and eternity—a poor, earth-creeping fancy, that is too damp and dead to give out a spark of immortal fire?

There is no denying that many of us have very little interest in life. The poor have what they think a dull time of it. From morning till night a tedious round of labour—ay, and thankful in

hard times to get even that—and this, day after day, week after week, year after year; from boyhood, careless and light-hearted, to manhood; and from manhood, with its sorrows and crosses, to old age. All this has a dash of gloom about it. All this gives a man a pensive look, and robs his step of its elasticity, and quenches the wild-fire in his eye. And well it may!

But now, reader, show we unto you a more excellent way. You want an object to live for. You want something that shall throw an interest over life—over its cares, its wants, its troubles. You want something worth living for, worth struggling for, worth suffering for. And it is here, in Jesus Christ. Life, so blessed that you cannot duly appreciate its faintest developments; life, so vigorous and abiding that it were folly to essay its description; life, crowded with rich glories, beaming with heaven's own light, receiving and reflecting the sunshine of God's smile; life, without the contradictions of life below, without the penury of want, without the sick-bed, without the funeral in the street and the mourners at the grave—life in Christ, by Christ, with Christ! this is the object we propose. And say not henceforth that yours is, of necessity, a dull and heavy routine; for here is proposed to you an aim that can consecrate your weariest hours, and give you something to think of and pray for and pant after, when time seems to hang heavy on your hands.

"He that hath the Son of God hath life." He that hath received Jesus Christ, even God manifest in the flesh, as his Friend and Saviour, hath begun the life that no sickness of the body merely can make to cease. The believer in Christ goes over Jordan dry-shod; death hath no more dominion over him. His body must be changed; for "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God"—their corrupt parts must first be purged away. But his soul, the seat of this new life, is in Christ's keeping, and none shall pluck it out of his hands. Because Christ lives, it shall live also. It comes from him, and returns to him. It is like a circle, where the end runs into, and is lost in the beginning. The believer lives for Christ, and Christ's life is manifested for him; its power is realized within him, transfiguring him, making him meet for glory. His life, in the low sense of common life, is known to all; but in the high and lasting sense of which we speak,

• it is "hid with Christ in God." Its effects are seen of men, but not itself; the practice is apparent, but not the principle; the stream is seen as it runs gently on, refreshing mead and vale with its flowings, but, as the palmist says, all its fresh springs are in God. When Christ, the source of this life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory. So that our life is one with his, cannot be independent of it; it throbs with the same pulsations, circulates through the same means. He has not given us to have life in ourselves, that is apart from him, any more than the ray of the sun has light in itself apart from the great luminary: it is because he lives that we do, and shall live also.

If Christ be verily formed in us, the body will die daily to sin, the inward man will be daily renewed. His life will quicken ours—will sanctify, spiritualize, gladden it. St. Paul has a strong figure of comparison when he says that we are members of Christ's body, of his flesh, and of his bones; but Christ himself uses deeper language still when he says, "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." He that believes this can afford to smile at the weariness of this work-day world, for he can cheer himself with the faithful saying, "All things are yours;—whether life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's!" F. J.

THE CREATION OF MAN.

WHEN God in the course of his works came to give man his being, he said, "Let us make man." Of his other works he merely said, "Let there be,"—as, "Let there be light," and "Let there be a firmament," etc. But, as if he himself was more concerned, and that in the Trinity of his being, about making man, than any other of his works, he saith, "Let us make man." Of other creatures, he speaks to the earth and waters to bring them forth; such as herbs, grass, fruits, trees, etc. Or animals, in the several regions of air, earth, or water, which they respectively inhabit. But in the formation of man, he, as it were, sets his own hand to the work, forms him of the dust of the earth, and breathes into him the breath of life, Gen. ii. 7.

Moreover, in the creation of man, we find Jehovah saying, "Let us make man

in our image, after our likeness," Gen. i. 26, language which he did not use concerning his other works,—the light of the firmament, sun, moon, and stars, which are all glorious creatures. Man had this pre-eminence also, that he was created last—which seems to intimate that he is the most perfect part of the whole creation. God showed this respect also to him in this, that he would not call him into existence till he had built and richly furnished the world to be a fit habitation for him. And is it not evident that the adorable Creator had man in his eye when he was erecting, framing, and furnishing the world, which is exactly fitted for the use and delight of man; even as he had Christ in his eye when he made man? And, indeed, when God had finished the rest of his creation, he, as it were, epitomized all in man; for in his constitution we have mortal and immortal, visible and invisible, corporeal and incorporeal, material and immaterial, the superior and the inferior world joined together in the formation of one person. Hence it follows, that there is no such creature as man in the whole creation. Hence David, who well knew his curious frame, thus dilates on the workmanship of God therein: "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well," *Pea. cxxxix.* Look upon his body; how curiously and skilfully are the several organs, vessels, and members thereof fitted to their several functions in nature, and each of them contributing in their several offices to one general end—which is the life of man. How do the veins and arteries meet about the heart; nature sending succour from all parts thereunto, as being the chief seat of life! Observe, again, how the heart conveys the blood and spirits to the whole body, it being the chief fountain of life. In every part of man something may be seen of God. So that man need not go far to fetch an argument for the being of God; he carries about with him continually an evident demonstration in his own bodily frame.—*Barker.*

GOOD AND EVIL DEEDS.

A VERY small page will serve for the number of our good works, when vast volumes will not contain our evil deeds.—*Bishop Wilson.* by Google

THE BIRDS OF NEW ZEALAND.

No. II.

The living wingless birds do not all belong to the same family. New Zealand, so rich in the remains of extinct species, possesses two, if not *three* extant species, namely, the kiwi-kiwi, (*Apteryx Australis*), and a new species, described by Mr. Gould ("Proceedings Zool. Soc.," 1847, p. 93), as *Apteryx Owenii*. The specimen in Mr. Gould's possession or care appears, he says, to be "fully adult, and is about the same size as the *Apteryx Australis*, from which it is rendered conspicuously different by the irregular transverse barring of its entire plumage, which with its extreme density and hair-like appearance, more closely resembles the covering of a mammal than that of a bird: it also differs in having a shorter, more slender, and more curved bill, and in the structure of the feathers, which are much broader throughout, especially at the tip, and of a loose, decomposed, hair-like texture."—Total length, eighteen inches. Mr. Gould, moreover, observes that he has intelligence of the existence of a third species, larger than either of the preceding. Query: may not this larger species be a *Dimornis*, which has survived in some remote asylum the fate of its relatives?

Mr. F. Strange, in a letter to Mr. Gould, (*Ibid.*, p. 51,) says, "I am told that a second (now a third) species of *Apteryx* is to be found in the Middle Island, and that it stands about three feet high; it is called by the sealers the 'fireman.' Aware, from your figures and descriptions, that the sexes differ considerably in size, I pointed this out to my informant; but he still persisted that there are two species, in confirmation of which opinion he added, that he had taken the eggs of the two birds, and found those of one species to be much larger than those of the other. Those of the larger kind were nearly as large as those of an emeu. They are somewhat long in form, and blunt at the ends; their colour is dirty white. They are deposited in a burrow, or a nest formed of roots and sticks, and a few of the bird's own feathers."

These birds (*Apteryx*) do not belong to the struthious or ostrich group,—they are nocturnal and burrowing in their habits, frequenting densely wooded seclusions, and their minute slit-like nostrils are at the extremity of a long, slender, canelike bill. They plunge their beak into

the soft earth in quest of worms or insect food. The limbs are extremely powerful; the tarse (*tarsometatarsus*) are thick and short, and covered with hard scales. The toes are four in number; the three anterior toes are robust, and furnished with strong claws, well adapted for digging. The hind toe is a thick, sharp, horny spur, used as an offensive weapon. There is no vestige of a tail. The tongue is short and simple. For a most elaborate account of the anatomy of the apteryx, by professor Owen, see "Trans. Zool. Soc.," vol. ii., and "Proceedings Zool. Soc.," 1838.

Setting aside the species of apteryx now known, which constitute a family group (*Apterygidae*), the rest of the living wingless birds of terrestrial habits (for here we have nothing to do with the aquatic penguins) belong to the family *Struthionidae*; and it is remarkable that their number does not equal that of the fossil species of *Dimornis* and *Palaopteryx* already ascertained. Whether any struthious (ostrich-like) birds are to be found in Madagascar, or whether, as some suspect, the dodo, solitaire, or some kindred bird inhabits that almost unexplored island, we are not able to say with certainty. Mr. Strickland (on the dodo) says, "No recent travellers have alluded to the existence of any struthious or brevipennate birds in Madagascar, though from the following passage in Flacourt's '*Histoire de la Grande Ile Madagascar*,' published at Paris, in 1658, it appears that a bird of that family inhabited Madagascar, less than two centuries ago. Flacourt tells us that 'the *Vouron Patra* is a large bird which frequents the region of Ampatres, (a province at the south extremity of Madagascar,) and lays eggs like the ostrich. It is a kind of ostrich; the inhabitants are unable to capture it, and it inhabits the most desert places.' This brief indication may perhaps guide the future explorer of Madagascar to a discovery of great zoological interest."

Setting aside this wingless bird of Madagascar, if it now exists,* our struthious birds are, the ostrich—locality, the deserts of Africa, from north to south; two species of rhea—locality, South America; the emeu—locality, Australia;

* It is very remarkable that the aye-aye, (*Chiromys Madagascariensis*), a strange lemurine animal, of which two individuals were kept alive in Madagascar, by Sonnerat, has never since been discovered. Sonnerat's specimens, or rather one of them, is in the Paris Museum. (Is this animal extinct, or only very rare?)

and the cassiowary—locality, Java, Sumatra; the Moluccas, etc.—in all five species, the lingering relics, as we have every reason to believe, of a once extensive group. How few are these in comparison with the known species of *apteryx*, and the ascertained fossil species of New Zealand, which islands, indeed, seem to have been the *dilecta sedes* of wingless terrestrial birds.

So far, then, we have proved that the ornithology of New Zealand is most strange and interesting. These birds, whose relics have been recovered from the alluvial bed in which they are entombed, are but of yesterday. Were they the survivors of a wingless race of more remote antiquity? There can be no doubt of it.

The following passage, from the "Proceedings Zool. Soc.," for 1848, p. 10, is very interesting: "On the conclusion of professor Owen's communication, Dr. Mantell expressed his opinion, that although the specimens formerly sent to this country were obtained from the beds of rivers and mountain streams, and were regarded by the gentlemen who collected them as of very recent date, in reality they belonged to a period of as high antiquity, in relation to the surface soil of New Zealand, as the diluvium, containing bones of the Irish elk, mammoth, etc., to those of England. He observed that Mr. Colenso, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Williams, who sent to England the bones figured and described by professor Owen in the 'Zoological Transactions,' vol. iii., agree in this remarkable fact, that in some places, where the loamy marl in which their specimens were found was observed *in situ*, it was covered by several feet of strata of marine and fresh-water sand, gravel, and silt. The bones collected by Mr. Walter Mantell, among which were the crania and mandibles that formed the subject of professor Owen's communication, were all found embedded in loose pure sand, formed in a great measure of magnetic iron, and minute crystals of augite and hornblende, the detritus of volcanic rocks. This sand has filled all the cavities and cancelli of the bones, but is not in any instance consolidated together; hence the bones are in the most beautiful state of preservation, and the most delicate processes entire. Dr. Mantell conceives that this bed of volcanic sand is a continuation of the deposit of sandy loam which occurs at the embouchures of the

rivers along the west and east coasts of the north island, in the localities that yielded the bones sent over by Mr. Williams and Mr. Taylor; and that in the higher regions of the same river-valleys, the detritus brought down by the mountain-streams from the volcanic chain, whence they originate, is unmixed with the clay and silt of the lower alluvial tracts; for all the streams in these parts of the north island rise from the lofty ridges of Mount Egmont and Tongariro. Dr. Mantell alluded to the fact, that along the sea coasts and on the banks of the rivers Eritonga, Waibo, etc., there are horizontal terraces of boulders of trap-rocks fifty feet high; and that the small rocky islands of trachyte off the coast bear marks of wave action to the height of a hundred feet above the present sea level. He mentioned other facts of a like nature, in confirmation of his opinion, that since the moas existed, the surface of the country has been elevated many feet above the level of the sea, and that the present rivers and mountain-streams are flowing through channels cut into the ossiferous deposits; in like manner as the rivers of Auvergne flow through the newer tertiary marls and limestones containing bones of mammalia, and those of England through the diluvial clay and loam, in which are imbedded the remains of the large extinct pachyderms, the rhinoceros, mammoth, etc. He deemed it probable that the last of the race of moas were destroyed by the earliest inhabitants of New Zealand, as the dodo was finally extirpated by the Dutch colonists of the Mauritius, and the Irish elk by the early British or Celtic tribes; but he considered it evident that the bone deposit was in the progress of accumulation ages ere man inhabited the country."

Who can say what was the proportion, in times long passed away, between the winged and the wingless birds which tenanted our planet? By what agency have the numbers of the latter been reduced? Was man, and man alone, the destroyer of the great wingless birds of New Zealand? Questions like these force themselves upon the imagination; but the answer is difficult;—we are only now in the dawn of the history of the extinct brevipennate birds of a comparatively modern epoch. Much may be expected from further investigation: the subject is one of engrossing interest at the present time.

But we have not done with New Zealand. Let us pass from its wingless or brevipennate birds to those which enjoy the power of flight, and which are arboreal in their habits. Of these, numbers belong to forms or families well known, and interest us rather as species than as startling anomalies in the chain of ornithology. There is, however, one bird in New Zealand so strange in its aspect, so singular in its manners, and so scarce, (if indeed it be not now extirpated,) that its discovery filled the minds of zoologists with some degree of perplexity. Between the owls and the parrots the hiatus is extreme, yet this bird to which we allude is an owl among parrots, or a parrot among owls: a unique specimen, of great value, is in the British Museum.

The night-parrot (*Strigops habroptilus*, G. R. Gray.) Mr. F. Strange, in a letter to Mr. Gould, ("Proceedings Zool. Soc.," 1847, p. 50,) thus writes: "The ka-ka-po, or night-parrot of the New Zealanders, is an inhabitant of the western side of the middle island, and like the kiwi-kiwi, or *apteryx*, is strictly nocturnal in its habits, and never leaves its retreat during the day; its usual place of resort consists of burrows, formed by itself beneath the roots of large trees, or under immense pieces of rock, whence they cannot even by the natives be easily dug out. Its food consists of fern roots, which it digs up with its bill, and the outer covering of the leaves of flax, which it obtains by drawing the leaves between the mandibles, and leaving the flax behind. They are not gregarious, more than two being never found together, except a pair of young ones, which appear to stop with the old birds until they have attained the size of their parents. This is one of the birds the natives set great store by, the head being cut off, strung by the nostrils, and worn in their ears on their grand feast days. It is known to the sealers by the name of the Green Bird of New Zealand."

In a subsequent page of the same volume (p. 61) Mr. Gray writes as follows: "With respect to the interesting particulars about *strigops habroptilus*, communicated by Mr. Gould, I am induced to remark that this singular bird was first noticed under the native name of kakapo, in the appendix to Dr. Dieffenbach's 'Travels in New Zealand,' where it was first suggested to belong to the family of *cuculidae*, (cuckoos,) from

the supposed similarity of the few feathers brought by that gentleman to those of the genus *centropus*. This idea was at once dispelled by the arrival of the perfect specimen now in the British Museum. The singular appearance of the feathers of the head, and especially their arrangement about the bill, gives it much of the expression of the *strigidae* (owls). Dr. Dieffenbach states that its native name implies that its habits are nocturnal: the natives catch the bird by moonlight. He farther informs us that it chiefly inhabits the south island of New Zealand, but is very rare even in that locality, which is in some degree the result of the destruction it meets with from the attack of cats and dogs, to which its habit of frequenting the lower branches only of trees the more readily exposes it."

Description:—Upper surface sap green, with a verdigris tinge on the wings; each feather marked in the middle with yellow, which is margined on the sides with black, from which spring irregular transverse bands of the same colour; the outer webs of the greater wing coverts, quills, secondaries, and the entire tail brownish buff, banded transversely with black; between every alternate set, lemon yellow; the inner webs of quills and secondaries black, more or less transversely banded with lemon yellow; under surface pale greenish yellow, tinged with lemon yellow, more or less marked along the shaft with pale yellow, which is narrowly margined with brownish black; some of the feathers have transverse bands of the same colour; the top of the head brownish black, margined outwardly with sap green, tinged in some places with verdigris, and marked in the middle with pale yellow; the front, cheeks, ear coverts, and the projecting feathers of the face pale amber, marked in the middle with yellowish white; bill, white; feet, plumbeous black; total length two feet four inches, that of the tail being nine inches and a quarter.

Great interest attaches itself at the present time to New Zealand, and that interest is reflected upon all its natural productions—productions indeed which would fully justify the attention paid to them, for their own sake alone. At no distant date, under the blessing of Providence, these islands, so recently added to our colonial territories, will rise high in the scale of importance. They are favoured alike by climate, soil, and irriga-

tion, and abound in picturesque scenery. Many, perchance, who design to emigrate may read the foregoing sketch, and be induced, on their arrival, to pay some attention to the subjects on which we have briefly discoursed. Their leisure hours cannot be more innocently and usefully employed. Many, perchance, whose friends and relatives are now residents of New Zealand, will read this paper, because it relates to some of the singular productions of that far country, the antipodes of our British islands, and feel a pleasure in its perusal. M.

LOST HOPES.

How touchingly is the utter desolation of affectionate hope depicted in the epitaph upon an only daughter, in Ashbourne church, England, whose little effigy upon its marble mattress, mingling the restlessness of pain with the meek smile of patience, has drawn tears from many a traveller :

"We trusted our all to this frail bark :—
And the wreck was total.

I was not in safety ; neither had I rest ; neither
was I quiet :
Yet this trouble came."

Still, to the excess or perversion of this heaven-implanted affection, there are beautiful exceptions, reflecting honour both on the self-denial of the parent, and the well-balanced nature of the child.

In a small and neatly-furnished parlour might be seen a group of three persons, — the central one being a child, who occupied the hazardous situation which we have contemplated. Through his thick curls the mother's fingers often moved with delight, arranging them in the most becoming attitudes around the neck, or the well-formed forehead. The father, though what is called a matter-of-fact man, found a new and growing affection mingling with the cares of the day, and was never better pleased at returning from his business at night, than to be entertained with the smart sayings of his boy, which were treasured up for that purpose.

Still these parents were more judicious in the training of their child than many in similar situations, and though very indulgent, it would appear that this indulgence had not been especially injurious. Frank Edwards was affectionate, and not disposed to take an undue advantage of

kindness. He was cheerful in his attendance at school, and regular in returning home, where something to give him pleasure was sedulously prepared. He was generally satisfied to do what his parents desired, and this good conduct gave to his naturally handsome features an agreeable expression ; so that the neighbours remarked they had seldom seen an only child so obedient, and with such good manners.

Among those who took a deep interest in the boy, was an unmarried uncle, from whom he was named. As he resided near, scarcely an evening passed without a visit from him. He interested himself in all that concerned Frank, and the most expensive gifts at birth-days, and new year, were always from his uncle. On holiday afternoons, when the weather was favourable, his uncle usually came, with his fine pair of ponies, on which they took equestrian exercise together. Such was his absorbing interest in his namesake, that the parents informed him of all their movements respecting him, and observed that he was always pleased to give advice respecting his education.

One of his favourite propositions was, that he should be sent away from home. This the parents steadily resisted ; arguing, that their own schools bore so high a reputation, that many children from distant towns were sent to be recipients of their privileges.

"All this may be very true," he replied ; "and yet he ought to go from home, to make him manly. He is brought up too much like a girl. Here, I see him putting his arms around his mother's neck, or sitting with his hand in hers, perfectly childish, you know. How can he ever be fit to bear his part among men, cossetted up in this way !"

These opinions being communicated to Frank, made him constrained in the presence of his uncle. He learned to repress the expression of his affectionate feelings, from fear of ridicule, and lest he should not be considered manly by one whose good opinion he valued.

"My dear," said Mr. Edwards, one evening, "my brother has made a distinct proposal, that Frank should be sent to a celebrated scholastic institution, in a distant city, for two years, before he enters college ; all the expenses of which he engages to defray."

"I pray you not to listen to him. Our boy is doing well here. We cannot tell how it will be with him, when he is far

away, — perhaps exposed to bad example."

"I think as you do, with regard to that. Besides, I should be lost without him, when I come from the store, in the evening. But brother gives me no peace. If we do not cross him in this matter, he will be very likely to make Frank his heir. You know he is rich, and my possessions are very moderate. I think we ought to make a sacrifice of our feelings, for the sake of his future good."

"There are other kinds of good, besides the gain of money, that I covet for our child," said the mother, her eyes filling with tears; "and losses, for which all the wealth in the world cannot pay."

But she was not slow in perceiving that her husband had already consented to this arrangement; and the brother entering soon after, confirmed it. She felt that longer opposition was fruitless, yet was still moved to say, with an unwonted warmth and emphasis, —

"My heart is full of misgivings. While my son is by this fireside, I know that he is not in bad company. When he is removed from my sight and influence, how can I know this? I have reason to think that he does not neglect his studies, and he is always happy with me."

"That is the trouble, sister; you make him altogether too happy. Remember, he is an only child—everybody can see that. He has got to live in the world, as well as the rest of us. Yet, what does he know of the world? Your husband is much away, occupied with his business; and it is almost a proverb, that boys brought up by women are good for nothing."

"Brother, if he is an only child, I think he has not been indulged to his hurt. Is not his home a safe one? Is not his school a good one? Is he not making respectable progress? Is he not in good habits? Can you give assurance that a change will not be for the worse? Do you know certainly that his principles will be strong to resist evil?"

The mother argued in vain. She was alternately argued with and soothed. All her objections were resolved into natural reluctance to resign the solace of her son's company; and as the father had consented, she was enforced to consent also.

Frank had arrived at an age when the desire of seeing new places, and making new acquaintances was alluring. So he

did not heighten the pain of his mother, by any unwillingness to depart. In the preparations for his wardrobe, and supply of books, which were on an unusually liberal scale, he took much interest, and could not avoid boasting a little to his old companions of his brilliant prospects.

But when the last trunk was locked, his spirits quailed. Seated between his father and mother, and expecting every moment the arrival of the stage-coach, the tears rushed so fast to his eyes, and he felt such a suffocating sensation in his throat, that he could scarcely heed their parting counsel.

At the sound of the wheels, stopping at the door, he would fain have thrown himself upon his mother's neck and wept. But his uncle, who was to accompany him, leaped from the vehicle, and came in. So he busied himself in arranging his parcels; and after shaking hands courageously with his parents, said, as he rushed from the house, "Good by! good by!—you shall hear from me as soon as I get there."

He dared not look back, until the roof of his home, and the trees that shaded it, were entirely out of sight. For he knew that if he trusted himself with another glimpse, he should burst into tears; and feared that his uncle would shame him by the appellation of "Miss Fanny" before strangers.

In the large school that he entered, everything seemed new and strange. He found more trials of temper and privations of comfort than he had anticipated. He went with an intention to make himself distinguished by scholarship. But there were many older and more advanced than himself, and he did not exhibit the perseverance necessary, in such circumstances, to insure success.

He also suffered from that sinking loneliness of heart, which an indulged child feels when first exiled from the sympathies of home. In the head-aches, to which, from childhood, he had been occasionally subject, he sadly missed maternal nursing and tenderness. But he would not acknowledge home-sickness, or complain of indisposition, lest it should not be manly; and having a good temper, became gradually a favourite with his new associates.

Everything went on well, until his room-mate was changed, and a careless, immoral boy placed in this intimate connexion. At length, it was proved that he had not the moral courage to say no,

when tempted to evil; and a sad change in his deportment became evident. He had not firmness enough to reprove his companion for what he knew to be wicked, or steadfastly to resist what his conscience disapproved.

It was not long ere he began to waste his time, and neglect the appointed lessons. Fortified by bad example, he scorned the censure that followed, and learned to ridicule, in secret, the instructors whom he should have loved. Foolish and hurtful books engrossed and corrupted the minds of those thoughtless comrades, and there they were making themselves merry with what they should have shunned, while their distant relatives supposed them diligent in the acquisition of knowledge.

Months passed on, and the vacation approached. Every day was counted by the anxious mother. His room was put in perfect order, and some articles of furniture added, which it was thought would please him. His little library was arranged to make the best appearance, and his minerals newly labelled, and placed in their respective compartments. Some of his toys she removed to her own cabinet, for she said, "They will be too childish for him now; but I love to keep them, for they remind me of him, when he just began to walk and to speak, and was always so happy." His favourite articles of food were not forgotten, and as the time of his arrival drew near, she busied herself in their preparation, with that delight in which only the fond maternal heart can partake.

When the loved one came, his uncle exclaimed, with exultation, "How improved!—how manly!" He had, indeed, gained much in stature, and promised to possess a graceful, well-proportioned form. But those who scrutinized his countenance and manner, might be led to doubt whether every change had been for the better, or whether the added manliness might not have been purchased at too great a cost. Simple gratifications no longer contented him. He seemed to require for himself a lavish expenditure. He ceased to ask pleasantly for the things that he desired, or to express gratitude for them! but said, churlishly, through his shut teeth, with half-averted face, "I want this, or that. Other boys have all they wish. I see no reason why I should not."

His mother was still more alarmed at the habits of reserve and concealment

which he had contracted. Formerly, he was accustomed to impart freely to her all that concerned him. Now, she could not but feel that she was shut out from his confidence, and fear that her influence over him was irrecoverably lost.

Still she remitted no effort or device, in which the maternal heart is so fruitful, to reinstate herself in his affections. Sometimes she was flattered by a brightening hope; then he started aside, like a deceitful bow. His first vacation was, in these respects, a model of those that followed; and the two last years at school passed away, with little intellectual gain, and great moral loss.

At his entrance into college, he was exposed to greater temptations, and still less inclined to repel them. Let no parent flatter himself, that it will be well with a son thus situated, unless he possesses firm principles, and is willing diligently to labour in the acquisition of knowledge. Good talents, and good temper alone, will not save him. The first, without industry, are unfruitful; and the sunshine of the latter may be clouded by immediate self-reproach.

We will not follow Frank Edwards through the haunts of folly and intemperance where his ruin was consummated. His letters to his affectionate parents were few and brief. Those to his uncle were more frequent, because on him the supply of his purse depended. That gentleman was heard to say, with a smile of somewhat indefinite character, that "truly, he spent money like a man." It was supposed, however, that in the course of a year or two he might have become dissatisfied with the manly expenses of his nephew, as he ceased to boast of this proof of his virility.

Though Frank was ignobly contented with the lowest grade in scholarship, he had still a latent ambition to be distinguished in some way or other. So he was fond of speaking of his "rich, old-bachelor uncle," and saying that, without doubt, he should be his heir. His mad expenditure was praised as liberality; and he called a fine, noble-hearted fellow, by the gay companions who walked with him in the way to destruction.

Early in the third year of his collegiate course, he came home in ill health. He found fault with the laws of the institution, and ridiculed its officers. He said it was impossible to gain a good education there, if one applied himself ever so

closely to his studies. In short, he blamed every person but himself. He had left college in disgrace and debt, with neither the disposition nor ability to return. His uncle, who had certainly great reason to be offended, told him that he need have no further expectations from him; for unless the whole course of his life was changed, he should choose some more worthy recipient of his bounty, and find some heir to his estate, who would not dishonour his name.

The sad and mortified father took the youth to his own counting-house. He enforced on him the necessity of doing something for his support. But he had no habits of application, and despised the routine of business, and the confinement that it imposed. His red and bloated face revealed, but too truly, the vice to which he was enslaved. As he passed in the street, he was pointed out as the ruined young man.

Alas! for the poor mother. Long did she labour to hide the fearful truth from her own heart. Her love, ingenious in its excuses, strove to palliate his conduct in the view of others, hoping that he might yet retrieve his reputation. Patiently, and with woman's tact, she waited for glimpses of good feeling—for moments of reflection, to give force to her tender appeals, her earnest remonstrances. But her husband said to her, "It is in vain that we would blind ourselves to what is known to all the people. Our son is a sot! I have tried with and for him every means of reformation; but they are all like water spilt upon the ground, which no man gathereth up again."

That disgusting vice, which breaks down grace of form and beauty of countenance, and debases intellect to a level with the brute creation, has seldom been more painfully displayed than in the case of this miserable youth. The pleasant chamber, so carefully decorated by maternal taste—the very pictures on whose walls seemed to look reproachfully at him—where his happy boyhood had dreamed away nights of innocence, and woke to the exuberance of health and joy, was now the scene of his frequent sickness, senseless laughter, or awful imprecations.

But his career was short, and his sudden death horrible. Those who most loved him were unable to witness it. With eyeballs starting from their sockets, he raved of hideous monsters and

fiery shapes that surrounded him. One furious struggle, one unearthly shriek of wild and weak contention, and in the agonies of *delirium tremens* died this miserable victim of intemperance, ere time had impaired his vigour, or ripened the blossom of his manly prime.

In the suburbs of the city where Frank Edwards was born and died, was a cluster of humble dwellings, in one of which resided a widow, with her only son. She was poor, and inured to labour; but freely expended on him the little gains of her industry, as well as the overflowing fulness of her affections. She denied herself every superfluity, that he might enjoy the advantages of education; and the indulgences that boyhood covets. Silently she sat, working at her small fire, by a single lamp, often regarding with intense delight her boy, as he amused himself with his books, or sought out his lessons for the following day. The expenses of his education were defrayed by her unresting toil, and glad and proud was she to bestow on him privileges which she had never been so happy as to share. She believed him to be faithfully acquiring that knowledge which she respected, without being able fully to comprehend. But his teachers and his idle playmates better knew how he was employed. He learned to astonish his simple, admiring parent with high-sounding epithets, and technical terms, and to despise her for not understanding them. When she saw him sometimes dejected, at comparing his situation with those who were above him in rank, she deepened her own self-denial, that she might add a luxury to his table, or a garment to his wardrobe.

How happy was her affectionate heart in such sacrifices! Yet she erred in judgment, for they fell like good seed upon stony ground. Indulgence ministered to his selfishness, and rendered him incapable of warm gratitude, or just appreciation. As his boyhood advanced, there was little reciprocity of kindness, and every year seemed to diminish even that little. At length, his manners assumed a cast of defiance. She was grieved at the alteration, but solaced herself with the sentiment, that it was "just the nature of boys."

He grew boisterous and disobedient. His returns to their humble cottage became irregular. She sat up late for him, and when she heard his approaching footsteps, forgot her weariness, and

welcomed him kindly. But he might have seen reproach written on the paleness of her loving brow, if he would have read its language. During these long and lonely evenings, she sometimes wept as she remembered him in his early years, when he was so gentle, and to her eye, so beautiful. "But this is the nature of young men," said her lame philosophy. So she armed herself to bear.

At length, it was evident that darker vices were making him their victim. The habit of intemperance could no longer be concealed, even from a love that blinded itself. The widowed mother remonstrated with unwonted energy. She was answered in the dialect of insolence and brutality.

He disappeared from her cottage. What she dreaded had come upon her. In his anger, he had gone to sea. And now every night when the tempest howled, and the wind was high, she lay sleepless, thinking of him. She saw him in her imagination, climbing the slippery shrouds, or doing the bidding of rough, unfeeling men. Again, she fancied that he was sick and suffering, with none to watch over him, and have patience with his waywardness; and her head, which silver hairs had begun to sprinkle, throbbed in agony, till her eyes gushed out like fountains of waters.

But hopes of his return began to cheer her. When the new moon, with its slender crescent, looked in at her window, she said in her lonely heart, "My boy will be here before that moon is old." And when it waned, and went away, she sighed, "My boy will remember me."

Years fled, and there was no letter—no message. Sometimes she gathered floating tidings that he was on some far sea, or in some foreign clime. When he touched at any port of his native land, it was not to seek the cottage of his mother, but to waste his wages in revelry, and re-embark on a new voyage.

Weary years, and no recognition, no letter; and yet she had abridged her comforts, that he might be taught to write, and was wont to exhibit his penmanship with such pride. Alas! her indulgence had been lost on an ignoble nature; but she checked the reproachful thought, and, sighed, "It was the way with sailors."

Amid all these years of neglect and cruelty, still Love lived on. When Hope

withheld nutriment, it begged food of Memory. It was satisfied with the crumbs from a table that must never be spread more. So Memory brought the fragments that she had gathered into her basket, when infancy and childish innocence held their simple festivals, and Love, as a mendicant, received that broken bread, and fed upon it, and gave thanks. It fed upon the cradle-smile, upon the first lisping words, when with its cheek laid upon the mother's, the babe slumbered the livelong night, or when essaying the first uncertain footsteps, he tottered with outstretched arms to her bosom, as a bird, newly-fledged, to its nest.

But Religion found this forsaken widow, and communed with her at the deep midnight, while the storm was raging without. It told her of a "Name better than of sons or of daughters," and she was comforted. It bade her resign herself to the will of her Father in heaven, and she found peace.

It was a cold evening in the winter, and the snow lay deep upon the earth. The widow sat alone, by her little fire-side. The marks of early age had settled upon her. There was meekness on her brow, and in her hand a book from whence that meekness came.

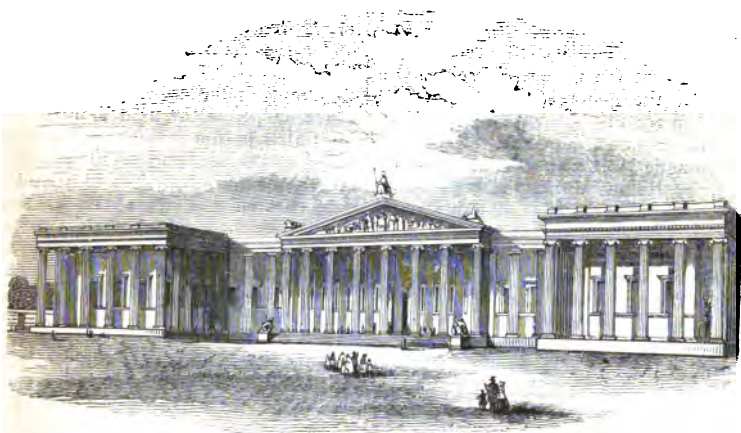
A heavy knock shook her door, and ere she could open it, a man entered. He moved with pain, like one crippled, and his red and downcast visage was partially concealed by a torn hat. Among those who had been familiar with his youthful countenance, only one, save the Being who made him, could have recognised him through his disguise and misery. The mother, looking deep into his eye, saw a faint tinge of that fair blue which had charmed her when it unclosed from the cradle-dream.

"My son! my son!"

Had the prodigal returned, by a late repentance, to atone for years of ingratitude and sin? I will not speak of the revels that shook the lowly roof of his widowed parent, or the profanity that disturbed her repose.

The remainder of his history is brief. The effects of vice had debilitated his constitution, and once, as he was apparently recovering from a long paroxysm of intemperance, apoplexy struck his heated brain, and he lay—a bloated and hideous corse!

The poor mother faded away, and followed him!—*Mrs. Sigourney.*



New Front of the British Museum.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

TILL the middle of the eighteenth century the project of establishing a national museum had never been entertained in England. It was suggested by the will of sir Hans Sloane, who, during a long period of eminent practice in physic, had accumulated, in addition to a numerous library of books and mss., a large collection of objects of natural history and works of art; these he directed should be offered, after his death, which took place in 1753, to the British parliament, for the sum of 20,000*l.*, the collection having cost him 50,000*l.* The offer was accepted, and, before the end of the year, an act passed, which ordered the payment of the required sum, and vested the property of the museum in trustees for the use of the public. Competent judges had long been solicitous that sir Hans Sloane's museum should be preserved entire, and he was himself consulted, before his death, as to several of the persons who were afterwards named trustees.

But the attention of the legislature was not confined to the museum of sir Hans Sloane. The act of parliament of the 26th George II., which directed the purchase of his museum, also directed the purchase of the Harleian collection of mss., and enacted that the Cottonian library of mss., which had been given to the government for public uses, by an act

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of the 12th and 13th of William III., should, with the library of major Arthur Edwards attached to it, form a part of the general collection.

These several collections were ordered to be kept in their then respective places of deposit, till a more convenient repository, more durable and more safe from fire, and nearer to the chief places of public resort, could be provided for the reception of the whole.

To defray the expenses of these purchases, to procure a fit repository for their preservation, and to provide a fund for the permanent support of the establishment when formed, the act directed that 100,000*l.* should be raised, by way of lottery, the nett produce of which, together with the several collections, was to be vested in an incorporated body of persons, selected from the first characters in the kingdom for rank, station, and literary attainments, upon whom it conferred ample powers for the disposal, preservation, and management of the institution, which it was determined should bear the name of the "British Museum."

The only buildings offered as general repositories at this time were Buckingham House, with the gardens and field, for 30,000*l.*; and Montague House, for 10,000*l.* The consideration of the former was waved, partly from the greatness of the sum demanded for it, and partly from the inconvenience of the situation. The

latter was finally fixed upon, and the agreement for it made in the spring of 1754. No offer of ground for building a repository was made, except in Old Palace-yard, where it was at one time proposed that the museum should find a place, in the general plan which had been then recently designed by Kent for new Houses of Parliament.

Montague House was first built about 1674, by Ralph Montague, esq., afterwards baron Montague of Boughton, and duke of Montague, in the manner of a French palace. It was erected from the design of Robert Hooke, the celebrated mathematician, so much employed in the rebuilding of London after the great fire. Foreign artists were chiefly engaged in its completion, by the duke of Montague's desire, and amongst them signor Verrio, for the decorations. When finished, it was considered the most magnificent and complete building, for a private residence, then known in London. But on the 19th of January, 1686, owing to the negligence of a servant, the house was burned to the ground. The large income of lord Montague was again placed in requisition for the reconstruction of his palace; and though executed by fresh artists, the plan was the same, the new structure being raised upon the foundations and burnt walls of the old one.

The second architect employed was Peter Puget, a native of Marseilles, who was assisted in the decorations by Charles de la Fosse, Jaques Rousseau, and John Baptiste Monoyer, three artists of great eminence. La Fosse painted the ceilings, Rousseau the landscapes and architecture, and Monoyer the flowers. Rousseau also assisted as clerk of the works to the building.*

This second building was purchased for the general repository. The Harleian collection of mss. was removed to it in 1755; followed, in 1756, by the other collections; and the whole having been properly distributed and arranged, the museum was opened for study and inspection January 15th, 1759.

At this time, the contents of the museum were divided into three departments, namely, printed books, manuscripts, and natural history.

* The exclusive employment of French artists in the new house gave rise to the popular but improbable tale, that Montague House was rebuilt at the expense of Louis XIV., to whose court lord Montague had twice been sent as ambassador.

The department of printed books consisted, at first, of the libraries of sir Hans Sloane and major Edwards only. In 1757, king George II., by instrument under the great seal, added the library, which had been collected by the kings of England, as far as printed books were concerned, from the time of king Henry VII.: rich in the prevailing literature of different periods, and including, among others, the libraries of archbishop Cranmer, of Henry prince of Wales, and of Isaac Casaubon. His majesty annexed to his gift the privilege which the royal library had acquired in the reign of Anne, of being supplied with a copy of every publication entered at Stationers' Hall.

This department was further enriched, in 1763, by a donation from king George III., of a collection of pamphlets and periodical papers published in England, between 1640 and 1660, chiefly illustrative of the civil wars of the time of Charles I., and collected by order of that monarch. It is impossible to enumerate in detail all the additions which have been since made by gift or purchase.

The engraving at the head of this article, for the details of which we are indebted to the "Penny Cyclopædia," exhibits the noble structure lately reared on the site of Montague House. What a contrast does it present to the former edifice! Not less great, however, is that of its treasure to the original and valuable collection of sir Hans Sloane.

CARLOS ; OR, SCENES ON THE SANDS.

THE more attentively we regard the scenes which are around us, the greater is the wonder that is awakened in our minds. The vast and the minute alike challenge our admiration. How small is a blade of grass, and yet blades of grass spread a green carpet over the ground. How diminutive is a grain of corn, and yet grains of corn supply millions with food. The morsels of hoar frost, and the flakes of snow spangle the forest trees, and clothe creation as with a woollen garment. The ways of the Eternal are not as our ways; with hosts of angels at his command, he often effects his purposes with the weakest instruments. With the coral insect he can build up mountains in the sea; with the

locust he can destroy the vegetation of the land. He forms the mighty deep with drops of water, and controls its wildest rage with grains of sand, heaping them together on the shore, and giving them, as it were, a voice, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

It is not unworthy of regard that good and evil often spring from the same source, and that many things which greatly contribute to the safety and prosperity of man, bring upon him also danger and destruction. The waters that bear up his vessels with their costly cargoes, overwhelm them in the deep: the winds that waft them to the desired haven, lash the waves into fury, and create peril that is extreme; and the sands that adorn the shore, and afford so much enjoyment to thousands, are the cause also to thousands of a watery grave. The Goodwin Sands alone have wrecked more ships than have ever sailed together in one fleet upon the seas. The unfathomable depths of the world of waters have no terrors for the sailor. Give him a tight bark and good sea room, and he fears neither the winds nor the waves; but the deceitful sands, now above and now beneath the surface of the deep, are fraught with danger. He that has seen the stranded ship beaten to pieces by the waves, and heard the shriek of the struggling passenger and drowning mariner, in their dying agony, has some reason to remember the sands.

Who is there that loves not to walk on the firm, dry sands when the gusty wind is blowing from the sea, and the foam-fringed billows are breaking on the shore, winning their way as a flood, and then receding in countless, miniature currents to the roaring deep? At low water the sands are sought by Health with her rosy cheek, and Sickness with his pallid face. Decrepitude creeps along the level plain, light-hearted Youth runs laughing after his companions, and delighted Childhood digs with his wooden spade as for hidden treasures. While the shrimp-catcher toils for his bread, visitors amuse themselves in picking shells and seaweed. Rank, fashion, and beauty promenade the sands, gazing on the heaving ocean, the fisher's skiff, and the distant sail. It is pleasant to roam on the sands when the sunbeam is bright on the rolling bil-

lows, and still more exciting when a storm is at hand, and the big black cloud is gathering in the sky.

This spacious bay, lit up by a West Indian sun, is in the form of half a circle, margined with dry sands and high cliffs. The sky to the south-west is somewhat lowering, and the sea-gulls are winging their way along the face of the heaving ocean. A young lady is walking leisurely along the sands, accompanied by her white-headed father and her stripling brother. But what forgetfulness, what folly it is to loiter! Why, the tide is fast coming in, the perpendicular cliffs are full a hundred feet high, and in half an hour the sands will be under water; even now, to reach either point of the bay in safety is barely possible; still they linger. Surely they are strangers, or they would be aware of the peril that approaches them. There is some one shouting to them from the summit of the cliff; it is Carlos. Carlos is a Castilian, brave and generous, but wholly given up to an adventurous life. He has roamed over the Pyrenees, served as a guerilla, and wielded his lance in the Plaza de Toros of Madrid. Carlos the wanderer, the guerilla, the bull-fighter, is now on an adventurous voyage: it was only yesterday that he came ashore from the ship lying to the westward of the bay.

The party on the sands have at last heard the alarm given by Carlos; they now see their danger, and that danger is extreme. Almost at their wit's end, they hasten along the sands in one direction, and then turning back, hurry forward in another. On come the waves, edging them up nearer and nearer to the rocks. The sky is darker than it was, the winds are louder, and the sea is getting rougher. Why did they trust themselves on the deceitful sands! Their distraction increases; they look at the ocean, but there is not a boat on the water; they look to the cliff, but no crevice can they creep into; not a hope of their escape seems to remain! Well may they envy the fishes their fins, and the sea-birds their wings! But Carlos is at work for their welfare: the excitement of danger is to him pleasant, and reckless daring is his delight. He has gathered around him a few steady hearts and ready hands to attempt a rescue. How ennobling is

the act of venturing a life to snatch a fellow-being from destruction !

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A louder shout of united voices rises from the cliff, and a red flag is waving to and fro, to draw the party on the sands to that part of the shore. The aged father takes the lead, and his stripling son and daughter, with pale faces, follow. A windlass has been hurried to the edge of the cliff, and a beam, with a pulley at the end of it, is fixed in a hole, so as to jut out from a rocky point over the sands. A rope is now dangling from the pulley, letting down Carlos in a rude basket to render assistance below. Already has he descended to the sands, which are now nearly covered with the waves. The daughter wishes her father to seat himself in the basket, but he will not hear of it. Carlos urges dispatch, and fastens the lady in the wicker seat, putting into her hand her father's cane, to keep herself from being dashed against the side of the cliff. What if she should faint ! What if the cords should break ! Up she goes, for Carlos has shaken the rope as a signal. Hark ! a loud shout announces her safe arrival. The water has covered the sands, but no time has been lost by the party on the cliff, and, one by one, the old gentleman, his stripling son, and the adventurous Carlos are rescued from the dangers of the deep.

* * * * *

The tempest is abroad, and Carlos is in the disabled ship that now lies at the mercy of the waves. The lightning has struck her, but the flames have been extinguished. The hurricane is at its height, and the waves are mountainous ; but loudly as the winds blow, and high as the billows rise, their rage is comparatively harmless. There is an unseen danger, greater than that which meets the ear and the eye. The enemy is not above, but below the surface of the sea ; the sands, the sands ! The gusty wind has rent the sails in tatters, as though they were made of paper : the deck is swept by the waves, and the main and the mizen masts have long since gone by the board. How dreary is the sound of the surf : the breakers are right under the vessel's bows. On she comes, driven by the tempest. There ! she has struck upon the sands ; her head is fast, and her stern is being pounded to pieces on the bank, by the raging waves. The doomed ship is now abandoned by her crew, most

of them, indeed, have perished in the devouring waves ; but some on masts, some on spars, and some on planks and hencoops, have reached the shore. Among the few shipwrecked mariners that are now kneeling in thankfulness on the sand is Carlos the Castilian.

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The moon is at the full, and the mountains and plains of Cuba, the largest of the West Indian isles, are lit up with her beams. How clear is the sky, and how gently the ocean waves break upon the shore. This is the place for turtles ; but they are found on the coasts of all the islands of the torrid zone. Here the green turtle and the loggerheaded turtle abound. The huge unwieldy creatures crawl during the night from the water, to lay their eggs and bury them in the sands. A few are captured for English epicures, but the greater number become food for the hardy mariners, engaged in the commerce of the tropical seas. However a ship may be victualled, a stock of turtles is a very agreeable addition to the provisions of the crew. A boat's crew, from the *Rambler*, a ship lying off the land, have just leaped ashore to catch turtle. They carry hand-spikes, and the service in which they are engaged is as much a sport as a duty. Carlos the Castilian, who joined the vessel not long ago, is among them, and by far the most active and expert of the party. Some knock on the head the turtles which are most likely to escape, as the flabby creatures waddle their way towards the sea, while others, with their handspikes, turn over the more bulky turtles on their backs. Already there are a dozen wide-mouthed monsters lying, belly uppermost, on the sands.

* * * * *

Difficult as it may be to double Cape Horn, it is usually more difficult and dangerous to pass through the Straits of Magellan. The good ship *Rambler* will sail round the stormy Cape, but now she is lying in a bay of the Falklands. Mountainous and barren are the Falklands, with a climate bleak, inhospitable, and subject to continual storms. Carlos and a few seamen are ashore gazing on an unusual scene, for a stranded whale is furiously lashing the sands with his fins and tail. Blown ashore by the tempestuous winds in an ebbing tide, the enormous monster has been left on the beach. How feeble is the strength of

man; how mighty that of the monarch of the deep! "Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put an hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn?" See how the giant of the ocean is gasping in his dying agony, and dashing himself with convulsive energy against the ground! Truly there are strange sights to be seen on the sands.

* * * * *

Not only do the salt sea-sands form a boundary to the world of waters, afford a promenade for pleasure-takers and seekers of health, supply the fisherman with shellfish, and enable mariners to victual their ships with turtles, but they furnish flinty materials for the porcelain-maker, alkaline plants for the soap-boiler, stones for the lapidary, and seaweed manure for tillers of the ground. The sands on the coast of New Zealand have been pressed by the lifeless form of many a mariner, slain by the savage natives of the place. The *Rambler* is now off the island, and a part of her crew, that are gone ashore for water, are already surrounded with danger and death. The savages have risen upon them, and nearly overcome them. Some are struck on the head with stone-slings; some are beaten down with war-clubs; while others are yet struggling with their deceitful foes. Carlos has been stunned, but rising again from the ground, he has discharged his pistols, and plunged into the sea to swim to the distant ship. The cannibals are yelling aloud, and frantically brandishing their war-clubs on the sands.

* * * * *

There is sorrow on board the *Rambler*, for the crew are aware of the death of their companions. Though accustomed to peril and danger, the loss of his mess-mates casts a shade across the brow of a sailor. Whether on land or at sea, whoso is wise will remember that in life there is but a step between him and death. What is that yonder, rising and falling with the waves, and drifting towards the shore? Alas! it is the lifeless body of Carlos, floating on the waters, for his strength failed him before he reached the ship. The wanderer will roam no further, the guerilla has fought his last battle with his foes; and the bull-fighter will no more encounter his horned adversary: he has braved the perils of the land and the dangers of the deep; but his pulse

throbs not, and his once-beating heart is still. There is an aged sire in Madrid that will bemoan a son, and a Spanish maiden that will lament a lover. The orb of day has set; the tide has slowly receded, and the breathless body of Carlos the Castilian lies extended on the lonely sands. M.



AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE REV. T. BURCHELL.

THE first piece of cloth Mr. Burchell could call his own, he disposed of to a house in Bristol. About a week afterwards, he was in the company of a friend, who, in ignorance of the transaction, happened to say that a certain party (mentioning the selfsame house) was reported as likely to fail. On hearing this, he sought and obtained permission to be absent on the following day. It was the summer season. The splendours of noon had long since passed, and were softening down into the chastened radiance of evening. It occurred to him, that if he could start that night, he should gain considerable time, and arrive in Bristol (nearly thirty miles distant) some hours before the coach, which did not leave until the morning. His determination was at once taken. Between eight and nine o'clock he commenced his journey, and continued to walk on briskly till it was quite dark, when he turned into an inn on the road-side: here he rested until day-break. The worthy host advised him, on departure, to strike across the country, and make for the Severn, where he would be sure to find a boat, which would take him down in good time. He did so; and, on nearing the river, which lay stretched out in noble amplitude before him, saw a boat push off from land. He hailed the men in her, but they seemed in haste to be gone; he then called more loudly to them, but they pressed on the more vigorously, and were soon out of hearing.

On looking about he saw another boat, and feeling that if he did not succeed in this instance, he would fail in the object for which he had come so much out of a direct course, he resolved to make every effort to induce her little crew to return to shore, and take him in. He accordingly took off his coat, and waved it in the air, and soon had the satisfaction of observing that they had brought the

boat up, and seemed to be debating whether or not they should comply with his wishes. In about ten minutes, they put back; but as they approached, it struck him that he had never before seen five such desperate-looking fellows. After some objection on their part, they told him to get in. He had not done so long, however, before he found that he was in most undesirable company. Several of the men whispered to each other a good deal: and now and then he caught a word, the import of which made him feel uneasy and anxious. At length, he perceived they were steering in an opposite direction. On his referring to this fact, one of them, a brawny Irishman, exclaimed, "Och, my jewel! and do you think you are going to lave us soon, now that we have nabbed you at last? Do you see, jewel? (pointing his finger to the water on which they were floating) you shall go and see the bottom of Davy Jones's locker before you go to land again." They all now set up a shout, in confirmation of their murderous design, and as though to urge each other on to the deed.

Some what alarmed, they threatened and helpless victim asked, who they thought he was? At this they laughed, and said, "Do you take us for fools?" From their horrid oaths and avowed intentions, he perceived that they took him for a spy in the preventive service; and he could now see, by some kegs of spirits which had been covered up in the bottom of the boat, that they were a party of smugglers. Again and again he assured them that he was not the person they suspected him to be, but to no purpose; they only renewed their threats of immediate and signal vengeance. Finding he could not gain on them by merely asserting that he had no connexion with government agents, he began to address them in a very serious strain; reminded them that, if they did him any injury, God would judge them for it. After some little while, he saw the countenance of one of them relax, and observed a tremor pass over the frame of another. Still they did not alter the wrong course they had been steering for some time.

He then addressed each one, separately and solemnly, saying, that each would have to stand, in his own person, at the bar of God, and receive according to his deeds, whether good, or bad. At length, the man who seemed to sustain the office of captain, cried out, "I say

Dick, I can't stand this; we must let him go. I don't believe he is the man we thought he was. Where do you want to be put out, sir?" The traveller replied, that he wished to be taken up the Avon to Bristol. The man said, "We cannot go up as far as that, as we dare not pass Pill; but we will take you as far as possible, and put you in a way to go on." He thanked them, and begged them to make the utmost speed, as his business was urgent. Finding them so far subdued, he took the opportunity of speaking of their nefarious mode of life. They all appeared struck with his statements and conduct; and, on his landing, refused to receive what he had stipulated to pay as fare; at the same time offering to forward one of the kegs of spirits to any place he would mention. One of the men also accompanied him to a farm-house, and so far interested the occupant in his favour, as to induce him to drive him to Bristol in his family tax-cart. He thus reached the end of his journey at an early hour in the morning, and, as a result, succeeded in recovering the greater part of his cloth.

Some years after, on his return from Jamaica to this country, Mr. Burchell met the smuggler who had accompanied him to the farm-house in a small village, near the Cheddar cliffs, in Somersetshire. The man proffered his hand, at the same time reminding him of their previous interview. He was much struck at his altered appearance, and inquired what was the cause. "Ah, sir," said he, "after your talk we none of us could ever follow that calling again. I have since learned to be a carpenter, and am doing very well in this village; and attend a chapel three or four miles off. And our poor master never forgot to pray for you, to his dying day. He was quite an altered man; took his widowed mother to his house, and became a good husband and a good father, as well as a good neighbour. Before, every one was afraid of him, he was such a desperate fellow; afterwards, he was as tame as a lamb. He opened a little shop for the maintenance of his family, and, what was better still, he held prayer-meetings in his house. The other three men now form part of a crew in a merchant vessel, and are very steady and well behaved."

Such was the delightful change that had passed on the character, conduct, and destiny, of a gang of smugglers, and which had been brought about by a

course of events as unexpected as it was singular. The providence of God is conspicuous in all. And while it tends to illustrate the wisdom and benignity of his purposes and plans, it shows, also, with what facility he can secure their accomplishment; rendering the ordinary occurrences in business, and the pecuniary interests of a stripling tradesman, subservient to that end. Such are the minute and obscure points on which the permanent welfare of responsible agents and immortal beings are made to turn.—*Memoir of Rev. T. Burchell.*

LAW IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

"It shall have immediate attention," said Mr. Thompson, as he tied up his papers with red tape, and stowed them away in his capacious coat-pocket, and left the library of "The Hall on the Hill,"* where he had been transacting business with Mr. Clifford.

He had scarcely mounted his iron-gray horse, and passed through the handsomely decorated gate, when he saw Clare, with his hammer on his shoulder, and exchanged a few words with him on the fineness of the day. "I hope you find business improving," he added; "I can tell you, at all events, you are likely to make another long bill for Mr. Clifford by Christmas, and that I know, Clare, you will not consider bad news."

"No, indeed," said Clare, with a smile; "if all my customers were as good as those at the Hall, paying, you know, just as soon as the work is done, I should speedily want you to buy me the three hundred acres of land we have often joked about,—except by that time I should be enough of a lawyer myself."

"A lawyer!" said Mr. Thompson with a laugh, and his eyebrows raised in surprise,—“when do you enter on your new profession, Clare?”

"I expect I shall know all your secrets soon," said the blacksmith.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Thompson, while his little blue eyes sparkled at the idea, and the expression of his face was that of a gentleman, who whilst giving permission to a schoolboy to angle in his pond on some half-holiday, hears the remark, "I shall catch *all* the fish!"

Clare soon solved the enigma, by telling him of Mr. Ford's purpose to converse with him and his neighbours about law; when Mr. Thompson rejoined: "Capital idea, Clare; Mr. Ford is a man, as we may say, up to everything; and it is very kind of him to tell you and your neighbours enough of law to keep you out of mischief. By the way," he added, "young Adams might have been at his ease now, if he had received some lessons of this kind a few months ago; and for myself, I think my old friend, Dr. Calton, is right, when he says to his patients: 'Just know enough of yourselves to avoid what will injure your health; but when anything is really the matter, send for the doctor.'"

"I shall not do without you, Mr. Thompson, at all events, when I buy the land," said Clare, applying the remark; at which the solicitor smiled again; wished Clare a good morning, put his horse into a canter, and was soon out of sight.

Evening came, as it does alike to the idle and the overworked, to the invalid and the robust, to the sad and the hilarious; and the former party, with many additions, were at Caleb's cottage.

"We will begin," he said, as he opened the promised conversation, "with marriage; the contract by which a man and a woman enter into a mutual engagement, in the form prescribed by the laws of the country in which they reside, to live together, during the remainder of their lives, as husband and wife. It would be happy, indeed, if all such engagements were made in the fear of God; but a religious character does not attach to such a transaction until the civil contract is complete. Then, any sacred services which the parties approve may be conducted. It is therefore important that whatever is required by law should be strictly observed. By the provisions of the 6th and 7th of William IV., 'if any persons knowingly and wilfully intermarry, in any other place than the church, chapel, or registered building, or office or place specified in the notice or certificate, or without due notice to the superintendent registrar, or without certificate of notice duly issued, or without license, in case a license is necessary, or, in the absence of a registrar, where the presence of a registrar or superintendent registrar is necessary, the marriage of such persons, apart from certain excepted cases, is null and void; and in

* See *Visitor* for January and the succeeding months.

some instances there may be a suit for a forfeiture of all estate and interest in any property accruing to the offending party by such marriage."

"Well I am sure," said Watkins, "the young men who are present had better look before they leap; you will agree with that, Mr. Ford, I am certain."

"Most fully," said Caleb. "Though the happiness of the parties is at stake for life, nothing is more thoughtlessly or carelessly entered into, than marriage. The misery which we often see is only the reaping of what the parties have sown. They would find a companionship for a voyage of two, three, or six months, scarcely tolerable,—and yet they engage in a contract only to be terminated by death. In some instances, there is a direct contrariety, when there ought to be the attraction of one magnet for another. Clare can tell you, that when he is about to put a piece of work together for the last time, so that it remain up for years, he is very careful as to the exact adaptation of its separate portions. Apart from this, it will soon fall to pieces. So it is with those who are mated and not matched. And no two persons who are not likely to be mutually and increasingly agreeable,—helpmates to each other,—so united, indeed, as to be literally one,—should ever marry. Nature, reason, and the institution of God, are grossly violated whenever they do. They commit a crime, to the shipwreck of their happiness. How important, then, is the devout remembrance of the Divine charge and promise: 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy paths.' I think, Hilton," added Caleb, "you were about to propose a question?"

"Suppose, Mr. Ford," said Hilton, "a man marries a widow, is he bound to support any children she may have? Ramsden and his wife are at sad odds about this; he says her children have no claim on him; but perhaps you know they are an ill-tempered couple,—and if they had not this to quarrel about, they would soon find something else."

"I fear they would, Hilton," replied Caleb; "when evil passions are at work, they easily find some way of venting themselves. It was said of John Lilburn, in the time of the Commonwealth, that there was no one else in the way, Lilburn would quarrel with John, or John with Lilburn. As to Ramsden, he is clearly in the wrong: he is liable to maintain the children of his wife until her death, or

they are at the age of sixteen.* And if a parent deserts his children, the churchwardens and overseers may receive his rents, if he has any, or seize his goods and chattels, to the amount mentioned in the justice's warrant, which must be obtained before any seizure."

"Who has the power over the children, Mr. Ford?" inquired Sims.

"The father," said Caleb, "is legally entitled to the care and custody of his children; a mother has no power over them. The parent may enforce his authority by his superior strength, provided he uses it with moderation. So long as a child who is under age lives with and is supported by the father, he is entitled to receive the reward of the child's labour. A child under age, may acquire property by gift; and if a father is the trustee of his child's estate, he must account, like any other trustee, to the child when he arrives at maturity. The power of a parent over his children continues until the age of twenty-one; and if he die, leaving a child under age, he may appoint a guardian to such child till the age of twenty-one."†

"I served seven years' apprenticeship to my business," said Clare, "living all the time in my master's house; I wonder when this plan was adopted?"

"The precise time at which apprenticeships became general in England," said Caleb, "it is very difficult to determine; it was probably that when guilds, or companies of tradesmen were first formed. There is, however, no reference in the statutes of the realm to such an institution, for about 200 years after the guilds are known to have existed. Apprentices are first incidentally noticed in an act passed in 1388.‡ In early times, the London apprentices were an important, and often a formidable body. The fatal riot against foreign artificers, which took place in London, on the 1st of May, 1517, which led to its being called 'Evil May Day,' was commenced and encouraged by the apprentices. Charles II., desirous of strengthening his hands, endeavoured to secure the favour of the apprentices, and sent them a brace of bucks for their annual dinner at Saddlers' Hall, where several of his principal courtiers dined with them. But he did not succeed, for the apprentices were divided in opinion; and there were numerous petitions from them, both for and against his measures.

* 4 and 5 William IV., c. 76. † 1 Victoria, c. 24
‡ 12 Richard II., c. 5.

A few reigns ago, a statute of Elizabeth, so far as it enacts that no person shall exercise any trade without having served a seven years' apprenticeship to it, was wholly repealed.* There was, however, a reservation in favour of the customs and by-laws of the city of London, and other corporate towns; but in general, the necessity of apprenticeship, as a means of access to particular trades, is abolished, and a perfect liberty in this respect is established."

"Very true, Mr. Ford," said Clare, "times have altered since I was a lad; now I have to do the best I can to obtain help; I used to work for nothing, but my boys soon get wages; however, it makes them mind more and do better what they are about, because they know that idle, they will soon be discharged; and laborious and clever, they get on very well."

"I think the change," said Caleb, "is in many respects an improvement on the old plan: strifes, chastisements, and even imprisonment, were not uncommon in former days. That is the best course in which the master sustains his proper character, and the workman is most likely to gain a complete knowledge of his trade, and to acquire habits of industry and skill. Now-a-days, apprentices form a class of servants from whose relation to their masters a variety of rights and duties arise. Some of these are founded on the common law, and some are special statutory enactments. To all such contracts the law attaches an implied undertaking, on the part of the servant, faithfully and carefully to serve the master, and to do his lawful and reasonable commands, within the scope of the prescribed employment; and on the part of the master, to protect and fairly remunerate the servant. In all hirings, where no time of duration is expressed, except those of menial servants, it is a rule of law, that the contract shall continue for a year. In the case of menial servants, it is determinable by a month's warning, or the payment of a month's wages. Apart from contract, servants in husbandry can only be discharged or quit the service on a quarter's notice. In case of immorality, or any kind of offence, amounting to a misdemeanour, or of continued neglect, or determined disobedience, a servant may be immediately discharged. If the servant is a menial, he is nevertheless entitled to wages for the time during

which he has served; but when the contract is entire for a year, and the conduct of the servant is wrong, he is not entitled to any wages. A special jurisdiction is given to magistrates over servants in husbandry, and also in many classes of manufactures, and other employments.* And now let me, in turning to another subject, ask you," added Caleb, "which of you has made a will?"

This question excited some surprise; one looked at another: "I have not"—"I never thought of it"—"Why, what have I to leave?" and similar expressions were heard in different directions. Caleb, in consequence, thus proceeded: "Many inconveniences result to a family, when a will is not made by the head of it. If there is property of the value of 20*l.*, letters of administration must be obtained, either by the widow or the next of kin, from the ecclesiastical judge, delegated by the Ordinary of the place where the party dies; and where several persons are equally next of kin, he may select one at his discretion. Should none of the kindred be willing to proceed, a creditor is permitted to do so. Here there is a serious difficulty. The stamp on letters of administration is about fifty per cent. more than on a will. Longer time is taken in the process, and security must be given for twice the amount of the property. Objections may moreover arise on the part of the authorities, that there may be nearer relations than have yet appeared, and that there may be mortgage creditors who should receive early attention. Even when none are urged, the party obtaining the letters of administration has no guide as to the wishes entertained by the deceased; and when he has done his best, he may be exposed to litigation from rival claimants."

"Then various difficulties are avoided, I understand, Mr. Ford," said Clare, "by making a will?"

"They are," said Caleb. "When, however, a person dies intestate, his property descends, subject to his debts, according to the statute of distributions. One-third goes to the widow, the residue, in equal proportions, to the children; or if they are dead, to their lineal descendants. If there are none of these, the widow takes a moiety, and the next of kin in equal degrees."

"I have no doubt, Mr. Ford," said Hilton, "that you can greatly relieve my mind. Only a few days ago, old

* 54 George III., c. 96.

* "Burn's Justice," tit. Servants.

Mr. Craven asked me to be his executor: and as I did not like to be unneighbourly, I said I would; but if I had heard of his death this morning, I should have been in a regular fix; I know no more what to do when he is gone than a child in the cradle."

"I will cheerfully tell you," said Caleb. "The first thing to be done is, to take the will to some proctor, who exercises the same office, in ecclesiastical law, which is performed by attorneys or solicitors, in courts of common law and equity. You then make oath that you are the party mentioned in the will as executor, and that you will truly carry out the testator's intentions. In about seven days, you receive the probate,—which means the exhibiting and proving the will before the ecclesiastical judge, and the grant of letters testamentary to you, under seal of the court,—such probate being evidence in questions relating to personal estates. You may now dispose of the property in the following order:—The reasonable expenses of the funeral and of proving the will; debts on account of rent and servants' wages; debts of the crown, as assessed taxes; debts due on judgments; and debts by simple contract. Creditors of each class are entitled to be paid in full before anything is allowed to debts of an inferior order. And next to debts stand specific legacies."

"I am much obliged, Mr. Ford," said Hilton. "I am not going to tell any secrets; but everybody knows that Mr. Craven has houses and money in the funds; and I should like to know something about disposing of these."

"You must sell houses," said Caleb, "at a fair value, to prevent any charge of collusion. The officers at the Stamp-office, and their representatives throughout the country, keep exact tables of the value of property, and therefore can tell in a moment, whether or no the regular marketable value of houses has been obtained. When there is money in the funds, the will must be deposited in the Will-office of the Bank of England. At the expiration of a few days, the stock transferred into the name of the executor, may be sold, in the usual way, by any stockbroker. Money should not be unnecessarily retained in the hands of an executor; or he will be charged by the Stamp-office with interest upon it. Receipts for all legacies of 20*l.* and upwards must be made out on forms given

at the Stamp-office, which are afterwards duly stamped. The executor must carefully deduct the legacy duty, on the payment of the legacy, as he is responsible for it, and must pay it within twenty-one days, under a heavy penalty. He is allowed twelve months for the payment of legacies, and even longer, on showing sufficient reason for the delay, or in the event of the legatees being minors. In finally discharging his duty, he is provided by the Stamp-office with papers for a debtor and creditor account; one he retains, the other he leaves with the government; and thus secures his complete discharge from all liability."

Every man is eloquent when he speaks under the influence of feeling: Hilton was so, therefore, in the warm expression of his thanks. He wound them up by saying: "I would not have missed being here, Mr. Ford, for a five-pound-note!"

Caleb smiled as he added: "A will may often be very easily made; but its being duly attested is a most essential point. There must be two disinterested parties as witnesses, or the will is void. Every codicil also must have two witnesses, who must be present when the testator signs; they must sign then and there, in each other's presence, and in the testator's presence also, and state clearly that they did so on the will itself."

Thus terminated another conversation. Had the reader stood near Clare's dwelling the next afternoon, he would have seen him leave it in his best attire; and could he have tracked his steps, he would have followed him into Mr. Thompson's private office. "What! Mr. Clare!" he said, laughingly, "you are come to purchase the three hundred acres of land, I suppose?"

"Not just yet, sir," was the reply: "but I shall be obliged to you if you will make my *will*." V. V.

CRANMER, THE FIRST OF EVANGELICAL METROPOLITANS.

IN pronouncing the name of Cranmer, I pause,—I ask myself if it can still be quoted as an authority, now that one of the finest geniuses of the age, a writer for whose talents I entertain the highest admiration, has lately branded the memory of your martyr-reformer, and has declared himself, "saintly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings,

zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a time-server in action, a peaceable enemy, and a lukewarm friend." (Macaulay's "History of England," I. 52.)

Yes, my lord, notwithstanding this attack, I appeal to this venerable name, and I shrink not from offering it the tribute of my respect, in presence of your people. Undoubtedly, my convictions differ from those of Cranmer, on several important points in regard to church government; there may even be some slight want of conformity in our confession of faith, at least, at certain periods of his life. Nay, more, I do not think that Cranmer was a Christian without failings, without faults, without falls. I will add, and that without hesitation, that I greatly prefer to the character of the English reformer the decision and the immovable firmness of a Luther, a Calvin, a Knox. My soul thrills with emotion when I hear the monk of Wittenberg cry out, in the presence of the Diet of Worms, "Here am I; I cannot otherwise; so help me God!" But I know also that God employs for the mysterious accomplishment of his purposes a great variety of character. I know that he gives to each people and to each epoch that which it requires, and I do not doubt that, in the special choice which he made when, in 1532, he called Cranmer to the see of Canterbury, we may recognise this "manifold wisdom," as the apostle terms it, with which God governs his church, and which calls forth the admiration of principalities and powers in heavenly places.

Yes, my lord, if this God of sovereign wisdom gave a Cranmer and not a Luther as reformer to the church of England, it was because, in his unsearchable counsel, he had given as king to your people not a Frederick the wise, but a Henry VIII. The extreme prudence of Cranmer, his timidity, his want of decision, his pliability, deplorable in certain cases, preserved him under the government of the despotic Tudor, from the scaffold, to which that bloody prince sent many of his bishops and his statesmen, and thus saved, with his own life, the work for which he was required. Notwithstanding his weakness, the illustrious metropolitan remained faithful to the standard of the Reformation; he ceased not to labour in the important work which he had at heart; he preserved its slender and fragile thread, in presence of the

sharp sword of Henry VIII.; he succeeded in weathering, during fifteen and even twenty years, a terrible tempest, and yet preserved unextinguished the flickering light of the torch which he bore. Cranmer was weak—I grant it; but he was sincere; "he was a man of great candour and simplicity," says bishop Burnet; and even in his weakness was hidden a certain force. He was not an oak, but a reed; a reed, however, which ever rose anew; a reed which accomplished, by its very weakness, what the oak could never have achieved by its strength. Beside the cruel axe of Henry VIII. there was need, I repeat, of a reed, and not of an oak; and this reed, this man so weak, has contributed, let it not be forgotten, perhaps more than any one of his contemporaries, to the Reformation of England. He was the instrument employed by God for a work which, while it has saved, during the last three centuries, thousands and thousands of souls, and has served as a torch to illumine the most distant nations, has at the same time created and preserved the most powerful and illustrious nationality which modern times have witnessed.

This, my lord, is an honour, and an honour which may well compensate for the unjust sarcasms of an ungrateful posterity.—*From D'Aubigné's "Letter to the Marquis of Cholmondeley."*

* * * A Life of Cranmer forms one of the Monthly Volumes of the Religious Tract Society.

NINEVEH AS IT IS.

No. II.

THE arduous duties which Mr. Layard had undertaken, in rescuing from oblivion the hidden treasures of the metropolis of the Assyrian empire, served but as an incentive, were the opportunity presented, of making himself acquainted with the condition of the present occupants of this once mighty land. The position of affairs at Nimroud permitting his absence, Mr. Layard visited the great Arab tribe of Shammar, and the party, having completed their arrangements, left Mosul. Their appearance was curious. An English lady, equipped in riding habit and hat; Mosul ladies, perched on the summits of piles of carpets and cushions, under which groaned their unfortunate mules; gentlemen, wearing a striking mixture of European and oriental garments; and a Mussul-

man, mounted on a beautiful white Arab steed, formed a motley group, the picturesque and varied appearance of which was increased by the camels and donkeys—the army of tent-pitchers, volunteers, and camel-drivers—and the irregular horsemen and servants of the gentlemen, armed to the teeth. The Arabs on foot led greyhounds in leashes, and horsemen galloped round and round—now dashed into the centre of the crowd, threw their horses on their haunches when at full speed, or discharged guns and pistols into the air.

After resting for the night, the party emerged from the low limestone hills which form a barrier between the Tigris and the plains of Mesopotamia, and entered on a vast wilderness. The beauty of the scene and the luxuriance of the vegetation were exceedingly attractive. "We trod," says Mr. Layard, "an interminable carpet, figured by flowers of every hue. Nor was water wanting; for the abundant rains had given reservoirs to every hollow and to every ravine. Their contents, owing to the nature of the soil, were brackish, but not unwholesome. Clusters of black tents were seen scattered, and flocks of sheep and cattle wandered over the plain. Those of our party who were well mounted, urged their horses through the meadows, pursuing the herds of gazelles, or the wild boar skulking in the long grass. Although such scenes as these may be described, the exhilaration caused by the air of the desert in spring, and the feeling of freedom arising from the contemplation of its boundless expanse, must have been experienced before they can be understood." The means of provision of the travellers were sufficiently rude. A sheep was slaughtered, and, as the fires of camels' dung were blown by "decrepit old women," the men cut the carcase into small pieces, and capacious caldrons sent forth volumes of steam. Large wooden bowls of sour milk, and platters of fresh butter were prepared; and the mutton being now ready, the Arabs pulled the fragments out of the caldron, and laid them on wooden platters with their fingers. The travellers having helped themselves in the same manner, the dishes were passed to the servants, and then to the camel-drivers and tent-pitchers, and at last, denuded of all apparently edible portions, they reached a strong party of expectant Arabs. The condition of the bones by the time they

were delivered to a crowd of hungry dogs, assembled on the occasion, may easily be imagined.

Having subsequently encamped near one of these wandering races, the scene that was presented was exceedingly pleasing and impressive. "The breeze, bland and perfumed by the odour of flowers, came calmly over the plain." As the sun went down, the melancholy call of the herdsmen to the countless camels and sheep that wandered to the tents, rose above the bleating of the flocks; while, as the Arabs led their prancing mares to the water, the colts gambled around, or rolled in the luxuriant herbage.

The migration of a large tribe in search of new pasturage, is an interesting sight. One of these Mr. Layard saw. Far as the eye could reach in all directions was still the same moving crowds of sheep and camels. Long lines of asses and bullocks, laden with black tents; huge caldrons and variegated carpets; aged women and men, no longer able to walk, tied on the heap of domestic furniture; infants crammed into saddle-bags, their tiny heads thrust through the narrow opening, balanced on the animal's back by kids or lambs fastened on the opposite side; horsemen, armed with their long-tufted spears, scouring the plain on their fleet mares; riders urging their dromedaries with short hooked sticks, and leading their high-bred steeds by the halter; colts galloping amongst the throng; boys driving flocks of lambs; mothers with their children on their shoulders; and high-born ladies seated in the centre of huge wings, which extended from each side of the camel's hump, and were scarcely less variegated and gaudy.

While with this tribe, a lady of Mr. Layard's party had a good opportunity of observing some of the domestic habits of the people. Having visited the harem of the sheikh, Amsha—who was then the chief wife—in order to show the rank and luxuriant habits of her husband, offered her a glass of "*eau sucrée*," "which," says Layard, "Mrs. Rassan, who is over nice, assured me she could not drink, as it was mixed by a particularly dirty negro, in the absence of a spoon, with his fingers, which he sucked continually during the process."

On returning to Mosul, Mr. Layard found that little progress had been made in the excavations; but many small ornaments in copper, two small ducks in baked clay, and tablets of alabaster inscribed on

both sides, had been discovered; these have for some time been deposited in the British Museum. Among the copper mouldings was the head of a ram or bull, which had probably belonged to the end of a chariot-pole, besides several hands, the fingers of which were slightly bent, and a few flowers. The hands may have served as a casing to similar objects in baked clay, frequently found among the ruins, and bearing various inscriptions. Two human-headed lions, which formed the entrance to one of the chambers, were next discovered, besides various slabs having delineations of kings, viziers, eunuchs, attendants, and various figures of animals. Some of the figures were altogether different in costume from those previously discovered, and, apparently, representing people of different races; some carrying presents or offerings consisting of armlets, bracelets, and earrings, on trays; others elevating their clenched hands. One figure was accompanied by two monkeys, held by ropes; the one raising itself on its hind legs in front, the other sitting on the shoulders of the man, with its fore paws on his head. Other slabs represented sieges, battles, and other historical subjects, in admirable preservation; while the sun-dried brick wall was distinctly visible to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, and the places where beams had been inserted to support the roof.

On uncovering this wall, the first sculpture that appeared was a winged human-headed bull, of yellow limestone, the head of which is in the British Museum. The body fell against another sculpture, and was broken into several pieces; but on its removal, "sixteen copper lions" were discovered, admirably designed, and forming a regular series. The largest was more than a foot in length, and the smallest scarcely exceeded an inch, while to their backs a ring was affixed, which gave them the appearance of weights. These lions are now in the British Museum.* One of the slabs that was next discovered displayed a castle, apparently built on an island in a river; and it is curious to observe that two warriors, who are represented in the act of swimming across the water, are assisted in their attempt by inflated air-skins, in the manner practised to the present day by the Arabs living on the banks of the rivers of Assyria and

Mesopotamia, excepting that in the bas-relief, the swimmers retain the aperture through which the air is forced in their mouths.

Another slab, now in the British Museum, represents the siege of a city, with a battering ram and movable tower; and in immediate proximity to this were two slabs occupied by a delineation of a king receiving prisoners brought before him by his vizier. Above the heads of the prisoners were vases and various objects, probably to indicate the spoil carried away from the conquered people.* The most remarkable of the sculptures thus discovered was one of a lion hunt; which, from the knowledge of art displayed in the treatment and composition, the correct and effective delineation of the men and animals, the spirit of the grouping, and its extraordinary preservation, Mr. Layard considers to be, probably, the finest specimen of Assyrian art in existence.† On the flooring below the sculptures were discovered considerable remains of painted plaster still adhering to the sun-dried bricks, which had fallen in masses from the upper part of the wall. The colours, particularly the blues and reds, were as brilliant when the earth was removed from them as they could have been when laid on. When exposed to the air, however, they faded so rapidly, that when any attempt was made to raise them, it was found almost impossible to preserve any portion.

Subsequent excavations brought to light a vast accumulation of treasures, while the authority which Mr. Layard had received from the government at Constantinople relieved him of many difficulties with which he formerly had to contend, and enabled him to prosecute his labours with increased success.

In one of the chambers was found a slab, on which was represented a king seated on a throne of most elegant design and careful workmanship. His feet were placed on a footstool supported by lions' paws, and in his right hand, which was elevated, he held a cup, while his left rested on his knee. His robes were covered with very elaborate designs, probably representing embroidery; and upon his breast, and forming a border with fringes attached, a variety of emblems and figures were graved, like those found upon cylinders

* "Monuments of Nineveh," by Layard. Plate 96.

* "Monuments of Nineveh," plates 17, 23, and 24.

† "Nineveh and its Remains," vol. I, p. 130.

and seals of Assyria and Babylon. Among them were many struggling with animals, winged horses, gryphons, the sacred tree, and the king engaged in the performance of religious ceremonies. Mr. Layard thinks it not improbable that the robes were originally coloured; while the bracelets, armlets, and other ornaments were equally elegant and elaborate in design. In front of the sovereign stood an eunuch, holding in one hand, and above the cup, a fly-flapper. A piece of embroidered linen, or a towel, was ready to be presented, as is still the custom in the east, after performing ablutions. Behind the eunuch was a winged figure wearing the horn cap, and holding the fir cone and basket. The colours still adhered to the sandals, brows, hair, and eyes of several of the figures. The most delicate carvings were distinct, and the outlines retained their original sharpness.*

The discovery of so many interesting relics of the past history of their country, and of the existence of which they and their fathers had been so long ignorant, filled the Arabs who were engaged in the excavations with the greatest astonishment. As each head was uncovered they showed their amazement by extravagant gestures or exclamations of surprise. "If it was a bearded man, they concluded at once that it was an idol or a jin, and cursed or spat upon it; if an eunuch, they declared that it was the likeness of a beautiful woman." Their interest in the success of the undertaking gradually increased, and they worked with renewed ardour when their curiosity was excited by the appearance of a fresh sculpture. "On such occasions, they would strip themselves almost naked, throw the kerchief from their heads, and letting their matted air stream in the wind, rush like madmen into the trenches to carry off the baskets of earth, shouting at the same time the war-cry of the tribe."

"I was now anxious," says Mr. Layard, "to embark and forward to Bagdad, or Busrâh, for transport to Bombay, such sculptures as I could move with the means at my disposal. Major Rawlinson had obligingly proposed that, for this purpose, the small steamer navigating the lower part of the Tigris should be sent up to Nimroud; and I expected the most valuable assistance, both in removing the slabs and in plans for future excavations, from her able commander, lieutenant

Jones. The *Euphrates*, one of the two vessels originally launched on the rivers of Mesopotamia, had some years before succeeded in reaching the tomb of sultan Abd-Allah, a few miles below Nimroud. Here impediments, not more serious than those she had already surmounted, occurring in the bed of the stream, she returned to Bagdad. A vessel even of her construction, and with engines of the same power, could have reached, I have little doubt, the bund or dam of the Awaj, which would probably have been a barrier to the further ascent of the Tigris." The machinery of the *Nitocris* was, however, insufficient to impel the vessel over the rapids which occur in some parts of the river. After ascending part of the way, the attempt was given up, and she returned to her station.

As it was impossible to move several of the most valuable treasures from Nimroud without proper materials, Mr. Layard proceeded to reduce them as much as possible by the aid of marble-cutters from Mosul; and when the bas-reliefs had been thus prepared, they were taken from the trenches. Some of the specimens were then packed in felts and matting, screwed down in roughly-made cases, and transported to the river upon rude buffalo carts belonging to the pasha. They were then floated down the Tigris to Bagdad, on a raft formed of beams of poplar wood and inflated skins, and having been placed on board country boats, they reached Busrâh, and were ultimately deposited in the British Museum.

About this time, the scene of labour was visited by Tahyar Pasha, accompanied by a large body of troops, and all the dignitaries of his household. These Mr. Layard entertained for two days, and when conducted over the works, some of the conjectures offered by the party as to their origin and the nature of the subjects represented were very curious. The gigantic human-headed lions both terrified and amazed the Osmanli followers of the chief. "These are the idols of the infidels," said one. "I saw many such when I was in Italia with Reshid Pasha, the ambassador. Wallah, they have them in all the churches, and the papas (priests) kneel and burn candles before them." That such was the conviction of the speaker little surprise can be entertained; nor have very many of those best acquainted with the Romish church been able to distinguish between some of its ceremonies and idolatry itself.

* It is presumed that by the present time these slabs have reached England.

After a tour in the neighbouring country during the hot season, which necessitated a change of air, Mr. Layard returned to the works, and first constructed a habitation of mud bricks dried in the sun, and covered in the rooms with beams and branches of trees, while a thick coat of mud was laid over the whole to exclude the rain. Ibram Agha displayed great ingenuity in the formation of equi-distant loopholes, of a very warlike appearance, in the outer walls of the buildings; but these Mr. Layard immediately ordered to be filled up, to avoid any suspicion of being the constructors of forts and castles with the intention of making a permanent Frank settlement in the country. Unhappily, the only shower of rain during the remainder of their residence in Assyria, fell before the walls were covered in, which so saturated the bricks that they did not become dry again before the following spring; and "the consequence was," says Mr. Layard, "that the only verdure on which my eyes were permitted to feast before my return to Europe, was furnished by my own property—the walls in the interior of the rooms being continually dotted with a crop of grass."

A band of workmen having been organized to prosecute the undertaking, the excavations recommenced under the incessant personal superintendence of the indefatigable Englishman. Many Arab tribes had come into the neighbourhood to seek work, in consequence of the scarcity of provisions, and there was, therefore, no difficulty in obtaining labourers. There was also an advantage in employing these wanderers; for, as they brought their tents and families with them, they formed a very efficient guard against their brethren of the desert, who would have availed themselves of opportunities for plunder. To increase the numbers, only one man from each family was selected; and, as his male relations accompanied him, their services were rendered available for the protection of the sculptures. Some were therefore engaged in removing the earth, which required strong and active men; a skilful and intelligent marble-cutter was very efficient; and a carpenter and two or three men of Mosul were superintendents. The whole party was divided into bands, each consisting of about eight or ten Arabs, who carried away the earth in baskets, and two or four Nestorian diggers, according to the requirements of the work. Each set had

an overlooker, who kept the men to their work, and gave notice to Mr. Layard when they approached a slab or discovered any object of interest, that he might assist in its removal. In order that he might know what was going on—whether any plots were brewing, or attempts made to appropriate any of the relics discovered during the excavations—the precaution was adopted of scattering a few Arabs of a hostile tribe among the workmen. The smallness of the sum placed at Mr. Layard's disposal, compelled him to dig trenches along the sides of the chambers, and thus to expose the slabs without removing the earth from the centre. A great saving of expense was thus insured; but it is probable that many small objects remain to reward the efforts of succeeding visitors.*

The sculptures thus exposed to view were of great interest, and the pencil of Mr. Layard was fully adequate to the task of their delineation. One of the bas-reliefs represents the wars of a king and the conquest of a foreign nation. He stands, gorgeously attired, in a chariot drawn by three richly-caparisoned horses, and is discharging an arrow at one of his enemies. An attendant protects the person of the king with a shield, and a charioteer holds the reins and urges on the horses. Above is the presiding deity, represented by a winged figure within a circle, and wearing a horned cap. Behind the sovereign are three chariots, while groups of fighting men are introduced in several places. The whole may be seen in the British Museum. Various other discoveries of an equally interesting character rewarded the persevering and highly intelligent efforts of Mr. Layard, which are recorded in his volumes, but to which our limited space at present forbids further reference.

F. S. W.

MANUFACTURE OF ENVELOPES.

MR. FARADAY recently lectured at the Royal Institution, "on envelope machinery." One million of envelopes are daily manufactured in the British islands. Each of these requires to be cut and folded with precision. The former operation is performed partly by Wilson's patent cutting machine, and partly by means of a sort of large hollow chisel, the cutting part of which is exactly the shape of the required envelope. The folding

was, till within the last three or four years, entirely done by human labour. Since that time this process has been performed at the manufactory of Messrs. De la Rue and Co., by a folding machine, the invention of Mr. Edwin Hill and Mr. Warren De la Rue. By means of this admirable precision and rapidity of this engine, forty-two envelopes can be folded in a minute. This folding machine, which Mr. Faraday commended in terms of most merited praise for its singular ingenuity and efficiency, consists of—1. A table, or metallic surface, of the exact size of the envelope which is laid on it, and which moves in a vertical plane. 2. A corresponding surface called the box, which, descending on this table, creases the envelope, and then opens so as to permit the partial folding of it. 3. Four folders, two of which press down the corresponding flaps of the envelope before the box is entirely raised; the two remaining ones follow with their pressure after the remaining portion of the box is lifted up. 4. Two finger-shaped projections, made of caoutchouc, which owing to their property of adhering to a paper surface, never fail to carry off each envelope as fast as it is folded. Though there are twenty-two movements for folding each envelope, and each successively performed with great rapidity (the several motions succeeding each other) there is no blow or jar of any kind in the working of the machine. This is the effect of a regulation of velocity produced by cams. A cam is not defined by any of the mechanical books we have at hand; but it is essentially a guiding surface, against which the piece to be moved is made to bear. This guiding surface is so adjusted that the space described by any working point controlled by it shall vary according to the projection or groove of the cam. Mr. Faraday showed that wherever, as in this instance, a reciprocation of motion was required, (the working point, commencing from and arriving at a state of rest, and then returning back in its former course,) it was necessary that the spaces described in equal times should vary with the odd numbers, beginning with and ending with 1. Thus in

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 intervals of time

1 3 5 7 5 3 1 spaces

must be described by the working point. The mode in which the cam-curve was laid down for this purpose was exhibited on a large cam, four feet in diameter, with a lever attached, and then the actual

operation of cams so divided was displayed in the working of one of the folding machines. The statistics of this subject are very interesting:—they were first brought before the institution by Mr. Barlow, in a discourse on the penny post. In the year 1843 about 220,000,000 letters were posted in Great Britain. The number now exceeds 330,000,000 annually, a number which, taking the average length of a letter as five inches, if laid end to end, would reach 26,040 miles; that is, a distance greater than the circumference of the earth. Mr. Faraday then noticed an ingenious contrivance for identifying a letter with its envelope—it consists of a set of perforations which, when the Post-office stamp is used, cause some portion of the ink to press through the envelope to the inclosed letter, so that when the two are put together, they complete the lettering of the stamp.—*Athenæum*.

CHRIST THE HIDDEN MANNA.

MANNA was the food on which the Israelites, while travelling through the wilderness, subsisted for forty years together. It is said, Psa. lxxviii. 25, to be "angels' food;" but whether on account of its excellency, and as such for them to have fed upon if they had stood in any need of it; or whether it was prepared for the Israelites by the ministry of angels need not be disputed. This is certain, that it was a type of Christ; who saith of himself, that he was the living bread that came down from heaven; and he is said to be "the hidden manna," possibly alluding to that pot of manna which was hidden in the ark of the testimony, pointing out Christ as hidden food, altogether unknown to the unbelieving world, who never had so much as a real taste of the unsearchable riches of his grace, of the efficacy of his death, or the power of his resurrection. But as it was in reference to manna, all those that in the exercise of faith did eat of it, under that consideration of its being a type of Christ, to them it was spiritual meat. And so the water out of the rock, to all those that in the same manner, and under the same consideration, drank of it, was spiritual drink, 1 Cor. x. 3, 4. Even so is Jesus Christ at this day, and will be to the end of the world. His flesh will be meat indeed, and his blood will be drink indeed, to all those that feed upon him by faith.—*Bonn.*



The Vulture.

THE VULTURE TRIBE.

THE vultures are distinguished by a strong but elongated bill, hooked only at its point. In the most typical forms, the head and neck are denuded of feathers, a circumstance indicative of the nature of their food, which consists of putrid flesh; it is often their custom, when glutting on their foul repast, to bury head and neck in the eagerness of the moment, in the putrescent mass; so that were these parts covered with feathers, the utmost inconvenience would arise, from their being saturated with gore and filth, and drying into a hardened clotted layer. The skin on the breast also, over the crop, is more or less bare, being at most covered with down or short close feathers.

The legs are moderately strong, but the feet are unarmed with talons formid-

able as in the eagle, and are incapable of lacerating a living victim, or of carrying it into the air. Indeed, they seldom attempt to remove their carrion food, but remain by it for hours, or even days, until they are quite unable to fly, or to exert themselves in any way to escape an enemy. Their wings are of great length, and their flight astonishing for speed, duration, and elevation. The general plumage consists of stiff but large feathers, overlaying each other, so as to form in some species stout proof armour. Round the bottom of the neck there is a ruff of soft or slender feathers, arising from loose and folded skin, within which they can withdraw the neck, and even the greater part of the head; in this position, motionless as statues, they remain for days when gorged with their food. Their senses of smell and of sight

are in the highest degree acute. One author of celebrity, however, advances an opinion, that the sense of smell is but little developed, and that it is by sight alone that the vulture is guided to its food.

This opinion, if it were true, would be a sort of anomaly in nature; for it seems a law that the main and striking quality of the matter constituting the diet of any particular animal should be that which its organs are expressly modified to receive. The far-floating odours of putrid carrion are not cognizable by sight. The wild dog and the wolf and the jackal, which are among mammalia what the vultures are among birds, pursue their food by the scent; and that the vulture does the same, has the concurrent testimony of all ages.

The part which vultures play in the balance of creation is at once obvious; they are a race of birds confined to the hotter portions of the old and new continents, where the toleration they experience attests the estimation of their services. As we approach the equator, we find a gradual increase in the numerical ratio of the brute creation; here, too, are the largest and most ponderous of animals; the earth teems with its myriads, and mortality is, of course, in proportion to number. In every country, dead animal matter soon decomposes; but, in hot climates, this process takes place with astonishing rapidity, infecting the air with insupportable effluvia. It is easy to conceive what the state of a country would be, where a multitude of animals, large and small, are, from one cause or another, perpetually dying, the bodies remaining to putrefy where they fall. Added to this is a singular fact, that the natives of such countries are universally inattentive to that cleanliness and those modes of purifying their towns and villages, which in more civilized nations are deemed of such great importance. Under such circumstances, the vulture is invaluable; he has been in all ages the scavenger of Nature, cleansing the streets and the lanes and the fields of all that is noisome and disgusting.

The typical vultures, to which our remarks more exclusively apply, are generally gregarious in their habits, uniting in large bands or flocks, and wheeling about in the upper regions of the air, beyond the sight of man; their "sail-broad vans" and great powers of sight enabling them, heavy as their

bodies are, to maintain their elevation without apparent exertion. It has often been observed, that on the death of an ox or horse, or any other large animal, though at the time not a wing should be visible in the glowing sky, yet, in a space of time incredibly short, multitudes will appear, assembling from various quarters of the heavens, or descending from their altitude, and sweeping down to remove what would be in a few hours an offensive nuisance. The attack begins, and the pulling and the struggling and the gorging continue, till nothing remains of the carcass but the sun-dried bones; and these are carried off in the night by the jackals and hyenas. Flocks of vultures frequent also the suburbs of towns and cities, where unmolested they clear the streets of offal of every description. At Cairo, it is a breach of the police regulations to kill a vulture, and, in many other parts, they are held in veneration. Services like these, disgusting as they may appear, are essential to the well-being of the countries where Providence has placed them. These, however, are not all: vultures are the constant attendants of armies on their march, or in the field of battle. In barbarous countries, the horrors of war (always calamitous and revolting) are unmitigated by those usages which subsist between civilized nations, even during the strife of blood; and there is no lack of food for the vulture. Who will volunteer to inter the corpses in the sacked villages, which unhappily lay in the route? Who, after the battle, will bury the slain? There, as in the days of Homer, may the mangled bodies of men and horses lie "unburied on the naked shore;" but down come multitudes of vultures, wild dogs, hyenas, and other beasts of prey, thronging to the common feast from every part of the country:

"All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay."

The vulture is frequently mentioned in the sacred writings, and by comparing the scattered notices there with its manners, as we have endeavoured to illustrate them, it will be seen how well they agree. In Lev. xi. 14, we find it among the unclean animals forbidden as food to the Jews, doubtless from its impure and disgusting habits. Job alludes to its soaring flight, beyond the sphere of human vision, when he says, (chap. xxviii. 7,) "There is a path which no

fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." Isaiah, in allusion to its habit of assembling in flocks, says, (ch. xxxiv. 15.), "There shall the vultures be gathered, every one with her mate." In Matt. xxiv. 28, our Saviour alludes to its gathering round the dead to a banquet, when he says, "For whosoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." The term eagle, it may be observed, is to us an indefinite and general title for any large bird of prey; as it stands in the text, it strikingly points out the carrion-loving vulture.

—♦—
OLD HUMPHREY AT THE TROSACHS
AND GLENARTNEY FOREST.

As I proceeded from Stirling to Callander, by coach, a man, habited as a sailor, in a state of wretched intoxication, occupied a seat on the outside; he had with him a dog of rueful appearance, to which he seemed much attached. The man was very abusive to his fellow-travellers, and it afterwards appeared that, having a pension and some little property, he was a kind of chartered nuisance, being continually in his cups, and ever disposed to abuse those who were around him. The money he spent at the public-houses made him a welcome guest there, and the coachmen on the road, on this account, were but little disposed either to restrain or rebuke his excesses. In trying to find out some good point in his character, I was willing to give him credit for kindness to his dog; but when we arrived at the next road-side inn, he wantonly and inhumanly dashed down his dog from the roof of the coach to the ground. For the moment I thought the poor animal was killed, but, after a time, he raised himself on his legs and crawled away. "Poor cur," thought I, "would that thou hadst a better master; but his riches are his ruin. Had poverty been his portion, he might have been sober and civil; but while he has the means of revelling in excess, he will be a sore trouble to himself, and a sad master to thee." He that is given to drink cannot avoid sorrow and shame, for "A thorn goeth up into the hand of a drunkard," Prov. xxvi. 9.

I looked about me when I came to Doune, with surprise and pleasure, on the beauty of the scenery; for there the different objects around, both near and

remote, formed a picture perfect of its kind. The bridge was picturesque, the stream clear, the foliage of the trees abundant, the mansions handsome, and the castle, once one of the largest in Scotland, occupying a commanding station on the banks of the Teith, a noble ruin. Bridge, river, trees, mansions, castle, and distant hills all in admirable keeping one with another.

At Callander, a neat, clean, and regular-built village, at the foot of Benlidi, one of the Grampian range of mountains, I was taken exceedingly ill; and the medical friend who kindly prescribed for me, regarding me with a serious air, urged me not to consider my attack as unconnected with danger. I gratefully record the kindness of a fellow-tourist, who was then a stranger to me, and also the unremitted attention of the head waiter of the M'Gregor Hotel, who, had I been an elder brother, could hardly have watched over me with more considerate sympathy. The crisis of my attack passed, and I rapidly recovered from my extreme exhaustion:

How sweet it is to feel returning health,
To walk abroad 'mid nature's boundless wealth;
To gaze on glowing scenes, bright, fresh, and fair,
And breathe, with grateful hearts, the balmy air!

At Callander, I fell in with very agreeable company, among whom were a military officer, who had been much abroad, an intelligent member of the medical profession, and a gentlemanly geologist, who like myself was somewhat advanced in years. Profound in knowledge, fluent in language, and courteous in demeanour, his discourse was excellent. So much at home was he among mica, quartz and feldspar, sandstone, greywacke and granite, trap, gneiss, lias, volite, porphyry, hornblende and basalt, that he talked like one who had lived beneath the surface of the ground. He appeared to know, not only what Benlidi, Benmore, Benweavis, and Ben-y-gloe were made of, but also all other Bens in Scotland. Geology was his stronghold, and truly he was a stronghold in geology. Having confidence in his own knowledge, he was naturally enough very sceptical with regard to anything wearing the appearance of novelty. It happened, however, that when an occurrence of a somewhat superstitious kind was mentioned, he believed it at once; thus supplying another illustration of the fact, that the same mind may be at once sceptical

tical and credulous. As the occurrence related, though very extraordinary, and far beyond my powers of belief, rested entirely on the assertions of an old lady, I asked the geologist whether he would be content to believe any novel doctrine in geology, at variance with all his experience, on the same testimony?

I could speak loudly in praise of the neighbourhood of Callander, for many are its attractions. The Roman Camp, the pleasant banks of the Teith, the Callander Crags, the luxuriant woods of Charconzie, and the lochs and rivers of Lubnaig and Vennachar, are all worth the attention of the tourist. Brocklin Bridge, too, has its charms, for the impetuous water of the Keltic has there worn itself a pathway through the solid rock; rushing, boiling, and foaming, it forms almost every conceivable kind of cataract, before it leaps fifty feet headlong from its craggy bed to the agitated pool below. How varied are the forms of falling water!

Not far from Brocklin Bridge are the Braes of Doune, and the heights of Namvar, or Naigh Mor, which signifies "the great den." Naigh Mor is a rocky retreat, open at top, used probably in times gone by as a toil for deer. Tradition says it was once the home of a giant, but, in more modern times, it became the stronghold of robbers and banditti:

The rocky treasure-house of thriftless pains,
Of lawless rapine and ungodly gains.

A most agreeable ramble had I with the military officer, to see the Pass of Leny and Loch Lubnaig. The mighty Benlidi, lifting up its storm-beaten brow more than three thousand feet in the air, attracted our attention, not only because of its arresting appearance, but on account of its historical associations. Benlidi has often glowed with an idolatrous flame, having been one of those spacious temples, "hot made with hands," where the sun was worshipped instead of the Lord of lords and King of kings. Near its summit is Loch-au-nau-corp, the "small lake of dead bodies." The ice of this lake once broke as a funeral procession passed over it from Glenfinlas, and occasioned a dreadful disaster: two hundred persons were drowned: "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not," Job xiv. 1.

The rugged heights of Benlidi are in admirable keeping with the deep rift and hanging groves of the Pass of Leny. This frowning pass is, indeed, gloomy, magnificent, and sublime, its romantic scenery being greatly assisted by a succession of waterfalls, descending in all as much as two hundred feet. During our ramble, the captain and I had a friendly discussion on the evils of war. His candour surprised me.

Sir Walter Scott has flung such a charm over the neighbourhood of the Trosachs and Loch Katrine, and excited so much interest by his descriptive scenery, in his poem of "The Lady of the Lake," that his fiction has become little short of a fact in the minds of thousands. As I drew near the locality in question, I failed not to give myself up to the pleasant delusion. At the bridge of "Coilantogle Ford," where Fitz-James obtained his victory over Roderick Dhu, most tourists begin to realize the fancied creations of the poet. The muster-place of Clan Alpin was on a level headland near the west end of the Lake Vennachar. Near this the men of Roderick lay in ambush when the shrill whistle of their leader summoned them to his side, to the great astonishment of Fitz-James:

"Instant through copse and heath arose
Bonnetts and spears and bended bows;
On right and left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe.
From shingles grey their lances start,
The braken bush sends forth the dart;
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife."

At the bridge of Turk a road turns off for Glenfinlas, once a royal deer forest. The lofty mountains that inclose the glen, and the innumerable streams that flow in all directions, add much to the interest of the place. Nor is the deep and narrow ravine through which you pass to Glenfinlas unworthy of regard, with its shadowy gloom and thundering cataract,

"Whose waters their wild tumult toss,
Adown the black and craggy boss
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the hero's targe."

He must have a luxuriant imagination who could fancy a scene of its peculiar character more striking than that of the Trosachs, or "bristled territory." I know of nothing to which I can satisfactorily compare it. The number, size,

and varied forms of the rocks and hillocks, the romantic mingling of oak and hazel, mountain ash and birch, pines and ivy, and heather, with endless brawling streams, absolutely bewilder, as well as surprise and delight. While gazing on the fairy scene, resemblances and associations of the most whimsical kind present themselves to the mind. The place appears to be

The favourite haunt and sweetest solitude
Of sportive Nature in her wildest mood.

Nor is Loch Katrine less deserving of commendation; for its crystal waters, graceful form, and wooded headlands are lovely to the eye, while the bold mountains around it render it doubly attractive. Benvenue on the left and Benan on the right guard the pass to it from the Trosachs; and noble sentinels they are, the former being 2,800 feet high:

"High on the south huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd;
The fragments of an earlier world."

Loch Katrine, seen from the shore, is beautiful; but doubly so, seen from the lake itself, when the nature, the simplicity, the wildness, and the grandeur of the scene are heightened by the deep shadows of the surrounding mountains, shedding a solemnity on the crystal waters.

The rugged defile leading to Loch Katrine "is called Bealan-Duine, from the circumstance of a skirmish having taken place in it, between the natives and a party of Cromwell's soldiers, which ended in the defeat of the latter, one of whom was shot, and his grave is still to be seen on the spot where he fell. In revenge of his death, his comrades determined to plunder the small island at the eastern extremity of the lake, to which the natives had conveyed their women and children. One of the soldiers swam to the island, with the intention of bringing off the boat, as a means of transporting his party to the intended plunder; but on his arrival at the beach, a heroine, of the name of Helen Stuart, sprung from behind a rock, and severed his head from his body; on seeing which the party abandoned the enterprise."

In many parts of the Highlands, the tourist has to travel far from one place of attraction to another; but this is not the case in the neighbourhood of the Trosachs and Loch Katrine, for there he is surrounded by points of interest in every

direction. To the north-west of the Trosachs is the forest of Glenartney, where many a noble deer has been pulled down by the hound, or struck with a death-shot from the rifle of the deer-stalker.

The cruel sport of hunting has many advocates. It is said that, until a few years ago, they had, in the Isle of Wight, neither fox, polecat, nor badger, and that a few foxes were introduced, that they might be hunted. Already have foxes so increased there, that a liberal reward is offered for their destruction.

Hunters take credit to themselves for destroying such mischievous animals as foxes, and yet it appears they can introduce them to neighbourhoods where they are not known, on purpose to hunt them. Among the animals that are hunted in Scotland, are the red deer, the roe, the fox, the hare, the rabbit, the otter, the seal, and the badger; but I am about to speak of deer-stalking, which is considered the most aristocratic and noble of all Scottish sports.

The red deer, or stag, is the largest animal of the deer kind inhabiting the British isles. Anciently the sport of hunting the stag was reserved for royalty alone, but now it is not so. The great huntings of Scotland are known to most readers, and few there are who have not read the ballad of Chevy Chase. The Scottish kings used to have large herds of deer driven by them, that they might shoot them from an elevated position. This inhuman custom is not yet abandoned. When queen Victoria and prince Albert, in 1844, paid a visit to Blair Castle, it is said that some thousands of deer were collected together for their amusement.

I have, I think, already observed that a forest is not of necessity a tract of ground covered with trees, for some Scottish forests have very few trees in them, if they have any. "The defences of the stag consist in the wild nature of the ground; its bareness, which allows him to see strange objects at the distance of several miles from the spot where he and his hinds may be feeding; and the strongholds of the steep and lofty mountains. He, therefore, who in painting an ideal picture of a Highland forest, should select a portion of the noble oak scenery of the New Forest, or of Windsor, for his study from nature, would commit a most lamentable error."

In deer-stalking, a quick eye, an

elastic frame, extreme caution, enduring patience, and a spirit of perseverance are necessary; for so quick of sight, hearing, and smell is the deer, and so fleet of foot, that the opportunity once lost of securing the game is not easily recovered. The dog used in taking deer is a large rough kind of greyhound. In hunting hares and foxes, horsemen and hounds have to surmount hedges and ditches and five-barred gates; but in a deer forest the impediments in the way of the dog and the hunter are of a much more formidable character—rude broken ground, deep bogs, rifts in the earth forty or fifty feet deep, and broad and deep mountain streams, which the flying deer clears at a single bound.

I have now said enough of deer-stalking, and will therefore end my chapter with a verse, leaving the deer-stalkers all the honour and glory and humanity of their exciting sport :

Where, frowning dark on rude Loch Earn,
Benvoirlich's heights are piled,
The red deer roams, with flying foot,
Glenartney's forest wild.
Poor beast ! no death-shot from my hand
Shall wound thee in thy lair ;
No hound of mine thy panting heart
And trembling haunches tear.

DR. AUGUST NEANDER.

It may be necessary to inform some of our readers, that though Neander is a doctor in theology, a superior councillor of Consistory, and an examiner of candidates for the ministry, he is what may be termed a lay professor of theology. He has never, I think, received ordination, although entitled to demand it if he chose: he certainly never attempts to preach. It is, therefore, only in the University lecture-room on ordinary, and in the Aula on extraordinary, occasions, that an opportunity is presented of hearing him. The occupation of the lecture-room seems to have become a necessary part of his daily life. The room which he occupies is the largest *auditorium* in the University, having seats (with desks) for about three hundred hearers. (The number of professors and lecturers being very large, the students are distributed into a great many rooms.) Here he lectures, usually, twice or thrice every day, for three-quarters of an hour at a time, with intervals of a quarter of an hour between. No one who sees and hears him thus engaged, for the first

time, is likely soon to forget either that sight or that hearing. The students are assembled: a small, spare man, buttoned up in an old brown surtout, and having his trowsers tucked up at the tops of his boots, enters the room, holding a few papers in his hand, shuts the door hastily, steps upon a small dais furnished with an elevated desk, and immediately commences talking in a calm, measured, abstracted manner, while he leans his forehead upon his left hand, and this upon the desk before him. The small, well-turned head, with its tangled mass of jet-black hair,—those shaggy, portentous eyebrows,—those small but brilliant eyes, which seem anxious to shut out the earthly daylight, perhaps that they may dwell without hindrance upon the clearer light within,—that southern complexion,—those sensitive features,—and the rising enthusiasm of that deep-toned voice,—might well call forth expectation, if,—But did ever mortal eyes behold such extraordinary attitudes—such unaccountable gesticulation—such reckless defiance of all fashionable “Guides to Elocution?” Now, playing with an old pen, and twisting it into every possible fashion—now, scrutinizing every finger-nail in succession, with as much earnestness as if the lecture were written there—now, standing on one leg, while the other performs a series of rapid and indescribable gyrations—and now, again, groping after the black board that hangs against the wall behind him! Surely the man is possessed! Yea, verily, but not as thou wouldst insinuate. It were well that some of us, too, were possessed by the same powers that have mastered him. Think, for a moment, of what he is speaking! How shall one small body express, by any conceivable gesticulation, the spiritual throes, the mighty upheavings which precede or attend the conversion of a continent, the construction of a theology, the soul-birth of a reformer, the renovation of the Christian world? It is clearly a hopeless thing; and he, at least, will not make the attempt. Arms and legs are at liberty to become *disjecta membra* if they choose, so they will but refrain from impeding the man in the utterance of that clear, calm insight, and that strong conviction, which fill his soul to overflowing. Listen awhile; and if thou hast a heart for the noble, the good, the true—if the utterance of a faith as earnest as it is intelligent and discriminat-

ing has any power to awaken faith in thee,—thou shalt hear the long-drawn ages of the Christian past preaching to thee, by that voice, Christ, and him crucified, the help and hope of humanity, in all the possible varieties of its constitution, development, and combination; in such a manner, too, that the message itself is its own best evidence, and the history of Christianity becomes, at least for the moment, the most convincing apology for Christianity. — *Biblical Review*.

THE OBEDIENT.

"Whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely."
—Prov. i. 33.

A SHORT paper on the obedient may be, and, by the grace of God, will be, profitable. The duty of prompt obedience on the part of the creature springs out of the relation in which he stands to his Creator. He was made capable of rendering intelligent service to God. Endowed with powers of reflection and action, his reason and conduct ought to be placed constantly at the disposal of Him who thus endowed him. No occurrence in the moral history of man can either suspend or alter this duty. The entrance of sin, for instance, does not affect it. Indeed, sin itself is a breach of the duty, and departure from duty can never be urged as a reason why the obligation should cease; on the contrary, it forms an unanswerable argument for an immediate return to the abandoned path.

The change from loyalty to rebellion in the case of man, implies no change in the rights and claims of God. He is unchangeable. He has as much right to the hearty service of the creature endowed with the smallest share of intellect as he has to that of the most abundantly gifted power in the heavenly world. He demands the improvement of "one" talent as righteously as he does that of "ten." The amount of donation is not the question, but the fact of donation. The light that enables its possessor simply to discern between good and evil is as surely the gift of the Father of lights, as is that possessed by the "living creatures that stand round about the throne," and that are "full of eyes." The possibility of any circumstance, or series of circumstances, that shall make it true of any creature that he ceases to owe allegiance to the Divine sceptre is utterly incon-

ceivable; and He has as much right to the service of the wicked as to that of the holy. On the angels which kept not their first estate, the claims of God are just what they were at the period of their creation. Nor is the case altered by the fact of creatures possessing no verbal revelation of the will of God. Reason and conscience proclaim to them that they ought to serve God. Having no written law, they "are a law unto themselves," Rom. ii. 14. Nor, when we ascend the glorious mount of observation regarding the ways of God, furnished by the gospel, and contemplate the great redemption, with its sublime doctrines and spiritual precepts, is there perceptible the least change in this fundamental truth. Neither the predestination to life, nor the election of grace, nor the adoption of children, suspends the duty of the man to obey his Sovereign constantly. Alas! that these sublime doctrines should have been dragged from their holy associations in the economy of mercy, to uphold the contemptible edifice of antinomianism—a thing as repugnant to reason as it is insulting to Christianity. For what is the fact? Does not the system of grace adduce new motives for that obedience which was always the creature's duty? Does it not add fresh and irresistible arguments to those already written on the conscience, and in the moral law, for the immediate exertion of all the intelligent powers of man in the service of God? Does it not set unexampled mercy by the side of original claim, as a reason why rebellion should cease, and loyalty commence? And are not the special privileges understood by the sublime doctrines just named, the grants of pure sovereignty, and therefore the highest conceivable appeal of the Sovereign to the recipients of those privileges, to be holy in thought, word, and deed? This view of the case seems to us reasonable; and that it is Scriptural, we appeal to the whole New Testament.

We have thus condensed, or rather merely introduced, the argument for uniform and universal obedience wherever an intelligent creature exists, purposing to look at it in, probably, the most extraordinary form in which it is manifested among any class of intelligences—the form of Christian service. A remark seems necessary here, to prevent misconception; namely, that though we have spoken of the manifestation of Christian obedience, it is, alas! often intermitting, and, at

best, incomplete in this world; but we rejoice that Christian service is neither confined to this world nor limited by time; it will change its place of action and some of the aspects of its ministration, but the spring of that action, and the motive of that ministry, will be the same in heaven that they are on earth.

In the obedient we see a man who hears in the Holy Scriptures the voice of God. The belief that "God hath spoken" in former times "by the prophets," and in these last days "by his Son," is not a transitory thought, but an abiding conviction. It is an assurance—a reality—a substance—the foundation of other realities, and the living spring of his Christian conduct. What he reads in the Bible, therefore, becomes to him an oracle—a light—a guide. He believes that the gospel has been proclaimed for "obedience to the faith among all nations," Rom. i. 5, or that it is to be "made known to all nations for the obedience of faith," (ch. xvi. 26,) and that it is consequently his duty to bring "into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," 2 Cor. x. 5. He feels it to be the highest honour of any man to be chosen "according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ," 1 Pet. i. 2; that "to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams," 1 Sam. xv. 22; and that the precept, "Obey my voice," with its associated promise, "and I will be your God," Jer. vii. 23, enjoins an obvious duty, and assigns an attractive inducement for performing it. He knows that to whom men yield themselves servants to obey, his servants they are to whom they obey, Rom. vi. 16; that Jesus is "the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him," Heb. v. 9; and in all his religious duties, therefore, he acts upon the principle, "We ought to obey God rather than men," Acts v. 29.

Knowing that the kingdom of Christ is essentially spiritual, the obedient man examines the state of his own heart. Fidelity in this department of duty he knows to be among the primary characteristics of loyalty to his King. Hence the unseen region of thought, motive, and principle is investigated under the light of the Bible, and in the presence of Him who "tries the reins." Error here will produce its counterpart in life and action. Insufficient motives, though they

may be right so far as they have power, will produce hesitancy and indecision in conduct. False motives will lead to positive wrong-doing. The zeal which they inspire will urge to conduct at variance with the practice which God approves. But motives at once right and sufficient will impel the obedient to devote soul, body, and spirit to the honourable service of the Son of God. They will pour light on his path, and joy into his heart, and glory around his brow. Such motives, other things being equal, have made the apostle who has turned the world upside down; and the Christian conqueror, who has hurled mountains into the sea, and feared no created power in the prosecution of his work in the face of leagued potentates; and the heroic martyr, who has pointed to his funeral fire as a light struck to illumine the nations. The great Master, though he had no mental darkness with which to contend, and was in no danger from either weak or erroneous motives, has pointed to the secret of his devotedness to the service of God, and by so doing has set the example to his obedient followers: "Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart," Psa. xl. 7, 8. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Luke ii. 49. "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandise. And his disciples remembered that it was written, The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up," John ii. 16, 17. "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work," John iv. 33. "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work," John ix. 4. "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me," John vi. 38. These and such passages teach the obedient disciple the duty of examining the character of his motives, whilst He to whom these passages refer has left an example for perpetual imitation.

In his conduct regarding any given object of exertion, the obedient man is regulated by the answer to the question, "What saith the Scripture?" The plausibility of any given enterprise is not enough, nor its popularity, nor the patronage under which it appears, nor its expediency, nor its seeming adaptation to the accomplishment of even a good end. He inquires whether it be

sanctioned by Bible precedent—such precedent as was intended to be followed—or precept, or approving allusion, or Christian principle, or by the genius of the gospel? If to each of these questions he is obliged to return a negative answer, all that was said in favour of the enterprise amounts to nothing, as a rule to him. He must stand aloof from it. If, on the other hand, the enterprise be destitute of all the recommendations given, with the exception that its object is good, according to the Christian definition of the term; though it lack plausibility, popularity, and patronage, and though, in the estimation even of its friends, it appear, as to time and circumstances, inexpedient, yet if his questions issue in an affirmative answer, his course is decided; his resolution is taken; it is the will of God, interpreted by the accordance of the project with Christian principles, and as an obedient disciple he has no other question to ask. It is his duty to devote his energies to its interests, and he does so in calm confidence of ultimate success. Numerous historical instances, both ancient and modern, occur to memory as we write, which might be selected to illustrate these remarks. Let one suffice, which, from its character, will be unexceptionable—we mean the diffusion of the gospel by its earliest advocates. What could be more Utopian—what more absurd—judging by every ordinary rule of human conduct—than the enterprise on the part of a handful of men, chiefly uneducated, poor, and all despised, to fill the world with the doctrines of such a system as Christianity—a system hated by the Jew as blasphemous, and ridiculed by the Greek as folly? There was no plausibility about the project. It was the very essence of extravagance, fit only to be laughed into annihilation. It had no popularity, its friends being few, and belonging to “the offscouring of all things.” It had no patronage, no roll of influential names to call attention to it. And the time was most inexpedient, judged by the same rules. The Founder of the religion, who was execrated by the Jews as an impostor, and blasphemer, and reported to the Gentile powers as a rebel and an aspirant to the rights of Cæsar, had only just been executed amidst the mockery and at the request of the former, and by the servants of the latter. Why not wait a more fitting opportunity for preaching the doctrine of a crucified Man? And

the place, too, where they commenced their ministrations—Jerusalem. Why begin in the city of the crucifixion? Were it not wiser to travel to the east, or to seek as the first field of operations some distant place, where they might introduce the new doctrine with less probability of opposition? No; they reasoned not with flesh. Their answer to all these questions was short, apposite, and to themselves satisfactory—“So hath the Lord commanded—we cannot but preach.” The glorious issue is known to the world, and the subject of constant praise by the church.

The obedient Christian considers the claims of Christ on his constant devotedness. These claims are all-pervading. They require the tribute of his thoughts, affections, feelings, acquisitions, time, property, and influence. They extend to his soul and body; to life, death, and eternity. He is not his own, but bought with a price; therefore he has to glorify God in his body and spirit, which are God's. He feels that they are brought home to him by original right, and preserving mercy, and forbearing kindness, and providential goodness, and redeeming love, and converting grace, and Scriptural privileges, and sanctifying influence; that they are urged by royal authority, for Christ is King; and priestly intercession, for Christ is Mediator; and communicated instruction, for Christ is Prophet; and that they are enforced by his own voluntary profession; for he has renounced rebellion, and enrolled himself among the spiritually loyal, and repented of sin, and entered the school of holy discipleship. Moreover, all the inferences drawn from the degradation, wretchedness, and ruin from which he has been delivered; from the spiritual privileges and enjoyments of which he is the possessor; and from the happy immortality which he has in prospect, swell the arguments for constant devotedness to the service of the Lord Christ. In view of these considerations, his language is,

“All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whatever my duty bids me give
My cheerful hands resign.

Yea, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all!”

The obedient Christian considers the necessities of the world as a fresh call to

devotedness. On every shore, the enemy of God has planted his foot; on every land, the usurper has erected his standard; in every unchanged heart, the seeds of moral corruption find a congenial soil. The obedient disciple knows that the thrones of the nations belong to the Son of God, and that the opposition to his rule is to be overcome by his own power, acting through the agency of those that love his name. He feels it, therefore, to be at once a privilege and a duty to come "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." It is not enough to endeavour to show by his personal example that he fears God, and is under "the power of the world to come." There are things which his hand finds to do, though the least among the brethren; labours in the vineyard in which he can engage, though but a child in his own esteem; toils which he can undergo, even though they expose him to the burden and heat of the day; exertions which he can put forth, even though he should "suffer shame for the name of Christ;" "good works" which he can perform, even at the risk of opprobrious names; sacrifices which he can make, though in making them he be called "a fool for Christ's sake;" truths which he can tell, although in telling them he be deemed an "enemy;" souls which he can "pull out of the fire," though branded with enthusiasm for his compassion; seeds which he can scatter, though they be watered with tears; and evils which he can denounce, though hunted as "the troubler of Israel." Can he prophesy? Let it be according to the proportion of faith. Can he minister? Let him wait on his ministering. Can he speak? Let him speak as the oracles of God. Can he give? Let him do it with simplicity? Can he rule? Let him do it with diligence. Can he show mercy? Let him do it with cheerfulness. Can he love? Let it be without dissimulation. If he cannot stand in the place of the learned, he may be a man of wisdom and integrity; let him "serve tables." If he be a man of influence, let him use it. If of wealth, let him lay it on the Saviour's altar. If of patient continuance in well doing, let him feed the Redeemer's lambs. If he compassionates the multitude, let him go about doing good, and carry the bread of life to them in the lanes and streets of the city. If he cannot do these things, let him be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord. If he be merry, let him sing psalms. If he

suffer unjustly, let him suffer as a Christian. If he be afflicted, let him pray. Whatever may be the circumstances, personal, mental, or pecuniary, of the obedient disciple, there can be no loss for work for him in the present state of the great world; so that we need not put Peter's strange question, "What shall this man do?" There is work for all who are obedient; there is "much rubbish" to be cleared away before the broken walls of Jerusalem be repaired, and she become a praise in the earth. If one cannot "build on the wall," he can "bear burdens;" and if not that, he can "lade them." The work will speedily be accomplished, when it can be said, "Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon," Neh. iv. 17.

The obedient Christian performs his duties on evangelical principles. This remark seems almost superfluous after what has been said. We have frequently thought whilst writing these lines, that the adjective "obedient," in connexion with the noun "Christian," is something like the tautology of an idea; for the word "Christian," in its proper sense, implies obedience; yet its lax use among us determined me to retain the form of expression; and, for the same reason, I have just remarked that the man under notice performs his duties on evangelical principles. That is to say, they are performed, not to have praise of men, but conscientiously, as in the sight of God his Saviour. Whatsoever he does, he does it heartily, as to the Lord, and not to men. To him "it is a small matter to be judged of men's judgment." As "in the sight of God," he so speaks and acts as one that must give account. As a steward of the manifold gifts of God, he desires to occupy till his Lord come. And he performs his duty—such as it is; but, alas! he is conscious how wretched the performance is, and what need he has of pardoning mercy, even for what the world would call his good deeds—not as a work of merit, but as one of gratitude; not of righteousness, but of faith and love. He toils not to lay the foundation, but from joy that it has been already laid; not that he may escape death, but because he has been "made alive from the dead." The foundation laid in Zion is that on which he builds; the sacrifice of Calvary, that which he pleads; the atonement of the Saviour, that by which he "draws near;" and the mercy of God,

in Christ, that to which he "looks for eternal life;" whilst his habitual prayer is, that the influences of the Holy Spirit may make him "meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light." In short, he loves Christ because he first loved him; and from his heart he says,

"Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done."

W. L.

CONVERSATION WITH A JESUIT.

THE rev. Hobart Seymour had, a short time ago, various conversations with the Jesuits at Rome. In one of them he referred to the ignorance that prevailed as to the Scriptures. He thus states the result:

"The professor of dogmatic theology replied by saying, that although it was very true that the people were wholly unacquainted with the nature of the Holy Scriptures, yet it was very incorrect to suppose that the Catholic church was opposed to their reading them,—that the church set a great value on the sacred volume, and venerated it too highly to let it be used commonly or indiscriminately; that, so far from forbidding its circulation and perusal, the church permitted it to all whom she thought likely to profit by it, and forbade it only to those who, being ignorant, would be likely to pervert and misapply it; but that it was a great mistake, and indeed a calumny against the Catholic church, to say that she was opposed to the full and unrestricted use and circulation of the Scriptures.

"The answer I made to this was, that having resided many years among a Roman Catholic population in Ireland, I had always found that the sacred volume was forbidden to them; and that since I came to Italy, and especially to Rome, I observed the most complete ignorance of the Holy Scriptures, and that it was ascribed by themselves to a prohibition on the part of the church.

"He at once stated that there must be some mistake, as the book was permitted to all who could understand it, and was,

in fact, in very general circulation in Rome.

"I said that I had heard the contrary, and that it was impossible to procure a copy of the Holy Scriptures in the Italian tongue in the city of Rome,—that I had so heard from an English gentleman who had resided there for ten years,—that I looked upon the statement as scarcely credible,—that I wished much to ascertain the matter for my own information,—that I had one day resolved to test this by visiting every bookselling establishment in the city of Rome,—that I had gone to the bookshop belonging to the Propaganda Fide,—to that patronized by his holiness the Pope,—to that which was connected with the Collegio Romano, and was patronized by the order of the Jesuits,—to that which was established for the supply of English and other foreigners,—to those which sold old and second-hand books,—and that in every establishment, without exception, I found that the Holy Scriptures were not for sale. I could not procure a single copy in the Roman language, and of a portable size, in the whole city of Rome; and that when I asked each bookseller the reason of his not having so important a volume, I was answered in every instance, "*E proibito*," or "*Non é permesso*,"—that the volume was prohibited, or that it was not permitted to be sold. I added that Martini's edition was offered to me in two places, but it was in twenty-four volumes, and at a cost of 105 francs, (that is, four pounds sterling,) and that under such circumstances I could not but regard the Holy Scriptures as a prohibited book, at least in the city of Rome.

"He replied by acknowledging that it was very probable that I could not find the volume in Rome, especially as the population of Rome was very poor, and not able to purchase the sacred volume; and that the real reason the Scriptures were not at the booksellers, and also were not in circulation, was, not that they were forbidden or prohibited by the church, but that the people of Rome were too poor to buy them.

"I replied, that they probably were too poor, whether in Rome or in England, to give 105 francs for the book; but that the clergy of Rome, so numerous and wealthy, should do as in England, namely, form an association for cheapening the copies of the Scriptures.

"He said in reply, that the priests were too poor to cheapen the volume,

and that the people were too poor to purchase it.

"I then stated, that if this was really the case,—that if there was no prohibition against the sacred volume,—that if they would be willing to circulate it, and that really and sincerely there was no other objection than the difficulties arising from the price of the book, that difficulty should at once be obviated: I would myself undertake to obtain from England, through the Bible Society, any number of Bibles that could be circulated, and that they should be sold at the lowest possible price, or given freely and gratuitously to the inhabitants of Rome. I stated that the people of England loved the Scriptures beyond all else in this world, and that it would be to them a source of delight and thanksgiving to give for gratuitous circulation any number of copies of the sacred volume that the inhabitants of Rome could require.

"He immediately answered, that he thanked me for the generous offer, but that there would be no use in accepting it, as the people of Rome were very ignorant,—were in a state of brutal ignorance,—were unable to read anything, and therefore could not profit by reading the Scriptures, even if we supplied them gratuitously."

SCRIPTURE MINERALS AND JEWELS.

ALABASTER.

"Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, there came unto him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head as he sat at meat."—Matt. xxvi. 6, 7.

To obtain some idea of the nature of alabaster, let us visit in imagination the grotto of Antiparos. From the immense roof thousands of icicles are suspended; and from these hang festoons of leaves and flowers of the same substance. After passing through several passages, we come to the grotto, the sides and roof of which are covered with thick coats of calcareous matter. Stalactites*, ten or twelve feet long, hang down from the ceiling, as thick as a man's waist; and on the floor are large heaps, like broken

* A Greek word, signifying "dropping." These icicles of marble or alabaster are formed by the water which runs from the lime-stone mountains, dropping through the roof of the caves. As soon as the water is exposed to the air, the lime it contains hardens, and by the continual dropping the pieces increase in size.

columns and stumps of trees.* This is the "alabaster grot."

This substance is found in other mountains and caves in Germany, France, Tuscany, Derbyshire, etc. A traveller says, that at Adelsberg there is a cavern where the stalactites have formed themselves like folds of linen, and so thin as to be semi-transparent. Some are like shirt-ruffles, having a hem, and looking as if they were embroidered; and there is one called the "curtain," which hangs in folds like a white sheet of linen.

The name alabaster is said to be derived from *Alabastron*, a town in Egypt, where small vessels were made of a stone found in the mountains near. The ancients made vessels for holding perfumes and precious ointments of alabaster, which Pliny says were well adapted for the purpose. These vessels were generally made large at the bottom and narrow at the top, so as to be easily stopped up and sealed. Egyptian druggists, at the present day, keep their perfumes, etc., in vases or boxes of alabaster. Vessels made of other substances, as glass, silver, or gold, were, on account of their shape, frequently called alabaster. Hence Theocritus speaks of "gilded alabasters of Syrian ointment;" and Herodotus also, in his enumeration of presents sent by Cambyse to the king of Ethiopia, mentions an "alabaster of odoriferous ointment."

Miss Sedgwick tells us that there is in the museum at Pompeii, "A cup as large round as the top of a pint bowl, made of alabaster, with a rim of sardonyx, and on one side a group of seven figures in bas-relief."

The Chinese make vases and figures of alabaster, which, being soft, works up easily into a variety of forms. Similar articles are also manufactured in Derbyshire, and many toys are sold in London made of this substance. Miss Morton says, that the image of Diana, which she saw at Ephesus, was made of alabaster.

It was a custom in the east for the master of the house to show his respect, and to honour his guest, by anointing his head with precious perfumes, Ps. xxiii. 5; xlv. 7. "Hence the act of Mary, in anointing the head of her Lord, as he sat at meat in the house of Simon, was agreeable to the established custom of the country, and she did not more on that occasion than what the rules of politeness should

* "Caves of the Earth," published by the Religious Tract Society.

have taught Simon to have done to his guest. . . . The balsam (for they used balsam in Judæa at their public entertainments) was contained in a box of alabaster, whose mouth was stopped with cotton, upon which melted wax was poured so as effectually to exclude the air.* The Scripture informs us, (Mark xiv. 3, Luke vii. 37,) that the woman "brake the vessel;" this was a mode of speech for breaking the cement or seal. Since it was considered in those days an act of respect to pour perfumed oil, and that of the most expensive kind, upon the head of a distinguished guest, how wanting in courtesy was Simon, who could thus refuse to the Saviour this customary token of regard. How gently did the Saviour reprove him, by allowing Mary to come and anoint him!

"Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Let me not ungrateful be;
Let my words and whole behaviour
Prove I love and honour thee."

It was probably an alabaster box which is referred to in 2 Kings ix. 3.

AMBER.

"And I looked, and behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself; and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber."—Ezek. i. 4; viii. 2.

Amber (Heb. *chasmal*, Greek, *electron*.) is supposed to be a hardened vegetable juice, which is most likely the case, leaves and insects being often found imbedded in it. It is one of the most electric substances known, and, by friction, produces light in the dark. By rubbing a piece of this substance briskly till it became heated, it was found to attract and repel light bodies. This principle was called electricity, from the Greek word *electron*, amber.

Amber is a substance somewhat harder than resin, transparent, of a yellowish colour, bitter in taste, something like myrrh, and capable of a bright polish; on account of which, the ancients reckoned it among gems of the first class, and employed it in all kinds of ornamental dress. Malte Bruun conjectures that the *aromalites*, or aromatic stone of the ancients, was amber. The colour which resembled wax and honey-yellow was most esteemed by them, not only for beauty, but for solidity. The high esteem in which it is held is shown by the statement of Pliny that, in his days, a small piece of amber was more than

* Paxton.

equal in value to a strong and robust slave.*

It is used in this country for making necklaces, snuff-boxes, and bracelets, etc. And easterns, at the present day, make mouth-pieces to their tobacco-pipes of the same material, which they highly prize. It is sometimes used for money. A traveller writes, "We paid for what we wanted in little coarse pieces of amber."

This substance is found in different parts of the world; but mostly on the shores of the Baltic sea. It is met with floating on the coast, particularly after tempests; and in beds of wood-coal in different parts of Europe,—often in mines far from the sea, and in Birmah. As many as one hundred and fifty tons were picked up in one year on the sea-shore near Pillau, in Prussia.

The ancients used amber as a medicine. How the Hebrews obtained it we are not told. But as the Phœnicians traded with Spain, there is very little doubt but they carried it to Tyre. A classic writer asserts that the Phœnicians brought amber from the Northern Sea.

Learned men are not entirely agreed whether that which we call amber is meant in Ezek. i. 4; viii. 2; or whether the prophet intended a precious metal of gold and silver, which is also called by the Hebrew name. But as he says, "of the colour of amber," there is no great reason why one should not be meant as well as the other, seeing that amber could be so brightly polished.†

AMETHYST.

"And the foundations of the walls of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst."—Rev. xxi. 19.

"This," says Mr. King, "is not only a description of what must be exceedingly beautiful in its appearance, but is moreover manifestly corresponding with the mode of building among the ancient Romans, who, it is well known, constructed their walls from the bottom to the top with alternate layers, or rows of bricks, and of white stone, and sometimes of black flints. Each of these layers was always of considerable thickness, or breadth; and while their different colours formed a beautiful appearance to the eye, and were a most elegant kind of ornament, this mode of placing materials of different dimensions and substance in alternate rows greatly strengthened the work."

* See Pictorial Bible, † Ibid.

Thus, while the description of the walls of the heavenly city here given is quite in accordance with the eastern ideas of magnificence, purity, beauty, strength, and solidity, in their palaces, it also sets forth by this elegant figure how infinitely transcendent is the splendour and durability of the "city which hath foundations," whose Builder and Maker is God.

There are two kinds of amethysts, the oriental and the common. The former is the most valuable, the hardest, and the most scarce; and is generally considered to be the same in every respect as the stone mentioned in Rev. xxi. 19, and as one of the stones in the breastplate of the high priest, Exod. xxviii. 19; xxxix. 12. The common amethyst is plentiful in the Altai mountains, in Siberia, and on the continent. The dark granitic rocks of Sinai also contain amethyst.* This stone is found in masses or rounded pieces; but more generally in crystals, in the form of a six-sided prism, tapering at one or both ends, like a six-sided pyramid. When struck against a steel it will give out sparks in the same manner as the common flint. If broken, it will sometimes be found to contain a cavity filled with water like quartz; and, like it, is infusible with a common blow-pipe.† Its colour is derived from iron and manganese being mixed with it; it is generally considered to be common quartz thus coloured.

The amethyst is in great request for making seals or brooches. Miss Sedgwick says, that in the museum at Pompeii, there is a collection of precious gems, and among them a quantity of amethysts, cut into fine cameos. The Persians had cups and vases made of amethysts, and hence it became a saying among them, that wine taken out of an amethystine cup could not inebriate.‡ The Arabs foolishly believe that the amethyst, by being bound round the body, will dissolve all effects of intoxication.

The JACINTH, or Hyacinth (*Uakinthos*, Rev. ix. 17), seems to be a variety of the amethyst. It is found in rivers and streams in the east, along with rubies, sapphires, etc. "The following statement is very nearly true, and will be easily remembered; a certain gem in hardness and brilliancy next to the diamond, was called a jacinth, or hyacinth, by the ancients, when of a violet colour;

an amethyst, when of a rosy red; a sapphire, when blue; and an emerald, when green."* Zircon is the principal ingredient of the hyacinth.

The following is an ancient poet's enumeration of the precious stones, with reference to various passages of Scripture, and their general colour:

"T is thus rapacious misers swell their store,
To diamonds diamonds add, and ore to ore:
Turquoises next their weaker minds surprise,
Rich, deeply assured, like Italian skies.
Then are the fiery rubies to be seen,†
And emeralds tinctured with the rainbow's
green,‡
Translucent beryl,§ flame-eyed chrysolite,||
And sardonyx, refresher of the sight.¶
With these the empurpled amethyst combines,**
And topaz, veined with rivulets, mildly shines.

BDELLIUM.

"There is bdellium and the onyx stone."—Gen. ii. 12.

"The manna was as coriander seed, and the colour thereof as the colour of bdellium."—Num. xi. 7.

Critics are not agreed as to what stone is here intended. In the Septuagint, the word in Gen. ii. 12, is translated *Anthraka*, a carbuncle; and in Numb. xi. 7, *Krustallon*, a crystal. Some read the Hebrew word *Bedolah*, *berolah*, a mistake which may easily occur, the letters *d* and *r* in Hebrew being much alike. It is very probable, however, that the bdellium of Gen. ii. 12, was some precious stone. And perhaps it was, as Dr. Hill thinks, a species of beryl-crystal, like small pieces of ice, such as it is described in Exod. xvi. 31; Numb. ix. 7.

That which we call bdellium is a gummy, resinous substance like wax, bitter in taste, and fragrant in smell, somewhat resembling myrrh, with which it is often mingled. It is of a dusky colour. It abounds in the eastern countries. Pliny tells us that the best is to be obtained in Bactria, where the tree that yields it is of a black colour, of the size of the olive. Its leaves are as large as those of the oak; and its fruit like the caper. It is also found in Arabia, in pieces of various sizes, some of which are as large as the hazel-nut. When fresh it is of a very softening and cleansing character.

* "Illustrated Commentary."

† "Nazarites more ruddy in body than rubies."
—Lam. iv. 7.

‡ Rev. iv. 3. § Ezek. xxviii. 13; Dan. x. 6.

|| Rev. xxi. 20. ¶ Rev. xxi. 20.

** Exod. xxviii. 19.

* Crichton's "Arabia." † "Penny Cyclopædia."
‡ The Greek word signifies "unintoxicating."

BERYL.

"The appearance of the wheels was as the colour of a beryl stone."—Ezek. x. 9.

The beryl (Heb., *Tarshish*. Greek, *Berullos*;) is a compound of glucina,* with silice, alumina, lime, and oxide of iron. It is transparent, and very nearly allied to the emerald, but harder. It varies in size from that of a small tare to a bean or walnut, and is found in the largest and most perfect state in India; it is also obtained in Peru, China, and Silesia, and the mountains of Dauria. Its colour varies from a bluish-green to the palest sea-water; hence our jewellers call it *aqua-marina*. It is considered by some to derive its Hebrew name from its resemblance to the sea; and the word is so translated, Psa. xlviii. 7: "Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish (of the sea) with an east wind."

This stone was one of the precious gems in the breastplate of Aaron, Exod. xxviii. 20. Solomon, in describing the beauty and grace which is in Christ Jesus, says, "His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl," Sol. Song v. 14. The easterners often adopt this figurative method of conveying their ideas. For instance, to describe a beautiful female they will say, "Her skin is the colour of gold; her lips are as coral; her teeth are like beautiful pearls."—"Behold that youth, his eyes are like sapphires set in silver." (See Dan. x. 4—6). When an Egyptian hails an acquaintance, he says, "May your days be white," and the only reply is, "May yours be like milk." This seems to be a figure for pleasurable or joyous days. The idol Vishnoo is said to be surrounded with a sea of milk, and washing with milk is very agreeable and refreshing. This stone is also used among other symbols by the prophet Ezekiel, (i. 16; x. 9) to represent the purity and harmony of the providential dealings of God: "The appearance of the wheels was as the colour of a beryl-stone." It is again used in the description of the New Jerusalem, Rev. xxi. 20. How condescending of the Almighty to human weakness to employ figurative language to convey to our minds instruction of the highest importance! "I have used similitudes by the ministry of the prophets."

* Glucina is an earth, of a sweet taste, infusible with fire and insoluble with water; but combining with acids, making with them soluble salts. The metal which is the base of this earth is called glucinum.

BRIMSTONE, OR SULPHUR.

"The Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire."—Gen. xix. 24.

Sulphur (Heb., *Gophrith*. Greek, *Theion*) is one of the most inflammable substances known; and will melt in fire but not in water. The meaning of the word sulphur is, the burning or fiery-stone. This substance is obtained in most parts of the world, but is very abundant in volcanic regions. It doubtless helps to feed those terrific fires of the earth, which occasionally burst forth in all their fury, pouring liquid lava upon the valleys beneath, and overwhelming cities in destruction. The smoke which issues from the craters of volcanoes smells strongly of sulphur; indeed, this substance is often found incrusting round the mouths of these burning mountains.

Italy and Sicily produce the best and purest sulphur. It also exists in some of our mineral springs, as that at Harrogate in Yorkshire. It is found in the combination of several metallic ores, which are called pyrites, or sulphurets of iron, zinc, copper, lead, etc. By roasting these pyrites we obtain much of the sulphur for our use, which being poured into moulds, forms what is called roll-sulphur. In one of its forms, it exists in some plants and juices; this may be proved by leaving a silver spoon in the mustard, or in the white of an egg; as the colour of the spoon will be changed to a blackish tinge. It is the presence of this principle in *assafoetida* which causes it to smell so disagreeably. Silver put into the same pocket with sulphur loses its brightness.

Sulphur has been applied to a variety of purposes. As a medicine it is very useful. To it we are much indebted for the ease with which we obtain fire for the candle, or the wood and coals. It is also used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid, and that most destructive article, gunpowder. There appears to be an allusion to its appropriation for this latter purpose in Rev. ix. 17, 18. Many eminent expositors of the Revelation agree in supposing that the flashes of fire, attended by smoke and brimstone, whereby "men were killed," which seemed to proceed from the mouths of the horses, were really the flashes of artillery. The heads of the horses alone would be seen through the sulphureous smoke, while in reality the flashes and smoke pro-

ceeded from the cannon. The whole appears imagery of a battle scene, and is thought to refer to the Turks, who first turned to account the invention of gunpowder in carrying on their wars.*

"The Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire (or burning brimstone)." As these cities were situated in the vale of Siddim, which, as the sacred writer informs us, was full of bitumen pits, many learned men are of opinion that it does not detract from the supernatural character of this awful visitation to suppose that the wonder-working God saw fit to employ natural agencies in effecting the purposes of his will. And it is thought that as sulphur exists in the neighbouring hills, it might have been ignited by lightning and poured down like rain upon the vale below. The quantity of pitch already existing in the vale would be set on fire, and thus the cities would be destroyed and the character of the valleys changed.†

Be this as it may, the statement of the sacred writer is clear, and we may safely interpret it as implying a shower of inflamed sulphur or nitre. At the same time it is evident that the whole plain underwent a simultaneous convulsion, which seems referable to the consequences of a bituminous explosion. In accordance with this view, we find the materials, as it were, of this awful visitation near at hand.‡ For, at the present day, sulphur is found on the shores of the Dead Sea, which occupies the site of the cities of the plain: and the Arabs obtain enough from the cliffs to make their own gunpowder. Irby and Mangles collected on the southern coasts lumps of fine sulphur from the size of a nutmeg up to that of a small hen's egg, which it was evident from their situation had been brought down from the neighbouring hills by the rain.

The once fruitful plains are now desolate and barren, as is testified by travellers. "The whole land thereof is brimstone, and salt, and burning," Deut. xxix. 23. How impressive is the language of Scripture! "And Abraham gat up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord; and he looked towards Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and behold, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

* Bush.

† "Pictorial Bible."

‡ "Modern Traveller."

"There would he feed his eye on verdant plains,
Sodoma's green retreats, that, water'd well,
Bloom'd like another Eden.—Ah! how changed!
A lovely scene no more. Where plenty smiled,
And gaiety and pleasures led the jocund hours;
Sulphureous vapours, flame, and pitchy smoke
Ascend in volumes dire. Her towers and fane
are whelm'd
In one promiscuous ruin!"

Such was the awful judgment by which a beautiful and fertile district was converted into the wide expanse of waters, since called the Dead Sea, beneath whose waves are buried the sites of several cities, the inhabitants of which had sinned to a most fearful extent. This destruction is often referred to in Scripture as an example of Divine wrath against sin, and as typical of hell, the place of everlasting punishment, described by the apostle as the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.*

"Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples; and they are written for our admonition," 1 Cor. x. 11.

It is well known that a drop of burning sulphur let fall upon the flesh causes great pain, and is very difficult to heal. Hence many passages of Scripture represent the misery and destruction that shall come upon the wicked, by fire and brimstone: "Upon the wicked he shall rain fire and brimstone," Psa. xi. 6.—(See also Isa. xxx. 33; Rev. xxi. 8.) The heathen idolaters, too, use similar language in describing the punishment which their gods will inflict upon the rebellious: "The fiery rain shall descend upon them." Livy says it was a custom among the ancients to burn brimstone in the house of the deceased, as expressive of deep trouble and sorrow. And it may be in allusion to this practice that Bildad, describing the miserable end of the hypocrite, said, "Brimstone shall be scattered on his habitation." H. H.

TALKATIVENESS.

MEN are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say; but, from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with two tongues and one eye: for those talk the most who have observed the least, and obtrude their remarks upon anything, who have seen into nothing.—Colton.

* "History of the Jews," vol. i.

THE MARQUIS OF VICO.

No. II.

THOUGH Galeazzo received such earnest encouragements on the one hand, yet, on the other, he met with serious hindrances in running the race that was set before him. The mockings, reproaches, and hatred of an ungodly world, which never fails to attack those who truly turn from the world to follow Christ, gave him comparatively little concern; but he was alive to the displeasure of his parent, who could not be satisfied to see his reluctance to push himself further into notice. The marquis was very zealous for his own religion, but he saw, with much uneasiness, that his son had joined himself to a new sect. Often did he reprove him for this, and call upon him with all the weight of the authority of a father, to banish from his mind these melancholy thoughts. This was very painful to Galeazzo, who had never refused to render to his father all due obedience and respect. Nor was it less distressing to him to see his wife, a woman of good understanding and amiable conduct, differ from him in regard to the one thing needful. As she was sure that his altered views would not fail to bring disgrace on him and all his family, she ceased not to lament over him, with tears and complaints; and most of the higher class in Naples, who were allied to him by the ties of kindred and friendship, and who used to include him in all their parties of pleasure, regretted that he withdrew from them and sought retirement. His office at court also required a severe struggle with his feelings. The subjects of discourse there were entirely opposed to religion and the things of God, and frequent mention was made of the severe measures which ought to be used with those who had departed from the church of Rome. All these circumstances kept him in a continued state of mental conflict, and much strength and courage from above was needful to enable him to hold on his way, without yielding to these discouragements.

At this time, a religious sect of the day, called the Anabaptists, appeared at Naples, and they urged Galeazzo to come over and join their party, though they perceived that he was not thoroughly acquainted with the Holy Scriptures. He was young, and his habits were not particularly studious, nor had he been long acquainted with the words of life;

therefore this account of him is not surprising. But his views of the truth were sufficiently simple and clear to enable him to detect and reject their errors.

Another conflict followed, which was attended with greater danger. There were in Naples several disciples of the same Valdez who was before mentioned, with whom Galeazzo had intercourse. Although enlightened in their views of justification, and as to the abuses of the Romish church, they had not made great progress in the right way, for they continued to attend the Romish forms of public worship, and to hear mass. Long did Galeazzo hesitate as to this practice, and would have been, like many others, ruined by it, if he had continued it. Had he then been brought into danger on account of his religion, he might probably have renounced his faith, not being deeply rooted in it. The providence of God, however, preserved him. The duties of his station required him to visit Germany, and there he received fuller instruction in the truths of the gospel. At Strasburg he again saw the same Peter Martyr, who had some time before left Italy, upon conscientious grounds, and was a public teacher of divinity in that city; and who could have been so well fitted to guide him in his progress in grace and knowledge as Martyr, his early friend, in whom he could repose full confidence?

His eyes were now opened to see the idolatry of the mass, and of worshipping the virgin Mary. On his return to Naples, he spoke seriously on these subjects to his earlier associates, the hearers of Valdez, showing them how much they still leaned towards the church of Rome, and set before them the duty of all true believers, to flee from idolatry. They heeded him not, having no relish for the doctrine which exposed its professors to trials, persecution, the loss of goods, banishment, and, in short, all kinds of distress. Galeazzo in a short time found that he was forsaken by them, which was no slight cause of grief to him; and his friends, not content with this, sought to dissuade him from openly opposing the errors of the church of Rome, which would only exclude him from it irremediably. During his late journey, he had become further conversant with the religion of Rome, and he saw how nearly allied to its errors were those of an opposite course,—even unbelief and infidelity. He had been in Rome itself, and had ob-

served the corruptions ruling in that city. There were then many learned and able men among the natives of Italy, to whom the Holy Scriptures had been opened, through the influence of the Reformation, and thus their classic dreams of a heathen paradise had been destroyed. Even those who had shared the first dawn of the true light, were inwardly a prey to the suggestions of infidelity.

Examples of cardinals and others might be multiplied; but one will suffice, even that of Bembo, who in speaking to the luxurious pope Leo x., called the gospel of Jesus Christ a profitable fable. This cardinal Bembo had heard and highly applauded the Protestant discourses of the justly-renowned Ochino, yet he scrupled not to sign with his own hand the shameful bull which authorized the sale of indulgences. Neither his belief nor his unbelief really came from his heart; the true root of his conduct existed in his indifference to religion. Being visited by Sabinus, the son-in-law of Melancthon, who, on his arrival in Italy, carried with him a letter of introduction from that reformer to the cardinal, Bembo asked him many questions as to the salary received by Melancthon,—the number of his hearers,—and his opinions respecting the resurrection and the life to come. He was told by Sabinus, that Melancthon received for his income about 300 florins; upon which the cardinal exclaimed, "Ungrateful Germany, to prize no higher the numerous and painful labours of such a man!" When he heard that Melancthon had usually 1,500 hearers, he was unwilling to believe it, supposing that no university of Europe, excepting that of Paris, contained so many scholars. In reply to the third question, Sabinus mentioned the writings of Melancthon. "I had thought him too wise a man to believe these doctrines," answered the cardinal. When the highest offices in the church were held by men who thus doubted, can it be thought strange that Galeazzo became disturbed, and that he longed to receive the further instruction, for lack of which his hungry soul was ready to perish, and without which he could not be satisfied. They who would rise must first be humbled in the dust, for the strength of the Most High is made perfect in weakness. He leads his people through the deep waters of sorrow, and so it was with Galeazzo.

All the hindrances which could obstruct his path seemed to arise at once.

When he thought of his father, who so tenderly loved him, the idea of separation from him became unspeakably painful. Could he remove the only prop of his parent's declining years, and render him miserable in old age? Could he leave a brand on his own reputation, and that of his family? Could he be the death of one to whom he owed his own life, and who would willingly have perished to secure his own safety? When he looked upon his wife, in the bloom of life and beauty, her tenderness and faithful affection touched him to the heart. "Can I," he reasoned, "not for a season, as when I visit the court of the emperor, but for ever, separate myself from my consort, whom I love so dearly, who is worthy of all my affection, who shares in all my cares and labours, and to whom I can open all my plans and schemes? What misery will be hers! How many nights will she pass without being able to sleep! Will she not be entirely overwhelmed by sorrow and despondency?" He pictured to himself the sighs and lamentations of his Vittoria, and fancied that he heard her calling upon him, "My beloved husband, whither art thou gone? Wherefore hast thou forsaken thy sorrowing spouse? What can I do without thee? Does this prove the love which thou didst so often profess to me? What could have occasioned thy removal from me, which would not have bound me to go with thee? What effect can follow thy departure, but that I shall be the most wretched of mortals, while others will scorn and turn away from thee?" Such trains of thought constantly arose in his mind. Nor was he less grieved at the idea of parting from his children. He had six, and they were not of an age to understand what their loss would be. The oldest was but fifteen, and the youngest only four years old. He loved them tenderly, and they were affectionately attached to him. Truly he needed a strength higher than his own, to enable him to restrain his feelings, whenever his wife brought to him the youngest of her sons. Could he take leave of them, and never see them any more? What would be the lot of these poor orphans? Who would be found to come forward and assist them in life, if he himself abandoned them?

He met with other allurements also, though not so enticing as these were. He must part with his relatives, and many distinguished friends. He must

leave his high station, and the beloved land of his birth, without the hope of ever seeing them again. Exile, reproach, poverty, and disgrace, with the loss of every comfort, threatened him, if he departed. He had grown up in the midst of indulgence,—his father had a splendid garden, which was adorned by many foreign plants, and visited by strangers from all quarters. But what were these temptations to a strong and self-denying spirit like his? Truly the natural mind would be disposed to regard him as a man of a melancholy turn, who saw evil in things that were harmless; but Jesus Christ himself has said, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." His wisdom was that which comes from heaven,—foolishness in the eyes of the world; and even his doubtful actions will admit of justification, according to the rules of Scripture. His reckoning seems to have been expressed in terms like these,—“Lord, thou hast brought me from the thick darkness of ignorance, to the acknowledgment of thy truth; thou hast enlightened my mind by the teaching of thy Holy Spirit, and hast shown me the way of salvation. I have given myself up to thy service. I desire to follow and obey thee, and to walk in thy ways and thy commandments, wherever thou seest fit to lead me. Neither my father, my wife, nor my children, my offices, profits, riches, or pleasures should hold me back one moment from obedience to thy voice. Thou seest that I am resolved to run wherever thou shalt send me, and that my whole heart is quickened by the fire of thy love. Thou seest how many enemies beset me, how many hindrances surround me, which I can scarcely resist, still less can I overcome them. I sink in the deep mire, like David, and I cry, ‘Lord, help me!’ Satan and the lusts of the flesh are with me, and set before me the reproach of the cross, poverty, and all kinds of misery; but strengthened by a sight of thy glorious majesty, I desire to prove that there is a blessing in the sufferings by which I am conformed to the image of my Redeemer. Oh, happy sorrows! by which I am kept from the evil that is in the world, and prepared for the bliss of paradise!”

By these considerations Galeazzo gradually overcame temptations, for his faith was founded on Christ the Rock, and not on the sand; and therefore the storms that arose could not shake his resolutions.

He made his plan known to a very few friends, and they agreed to accompany him, as voluntary exiles, who sought for the free exercise of religion in the true church of Christ. Many of them, however, who seemed zealous at their first setting out, afterwards not only looked back, but turned back to their homes in Italy, though they were no gainers by this conduct. Most of these were tortured by the inquisition, and obliged to abjure the true faith, and their sad end was doubtless much regretted by Galeazzo.

He had gathered together about 2,000 crowns of his mother's fortune, and prepared to leave Naples on March 21st, 1551, when he was thirty-four years of age. He kept secret the design of his journey, lest his father should interpose his authority to prevent it. Knowing that Charles v. was then at Augsburg, he proceeded thither upon the plea of business, and attended to the duties of his office until May 26th, the same year, when he left the court, and stated that he was going into Flanders. He then went to Geneva, where he arrived on June 8th. One of his acquaintances met him there—Lactantio Ragneni, a Siennese nobleman, who was also a convert to Protestantism, and a minister in the Italian church at Geneva. As soon as he had found this haven of rest, he sought out John Calvin, the leader of the Protestants of that city, in order to receive his instructions; and the penetrating eye of the reformer quickly perceived that this man was likely to prove a valuable and successful instrument of benefit to his Italian countrymen, and in the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. The friendship between them, which might be dated from the time of their first meeting, continued until the death of Calvin, in 1564. And the opinion of the latter respecting Galeazzo Caraccioli may be gathered from the epistle, in which Calvin dedicated to him the commentary he wrote on 1 Corinthians, which is given in the Latin edition of his works.

The news of the unlooked-for departure of Caraccioli, and his choice of a place of exile made a great stir in Naples, and many contrary opinions were formed respecting him. His family ceased not to mourn his absence, and his aged father was the most violent in his lamentations, predicting ruin to all connected with him. No sooner had the first burst of his grief a little subsided, than the old nobleman

began to devise some plan by which the threatened evil might be averted. At last, he formed the following scheme :— Galeazzo had a relation, whom from his youth he had loved as a brother. The old marquis sent him to Geneva, with a letter, in which he earnestly entreated and urged his son to return home, to comfort his bereaved family, and rescue them from the ruin which threatened them. At this time Galeazzo resided in a mean dwelling that he had purchased, with two servants, who supplied him with necessaries. The meeting with the friend of his youth was an affecting one, and for some minutes neither of them could speak. Afterwards the guest discharged his commission, adding to it his own lamentations and entreaties, and describing in the liveliest manner the grief of his relatives.

The answer of Galeazzo was briefly given, in words to this effect :—He had not left his father or his religion without reflection, or from a mere fanciful imagination ; but he had seriously considered his path, and the grace of God had enlightened his understanding to perceive the truth. He knew that disgrace and trouble, losses and distresses awaited him ; he was aware of all the results of his new mode of conduct, but he saw only one choice open to him,—whether secretly to struggle with his conscience, in the midst of soul-destroying errors, which would be offensive to God, or to quit his native land, with all that he valued, in this world, for the sake of serving God freely and without restraint. He knew that the Lord Jesus Christ had said, “ If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.” This was the motive which had constrained him to renounce all his earthly friends and possessions, and therefore though comparatively poor and comfortless, he felt rich and happy, for he was surrounded by the true church of God, who worshipped him in spirit and in truth, able to hear his word, unmixed with vain traditions of men, and to see his sacraments administered without the delusions of idolatry. He could enjoy undisturbed intercourse with pious persons, and night and day his meditations were sweet on the mercies which he had received in times past, and the blessings to come, which Christ has prepared for all who believe in him.

Such an answer was not satisfactory to the envoy of the aged marquis. But he had no reasons to resist those of his friend ; and seeing that it was impossible to shake the firmness of Galeazzo, he left him, and returned to Italy. They parted in deep sorrow, and with many bitter tears : for their long-continued intimacy, and great similarity of character, as well as the ties of blood, had established between them a sincere and affectionate friendship.

The news of the ill success of this embassy increased the uneasiness that was felt at Naples, where the possessions of Galeazzo were seized for confiscation, (as he was accused of high treason against God,) and he and his children were deprived of the right of succeeding to the wealth possessed by his father. The old marquis now applied to the emperor, that if his son were thus punished, the forfeit might not extend to his grandchildren ; but he also resolved to make one more effort to rescue Galeazzo from the hands of the heretics. He sent a servant with letters, in which he used all the authority of a parent, to compel him to return, on a set day, to Verona, where he would meet him, on his way to the imperial court. He also sent another letter, containing a passport, from the republic of Venice, which he hoped would reach his son in safety. Galeazzo thought such an appeal was not to be resisted, and resolved to obey it, though he feared the meeting would only render both parties unhappy, for his purpose was still unshaken. Having sought strength from above, and armed himself with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, he left Geneva for Verona, on April 19th, 1553 ; and there he met his father, who received him with much affection, though he did not conceal his concern, and earnestly urged his return, setting before him the shame which must otherwise rest on his family, and trying to work upon his feelings of duty and family affection.

Galeazzo answered with all due respect, that his conscience would not allow him to forsake his principles, and he explained the motives that governed him. He could not promise to be more mindful of the welfare of his family than of the honour of his God. His father saw that it was impossible to shake this resolution, which seemed to him obstinacy. When he had explained his plan of applying to the emperor, he directed

his son to remain in Italy, till his application had been made. To this Galeazzo consented, and he faithfully adhered to this promise, and remained in Italy until the following August, when he heard that the request of his father had been granted.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE EAST.

IN the laws of Moses, the Israelites were forbidden to muzzle the ox while treading out the corn. This was a merciful law; for it seems certainly cruel to force an animal, perhaps suffering from hunger, to walk round for hours in one dull but laborious routine, up to the ears in his favourite food, and with his nose constantly almost buried in the midst of it, without even allowing him to taste it, when all that he could eat would never be missed, in the plentiful season of harvest. The people of India do not generally observe the merciful rule of the Mosaic law, but, on the contrary, most of the bullocks, employed in threshing, are closely muzzled, to prevent them from eating the corn. Though the Hindoos venerate cows, and, more especially bulls, as sacred animals, they act often towards them in a manner very inconsistent with their own professed creed. To oppress bulls and cows is declared, by the unanimous consent of all their own Shasters, to be one of the greatest sins; and to kill them for food is regarded as little better than murder, and by some as even more sinful. But, though they would not kill them outright, and eat them, they work them harder than any other class of animals, and are no more tender towards them, when alive, than Smithfield drovers, or Whitechapel butchers are, to the animals destined to supply the shambles of London.

Another illustration of Scripture frequently occurs in Bahár, and other parts of India. In Isa. i. 8, it is said, "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." In perusing this passage, the mere English reader is apt to think of the "lodge" mentioned, as a small, but permanent, building in a garden, inclosed like the gardens of Europe. Cucumbers are, however, usually grown in India, and likely, also, in Palestine, and other eastern countries, not in gar-

dens, inclosed and protected like those of Europe, but in open fields, like turnips, potatoes, or any similar vegetable. Here, in the centre of a field of cucumbers, melons, Indian corn, or any other large-stalked grain, as well as in groves of guavas, plantains, etc., on all of which birds are most especially disposed to make depredations, there is generally a small, temporary platform erected, sometimes as high as ten or twelve feet. This is formed by a few wooden posts, or strong bamboos, driven into the ground, and fixed together at the top, by cords made of straw, or of long grass. A few smaller bamboos are laid across these, on which is perched a man, or, more usually, a boy, who is generally armed with a pellet-bow, from which he discharges balls of dried clay, at the invading flocks of parrots, crows, minas, etc., who are constantly coming to help themselves to food. He accompanies every discharge with loud shouts, which, as well as his missiles, are often ineffectual in dispersing the hungry, or at least destructive swarms of chattering, by which, during the whole day, the ripening fields are infested. This Argus himself, however, often falls asleep on his platform, especially after taking his dinner, which is brought to him from the village, when he is easily overcome by the heat of the sun, and then the field is immediately covered, with hundreds of greedy depredators. At other times, he is tempted to wander from his post, to enjoy the luxury of a drink of cool water from the Ganges, or some neighbouring well, or, it may be, to gossip with some friend in another field, and then all the birds driven, perhaps, from other places, by more wakeful or active watchmen, come to prey on the field of the sluggard. In spite of all watching, the countless myriads of birds in India must devour an immense quantity of the fruits, and grain crops. The parrots, especially, which are as numerous in some parts of northern India, as the rooks in Europe, are peculiarly destructive. They do not content themselves with pecking the grains from the ear, but break off the whole ear from the stalk, and fly away with it to a little distance, and when they have eaten a few grains from it, they cast it from them, and return to the field for another; so that what they actually eat is little compared to what they destroy. They act in the same way with fruit, of which they are very fond, carrying often away

an orange, a guava, a pomegranate, or cucumber, and, after taking a little bit out of it, they cast it away, and return to the field, or garden, for another. The people of India, though they lose so much, and are pestered so greatly, by these birds, kill very few of them, though there are no game laws to protect them. They generally content themselves with merely driving them away. The birds seem to know this very well, and are under no serious apprehensions for their lives, but sit and look one in the face, till he is within a few yards.

The solitariness of this employment of watching the fields is the point to which Isaiah refers in his allusion to the forlorn state of Jerusalem. The person has to sit alone all the day, on his little scaffold, without any one to speak with him, so that his employment is very dreary and monotonous. Sometimes the small platform has a sort of roof of matted straw, to shelter him from the sun and rain; and he often has to remain on it during the night also, to protect his field from thieves and stray cattle, and especially from the sacred, or Brahmani bulls, who being always permitted to go at large, often sleep in the day, and forage for their food when it is dark. By night, or by day, however, these latter are not to be frightened by small clay balls discharged from a pellet-bow, and sometimes even, not by the watchman's long and thick cudgel, but frequently turn, and act on the defensive with their horns, so that they cannot be driven from the fields by one individual till they have satisfied themselves with their portion of the tithes; nor can they be impounded and made to pay damages, like common cattle, who are not like them, the privileged servants of the god Mahadeo, nor marked on the rump with his trident. No one dares to kill these bulls, and though most people look on them as a great nuisance, their sacred character makes them objects of great regard to the more superstitious Hindoos. I have often heard a man, stopped in a narrow lane in a city by a Brahmani bull, very respectfully address him as his superior, saying, "Please, my lord, be so good as stand aside a little, and let me pass!" But though they are thus held in veneration by the more orthodox Hindoos, they get many a hard blow with sticks, or stones, from many persons, whom they annoy or interrupt, or into whose fields they intrude; but such treatment does

not much disturb their equanimity, or render them less self-willed.—*Buyers's Northern India.*

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

AM I RIGHT OR WRONG?

THE more attentively we regard and deeply ponder the works of creation in a right spirit, the more shall we admire, love, honour, reverence, adore, and glorify our great Creator. Am I right or wrong? "Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite," *Psa. cxlvii. 5.* "The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works," *Psa. cxlv. 9.*

Regard the vast machinery of the heavenly bodies, prodigious in size, immeasurable in distance, and inconceivable in rapidity, all created, sustained, preserved, and regulated by the hand of the holy One! Did you ever, or do you ever, make these the subject of your reflections? True, we can know but little, very little of the mighty whole; but can we know what we do without amazement? The moonbeam has delighted your eyes, and the sunshine has gladdened your heart. Is your gratitude to God equal to your wonder? "Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light. Praise him, ye heavens of heavens," *Psa. cxlviii. 3, 4.*

Hardly need I ask you if you have ever looked up to the silvery clouds with delight! You have, doubtless, done so a hundred times, shaping them with your fancy into various forms. Now they have been like mountains of snow, and now like a flock of sheep at rest. Am I right or wrong? Beautiful, very beautiful, are the clouds of heaven. Formed by Almighty fingers, their loveliness and beauty set forth the Almighty's praise. "The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet," *Nah. i. 3.*

If no other world existed but our own, did no other orb than the earth revolve in the universe, yet were there enough, with its changing seasons, its continents and its oceans, its mountains and its rivers, its living creatures and endless formations, its trees, its foliage, its herbage, its fruit, and its flowers, to awaken delight in every heart, and set forth the infinite resources of our heavenly Father. Look where we may, God is there, as a

Creator and Preserver, and the "earth is full of the goodness of the Lord," *Psa. xxxiii. 5.*

You may not have stood on the brink of the mighty deep, and gazed on its world of ever-moving waters; but if you have, you have felt as well as seen the power of the Eternal. Wave after wave and billow after billow have awakened your wonder, and you have felt that the power of God was near you. Am I right or wrong? With what an overwhelming flood it breaks upon the shore! With what tractable obedience it obeys its almighty Master, who has said, "Hither-to shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." And how majestically it heaves to and fro like a living thing! "Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth, ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein," *Isa. xlii. 10.*

If the world is wonderful, still more wonderful are its inhabitants; and of these man is the chief. Formed in the image of his Maker, he walks erect, where others stoop, and crouch, and creep. Highly honoured above living creatures, endowed with understanding and speech, with every faculty of his body and soul he ought to glorify his Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer. And does he do this? Oh! shame upon us! instead of this, he rebels against God, and lifts up his heel against his Maker. Truly, the long-suffering of God is great. Lord, "what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" *Psa. viii. 4.*

And now come the beasts of the forest and the field. What strength reposes in their limbs, what beauty resides in their furry skins, and with what swiftness they fly across the plains! The mighty elephant, the majestic lion, the ferocious tiger, the long-horned buffalo, and the prowling wolf, all fill up their allotted part in the creation. Is it not wonderful that God should have put the fear of man in their hearts? "Thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field," *Psa. viii. 6, 7.*

How glorious is the plumage of birds! how admirable their flight through the yielding air! how melodious their songs, and how wonderful that they should cross the mighty deep! Wonder upon wonder! You have seen the hawk on the wing, you have heard the lark in the air, and perhaps witnessed the heron wading

in the waters. Did it ever strike you how admirably they are furnished for their different modes of life? But, indeed, it is thus with everything that lives. The bird has its wings, the fish its fins, and the wild beast its elastic limbs. Almighty wisdom is visible in all things.

How numberless are the finny tribe! They are taken by myriads, and by myriads are their places supplied. Man, that subdues the wild beast in his strength, and that overtakes the bird in the air, fears not to grapple with the huge whale in the world of waters. Am I right or wrong in calling this wonderful? At one time the leviathan of the deep is cleaving the waters in his strength; and in an hour afterwards he is lying on his side on the surface of the waters, overcome by his human enemy. The giant is conquered by the pigmy, the monster by the man!

Have you marvelled at the scaly tribe? Have you stood with fear to look on the crocodile, the boa, and the rattlesnake? What shining scales and what brilliant hues adorn the serpent race! How different to the fur of beasts and the plumage of birds! An unseen and almighty hand painted them in their glittering hues, making them beautiful as well as deadly. We know not the counsels of the holy One! His ways are past finding out. It is his to create, and ours to regard his creation with wonder.

Innumerable are the insect myriads that inhabit the air, the earth, and the waters. Here again has almighty wisdom called forth our amazement. In less than the space occupied by the point of the finest needle are numbers of living things, with all the functions of life, and properties of pleasure and pain. Alike wonderful is the vast and minute in nature, and God is wonderful in all things. Do you regard him with increasing reverence and adoration?

The illimitable space that comprehends the universe, the heavenly orbs in their courses, the pendant clouds that beautify the heavens, the earth we inhabit, the ever-moving ocean, the race of mankind, the beasts that roam the field and the forest, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea, together with the reptiles and insects of the world, all proclaim the same truth, seen by the eye, heard by the ear, and understood by the heart. All declare, as with the trumpet of an angel, the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of our great Creator. Am I

right or wrong? If I am wrong, my words are vain; but if I am right, then you and I, and all, are bound to acknowledge him in all our ways, to pray to him to direct our steps, to offer him the homage of our hearts and souls, and to praise and magnify him for ever!

AFFLICTIONS.

AFFLICTIONS serve to discover our natural wretchedness and our utter helplessness. In the time of overwhelming distress and deep agitation, we often feel unable even to address the Hearer of prayer, and are ready to write bitter things against ourselves, and to look on this as a token of the heavy displeasure of Heaven. The design of our heavenly Father, however, is to convince us of our ignorance, depravity, and weakness—to make us feel our utter wretchedness in ourselves, and our entire dependence on him. We need to be cured of self-confidence, to have our idols broken before us, and to be led to implicit reliance on God. There are times in which we feel so happy in the enjoyment of fellowship with him, that we think the loss of any earthly comfort would be borne with comparative ease. But when the delight of our eyes is removed, we feel that our life was much bound up in the creature, and are surprised at the discontent of our hearts. We pray that the Lord would humble and sanctify us; and he answers us, not merely by the soft and gradual influence of his truth, but by employing afflictions to illustrate it to us, and to impress it on our minds. We are thus made to feel more of the evils of our spirit, and the more to prize the remedy. We may have wondered at the conduct of others when in certain circumstances; but when beset with the same temptations ourselves, we may have acted a much worse part. This, though it ought not to lessen our impressions of the evil of sin, ought to teach us candour and humility.

Thus is the Lord "proving us" for our good, Deut. viii. 2, 16. If, indeed, we sink into despair; if we continue to pore upon the evils which affliction has discovered, without going at once to the Physician; if we struggle against them in our own strength; or if we begin to make our sense of vileness, and our supposed humility, a sort of foundation for

hope and confidence—of course we have not profited by the discovery, but have become worse than before. But if the discovery of our evils has deepened our sense of the depravity of our nature; if it has endeared to us the rich and the free pardoning mercy of God; if it has led us afresh to the blood of the cross for the remission of our sins; if it has endeared to us the character of Jesus, as a Saviour from sin; and if it has led us to him for a complete cure—then has it been truly salutary. Being thus made sensible of our many wants, and led to see the entire suitableness of the gospel to our condition in all its extent, we learn to live more simply by the faith of Christ; and to cherish an humble and devotional spirit, in the exercise of every Christian principle, and the practice of every Christian duty. We are taught by this means to unite confidence in our Leader with the utmost vigilance against temptation and snares, and with unremitting activity in the service of Him who loved us and gave himself for us.

But afflictions do not only discover our evils; they try our religious principles, and so make them manifest. They serve to show the reality and the measure of our piety. When Abraham was called to offer up his son, his faith in God and his sacred regard to his will were made manifest. But the design was not simply to make them manifest, but exercise them; and so to increase their vigour, and add to his joy. In the day of prosperity there is not the same scope for the manifestation of those principles which constitute the soul of genuine religion as there is in the day of adversity. In the season of trial our earthly props are shaken or removed; and it is seen how far we have learned to seek our all in God, and our God in all.—*Dr. Russell.*

BEREAVEMENTS.

"You have had a great loss," said Cowper, in an affecting letter to a bereaved friend, "and a loss which admits of no consolation, except such as will naturally suggest itself to you; such, I mean, as the Scripture furnishes. We must all leave, or be left; and it is the circumstance of all others that makes long life the least desirable, that others go while we stay, till at last we find ourselves alone, like a tree on a hill top."



Spitzbergen.

SPITZBERGEN.

SPITZBERGEN and its islands, with some other countries within the Arctic Circle, exhibit a kind of scenery which is altogether novel. The principal objects which strike the eye are innumerable mountainous peaks, ridges, precipices, or needles, rising immediately out of the sea, to an elevation of 3,000 or 4,000 feet, the colour of which, at a moderate distance, appears to be blackish shades of brown, green, grey, and purple; snow or ice, in stræ, or patches, occupying the various clefts and hollows in the sides of the hills, capping some of the mountain summits, and filling with extended beds the most considerable valleys; and ice of the glacier-form occurring at intervals all along the coast in particular situations, as already described, in prodigious accumulations. The glistening, or vitreous appearance of the iceberg precipices, the purity, whiteness, and beauty of the sloping expanse, formed by the adjoining

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or intermixed mountains and rocks, perpetually "covered with a mourning veil of black lichens," with the sudden transitions into a robe of purest white, where patches or beds of snow occur, present a variety and extent of contrast altogether peculiar, which, when enlightened by the occasional ethereal brilliancy of the Polar sky, and harmonized in its serenity with the calmness of the ocean, constitute a picture both novel and magnificent. There is, indeed, a kind of majesty, not to be conveyed in words, in these extraordinary accumulations of snow and ice in the valleys, and in the rocks above rocks, and peaks above peaks, in the mountain groups, seen rising above the ordinary elevation of the clouds, and terminating occasionally in crests of everlasting snow, especially when you approach the shore under shelter of the impenetrable density of a summer fog, in which case the fog sometimes disperses like the drawing of a curtain, when the strong contrast of light and shade, bright-

ened by a cloudless atmosphere and powerful sun, burst on the senses in a brilliant exhibition. Here are to be beheld the glories of that one God, who is the Maker of all things in heaven and on earth, and who, unlike the false deities of heathen nations, is not confined in his presence and government to any particular zone of the earth's surface, but illustrates the skill and excellence of his creation, both in the beauties of icy and torrid climes.

A remarkable deception, in the apparent distance of the land, is to be attributed to the strong contrast of light and shade, and the great height and steepness of the mountains, displayed in these regions. Any strangers to the Arctic countries, however capable of judging of the distance of land generally, must be completely at a loss in their estimations when they approach within sight of Spitzbergen. When at the distance of twenty miles, it would be no difficult matter to induce even a judicious stranger to undertake a passage in a boat to the shore, from the belief that he was within a league of the land. At this distance, the portions of rock and patches of snow, as well as the contour of the different hills, are as distinctly marked as similar objects in many other countries, not having snow about them, would be at a fourth or a fifth part of the distance. Hence we can account, on a reasonable ground, for a curious circumstance related in a Danish voyage, undertaken for the recovery of the last colony in Greenland, by Mogens Heinson. This person, who passed for a renowned seaman in his day, was sent out by Frederick II., king of Denmark. After encountering many difficulties and dangers from storms and ice, he got sight of the east coast of Greenland, and attempted to reach it; but, though the sea was quite free from ice, and the wind favourable and blowing a fresh gale, he, after proceeding several hours without appearing to get any nearer the land, became alarmed, backed about, and returned to Denmark. On his arrival, he attributed this extraordinary circumstance—magnified, no doubt, by his fears—to his vessel having been stopped in its course by “some loadstone rocks hidden in the sea.” The true cause, however, of what he took to be a submarine magnetic influence, arose, I doubt not, from the deceptive character of the land, as to distance, which I have mentioned.

Spitzbergen abounds with deep bays and extensive sounds, in many of which are excellent harbours. From Point Look-out to Hackluyt's Headland, the west coast forms almost a series of rocks and foul ground, few parts, excepting the bays, affording anchoring for ships. Some of these rocks are dry only at low water, or only show themselves when the sea is high, and are dangerous to shipping; others are constantly above water, or altogether so below the surface that they can either be seen and avoided, or sailed over in moderate weather without much hazard. On the east side of Point Look-out, a ridge of stony ground stretches five leagues into the sea, towards the south-east, on which the sea occasionally breaks.

Horn Sound affords tolerable anchorage; within Bell Sound are several anchoring-places and some rivers, and in Ice Sound, at Green Harbour, is good anchorage near the bank, in ten to eight fathoms' water, or less. In several other places, when not encumbered with ice, there is pretty good refuge for ships. On the north and east sides of Spitzbergen are several harbours, some of them very safe and commodious; but they are not so often free from ice as those westward, and, therefore, have seldom been visited.

Though the whale-fishers in the present age generally see the level of Spitzbergen every voyage, yet not many of them visit the shores. My father has been several times on shore in different parts. My own landing, for the first time, in an Arctic country, was on Charles's Island, or Fair Forehead, at the north-west point. The number of birds seen on the precipices and rocks adjoining the sea was immense, and the noise which they made on our approach was quite deafening. The weather was calm and clear when I went on shore, but suddenly, a thick fog and breeze of wind commencing, obliged us to put off with haste, and subjected us to great anxiety before we reached the ship.

In the summer of 1818, I was several times on shore on the main, and landed once in the same season on the north side of King's Bay. Being near the land, on the evening of the 23rd of July, the weather beautifully clear, and all our sails becalmed by the hills, excepting the top-gallant sails, in which we had constantly a gentle breeze, I left the ship in charge of an officer, with orders to stand no nearer than into thirty

fathoms' water, and with two boats and fourteen men rowed to the shore. We arrived at the beach about half-past seven, P.M., and landed on a track of low flat ground, extending about six miles north and south, and two or three east and west. This table-land lies so low that it would be overflowed by the sea, were it not for a natural embankment of shingle thrown up by the sea.

After advancing about half a furlong, we met with mica slate, in nearly perpendicular strata; and a little further on with an extensive bed of limestone, in small angular fragments. Here and there we saw large ponds of fresh water, derived from melted ice and snow; in some places, small remains of snow; and lastly, near the base of the mountains, a considerable morass, into which we sank nearly to the knees. Some unhealthy-looking mosses appeared on this swamp, but the softest part, as well as most of the ground we had hitherto traversed, was entirely void of vegetation. This swamp had a moorish look, and consisted, apparently, of black alluvial soil, mixed with some vegetable remains, and was curiously marked on the surface with small polygonal ridges, from one to three yards in diameter, so combined as to give the ground an appearance such as that exhibited by a section of honeycomb. An ascent of a few yards from the morass, of somewhat firmer ground, brought us to the foot of the mountain, to the northward of the Mitre Cape. Here some pretty specimens of *Saxifraga oppositifolia* and *Greenlandica*, *Salix herbacea*, *Draba alpina*, *Papaver alpina*, (of Mr. Don,) etc., and some other plants in full flower, were found on little tufts of soil, and scattered about on the ascent. The first hill rose at an inclination of 45° , to the height of about 1,500 feet, and was joined on the north side to another of about twice the elevation. We began to climb the acclivity on the most inaccessible side, at about 10 P.M.; but, from the looseness of the stones, and the steepness of the ascent, we found it a most difficult undertaking. There was scarcely a possibility of advancing by the common movement of walking in this attempt; for the ground gave way at every step, and no progress was made; hence, the only method of succeeding was by the effort of leaping or running, which, under the peculiar circumstances, could not be accomplished without excessive fatigue. In the direction we traversed, we met

with angular fragments of limestone and quartz, chiefly of one or two pounds' weight, and a few naked rocks protruding through the loose materials, of which the side of the mountain, to the extent it was visible, was principally composed. These rocks appeared solid at a little distance, but, on examination, were found to be full of fractures in every direction; so that it was with difficulty that a specimen of five or six pounds' weight, in a solid mass, could be obtained. Along the side of the first range of hills, near the summit, was extended a band of ice and snow, which, in the direct ascent, we tried in vain to surmount. By great exertion, however, in tracing the side of the hill for about 200 yards, where it was so uncommonly steep that at every step showers of stones were precipitated to the bottom, we found a sort of angle of the hill, free from ice, by which the summit was scaled.

Here we rested until I took a few angles and bearings of the most prominent parts of the coast, when, having collected specimens of the minerals, and such few plants as the barren ridge afforded, we proceeded on our excursion. In our way to the principal mountain near us, we passed along a ridge of the secondary mountains, which was so acute that I sat across it with a leg on each side as on horseback. To the very top it consisted of loose sharp limestones, of a yellowish or reddish colour, smaller in size than the stones generally used for repairing high roads, few pieces being above a pound in weight. The fracture appeared rather fresh. After passing along this ridge about three or four furlongs, and crossing a lodgment of ice and snow, we descended by a sort of ravine to the side of the principal mountain, which arose with a uniformly steep ascent, similar to that we had already surmounted, to the very summit. The ascent was now even more difficult than before; we could make no considerable progress, but by the exertion of leaping and running; so that we were obliged to rest after every fifty or sixty paces. No solid rock was met with, and no earth or soil. The stones, however, were larger, appeared more decayed, and were more uniformly covered with black lichens; but several plants of the *Saxifraga*, *Salix*, *Draba*, *Cochlearia*, and *Juncus* genera, which had been met with here and there for the first 2,000 feet of elevation, began to disappear as we approached the sum-

mit. The invariably broken state of the rocks appeared to have been the effect of frost. On calcareous rocks, some of which are not impervious to moisture, the effect is such as might be expected; but how frost can operate in this way on quartz is not so easily understood.

As we completed the arduous ascent, the sun had just reached the meridian below the Pole, and still shed his reviving rays of unimpaired brilliancy on a small surface of snow, which capped the mountain summit. A thermometer, placed among stones in the shade of the brow of the hill, indicated a temperature as high as 37° . At the top of the first hill, the temperature was 42° ; and at the foot, on the plain, 44° to 46° ; so that, at the very peak of the mountain, estimated at 3,000 feet elevation, the power of the sun at midnight produced a temperature several degrees above the freezing point, and occasioned the discharge of streams of water from the snow-capped summit. In Spitzbergen, the frost relaxes in the months of July and August, and the thawing temperature prevails for considerable intervals on the greatest heights that have been visited.—*Capt. Scoresby's "Arctic Regions," published by the Religious Tract Society.*

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

VISITORS TO MY CHERRY-TREE.

Few objects are more beautiful than a cherry orchard in full bloom. Some admire the delicate flower of the apple, with its intermixture of pink and white, closely and thickly set on the branches, which have as yet upon them only a few leaves burst from their downy buds. But the slender, pendulous bunches of the cherry blossom; its profusion, as compared with all other fruit-trees; its snowy purity, dazzling even to look upon in the bright sunshine, set off the more by the red calyx; its delicious fragrance, especially when the evening breeze stirs the clusters; constitute the tree, in my judgment, the queen of the fruit-garden. During the early part of the month of October, the cherry-trees were especially luxuriant; never before had there been such favourable weather for their perfect expansion, and they were a sight to look upon. They had innumerable visitors:

"From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,"

there were new arrivals; and many of the earliest, if they did not remain the whole day, only departed to return again with renewed attraction. Be not alarmed, courteous reader; I am not about to give you any insight into the character, or to describe the manners of the very few visitants of your own order, who saw and admired the sight. The visitors whom I am about to introduce to your notice were as varied as numerous, and all appeared to derive from their chosen researches intense enjoyment. Of all the cherry-trees, one opposite to my cottage-window afforded most frequent opportunity for observation; had other engagements permitted, I doubt not the catalogue might have been greatly extended; but the notice of even those I remarked will afford some faint notion of the activity and abundance of sentient life.

It was a lovely morning, the light south-western breeze, cool and pleasant, shook gently off the remaining drops of the refreshing shower which had fallen just before daybreak; the sun was rising in an unclouded sky, when the melodious whistle of the Australian thrush aroused me from my slumbers. I am rather inclined to regard him as a bird of taste, seeing that he frequently chooses this, or an adjacent peach, for his nightly resting-place. Having carolled his owisons, he departed, I presume, on his daily engagements elsewhere, since I do not often see him, save early in the morning or late in the evening, when his few clear notes, repeated at intervals, accompany the departure of twilight.

His place is quickly supplied by a pair of gentle woodpeckers, whose modest, Quaker-like attire and staid demeanour, their deep black eyes, together with their plumpness and dexterity in ascending perpendicularly the trunks of trees, always commend themselves to my regard. Their short legs, which seem to render the brief, quick jump, with which they move upon the ground, laborious, are essential to their habit of ascending trees in search of insects. These are daily visitors, and all day long picking up stray crumbs shaken out for them. It is well that native trees afford better sport for their researches than the smooth bark of the cherry. These I have seen from the windows—the morning is fine enough to tempt one to a stroll before breakfast. What sound is it which fills the air? A busy population is at work:

my neighbour's hives have sent forth all their swarms this glorious morning. The bees are fully aware that the flowers are now in perfection; the blossoms are everywhere open; the tender filaments bend beneath their weight as they dust off the pollen from the bursting anthers; the scent of the newly-opened flowers is overpowering; and they are toiling with right good-will, and joyous too. What an incessant hum! like the mixed sounds which strike upon the ear of the quiet listener on some suburban height near a great city. How delightedly they wing their way from cup to cup, ascertaining in an instant whether some other rambler has preceded them in their labours, and rifled the sweets. There is no time lost—no decrease of energy in the pursuit from repeated disappointment. How many blooms has that one bee peered into, ere he has settled and inserted his ductile tongue, sought the nectar cup, and extracted the rich juice? What lessons of untiring industry and steady perseverance may be gathered from its example! That was no buzz of vexation, but of pleasure, with which he roams off to another batch of blossoms. Hundreds of bees are now roving in the air, and every tree is redolent with their cheerful song. They will fill many a cell to-day with exquisite honey.

But what gallant is this braving his way, and sauntering over the higher branches, as if his taste were too dainty to be easily satisfied, and that none but the fresher blossoms were worthy his notice. He, too, is a bee; but he sails about as if he deemed the others intruders on his domains. He peeps into the blossom where the sober honey-bee is at work rather disdainfully, spreading his dark-veined wings abroad, and displaying his splendid body, of the most brilliant metallic blue and green, proudly to the sun. Well, he is certainly a most beautiful fellow! His head shines in front like an emerald, his back is resplendent. This is the native humble-bee. Where the grass-tree grows, you may sometimes meet with its stem perforated with a more accurately-defined circular aperture than any auger could form; these are his lady's chambers—nicely hollowed out and smoothly fashioned within, she has prepared them as a fit habitation for her progeny. Some writers on Australia have asserted that the native bees have no stings. Let no believers in the truthfulness of tra-

vellers presume on this statement, as I can promise him a very lively recollection, that this gay aboriginal reveller, at least, is not destitute of such a defensive weapon. This brilliant *Bombus* may now and then be found overcome with enjoyment in some rich flower; then he may be easily captured. The rambler on English commons, where the blue thistle opens in autumn his beautiful tufts of innumerable stamens, may have seen the humble-bees rioting in them till excess has produced insensibility. Often have I found them, in all sorts of positions, absolutely intoxicated with the luscious draught they had been imbibing. In such a state, you may tumble them out of the flower on to the ground; and it is some time before the delirium goes off, and they are able to fly away. This cavalier, I find, is equally indifferent to the claims of temperance; and his habits, certainly, justly bring him within the range of our total-abstinence friends, to whose attention I commend him.

Ay! ay! here is a chatter! What a bevy of feathered rovers have flown hither! Why, there are at least a dozen of them. The male is a pretty creature: how elegant in form, and what a gay mixture of black, white, and yellow streaks in its plumage. The female is more unassuming; she wears a greenish drab dress, and has a knowing dash of white beside each eye. They are known by the colonists as whisker-birds. The males of most birds are the handsomest, and the general rule is, in this case, very apparent. He is a lively little fellow: I fancy he must be a polygamist, for the females are much more numerous than the males, and are very quarrelsome. At present, however, they are too busy and hungry to be pugnacious; they perch lightly on the branches—so lightly, that a twig scarcely bends with them. See how they turn their necks, peering into every flower for the minute insects which tenant their recesses, for which purpose their tongues are admirably adapted, having a fringe-like appendage at their extremity. It is surprising how many blossoms one bird will inspect in this way in a few minutes, rapidly passing from spray to spray, everywhere extracting the small fry which abound in the flowers. Of these, the little *thrips*, or tricklers, appear to be the most numerous. Their long, narrow bodies and sprawling legs give them the appearance of lizards in miniature; they run over

the corolla and up and down the stamens with astonishing celerity. I have seen hundreds in the centre of a single rose, four or five lodged in each filament, and yet scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. Under a glass of moderate power, there are few flowers which do not show an animated population, enough to shock the fastidious notions of sentimental persons, who hate the proximity of "those nasty creeping things." If such be the case in an individual flower, what a vast idea does it afford us of the fecundity of existence provided to enjoy life in the vegetable world. The flowers which "blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air," are not so useless as the poet deemed; they subserve the universal design of goodness and beneficence.

These *thrips* are the citizens of the flowers; they scarcely, but by accommodation, can be classed with the visitors. But here are more of the latter class. The sun is gaining strength, and bringing out the ants, who are running up and down in every direction, with their usual apparent, though not real, want of purpose; now stopping suddenly to exchange salutations with their fellows, and then starting off with renovated ardour, as if newly-favoured with decisive information on the object of pursuit. Observe the motions of one. Pressing on, nearly in a straight path for some time, all at once he becomes erratic, diverges from the main line of march, and after wandering about, like an unfortunate novice in the bush, returns, after many circuitous gyrations, upon his old course, only, after a little steadiness, to run off diagonally at another point, as if he were resolved on finding a shorter cut than the multitude. I have sometimes watched one of these vagrant acts for a long period, without observing any attempt at industry, while others around were pursuing their task with proverbial earnestness. But I propose noticing these animals in a separate paper, and must not infringe further on their habits now. Suffice it to say, that they do not appear to be attracted by the flower so much as by the envelopes of the buds, still glutinous with the waxy remnants of their winter covering.

Various species of flies (*Muscidæ*) give passing calls. One, very funereal-looking, short in the body, with wings acutely divaricating, and altogether a deep black. Another, of a shining fawn-

colour, with sparkling dark eyes, and covered with stiff black bristles. But there are numbers of a beautiful little species, running about from leaf to leaf; their bodies, about a line in length, shine like burnished copper; their wings, ever vibrating, are iridescent, and have a very distinct black spot (*stigma*) upon each. They belong to the genus *Sepsis*, abundant in the summer on almost all shrubs in our native country, where the species are numerous, but none, that I recollect, so handsome as the one to which I now refer.

Floating in the brightest sunshine is a species of *Helophilus*, or sun-loving flies. They hover at a short distance from a flower, sometimes for many minutes, before they settle upon it, appearing to be reposing in the air, with their wings at right angles to their body, without changing their place; the intensely rapid vibration of their wings preventing their motion being discerned. If you approach, they dart off in a straight line to a little distance, and again bring up. Now one has darted on to a bloom—you may draw near quietly, and admire its beautifully-marked body, banded with alternate rings of black and yellow.

The sun warms the atmosphere, and the honey-bees chant more loudly; the air is full of music. Another bird has just perched on one of the lower branches. It is a wagtail. I have long since denominated him the parson-bird, from his clerical costume of black and white. He has a note at some seasons; it resembles a scissors-grinder at work. He is a most expert fly-catcher, and seeks his food in strange situations. I have often seen him perched on the backs of cows, and even of pigs, freeing them from their tormenting annoyances, flying off and on with the most pert coolness, and wagging his tail with inexpressible satisfaction. He is foraging now; but the small flies are too insignificant for him; he aims at larger game. He is a favourite with me, and always seems to have a sort of confidence about him that he is safe from harm; no utilitarian philosopher would certainly think of destroying him.

What singular-looking fly is this, dull in his motions, and resting on the edge of that leaf? Look at those odd appendages, like two long bristles, from the end of his body, and much longer than all the rest of the insect: what remarkable wings, too—the anterior part very

broad in proportion to the hinder, and both of the most beautiful network, which one might well imagine gave the first idea of manufacturing black lace. It is the genus *Belis*, one of the *Ephemera*. Its prior life is as an aquatic; its existence in its perfect state is but of brief duration.

South Australia is not the region for butterflies. There are few species, nor are they very numerous. Ten or twelve constitute all our catalogue. Of these, two or three are very beautiful and distinct. Two of these are now flying about the tree. The first has the appearance of a Chinese species; the wings are a rich brown and black, with two large and several smaller maculæ, of a pale colour. The other is a *Pontia*, white, with mellow shadings of black above; and beneath, brilliant red, and black, and yellow. They are bold fellows, and will often allow you to catch them with your fingers.

See, there is a pair of curious birds!—hoopoes, I presume, by the crest which adorns the head of the male; they have been occasional callers here for the last few weeks, but only for a few minutes. I rather suspect them to be mischievous,—I fancy they pick out the buds from the peach-trees; but I cannot positively prove their delinquency, and I have only ground for suspicion.

Some of the day-flying moths are insinuating their long tongues (which, when not in use, roll up like a watch-spring) into the flowers. Prominent among them is one belonging to the pretty genus *Plusia*. Most of the species have white markings on their shining dark wings, some resembling letters of the Greek alphabet. In England there are *P. gamma*, *P. iota*, and *P. inscripta*. The South Australian species has a similar character, and might be well named *Epsilon*. They have been very numerous this season; their grubs are very destructive to the roots of plants. Here, too, is a very pretty cloak-moth—its long wings being folded at length over its body; it seems a species of *Lithosia*.

As surely as the *Lepidoptera* are abroad, as surely may you expect to see their ever-active enemies, the *Ichneumons*. There are several now prowling up and down in search of larvæ, in which to deposit their eggs. These parasites keep down the caterpillars, which otherwise would eat up every

green thing. Many of the species are beautiful both in form and colour.

Wheeling in his rapid flight round the tree sails the emperor of the insect tribe,—the noble dragon-fly. How his wings glisten in the sun! What a beautiful membrane it is which fills all that system of minute network! Like Nimrod, he is a mighty hunter; and no unfortunate fly can quit his station in his direction with safety.

The afternoon draws on; the bees seem to ply their task more briskly, as if conscious that the next day would scarcely be favourable for out-of-door operations. But a feathered beau has just arrived,—the surpassingly handsome *Malurus*. He hops about as if he were fully aware of his superlative claims to admiration. There is a jauntiness in his manner, indicative a little of the coxcomb, especially of the military variety of that biped. His motions always remind me of the manner in which a young lieutenant, on a review-day, flies up and down his company, during some of those rapid evolutions which one cannot help thinking are intended to astonish “the groundlings.” Do my readers know the bird? The male has a head and neck of the colour of fine cobalt, with a triangular patch of jet black passing from each eye down the face, and a collar and gorget of the same; the black passes in a line down the middle of the back, the rest of the body being a dove-colour. The female is of one uniform brown. Their tails are very oddly placed, being nearly at right angles with their bodies, as if they had been hastily stuck in. What a contrast they are to each other. How could they ever have paired? Alas! there are many worse assorted matches than this, in this wicked world of ours, where the diversity of appearance is the least of the evils which are evident as the result.

The day is declining; the ants are not so numerous; the bees are decamping heavily laden, and return not again; the sun is sinking in the west, but there are fresh arrivals. Hundreds of moths appear almost suddenly; there are clouds of them of several species. The day-flying *Plusia* is still there, but there is a buff-coloured *Agrotis* almost innumerable, and some few larger; a fine dark chocolate-coloured species of the genus *Graphiphora*, reminds me, by his gravity of appearance, of a Spanish hidalgo, wrapped up in his cloak and in his own importance. The Ave-Maria beetles, as

they are called in Catholic countries, boom about in considerable numbers. They are more commonly known as cockchafers. They are prettier than our English species; of a light fawn-colour, covered with a whitish down, and an indistinct black spot on each wing-case. There are several other species, some black, and some light brown, belonging to the same family.

The twilight deepens, and the *Crepuscularians* are thinning off; but there is an intruder on their enjoyments, who is hawking for his supper. The soft-flying, noiseless bat is on the wing; he stoops with sure success, and sweeps off many an unwary moth as his victim. There is no moon—the clouds are gathering rather ominously—we shall have wet to-morrow. The dew is distilling copiously on the cherry-tree, and its fragrance loads the surrounding air with its delicate perfume.—*A. H. Davis, F.L.S., Adelaide Miscellany.*

MONTAGUE STANLEY: THE ACTOR CONVERTED.

THE following interesting narrative is abridged from an article in the "Eclectic Review:—" "Memoir of Montague Stanley, A.R.S.A."

On the 5th of January, 1809, Montague Stanley was born at Dundee. His father was in the navy, and with him, accompanied by his mother and sister, he crossed the Atlantic, when only fourteen months old. The family settled at New York. When there about two years, Mr. Stanley died, and Montague, though but a child, was the chief solace of his remaining parent in the season of bereavement. Even at this early period, the features which so strongly marked his character in after life were prominently developed. Affectionate, intelligent beyond most of his age, sweet and winning in his disposition, every one who knew the boy became attached to him. The active-minded, whether young or old, are generally ambitious. They know what is in them, and they wish others to know it also. So it was with young Stanley. He always aimed to surpass his companions in every youthful feat; nevertheless he had no enemies, because his candour, fairness, and generosity, equalled, if they did not surpass, his desire to excel. When he was about seven years of age, his mother

went to reside at Halifax, in Nova Scotia. How his education had been conducted up to this time Mr. Drummond does not inform us. We know nothing of the books for which he manifested attachment, or what opportunities were afforded him to become acquainted with dramatic works, or to visit theatrical exhibitions; consequently, some of the main links by which the actor of thirty and the child of five years might be connected, are wanting. Without positive information, we may safely infer the nature of the books placed within his reach, and the kind of restriction he was subjected to, from the fact that before he was eight years old he appeared upon the stage. "This was a pursuit," remarks his biographer, "which presented peculiar attractions to his mind. It afforded scope for the indulgence of his feelings of romance, while it seemed to open a pleasant and easy way to distinction."

His debut was followed by the most flattering success. Private theatricals were "got up" at the Government-house, and the noble earl and countess who then represented the interests and hospitalities of the mother-country at Halifax, invited Montague to join their circle. With the young members of the family, as with the older branches of it, he was a great favourite. An incident which occurred about this time is worthy of record. One morning the countess sent her eldest son—then about Montague's age—with a beautiful purse filled with gold, as a token of her kind regard. "On the receipt of this costly gift, the first thought of his heart was to share it with his beloved mother; he instantly ran to her, his eyes sparkling with delight, and said, 'Mother, you must give me the purse, but the gold you may keep;' then added, with an arch smile, 'for me you know.'"

In 1819, Mrs. Stanley decided on returning to England. During the passage, a violent gale came on, and the water-casks, which were carelessly stowed away, broke from their fastenings and were dashed to pieces. Very few gallons were saved, and the passengers and crew, in consequence, were put on an allowance, which so far from quenching their thirst, barely moistened their lips. In the mean time, the lad, by his engaging manners and amiable disposition, had won the affection of all on board, from the captain down to "Old Jack," a sailor who was often at the helm, and by

whose side Montague used to perch himself to make observations, and to listen to the old man's yarns about "the dangers he had passed." In the great scarcity of water which prevailed, the affectionate disposition of young Stanley was touchingly developed, "by his continually denying himself a considerable portion of his own allowance, in order that his little brother and sister might have the more." He likewise had proof of the manner in which he himself was regarded by the crew. While the captain dared not to give a single drop of water to one family more than another, "several of the seamen, and especially 'Old Jack,' saved a little from their scanty portion from time to time, so that they might now and then make him a present of a bottle of water." After encountering great danger, and enduring considerable privation, the family reached Liverpool in safety.

Soon after, Montague's friends advised him to enter the theatrical profession. His own inclination and tastes seemed to justify their advice, and "there did not appear to be any one near him inclined to give him better counsel, or to direct his mind in a better course."

When but fifteen years of age, in 1824, he was engaged by Mr. Manly, the well-known manager of "the York circuit." He appeared at the York theatre. While in that ancient city, he formed an intimacy with an accomplished young man, who was steeped to the lips in the lees of infidelity. The fruit of this acquaintance was visible for years afterwards, in his marked dislike of those whom he conceived to be "righteous overmuch," and in the adoption of a very low standard of morality. From this time to the close of 1827 very little is known of his history, except that he began to evince a taste for drawing, for which he displayed such a passion, and which he cultivated with so much success, that in about six years afterwards we remember having seen several of his sketches, which were esteemed, by competent judges, to give decisive proof of genius as well as of industry. In 1828, he was a member of the company performing at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh—a fact which, to all who are conversant with theatrical affairs, will be indicative of the progress he had made in his profession. From his first appearance to his retirement from the stage, he continued to be a favourite with the playgoers of the "modern

Athens," and his brethren of the "sock and buskin" confidently predicted his future eminence as an actor. Shortly after his arrival in Edinburgh, he began systematically to cultivate his taste for drawing, availing himself of the opportunities afforded by a residence in the midst of some of the most enchanting scenery in the world, to sketch from nature,—of which he became a close and careful student. He soon commenced painting for the Annual Exhibition, and his efforts were rewarded with a large share of public approbation.

In 1830, the manager of the Dublin theatre, Mr. Calcraft, engaged Mr. Stanley. He proceeded to Ireland. There, it is within the scope of our knowledge to say, that by actors and audiences he was deemed an artist of distinguished ability in the "line of characters" that he personated. In 1832 and 1833, he performed in London, where he failed to make "a hit," as actors say, because, in our opinion, he sought to reach a point too elevated for his strength of pinion. His ardour was not quenched. He returned to the country to become more diligent and painstaking in the study of his art. For five years afterwards he continued to rise in the estimation of the theatrical public; and when he had gained a reputation more extended than he had previously done,—when the laurels for which he had so long laboured were within his grasp,—in the height of his popularity, on the 26th of March, 1838, he abandoned the stage!

Our space only permits us barely to indicate the circumstances which led to this remarkable incident in his history. It was not a sudden and eccentric bound, the result of impulse; much less can it be attributed to misjudging or enthusiastic ignorance. On the contrary, it was the effect of calm conviction, itself the fruit of years of serious thought. "In 1833, he formed a matrimonial connexion with a family of great respectability at Edinburgh. In the gracious providence of God, this alliance was made instrumental in conveying unspeakable blessings to Mr. Stanley. One member of this family had proceeded to India as a medical man, and there he was led to seek after and to find the God of his fathers." This gentleman became concerned respecting the religious condition of his relatives at home. Letter after letter arrived from him, pressing upon their consideration the necessity of being

at "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The effect which those earnest and affectionate expostulations produced was remarkable. "It would appear as if out of a large family circle, not one remained uninfluenced. The flame sped on from heart to heart . . . For some time, Stanley resolutely resisted the influence that was now bearing upon him, not only from his relative abroad, but also from many around him. He met it all with a spirit of firm opposition; at one time arguing against it as wrong, and at another ridiculing it as foolish. He spoke of his brother-in-law as indulging in the rhapsodies of Methodism, as being righteous overmuch, and as assuming an air of sanctity which was both unreasonable and absurd." But appeal was made to the New Testament, to its precepts, to its principles. It was fatal to his peace. His soul wrestled hard against the conclusion forced upon him by the book of Christ. He felt his position to be untenable—that Christianity must be thrown overboard, or his profession given up. Old things had passed away. He saw the Creator and Redeemer in a new light. The claims of the moral Governor of the universe upon his affection and obedience were felt. The evil of sin burdened his heart. He would betake himself to Christ, "who died the just for the unjust." He would obey God; his pleasure would, for the future, be the doing of His will. But could not this be done, he thought at first, without leaving the stage? He loved his pursuit. It was the choice of his youth, and the espoused and chief delight of his manhood. He had devoted to it the strength of his mind and the vigour of his days. To quit it would be to step from affluence into poverty, to crush his most cherished hopes, and to consign his young family to indigence. What his determination was, may be gathered from the following extracts from his private note-book. The first is dated—

"Christmas Night, Dec. 1836.

"My first resolution, by the grace of God, is, that henceforth I will lead a new life, and become a new creature in Christ; and may the Almighty, of his infinite mercy and grace, confirm this in me evermore, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

On the last night of his appearance on the stage he wrote in his journal,—
"The last night of my dramatic career;

and now, thanks be to the Lord who hath called me from darkness to light! I am emancipated from a most ungodly profession. May the Lord bless and prosper me in my new one!"

He devoted himself to painting, as the principal means of obtaining a livelihood; and, to eke out the scanty pittance that pursuit at first brought him, he gave lessons in drawing, in elocution, and in music. He not only taught, but, as his numerous classes proved, he taught well. For six years he continued to persevere in his varied and arduous labours, and to rise in the estimation of all with whom he came in contact. That he adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things, this volume bears ample testimony. But his days were numbered. The exertions he had necessarily to make, and his exposure to great changes in temperature when going about to his pupils, undermined his constitution. He removed to Bute, where the scenery of the Clyde and the glorious sunsets amid the peaked hills of Arran were a perpetual feast to him.

In the spring of 1844 he was dying at Bute. The copious extracts given from the diary of one who seldom left his side, show how unfaltering was his confidence in the love of Christ. His family was about to lose their protector and provider; still he was not troubled, because he placed reliance on Him who has said, "Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." He died as the righteous die. On May 4, 1844, he entered into "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

ST. ALBANS AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE town of St. Albans is situated on the summit and sides of a hill, about twenty miles north of London, and is celebrated for its contiguity with the ancient and renowned city of Verulam. When the mind looks back on the annals of the past, and pictures to itself the scenes which have transpired in remote ages, the progress of civilization is then in some degree appreciated. Time was when there was nothing on this spot but marsh and meadow, woody knoll and sluggish stream, by which roamed the wolf and the elk.

On this hill, the shaggy savage leaned

upon his club, and as his eye scanned the hills and vales around, he made his choice of a locality, to which he led some straggling horde of barbarians to rear their huts of mud and wicker. But the native bias of the human soul suggested and demanded progression: physical comforts were sought; and the wicker dungeons, with which they had been content, were exchanged for more convenient structures, which ere long threw their shadows over the weapons of Roman warriors, and over faces which wore the hues of every climate under the sun. In the reign of Nero, the Italian and the Briton dwelt together in Verulam;* but wars separated them, and their respective towns were divided by the river Ver.

Though almost the whole site of Verulam is now under cultivation, yet a few vestiges remain, consisting chiefly of some detached masses of the wall by which it was encompassed. This appears to have been about twelve feet in thickness, and was composed of layers of flint imbedded in a strong calcareous cement, mixed with coarse gravel. Rows of large Roman tiles were interposed between the layers, measuring about twelve inches by thirteen, made of clay of a tenacious nature, and baked to great hardness. The site of the ancient city, which is of an oblong form, contains within its walls about 200 acres. The course of the principal street seems to have been from south-east to north-west, and may be distinguished by the complexion of the vegetation upon its surface at particular seasons of the year, from its being on a gravelly soil, and the produce less luxuriant than that growing on the surrounding land. In the time of the emperor Nero, Verulam ranked as a municipium, or free city, and is generally thought to be the oppidum, or town of Cassivellanus, stormed by Cæsar, and which he states was defended by woods and marshes,†—a description corresponding with the situation of the place. It was probably at that time skirted on the south-west side by woods, of which traces remain, and was defended on the north-east by a swamp which covered the meadows on that side. This was denominated the Fishpool, the head of which is still visible, and gives its name to one of the streets of the present town

of St. Albans. Many reliques of antiquity have been discovered upon the site of the once famous city, and coins have been found, which are supposed by Camden,* and other antiquarians, to have been struck at this municipium.†

During the period of the Roman rule, a citizen named Albanus was beheaded on Holmhurst-hill, for denying the existence of the pagan gods; and being subsequently canonized by his admirers, Offa, king of Mercia, erected there a monastery to his memory; and from this individual the town derived its name. The neighbourhood was the scene of two determined battles during the Wars of the Roses, in the first of which the king was defeated and made prisoner, while queen Margaret was victorious in the second. "The relict of the ancient monastery" is a fine cruciform structure, which, from the great northern road, has a very imposing appearance; but on a nearer approach, this is not increased, from the dilapidation which time has given to its walls: there is, however, no real ground for this impression. The interior has a striking appearance, and exhibits, in an interesting manner, the architecture of various ages. It is 600 feet in length, and the transept 174 feet. The body of the abbey is sixty-five feet in height, that of the tower 174 feet, and the breadth of the nave seventy-five feet. Among many other objects the tombs of the duke of Gloucester, of Offa, king of Mercia, and abbot Ramrige are worthy of notice. The tomb of lord Bacon is in this church of St. Michael's, that distinguished philosopher having received the titles from this neighbourhood, of baron Verulam and viscount St. Albans.

The appearance of the town from its approaches is very pleasing, especially at this season of the year, when autumn's sombre tints give variety to the landscape:

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines, that round the thatch'd
eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy
cells."

* Called by Tacitus *Verulamium*, and by Antoninus *Verolanium*.

† "*Silvis paludibusque munitum*." — *Cæsar's Comment. de Bello Gallico*, lib. v.

* Camden's "Britannia," by Gough, vol. i. p. 337.

† "History and Antiquities of the County of Hertford," by R. Clutterbuck, vol. i. p. 5.

As the visitor approaches the town, and ascends the hill on which it is seated, he may perhaps recall to mind the words of Cicero, when speaking of "the eye of Greece:"—"Wherever we go, we place our footsteps on something connected with history,"* and its association with the annals of his country will be no small element of interest to the intelligent observer of the town and neighbourhood. St. Albans, however, has not been distinguished in modern times as the scene of any events of prominent interest; it has been better known in the humbler position of a "coaching station," through which nearly a hundred coaches were accustomed daily to pass to and from the north. The change which has come over "the spirit of its dream" since the establishment of the London and Birmingham Railway has been striking; nor has the vicinity of this line furnished any important substitute for the business then enjoyed. But the broad and well-kept turnpike, as seen from the town, winding along the valley in either direction, brings to the mind recollections of the past and meditations on the future, of a nature far from uninteresting.

The clockhouse, in the centre of the town, is well worthy of notice. It is a high square tower, built of flints, and surrounded at the bottom by some very flimsy and old-fashioned-looking houses, by which it appears to be supported, though its massy structure would require tenfold their strength to sustain it. It was built by one of the abbots, in the reign of Henry VIII. At a distance of half a mile to the south-east are some fine remains of the nunnery of Sopwell, founded in 1140, by abbot Geoffrey de Gorham. It is built of Roman tiles and bricks, and partly of flints. In a field adjoining the town, called New England Field, are some hills, supposed to have been the site of the camp of Ostorius, and thence vulgarly called Oyster-hills. Near the bridge of St. Michael is a mineral spring.

The chief manufacture of the place is straw-plait, which is carried on to a great extent in the county, and is a valuable source of remunerative employment to the women and children of the poor. The cotton and silk manufacture also furnishes occupation to many. Favourable opportunities may here be enjoyed of examining the surrounding districts of

* "Quacumque ingredimur in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus."

the country, which will reward the intelligent observer, by combining the beauties of nature in general with many spots of special interest.

To those who are desirous of exploring the county, the course from St. Albans through Hatfield to Hertford, or in the other direction, through Hemel-Hempstead to Great Berkhamstead, will afford much pleasure. Thus may be observed those ever-changing varieties of rural scenery which so pleasingly characterise our native country, and which, though all admire, are even more fully appreciated by those who have climbed the mountainous heights of the Alps, and contemplated its sublime prospects,—who have tracked the defiles of the Pyrenees, or have traversed the savannahs or prairies of the new world; for after all that has been presented to them of the majestic, the grand, or the sublime, they find in British landscape scenery an inexhaustible store of the beautiful and the picturesque. Unlike the more striking and impressive prospects of other lands, the mind feels little diminution of its enjoyment by the repetition of the scene; and as it dwells with delight on the spot over which the eye has long loved to roam, it cheerfully gives its tribute of praise. In the appreciation of these beauties we see the truth of the poet's description :

"Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms,
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here Nature in her midnoon whisper speaks;
How peaceful every sound!—the ring-dove's
plaint,
Moan'd from the twilight centre of the grove,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flirts from her down-cov'd
nest,
And from the root-sprigs thrills her ditty clear,—
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp—the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
That, soon as loosed, booms with full twang
away,—
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal,
Scared from the shallows by the passing tread,
Dimpling the water glides; with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circle's gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed
trout
Watches his time to spring."

Passing through Hemel-Hempstead, which is worthy of notice as a quiet and pleasantly-situated country town, Great Berkhamstead may be reached, remarkable for its historic associations, and as the birthplace of the poet Cowper. The Mercian kings had here a palace, and it again became a royal residence under the first of the Plantagenets, who granted

to the men and merchants thereof "liberty to trade through all his lands of England, and Normandy, and Aquitaine, and Anjou, without paying either custom or exaction; and that they should be quit of all servile works, and be exempt from all tolls, and enjoy the same liberties, laws, and customs as in the times of Edward the Confessor; and that no market should be held within seven miles of the town." From the time of Henry I., the house and castle of Berkhamstead went with the earldom of Cornwall. Twice they were granted to unfortunate favourites; by Edward II. to Piers Gaveston, and by Richard II. to Robert de Vere. Cicely, duchess of York, and mother of the last of the Plantagenets, resided here; and from the time of her death, the house of Berkhamstead has descended to the successive princes of Wales, with the dukedom of Cornwall. The castle was of an oval form, and surrounded by a double ditch and ramparts of earth, which may still be traced. The entire site, including the ditches, comprises eleven acres. Within the second rampart are considerable remains of the castle walls, which were of great thickness, and vary, even in their ruined condition, from eighteen to twenty-four feet, while a luxuriant crop of ivy overtops them. Mrs. Hemans has aptly addressed this plant:

"'T is still the same—where'er we tread,
The wrecks of human power we see,
The marvel of all ages fled,
Left to decay and thee!

And still let man his fabrics rear,—
August in beauty, grace, and strength,—
Days pass—thou, Ivy, never sere,
And all is thine at length."

The walls are formed of brick, bedded in mortar; but they retain no marks of ornament. To the south-east of the area is an elevated artificial mound, on which the keep formerly stood, which is now called the Tower-hill, and measures some forty feet in diameter at the summit. The site of the structure appears to have been well chosen, being the only "high and dry" ground in the immediate vicinity of the town; but the fact of its being commanded by a hill at a small distance, has occasioned the inference that the range of the machines formerly used in sieges was very limited.

"It is a spot that aptly may be made
A favourite theme of antiquarian lore,
While shelter'd by the elm's o'erhanging shade,
We strive the fallen watch-towers to restore;

And the strong keep that from yon hill display'd
The flag which to the foe defiance bore,
Seeming to tell, 'Besieged, we firm remain;
Threaten ye may, but all your threats are vain.'

Explore the double trench, and thoughtful trace
The moat, which all unbedded wanders round;
The vanish'd portal, and the ample space
Inclosed,—once guarded by the high-raised mound!

How vividly we feel that in such place
War's clarion erst was no unusual sound;
But all its triumphs and defeats forgot,
The castle becomes garden to a cot."

The town derives its name* from the combination of the words "berg," a hill, "ham," a town, and "stedt," a seat, which aptly describes its situation. It is situated on the west side of the river Gade and the Grand Junction Canal, and consists principally of two streets, which intersect one another. The chief street is broad, and extends about a mile in length, in which inferior ancient, and handsome modern houses are intermingled. The school at the London end presents a choice specimen of the style of building of the early part of the seventeenth century, while the old market-house, as respects its architecture, has been described as "nearly as ornamental to the town as the new National Gallery is to Trafalgar-square in London; although the former has this advantage over the latter, that notwithstanding its degraded style of architecture, it doubtless fully answers the purpose for which it was intended."

Berkhamstead will be best known in after ages as the birthplace of Cowper, who has been characterised by Southey as "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers,"† than for its connexion with so many historical personages "who figured in the tragedies of old." F. S. W.

THE SINCERE.

"Neither at any time used we flattering words,"
1 Thess. ii. 5.

LANGUAGE ought to be a faithful expression of conviction. It is not necessary for a man always to utter his opinions; there is a time, a proper season, for everything; and accordingly there is a time to speak and a time to be silent; but when judgment and circumstances indicate the time to speak, then it is imperative that the speaker be sincere.

* Norden.

† Southey's "Works of William Cowper," etc., vol. i.

Honesty, uprightness, truthfulness, a supreme regard to the dictates of conscience, irrespective of personal consequences, are the general elements of sincerity. If it act, it is on the principles of integrity; if it speak, it is by the compulsion of truth. "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Its object is unselfish: it asks no praise; it seeks no fame. Satisfied from itself, it caters not for foreign admiration. Truth is its well-spring, duty its motive. It may be maligned, derided, opposed; but, like a rock in the ocean, or a mountain amidst the storm, its serenity is undisturbed. It may "swear to its own hurt," but it "changes not." It is the conservator of right, in a world that seeks the mastery by might; and of truth, in a world of falsehood. Its task, consequently, is often uncongenial to prevailing tastes, and in its experience it has found that the more abundantly it loved, the less it was loved.

The Scriptures thus enjoin and commend it: "Now therefore fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth," Josh. xxiv. 14. "Therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth," 1 Cor. v. 8. "For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly to you-ward," 2 Cor. i. 12. "For we are not as many, which corrupt the word of God: but as of sincerity, but as of God, in the sight of God speak we in Christ," 2 Cor. ii. 17. "In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works; in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity," Tit. ii. 7.

We may view the sincere under the various aspects of a man of business, a friend, a private Christian, and a minister of the gospel. It is obvious that the same general principles that determine his conduct under any one of these aspects are applicable to all the rest, inasmuch as those principles belong to his inner man, are lodged in his moral nature by the gracious Power that has baptized him with its influences, and are therefore characteristic of him as an individual intelligence, irrespective of external circumstances. Indeed, this is one of the peculiar features of Christianity, that it exercises its transforming

and impelling power on the heart of the individual man. There, where no human eye disturbs its process, it selects its field of operation, and breaks up the fallow ground, softens, purifies, scatters its Divine seed, waters, warms, vivifies, until the language, behaviour, and deeds of the man evince to the ear and the eye of the listener and spectator that a change has taken place on his principles and motives, all-subduing in its power, and all-pervading in its results.

In proportion to the increase of population, and the struggle and rivalry of trade, and other similar causes, is the man of business exposed to the temptation of insincerity, not to say positive departure from truth. To depreciate the commodity of a rival, for whom, personally, he has not the slightest ill-will, but whose success he is apt to consider inimical to his own prosperity—to underrate the quality of that which he desires to purchase, and to exaggerate its excellence when he offers it for sale—to mingle inferior ingredients with that which is susceptible of adulteration without being readily detected, in order to the increasing of its bulk or weight—to take advantage of, it may be unfounded, rumours relative to the solvency of a neighbour, that he may weaken his hold upon public confidence—to affirm or deny regarding the properties of articles, with less respect for truth than for the supposed wishes of the customer; and to use words and phrases in business for the purpose of disposing of inferior merchandise, to which an arbitrary meaning is attached, but which the public understand in their ordinary import,—are among the deviations from integrity to which we may suppose the man of business tempted. But, however strong the temptation, the man whose moral consciousness has been trained under the recollection that the Lord desires truth in the inward parts, will struggle against it, resist it, and, by the grace of God, overcome it. The rule by which he walks is, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" and no temporary advantage, or even prospective gain, can compensate the conscience for a breach of this rule. It cannot be denied that much temporary advantage is sometimes gained by deceit; but alas! for him who makes the guilty experiment. His sin will surely find him out. And "as the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and

not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." Whilst, on the other hand, the inconvenience sometimes attendant on sincerity, amidst the thousand rivalries of the market-place, is only of short duration, and in the end the truthful spirit is sure to be rewarded. The student of man, even though he be not influenced by the authority of God, will soon discover that "honesty is the best policy."

Among the meliorating influences of human society, friendship holds a conspicuous place. Poetry has devoted its richest lays in its praise. It has checked many a bitter tear in its progress, and turned many a sigh into song. But how important is it that a friend be sincere! No toil, no sacrifice, no self-denial, can be substituted for sincerity on the part of a friend. Sometimes, indeed, his task is very delicate, requiring the utmost tact and wisdom, lest he fail of his intentions; for friendship has not always to soothe, to gratify, and congratulate. It has frequently occasion to point out deficiencies and faults; and this it will do just because it is sincere. It would see the object of its attachment prosperous and happy, and therefore it will watch with jealous eye against the encroachment of any injurious habit or influence which would prevent that prosperity, or mar that happiness. And a wise man, a man deserving such friendship, will receive the gentle hint, the admonition, or even the "open rebuke" of such a friend with gratitude; and instead of considering it as an unfriendly act, he will view it as an additional link to bind two kindred hearts together—a fresh proof of the real affection and sincerity which prompted the unpleasant course:

'Oh may the righteous, when I stray,
Smile, and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

When I behold them press'd with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love."

View the sincere as a private Christian. Sincerity of course can never be the test of truth; for multitudes who are deeply sunk in religious error are unquestionably sincere in their attachment to that which they believe: but though sincerity is not the test of truth, yet no man can be a true Christian without sincerity. He may be a nominal disciple,

a trifier, or a hypocrite; but a Christian, in the proper sense of that term, he is not. Now, the sincere Christian—the man who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and lives by faith on him—esteeming his sacrifice the only foundation of a sinner's hope, and feeling his truth to be the most precious thing in the world—is perpetually coming into contact with his fellow-men and fellow-Christians. Opportunities are constantly occurring which he will seize for the purposes respectively of reproving, rebuking, exhorting; of sympathy, instruction, or encouragement, as the case may require. The depth of his sincerity will be evinced by his conduct under given circumstances. If his religion be ridiculed or assailed, he will not turn craven or coward, neither will he boisterously clamour against the assailants, and render railing for railing. His course is obvious. "The servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth." Satisfied regarding the impregnable character of his most holy faith, he will "sanctify the Lord God in his heart, and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh him a reason of the hope that is in him, with meekness and fear." He will remember that "the wisdom which is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits; without partiality, and without hypocrisy." And then he will bear his testimony to that Divine truth which he most surely believes. He will be a living epistle of Christ, seen and known of all who see and know him. This sincerity will be called into service also when he sees any of his fellow-Christians in danger of backsliding. He must warn him, gently but earnestly. And if he sees any of them in circumstances of trial or suffering, the proof of his sincerity will be found in his heart sympathy with them, and in his efforts to alleviate and comfort them: "Faith without works is dead, being alone."

Look at the sincere as a minister of the gospel. In his case, if anywhere, sincerity is absolutely essential:

"The pulpit stands—it ought at least to stand—
Amidst the fogs of this terrestrial world,
The magazine of light, emitting beams
Of empyrean birth; translucent rays,
Too pure to leave a doubt from whence they
come.

The messenger of God, it must not yield,
To please capricious taste, the smallest jot
Of its Divine commission;—fools may rave;
The proud may scowl defiance; but the man
Whose theme is Christ, whose thoughts are full
Of heaven,
Whose words convey eternal verities,
And tell the wonders of redeeming grace,
Can stand secure amidst the pelting storm !"

Success without sincerity may not be looked for; but success apart, the character of a minister's work, its solemn associations, the authority on which it is founded, the object it contemplates, its Divine sanctions, and its durable issues, all demand earnest, transparent sincerity. Uncertainty paralyzes, trifling is intolerable, doubt is fatal. Look at Paul. Cowper's well-known lines, often quoted, will bear quoting once more :

" Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine incorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge;
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men."

Truth, the gospel, Christ, God, angels, and the inhabitants of heaven and of hell are all sincere. How necessary is it, therefore, that the man whose duty it is to speak about them all shall be also sincere ! W. L.

THE WORD "SAVIOUR."

A GENTLEMAN stated, at a meeting of the Religious Tract Society, that a few years ago he met with Mr. Colemeister, who had laboured among the Esquimaux for thirty-four years, and had first translated the four Gospels into the Esquimaux language. Among a variety of interesting questions which he put to him, he thought that he would question him upon a point of some curiosity and difficulty, respecting his translation. Knowing how imperfect barbarous languages are, and how inadequate to express any abstract idea, he requested him to say how he translated the word "Saviour" in the Gospel. Mr. Colemeister said, "Your question is remarkable, and perhaps the answer may be so too. It is true the Esquimaux have no word to represent the Saviour, and I could never find out that they had any direct notion of such a friend. But I said to them, 'Does it not happen some-

times, when you are out fishing, that a storm arises, and some of you are lost, and some saved?' They said, 'O yes; very often.' 'But it also happens that you are in the water, and owe your safety to some brother or friend, who stretches out his hand to help you?' 'Very frequently.' 'Then what do you call that friend?' They gave me in answer a word of their language, and I immediately wrote it against the term Saviour in Holy Writ, and ever after it was intelligible to them."

GROUND OF THANKFULNESS.

CHRISTIAN, bless God not only for what you have, and for what you want, but for what you hope to have. All is not come that is promised by the Father, all is not come that is merited by the Son, nor is all come that is assured to you by the Holy Spirit; the best is yet to come. Here joy enters into us; there we shall enter into joy. Here are promises; there performances. Here is faith; there is fruition. Here we enjoy God mediately; there immediately. In heaven there is a kingdom without cares—a throne without a thorn—greatness of state without corruption of manners—a treasure without moths—honour without envy—joy without tears—love without jealousy—and days without end !

A devout pilgrim travelling to Jerusalem, and on his way visiting many superb cities, with their fine monuments, though he met with many friendly entertainments, would often say, "I must not stay here; this is not Jerusalem." So do you, Christian, in the midst of all the delicacies that this world can afford you, not only in the way of variety, but of plenty, still say of every one of them, "This is not Jerusalem—this is not heaven; these are but tents and tabernacles, all no better than movables; our mansions are in heaven, where we shall abide for ever !" But would you be thankful for heaven, and do you long to be there? Be truly thankful, then, for Jesus Christ. It is Christ that makes heaven to be heaven. He that cannot be thankful for Jesus Christ, cannot be thankful for heaven, and has no reason to expect he shall go there at last. Certainly, they that could not endure the presence of Christ with his servants in his ordinances, will have no desire to be with him in his glory.—Beadle.



The Moor-Harrier.

THE MOOR-HARRIER.

THE harriers are distinguished from the buzzards by their thin and elongated tarsi, their slender form of body, and their lengthened tail. The third quill-feather is the longest; the texture of the plumage is soft and loose, and especially full around the face, so as to form a sort of ruff approaching to the disc, so conspicuous in the owls. The beak is small and compressed.

The harriers are more active, and more constantly on the wing than the buzzards; they frequent low and marshy grounds, where they generally build, concealing the nest near the sides of lakes or morasses, among the reeds and osiers which luxuriate in such situations. Their flight is easy, graceful, and buoyant, but not rapid; nor do they soar to any height, but, like a spaniel, quarter the ground (skimming near the surface) with great diligence in search of snakes, lizards, frogs, and other reptiles, on which they chiefly prey, seizing the victim with their sharp claws as they pass. Young birds are sometimes destroyed, especially coots and water-hens.

The first example is the Moor-harrier, (*Circus æruginosus*, Bechst.) The changes which this bird undergoes in its plumage,

according to age, has led to many mistakes, each stage having given rise to the supposition of a distinction of species. These errors are now corrected.

As its name implies, the Moor-harrier frequents heaths and wild marshy lands, being very common in Holland and in many other parts of Europe, and not unfrequent in the British isles. Its usual mode of pursuing its prey is by skimming the ground and dropping suddenly on it; frogs or other reptiles, as well as small quadrupeds, such as moles, mice, and young rabbits, are thus unexpectedly seized by this silent-winged marauder. It builds its nest in tufts of grass, fern, or bushes; the eggs being three or four in number, of a plain white. When fully adult, its colour is as follows: head, neck, and breast, pale dull yellowish, each feather having a central streak of brown; upper surface brown, the quill-feathers being white at their origin and black for the rest of their length; secondaries and tail-feathers of an ashy gray; under parts rufous, marked with yellowish dashes; beak black; cere greenish; tarsi yellow; length, one foot seven or eight inches. During the first year, the general plumage is of a deep chocolate, the feathers of the wing-coverts, quills,

and tail being tipped with light brown; the top of the head and the throat being of a yellowish brown. From this stage the transition is gradual to that of maturity.

The next example is the Hen-harrier, (*Circus cyaneus*.) The difference which age produces in the plumage of the harriers in general does not, in the present example, end here; for it exists to such an extent between the two sexes, as to have caused them, until very lately, to have been considered as distinct species; the female having obtained the name of the Hen-harrier, and the male that of the Ringtail. The Hen-harrier (the name now retained) is universally spread over Europe; it occurs also in some parts of Africa and of North America; everywhere restricting itself to low, flat lands, moors, and heaths. In its manners it has all the characters of its tribe. Dr. Richardson (see *Fauna Boreali-Americana*) observes, that it is a "common species on the plains of the Saskatchewan, seldom less than five or six being in sight at a time, each keeping to a particular beat, until it had completely examined it. Their flight was in general low; but though Mr. Drummond and I watched them for hours at a time, and lay as still in the grass as possible, they invariably rose out of gunshot as they passed over our heads, and the specimens were procured only by lying in ambush near the nest. Notwithstanding they appeared to be almost constantly on the wing, we seldom saw them carry anything away; and they seemed on the whole to be less successful hunters than the little *Falco sparverius*, or the lazy buzzards, that sat watching for their prey on the bough of a tree. A small green snake is very plentiful in that quarter, and forms a considerable portion of the food of this bird, whence its Cree name of the 'Snake Hunter.' The nests that we observed were built on the ground, by the sides of small lakes, of moss, grass, feathers, and hair, and contained from three to five eggs, of a smaller size than those of a domestic fowl, but similar in shape, and having a bluish white colour, without spots."

Colour of adult male: head, neck, and the whole of the upper surface of a blueish gray, verging into black on the quill-feathers; tail feathers gray, tipped with white; tail coverts and whole of the under surface white. Bill black, iris and tarsi yellow. Length, one foot six inches.

Colour of adult female: upper surface, dull brown, the feathers of the head and neck being edged with rufous. Under surface of a reddish yellow, with large brown longitudinal dashes; the quill-feathers are barred externally with brown and black, internally with white and black. Tail coverts white, with streaks of red. Two middle tail feathers barred with black and ash-colour, the others with reddish yellow and black. Length, one foot eight inches. The young of both sexes, though much more dull and indistinct in colour, resemble the female; and it is not until after the second year that the males begin to assume their characteristic dress, which is a gradual process, and not perfect till after two or three successive moults.

OLD HUMPHREY'S HIGHLAND TOUR CONCLUDED.

That ancient man has play'd his part;
His flowery web is spun;
His toil, at last, is o'er and past;
His pleasant work is done.
With grateful heart he went abroad,
As cheerful as the day;
With sunny mind and grateful heart
He wends his homeward way.

ON my return from Callander to Glasgow, I had an agreeable fellow-traveller in the sheriff's depute for the county of Perth, to whom I mentioned the circumstance of the delay, or loss of my trunk, and of the long train of inconveniences to which it had subjected me. He much wished me to pay him a visit at Stirling, but I had it not in my power to avail myself of his friendly invitation. Our converse, on many points, was to me highly interesting, and hardly can I err in venturing the remark that we were mutually pleased with each other. We parted at the door of Comries' Hotel, Glasgow; and scarcely had I entered the house before my host announced to me the arrival of my long-lost trunk. This was to me news of no trivial importance. A fresh and abundant supply of clothes, linen, and shoe-leather, to one who had been so long touring in the wet and the storm, was a source of great comfort—a positive treasure. My trunk, instead of being forwarded by mail to Inverness, had, for the sake of economy, been consigned by my host at Blair Athol to the care of a carrier, and thus had it been slowly creeping through the country, following me from one place to another,

while I was suffering the greatest inconvenience for want of the comforts it contained.

A little to the south of Glasgow, on the Clyde, stands the royal burgh of Rutherglen. "Near the town is a kind of lane, known by the name of Din's Dikes, which is connected with the history of the unhappy queen Mary. Her majesty, during the battle of Langside, stood on a rising ground, about a mile from Rutherglen; and upon seeing her army give way, she commenced her precipitate flight to the south. Din's Dikes lay in her way,—and there two rustics, who were cutting grass, threatened to hew her in pieces with their scythes, if she did not surrender; but she was instantly rescued from those savages, and proceeded towards Galloway."

Further up the Clyde is Bothwell Castle,—a magnificent ruin of princely grandeur, formed of polished red freestone, round which the broad and deep river makes a fine sweep. Often have the old walls given back the tones of the minstrel's harp, often have they rung with the boisterous mirth of feudal revelry. Power has there lifted its strong arm in strife, and pageantry wielded the lance in the tourney; but Time, with its withering touch, has crumbled the walls, and desolation been busy with its towers.

"Bothwell Church is an old Gothic structure, covered with large polished stones, laid over an arched roof. The date of its erection is unknown; but the Douglas arms, quartered with the Royal arms, are upon one of the windows, in allusion, probably, to the marriage of the earl of Douglas with the daughter of Christian, the sister of king Robert Bruce."

The superb pile of Hamilton Palace, with its portico of Corinthian pillars, lofty pediments, extended wings, and noble picture-gallery, attracts much attention; and so does the villa of Barcluth, with its terraced garden overhanging the Avon.

"The banks of the Avon are bold and craggy, often wooded to the water's edge, with here and there a shapeless rock jutting forth its bald front through the trees. The channel or dell is from 200 to 300 feet in depth; and the water is seen at the bottom struggling and foaming over its rocky bed. The scenery is the finest of the kind, being superior to that of Roslin, to which it bears a great resemblance.

The battle of Drumclog was fought near the head of this romantic vale, on the first Sunday of June, 1679; on which occasion the Covenanters obtained a glorious triumph over Graham of Claverhouse, who had under his command 200 chosen horsemen, while the Covenanters, suddenly surprised in conventicle, were only 200 foot and 50 horse, all indifferently armed. Claverhouse lost thirty-six of his men, the Covenanters only six."

It was my wish to visit the Falls of the Clyde, and Lanark, and the Cartland Crag, and Ayr; but the wish was a vain one. How true it is that "the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing," Eccles. i. 8. We are much more disposed to sigh for what we have not, than to rejoice for what we possess; and to lament the sights we have lost, rather than exult over those we have secured.

The Fall of Stonebyres, I am told, is very magnificent, thundering down, after rain, in full force, a depth of eighty feet. Bonniton Linn cataract flings itself like an avalanche into a boiling abyss. Dundaff Linn, though not large, is beautiful; and Corra Linn, scattered by projecting rocks into three falls, is magnificent in the extreme:

The crystal flood, the foam, the roar;
The rocky bed, the castled shore;
And trees and shrubs in every part,
Entrance the stranger's eye and heart.

If tradition be true, a frightened horse, with a daughter of one of the ancient kings of Scotland, named Corra, on his back, plunged from the head of the Fall into the gulf below; from which circumstance arises the name of Corra Linn. As I have elsewhere said, vast is the flood that descends; but what is it to the waters of the mighty ocean? And what is the ocean in size, compared with the world? And what is the world, when contrasted with the universe? How great and infinite, then, the power of the almighty Maker of them all, the bountiful Bestower of all our blessings! With what mingled awe and wonder and thankfulness should we regard his wondrous works and his holy word! How ardent should be our gratitude, and how loud should be our praise!

The Cartland Crag is on the river Mouse, which forces its way through an extraordinary chasm, formed by some strange convulsion. The craggy barriers are fearful, rising to a height of 400 feet.

On entering a railroad-carriage, after

leaving Comries' Hotel, I was soon in Edinburgh; which place I quitted on the following morning, for a ride of about four hundred miles to London. As we whirled on through Haddington, in the neighbourhood where the battle of Preston Pans was fought, I could not but think of the miseries of war. It was at the field of Preston Pans that colonel Gardiner was dismounted from his horse by the stroke of a Highlander's scythe, and then dispatched with a blow from a broadsword. Poor Gardiner!—Is that a fit death-bed for a Christian man, where there are wrath-inflamed eyes, and anger-burning hearts, and brandished weapons, and red reeking hands, and "confused noise, and garments rolled in blood?"

As we hurried on, many a striking scene, both on the land and sea, arrested my attention. The Scottish homesteads and farms appeared in excellent order, with cornstacks in abundance around them, but it would take half a dozen Scottish cornstacks, at least, to equal in size one of ours in England.

At Berwick-on-Tweed we were at no great distance from Norham Castle and Flodden Field, though I had no opportunity of paying a visit to either of them. The fight at Flodden was disastrous to the English, and still more so to the Scotch.

I am always glad either to beg, borrow, or steal the account of a battle given by another, rather than attempt to describe it in my own words. For this reason I shall now quote from the "Guide Book."

"In the reign of Robert Bruce, Norham Castle was besieged by the Scotch, who raised two forts against it, one at the church, the other at Upsetlington; but it was bravely and successfully defended by sir Thomas Gray, its governor. In 1513, it surrendered to James iv., who, after demolishing its outworks, and ravaging the country round, took up a position at Flodden, six miles distant, near the river Till, where was fought, on the 9th of September, 1513, that fatal battle, in which he fell with the flower of his nobility. The Scottish army was placed on Flodden ridge, and the English at Barmoorwood, on the opposite side of the Till. In the morning, the English crossed the Till by Twizel Bridge, and their rear by a ford a mile higher up, and drew up with their rear to the Tweed and facing the Scotch, who, setting fire to their tents, rushed down, under cover of the smoke, to

secure the eminence on which Brankstone is built. Surrey commanded the English centre, his two sons the right, Stanley the left, and lord Dacre the horse reserve. Huntly commanded the Scotch on the left, which at first gained some advantages; but the Borderers began to plunder, when the left division of the English attacked the Scotch, and routing their right, under Lennox and Argyle, fell on the centre, which was already pressed hard by Surrey. Night separated the combatants,—the Scotch lost 10,000, and the English about 6,000 men. A full view of the field may be got from a hillock behind the position of the English right wing. An unhewn stone, called the 'King's stone,' marks the place where the king fell."

A second-class carriage is often entered by poor working men, who sit for the time in silence, as if they were tabooed, or interdicted, and feeling anything but kindly towards their better-dressed fellow-travellers. A civil remark made to such men, or an inquiry about anything they understand, has almost always an excellent effect, if it be made not in a patronizing, condescending spirit; but with frankness, friendliness, and kindness. If I have any insight into the heart, any knowledge of human character, then am I sure that half a dozen such men left the carriage in which I travelled, with more self-respect, and with more kindly feelings towards me, than they would have felt, had I not accosted them with civility. There should be a kindly feeling between all classes. A proud man may undervalue the remark, but a wise man will not despise it.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne we were conveyed in omnibuses from one part of the railroad to another. As we passed the old church, a gentleman sitting opposite me remarked that there were many excellent clergymen and ministers in Newcastle. I did not doubt the truth of his remark, but observing that the church clock was at least three or four hours behind time, I directed his attention to it, expressing a hope that the finger in the pulpit pointed more correctly than the finger of the dial.

The latter part of my journey I travelled alone, reviewing the past. Scottish scenes came before me in all their immensity, sterility, solitude, and sublimity. What interesting seasons had I passed, conversing with pleasant com-

panions, and musing by myself at eventide by lonely lochs and solitary places, hearing no sound but my own breath and the hum of the sharded beetle wheeling around me his "drony flight,"—and was at last returning home.

A tourist who is ready to endure as well as enjoy, and to achieve as well as undertake, will find Scotland a fair field of enterprise. She has very much that will arrest his attention; Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Perth among her cities; Edinburgh, Stirling, Dumbarton, and Blackness among her castles; and Bannockburn, Stirling, Sheriffmuir, and Culloden among her battle-places. Let Ben Macdhui, Ben Nevis, Braeriach, Cairngorm, Benlawers, and Ben y Gloe speak for her mountains; Loch Fine, Loch Awe, Loch Linne, Loch Lomond, and Loch Katrine for her lakes; and Glencoe, Glennevis, Glentilt, Glencroe, and Glenfinlas for her glens. Go to the Isles of Lewis, Skye, Mull, Staffa, and Iona; to the forests of Athol and Glenartney; to the Passes of Leny, Cattle, and Killiecrankie; and to the Falls of the Bruar, Clyde, Tummel, Foyer, and Aberfeldy, and say if your eye has not sparkled with emotion, and your heart bounded with unusual delight!

After hurrying onwards for a day and a night, I arrived at home in peace, with an exulting spirit, and a heart brimfull and running over with thankfulness for the pleasure I had partaken, and the preservation which had been mercifully extended to me as a tourist. I had seen much of Scotland, and breathed a blessing upon her from her highest hills and gloomiest glens; I had companionized with kindred spirits, drunk deeply of the cup of enjoyment, and revelled in the goodly and glowing scenes that had been spread around me. Oh that we were half as much in earnest for heaven, as determined tourists are for the brow of Ben Nevis or Ben Lomond! If, as pilgrims to the city with the golden gates, we had half the zeal, perseverance, and consistency that ardent tourists manifest, how many stumbling-blocks should we remove from our paths! How many lions in the way would be slain! Tourists are not ashamed of their object, but rather make it known, and encourage others to pursue it—as well as themselves. They dress like tourists, think like tourists, talk like tourists, and act like tourists; but do we, as Christian pilgrims, do the same? Shame upon us! shame upon

us! The tourist grasps his staff, and despite of wind and weather, journeys onward. The wind may blow, and the rain may fall; the bog may be dangerous, and the mountain steep; but he battles with the rude elements, threads a pathway through the shaking quagmire, toils up the towering mountain, winning his way to its very crown, on which he stands, waving his cap exultingly, with some high-growing plant in his bosom, and success and triumph in his heart. Animated by the picture, let us go forward! Heaven is before us! On! Christian, on! Win thy way courageously, exultingly, successfully, triumphantly, strengthened by almighty power, and upheld by everlasting arms!

"THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS."

I REMEMBER one sermon which seemed to me nearer the perfection of preaching, than any that I have ever heard before or since. The preacher was one of my most valued friends. He is one of the most eloquent men this age has produced; but there was nothing of what the world calls eloquence in that sermon. It was rather the preaching of one who, like the great apostle, had thrown aside every advantage which belonged to himself or to his peculiar gifts—all eloquence and excellency of speech or of wisdom, and was determined to know nothing among his hearers, but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

The church in which I heard this sermon, had been lately built in the heart of a district in London, inhabited by the most abandoned characters—a locality reckoned hardly safe in open day. In walking thither, we had to pass through one street in particular, filled with dens of iniquity of various kinds. I have seen there, for instance, hundreds of silk pocket-handkerchiefs, of all colours and patterns, hung out openly for sale, furnished, it is well known, from the spoils of the pickpockets. There stood that quiet sanctuary; its open doors and free seats, inviting the very refuse and dregs of society to come in, and hear the full free offer of pardon and grace to the vilest and to the worst; and there, in the midst of a mixed multitude, hanging with breathless attention on his deep and solemn voice, stood that earnest preacher of the word, which had melted and trans-

formed his own inmost heart—pleading as for his own soul, with the souls of those that heard him. We had come from a distance, and the sermon had already commenced when we entered the church. The Scripture on which he was preaching, was perhaps the most appropriate that he could have chosen for such a place and such a people—"This man receiveth sinners!" Luke xv. 2. The words were frequently on his lips; the spirit of those words breathed in every tone of his voice, which was broken and trembling at times with deep emotion, and in every change of his expressive countenance. Christ Jesus was All, and in all, in that sermon; his name was truly there as ointment poured forth, and "the whole house was filled with the odour of the ointment." The preacher spoke of that glorious Redeemer as the human, tender, sympathizing friend and brother of the wretched sinner—the outcast—the lost—the dead in trespasses and sins. He dwelt upon the gentleness and kindness of the Lord Jesus, and seemed as one pouring balm into the wounds of the broken-hearted, and meeting the cold repulsive hardness of the hardened, with all the tenderness of his Master's inconceivable love.

He described the whole mission and character of the Lord Jesus Christ, as embodied in those touching words: "This man receiveth sinners." He enlarged upon the Divine simplicity of the salvation of the gospel of the grace of God—a full, free offer of forgiveness to every one who will call upon the name of the Lord. He invited all to come and buy, without money, and without price. He met the earnest anxious cry of the despairing, trembling wretch—"What must I do to be saved?" with that full yet concise epitome of the whole gospel, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Of all his hearers, perhaps few could enter more entirely and more heartily, into the spirit of his application of the words which he had made the subject of his address, than myself. Those words had but a short time before penetrated into the depths of my own heart, and filled my whole soul with humble and adoring love. I had met with this passage in the life of the godly Charles, of Bala, and the words had left an impression, never I trust to be effaced; the passage is this, "The following words have been much impressed upon my mind of late, 'This man

receiveth sinners.' The most invaluable words! Though I should have been presumptuously confident, and hypocritically religious all my days, yet these words take me in, now, in such a manner, as to leave me no room to escape. For ever blessed be the Lord, for Jesus Christ! I am sure I find him precious to my soul. Had I the same view of myself, of my guilt and sin, which I have now, without some little discovery of Christ, as constituted by the Father an all-sufficient Saviour, I should, in a degree, feel the misery of the inhabitants of hell.—It is heaven on earth," he soon after adds, "to live to Christ. It is heaven above to be for ever with Him."

The words of the preacher came sweeping over the chords of my heart, which had so lately trembled beneath the same thrilling words, and now every chord again responded to them: "This man receiveth sinners."

Was there a wretched sinner present who caught and clung to this Scripture with a more eager, a more earnest grasp, than myself? It was indeed—and I deeply felt it—"a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I was chief." All around me were surely—so I fervently hoped and prayed—clinging to the same assurance; but the words had produced an insulating effect upon me. Was not I, in my own eyes, the chief of sinners? and did not the fact which I, by the Holy Spirit, was enabled to realize for myself, pierce and penetrate into the very depths of my soul? Had not my own sin, my own base, vile ingratitude to Him, who suffered all for me, made me the most miserable wretch on earth; and yet had not the love of that dying Redeemer, that Divine and ever-living Mediator, filled my heart with joy? Was ever love like thine, O most gentle and most gracious Jesus! Thou man of sorrows! Thou, of whom it has been so finely said, that "Sorrow was thine element, because sin was ours;" it was in this humbled, softened, penetrated frame, that I also hung upon the words of that most persuasive preacher.

"Then drew near unto Him," he said, "all the publicans and sinners for to hear him."

"Imagine," he added, "such a congregation as is described in these few words. Elsewhere we find publicans associated

with one particular class of sinners—'publicans and harlots.' 'All the publicans and sinners drew near,' a company of thieves, sabbath-breakers, drunkards, revellers, harlots, the refuse of the population of that great city, the very dregs of degraded and disgusting humanity, men and women who would have fled with terror from the approach of a police-officer. Behold, they gather together, they collect in groups, they stand, they draw near, they hearken to the words of Jesus! Instead of repelling such creatures from him, instead of withdrawing himself from such a wretched company, and receiving with complacency the more respectable members of the community, behold, 'He receives sinners.' Never man recoiled from the touch of contamination with such purity as this man: never man was so 'holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners,' as this man: yet see—'this man receiveth sinners.' The conclusion of the sermon was extremely touching.

"And what a glorious thing it is, my dear brethren, to set this truth before men—to see the poor trembling creatures astonished by the kindness with which the gospel addresses them. I have seen such: I have seen such persons as are here described—'publicans and sinners,' followed into their haunts of vice by a minister of the gospel—not to be upbraided because of their transgressions—(ah, he mistakes his office who upbraids such sinners!)—but to be addressed with kindness, to be astonished by the love and tenderness of Christ's ambassador, telling them, 'I did not come to find fault with you; nay, nay, do not mistake me, do not be offended and drive me from your cellar or your garret in anger: I came not to reprove your vices: nay, I came to tell you that God loves you, just as you are: he does: 'he so loved' a world like you, that he gave his Son to die for it; now look upon him; 'believe, and live.' Brethren, I have seen many a rugged brow softened by such treatment. I have seen many a hardened sinner, ready on the first appearance of the visitor to turn away with a harshness of spirit that would have revolted from rebuke, induced to look up, induced to raise his eyes by a kind tone of voice addressed to him, and on seeing a kind expression of countenance also, I have seen the tear start into that eye unused to weep. I have seen, in some of our manufacturing districts, the filthy cheek

where the smoke had been long gathering, and that was unused to be washed, furrowed indeed with the trickling tears; I have seen that man relenting under the gentle tenderness of a manifesting of Christ's love to him and to his family, until, to hide his emotion, under the address of the ministering visitor, he has clasped one of his children to his bosom, and hid his face in his child's clothes, that he might avoid the observation of the kind friend who was addressing him. Yes, and I have seen a whole family melt with tears upon such an occasion; I have seen the wife's ardent anxiety that he might be reclaimed from his evil ways, and that the house of God, instead of the scenes of vice, might be his haunt on the Lord's-day. I have seen her drop on her knees in a kind of rapture, with the instantaneous ejaculation, 'Oh, God! hear the minister's prayer.' Oh, we want to multiply such scenes as these."

I have attempted to give some idea of parts of that remarkable sermon; but it is impossible to do justice to the simple and touching scene which he brought before us; it was truth, it was nature; it needed nothing, and it would have gained nothing from any ornament of man's eloquence. It was evidently the genuine effect produced by the faithful preaching of one, who was determined not to know anything among his hearers, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified; one who was honoured of God, because his speech and his preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom; but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. The love of Christ shed abroad by the Holy Spirit, in his own heart, was the sweet and powerful constraint which had urged him to speak of that love with such persuasive winningness to the hearts of others.—"*Facts in a Clergyman's Life,*" by the Rev. C. B. Taylor.

THE FUNGUS, OR MUSHROOM TRIBE.

No. I.

THERE is a great difference in the time occupied by various plants in arriving at maturity, and generally corresponding, in some measure, to the rapidity or slowness of growth, is the fugitive or permanent nature of their existence. Many a tall and noble product of the forest will occupy long years ere, from a sapling, it stands forth a lofty tree; and the sun of

summer and the storm of winter shall smile upon it, or rave among its branches for ages, and yet it shall wear the verdure of youth and the promise of beauty and majesty for ages yet to come. But the mushroom at its foot springs up, perchance, in a night, and to-morrow's sun shall not set ere it has gone.

Of all the tribes of vegetation, there is none which grow with half the rapidity of the fungi. When their seeds have fallen on some parasitic soil congenial to their growth, a few hours will often suffice to produce a luxuriant multitude. Some weeks between their germination and maturity is the greatest period of time which they ever occupy, and hours or days are more often the term of their duration. Withering observes of one of these plants, that he put a young fungus into water, and covered it with a glass bell, and that it grew three inches and a quarter in twelve hours. It has been proved of other species that a plant increases between sixty and seventy millions of cells in a minute. Their seeds, too, are so small and fine, that even the finest powder cannot compare to them; but they seem rather like vapour, and how infinitely numerous are they! Each plant of some of our smallest fungi, the smut on the corn, for example, is said by Frier to produce upwards of 10,000,000 seeds, or *sporules*, as the botanist calls them. What wonder, then, that the blight on the corn-field should rapidly destroy all the hopes of the agriculturist, and wither away the rich corn in the ear!

The plants of the mushroom tribe are formed of cells combined in various forms in the different plants. It consists of an immense number of species, and may be said to occupy the lowest station of the vegetable kingdom. Indeed, the fungi were, by many earlier botanists, thought to be animal productions; and one writer considered them the work of insects;—others regarded them as occupying a station intermediate between plants and animals.

This tribe of plants are mostly parasitic either upon decayed or decaying animal substances, or upon dead or sometimes on living vegetables. Many of the smaller species, especially, spring up among mucous or slimy substances;—hence Pliny and the older naturalists believed that they were produced, in some unaccountable manner, without seeds, by the slime of putrifying vegeta-

tion. Clusius, a French botanist in 1600, controverted this notion, and proved the fungus to be a perfect plant; and many subsequent naturalists confirmed his opinions until, in our own times, the fungi have been well investigated, and made the subject of long and careful study of some of our eminent botanists, as Sowerby, Hooker, and Greville, who have cleared away the old mists in which the subject was enveloped, and brought to light many interesting facts respecting this tribe of the vegetable kingdom.

The fungus tribe includes, in addition to those plants well known as mushrooms, and those familiarly called toadstools in England, and paddocks in Scotland, a vast variety of other plants, as the puff-balls and their allies, and those vegetable bodies differing in consistence from a watery pulp to a creamy or powdery substance, as moulds or blights. If bread, cheese, or fruits be kept too long, their surfaces or cavities become crowded with an immense number of congregated and perfect plants, so small as to be imperceptible to the eye, except when in numbers, and constituting the mouldiness which renders these aliments unwholesome. The cornfield has its pest in the smut and the scorch brand—the blights and blasts which are to the farmer a source of dread, and the names of which still seem to recall the ancient superstitions, when men believed that plants were branded or scorched by some planetary influence, and that the dews of night fell from the stars. The timber has its dry-rot in the minute fungus so destructive to its existence; the dead leaves of the forest are covered with fungi, which seem like a stiff froth or foam; the roller wood is besmeared with them, as with a mass of cream, or crowded with them as with small tubercles; and the rose and the violet, and others of our fairest flowers, and the poplar, and the sycamore, and some of our goodliest trees, have their little tuft blights thickly studded on their leaves, betokening that mischief is at work on their structure, but presenting, on examination, forms so beautiful, that we are lost in wonder and admiration as we behold them. There is no doubt that many of the fungi have a meteoric origin. Some of the blights which occur on the leaves of plants are stated to have on one occasion suddenly overrun all the leaves of pines on the side next the wind, in the neighbourhood of Dresden; and in August, 1830, the sails and masts of a

ship at Stockholm were instantaneously covered with minute productions, which were doubtless meteoric. The cobweb-like substances which, in early spring mornings, cover the grass of the meadow, and make us pause to wonder how the spiders can have wrought so large an embroidery since last evening, when we gazed on the field, are thought, too, by Frier, to be of a meteoric nature. The fungus plants belong to the genus *rhizomorpha*, some of which vegetate between the bark and trunks of trees; others in coal-mines, or in wine cellars, among saw-dust, are remarkable for their luminous appearance in the dark. They are the glow-worms of the vegetable kingdom, and their brilliance increases with the temperature of the mines. Dr. Lindley observes of some, remarkable for their phosphorescent properties, "In the coal-mines near Dresden, the species are described as giving those places the air of an enchanted castle: the roofs, walls, and pillars are entirely covered with them, their beautiful light almost dazzling the eye."

Few except those who have been accustomed to give some attention to the fungus tribe of plants, have any idea of the exceeding beauty of some of its species. We walk abroad in our fields and woods, and we mark the feathery grasses as they tremble and bow before the passing breeze, which at the same time, by robbing the flower of its odour, or breathing on the trees till they whisper to us some tones of melody, awakens our attention, too, to the lovely blossom or the verdant bough. Now and then, indeed, the bright orange-coloured fungus on the fallen tree, or the ivory ball which springs up among the moss under our footsteps, calls on us to admire its beauty. Yet, for brilliance of colouring, no tribe of plants in nature can equal the mushrooms. The scarlet of the poppy is not so rich, the whiteness of the lily not so dazzling, the blush of the rose not so delicate as are the tints to be found in the fungus. Sometimes the whole plant is tinged with brilliant hue; at other times, the cup is bright with one colour, and the stalk which upholds it, or the gills which lie under its canopy, have one or more varieties of tint. Some are of deep violet hue, others of dark mulberry colour, or pale amethyst. One common species is covered on a summer morning with a bloom like that of a plumb, and looks as if strewn with spangles; while one which grows on wet gravel, where

there is no grass, has its deep claret-coloured stem covered with a white hoariness, which may be easily rubbed off. Some are of a rich cinnamon colour, and many are variously spotted, and glitter in crimson and gold. Springing, as the fungi do, from decayed substances, they are often deemed disgusting, yet the botanist finds them interesting and beautiful, while they are performing valuable purposes in the wise arrangements of the Creator. Those putrescent substances which would fill the air with impurities, and bring unhealthy effluvia to those within the sphere of their influence, are not thus left to generate disease. In many cases, we find the insect tribe doing their duty in removing them; in others, we see the fungi doing the same office, and equally deserving the name so often given to those insects which feed on corruption, "the scavengers of nature." These vegetables rend the tissues of the objects on which they arise, and by converting the woody fibres of dead trees and branches into a softer and more liquid substance, they accelerate the progress of dissolution; while by a process of chemistry of which we understand but little, they elaborate the mass of decay into forms of life and brilliance.

It has been observed that some of the fungus tribe are jelly-like, or soft substances; but many, as the mushrooms and toadstools, vary from a delicate, brittle, fragile texture, to one which is hard and tough. Some fungi are full of watery substance; others, as they grow older, are like leather. Some in the process of decay are charged with a powder, and easily dispersed; and some others gradually turn into a black liquor, like ink. Their forms are very various, some being only a single filament, others compounded—and many are but simple globules. A large number, as the *agaric* and *boletus*, have a cap growing on the top of a stalk; and this cap is flat, or conical, or globular, or it may be curled and split into various forms, or of a semicircular shape, with its flat side attached to the stem of the tree on which it grows. Many fungi are vapid and tasteless; others leave a roughness on the tongue and throat after tasting them in their raw state. One species, the aromatic *agaric* of our woods, has, when first tasted, a strong but pleasant savour of peppermint; but it is scarcely removed from the tongue, when a roughness arises, which affects the

throat and palate for some time afterwards.

The most commonly-known genus of the mushroom tribe, as well as that which contains some of the most handsome plants, and many eatable species, is the *agaric*. Above one thousand species of this genus have been described by botanists. The common mushroom of our meadows—the field *agaric*—is very extensively used in this country in the preparation of catsup, and is also frequently eaten when roasted with butter. Some dislike exists to the use of this mushroom as food, as it is considered by many writers as poisonous under some circumstances, as when gathered from a river side, or any other damp situation. That the neighbourhood of water will render many plants, otherwise wholesome, of a noxious property, is certain; yet, when we consider how often this mushroom is eaten in this country, and how few well-ascertained cases of its poison are recorded, it seems probable that those who have suffered from its effects have either eaten this vegetable immoderately, or have had some constitutional peculiarity which rendered the food unwholesome to them. Our common mushroom grows frequently on pasture lands in England, and is found all over Europe, as well as in the northern regions of Asia and Africa, and in North America. Rich sloping pastures are the lands on which it is most abundant, and its general diameter is about six or seven inches, though plants have been gathered which weighed more than a pound. The gills of this plant are of a pinkish red, gradually changing to a liver colour as it grows older. Its cap is covered with a pale brownish skin, but the fleshy part is white, and the stem solid. When these mushrooms first appear above ground, they are in the shape of globular buttons, but their surest indication is their odour, which is well known by the mushroom gatherer. This is the plant which is commonly alluded to when the mushroom is spoken of, and it received its name from the *mouceron* of the French, a very delicious and eatable kind;—our word mushroom is the corruption of this.

The St. George's mushroom is very similar to the common field species, but its cap is more yellow and tough. This is the largest of all the British *agarics*, and it has been found on the sea-coast of Cornwall, while in the young globular state, as large as a potatoe, and the full-grown plant measuring eighteen inches

across, making the enormous circumference of fifty-four inches. The stem was as thick as a man's wrist. Dr. Withering mentions that a plant of this kind was found in an old hot-bed in a garden in Birmingham, which weighed fourteen pounds. Parkinson says of this fungus, that it was called the St. George's mushroom because it springs up at about the time of St. George's day. It is very inferior in flavour to our common mushroom.

The champignon, or meadow mushroom, is much eaten on the continent; but its similarity to some poisonous species, as well as the damp places on which it grows, renders caution necessary with respect to its use. Another *agaric*, called the tall mushroom, is sometimes sold in the London market. It is a native of our hedge-banks, and is more spongy in its substance than the common species. The twisted mushroom, so called because its stem assumes while drying a twisted form, is also regarded as wholesome. It is of a leathery texture, and has, therefore, been considered indigestible, and recommended to be used in the form of powder, for which it seems well suited, as its flavour is higher than that of the common mushroom. Professor Martyn stated that he had eaten this mushroom for forty years without injury, and was unable to detect the leather-like toughness which was said to belong to it. This species should be gathered before it is fully grown, and early in the morning; and it requires some care in preparing it for the table. It makes excellent catsup. It is found growing on hedge-banks and pasture lands.

But the handsomest species of all our native *agaric* tribe, and one which is well worthy of the name of the Imperial Mushroom, by which a botanist has distinguished it, is the kind called the Fly Mushroom. It is, indeed, so beautiful a plant, that it seldom fails to attract notice whenever it rises, as it often does, among the shady underwood of some of our coldest woodlands. It is usually of a most brilliant crimson, though sometimes of a paler hue. Greville, in his work on the *cryptogami* plants of Scotland, observes:—"In the highlands of Scotland it is impossible not to admire it, as seen in long perspective between the trunks of the straight fir trees, and should a sun-beam penetrate through the dark and dense foliage, and rest on its vivid surface, an effect is produced by the chief

of this humble race which might lower the pride of many a patrician vegetable." It is invariably considered deleterious by British botanists, and is, indeed, considered one of the most poisonous of a tribe containing much virulent poison; yet the Kamtschatdales eat it in their soups and sauces, where the mode of cooking seems to dissipate its bad effects. It is frequently, in the northern countries of Europe, rubbed over bed-posts and on walls, to destroy insects, and, boiled in milk, it is placed in dishes and set in windows, to attract and poison flies.

It would be well if this brilliant ornament of the mushroom tribe were used for no other purposes than those mentioned; but one plant has acquired a celebrity as the *moucho-more* of the Russians and Kamtschatdales, and is an article of great request on account of the intoxicating nature of its juices. This fungus is gathered in Kamtschatka during the summer, and being strung in numbers, is hung up or left to dry on the ground; and by the latter means, its inebriating principle is more fully preserved. This plant is swallowed whole by the Kamtschatdales, in the form of a pill, or it is mixed with the juice of the fruit of the bleaberry, which renders it as intoxicating as a very strong wine. One large, or two small fungi, will produce a pleasing dreamy feeling for a whole day; and these poor people, who know not that man is responsible to his Maker for the full and right use of those faculties by which he has been distinguished from the inferior creation, enjoy its effects as the Turk revels in the delirium produced by opium. A quantity of water taken after a dose of the mushroom, greatly increases its power, and in about two hours after swallowing it, an intoxication ensues, similar to that caused by wine or ardent spirits. The countenance becomes flushed—the words and actions are no longer under control. Sometimes the person who has taken this plant becomes insensible; at others, the most extraordinary activity is exhibited. "So very exciting," says Dr. Langsdorff, "to the nervous system, in many individuals, is this fungus, that the effects are often very ludicrous. If a person under its influence wishes to step over a straw or small stick, he takes a stride or a jump sufficient to clear the trunk of a tree; a talkative person cannot keep silence or secrets, and one fond of music is perpetually singing." Such conduct would awaken unmixed

mirth in any who did not know or who forgot the sin and evil of drunkenness; but the Christian must ever remember that "Fools make a mock at sin." The Kamtschatdales personify this mushroom; and if, when under its influence, they commit suicide, or rush into any other crime, they pretend that they only obey the command of the *moucho-more*. When about to murder a fellow-creature, they render themselves insensible to feeling by drinking this juice; but too large a dose will produce violent spasmodic effects. This plant is also taken medicinally, and used externally as a remedy for bodily suffering.

Scarcely less beautiful than the fly *agaric* is the large pale pink fungus called the Cæsar mushroom, which, as it grows older, turns to a rich orange and buff tint, while its gills are of a beautiful golden yellow. It is very common in Italy, and occasionally found in Britain among plantations of trees. In the markets of Italy it is often exposed for sale as food; but English writers say of it, that it is eatable, but not agreeable in flavour. The various modes of dressing mushrooms, however, in countries where they are much eaten, not only renders them more palatable, but lessens their deleterious properties. Thus the poisonous *agaric* of the olive is eaten in the Cevennes after many washings and pickling; and salt and vinegar are said to render some most highly poisonous *agarics* safe and wholesome. A French officer and his wife were killed by eating for breakfast some mushrooms of a poisonous species, while other persons residing in the same house were unhurt by them,—a circumstance which Dr. Lindley thinks may be accounted for by the different manner in which they were cooked by the persons who partook of them. It is known that the Russians universally prepare plants of the fungus tribe for the table by previously salting them; and these people feed with safety on one of our most poisonous mushrooms, by placing a large number in casks, with a quantity of salt, in which way they preserve them for winter use. But, with all precautions, the mushroom is a dangerous class of plants on which to make experiments in diet. That great botanist, professor L. C. Richard, who well knew the distinctions between the different fungi, and had well studied the properties of the whole tribe, was so fully assured of its deleterious nature, that he would eat no

mushrooms except such as had been reared on garden beds. The large pink mushroom, which, as we have said, is eaten in Italy, was long considered to be that described by Pliny, and celebrated by Juvenal and Martial. This was believed to be the mushroom used by Agrippina to poison her husband, the emperor Claudius Cæsar; but Dr. Withering thinks that the kind really intended by the ancient writers was the saffron-coloured *agaric* found in the pine woods of Scotland, and in some parts of England, and called the delicious mushroom. This plant certainly possesses very luscious qualities, and is universally liked. Sir J. E. Smith saw a great quantity of these mushrooms for sale in the Marseilles market, and they are very plentiful in the woods both of France and Italy. This plant is not attractive in appearance, but its flavour is described as resembling that of muscles. Nero, for whose sake the guilty Agrippina murdered her husband, called it "food for gods," because, after death, Claudius Cæsar was made one of the many gods of pagan Rome. It was said by Pliny, that after this circumstance, the Romans almost discarded the use of mushrooms as food; but if so, this was not of long continuance.

A very beautiful and delicate species of *agaric*, but one which is very rare, is that called the Alpine *amanita*, which is found in the Scottish woods. Dr. Greville says of this elegant white fungus: "It is the most Alpine species which I know. It grows on the bleak summits of the loftiest Grampians, and really enlivens the few turf spots which occur in these desert regions by its symmetry and extreme whiteness. In its young state, it is completely enveloped in a smooth wrapper, and looks like a pigeon's egg scarcely rising above the dark moss." After bursting its wrapper, this plant advances quickly to maturity, uninjured by winds or the snow with which it is covered, even in the middle of August. There it blooms, often unseen by human eye, yet proving the care of the God who formed it.

"Ye living plants that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!"

A. P.

THE DALADA RELIC, OR, TOOTH OF BUDDHA.

THE Dalada relic is placed in the principal temple at Kandy, which is attached to what was the palace of the Kandian monarch; in fact the *Dalada Malegawa* was the domestic *wihare* of the royal family. This temple is considered by all Buddhists as the most sacred in the island of Ceylon, from the fact that the Dalada relic, or tooth of Buddha, is enshrined within its walls; and during the reigns of the kings of Kandy the people flocked from all parts of the island to worship the relic, on the various occasions of its public exhibition. The time for the exhibition of the Dalada was named by the monarch, and the nation looked upon that period as one of rejoicing; the chiefs flocked to the capital, attended by numerous followers; elephants were to be seen, bedecked with their richest trappings, their masters reclining luxuriously in the *howdahs*, which in many instances were attached to the bodies of the elephants by broad bands, studded with pearls and precious gems. Palanquins, bandies, haccories, and every description of vehicle, were also called into requisition, to bear the inhabitants of distant villages to the scene of rejoicing. When the appointed day arrived, the monarch, accompanied by the whole of the royal family and chiefs, all clad in their costliest jewels and robes of state, went to worship the relic, which was exhibited by the priest of the highest rank, who reverently raised it above his head, to enable the assembled multitude to gaze thereon. As soon as the vast assemblage caught a glimpse of the sacred relic, they *salaamed* most lowly, giving utterance simultaneously to the exclamation of praise, "*Sadhu!*" This word was repeated by those who stood in the background, until the air was replete with the sounds of adoration, and the joyous expression was re-echoed from hill to hill. Festivals and rejoicings succeeded in the palace and the hut, until the excitement and enthusiasm which had been called into action by the exhibition of the relic had subsided: then, and not till then, did the mighty throng of chiefs and people, who dwelt in distant villages, depart for their respective homes; and tranquillity again reigned in Kandy.

The *Dalada Malegawa* is an edifice of two stories, with a curved, sloping roof, built somewhat in the Chinese style

of architecture, and is approached by a double flight of stone steps. Upon entering the temple, the walls are found to be covered with sacred emblems, and decorations of brass: a flight of steps leads to the sanctuary, which is situated on the upper story; this room has folding-doors with brass pannels, on either side of which curtains are suspended: the apartment is about twelve feet square, and without windows; consequently the sun's cheering rays can never illumine this abode of superstition. The walls and ceiling are hung with gold brocade, and white shawls with coloured borders; a platform, or table, about four feet high, occupies the principal part of the room. This table is also covered with gold brocade. On this shrine are placed two small images of Buddha, the one of gold and the other of crystal; before these idols offerings of odoriferous flowers and fruit are placed; four caskets, about twelve inches high, inclosing relics, are arranged on the shrine, in the centre of which stands the casket, or *karandua*, which contains the sacred tooth. The casket is in the form of a bell, being made in three pieces, and is about five feet high; the diameter at the base being nine feet six inches; and it appears to be made of gold; but we were informed by a Kandian chief that it was composed of silver, richly gilt. The chasing of the *karandua* is simply elegant, and a few gems are dispersed about it, the most costly of which is a cat's-eye, which is set on the summit. Although the workmanship of the casket is unpretending, yet the various ornaments and chains which are suspended about it are of the richest description, and the most elaborate designs. These ornaments have been presented from time to time by various worshippers of the god, in token of gratitude for favours supposed to have been conferred by him; and the wealthy devotees of the present day frequently make additions to these valuable embellishments. The most exquisitely beautiful of all these ornaments is a bird, which is attached to a massive and elaborately-chased golden chain. The body of the bird is formed of gold, and the plumage is represented by a profusion of precious gems, which consists of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and cat's-eyes. Description is inadequate to convey a correct idea of the extreme and extraordinary effulgence and exquisite beauty of these elaborate decorations,

which the limner's art alone could faithfully delineate. The *karandua* is opened by a small door, which is placed in the middle of the casket.* This precious tooth of Buddha, it is affirmed by Europeans, is an artificial one, made of ivory, which is perfectly discoloured by the hand of time; but most assuredly, if a natural one, both from its size and shape, this tooth could not have been carried in the jaw of a human being; but that it might have belonged to some ancient alligator, many centuries ago, is extremely possible. This discoloured memento of superstition is wrapped in a delicately thin sheet of virgin gold, and deposited in a box of the same precious material, which is of the exact form of, and only sufficiently large to receive, the relic. The exterior of this delicate *bijou* is studded with precious stones, which are arranged in symmetrical order: this box is placed in a golden vase, which is decorated with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, in a style similar to the box, and being wrapped in rich brocade, is inclosed in a second vase of gold, which is encircled with folds of pure white muslin. This vase is then located in a third, which is put into a fourth; both being formed of the same precious metal, and similarly folded in muslin. The last vase is nearly eighteen inches high, and the workmanship, delicate chasing, and the tasteful manner in which the gems are arranged in the whole series of vases, are most exquisite. The fourth vase, with its contents, is deposited in the shrine, or *karandua*, and is taken from thence at stated periods to be worshipped; and none but the chief priest ever presumes to touch the Dalada relic. When we saw the relic, it was placed in the centre of an exquisitely beautiful pink lotus, the flowers of the bo-tree being strewed around, and tastefully arranged on the shrine; but it was most pitiable to behold the benighted Buddhists, many of them learned men and good scholars, prostrating themselves before a piece of discoloured bone. There is also a smaller and most exquisitely beautiful casket, or *karandua*, studded with precious stones, in which the relic is placed when it is borne in the religious procession, or when the chief priest, in troublous times of commotion or war, should think it necessary to insure the safety of the Dalada,

* Until 1847, the Christian government agent of the province, as well as the Buddhist chief priest, used each to have a key of the *karandua*.

by removing it from the temple. Above the shrine, and attached to the wall, are plates of gold, on which are inscribed sacred emblems and characters; on either side of the principal shrine there are smaller shrines, which are covered with gold and silver cloths, on which are placed gilt lamps, and offerings of flowers and fruit; and the effluvia arising from the cocoa-nut oil, with which the lamps are supplied, combined with the perfume of the votive flowers, render the atmosphere of this unventilated apartment most oppressive. — *Abridged from the Dublin University Magazine.*

AUTUMN.

THE year is declining into its old age, the glorious blue sky and the sunshine of summer have departed, and the days are dull, cold, and short. The groves are silent, and many of the birds, with instinctive foresight, have winged their flight to warmer climes. The trees are no longer clothed with their summer glory; but the wind sighs through the leafless branches, as though mourning over their nakedness; and the glossy leaves, that lately offered a refreshing shelter from the noontide sun, now lie in corrupting heaps, or fly in fantastic race before the wind. The lovely garden appears sad and desolate; it no longer gladdens with its beauty and its fragrance; most of the flowers have withered, and only a few of the more hardy and later kinds put forth their colourless buds beneath the feeble sun. There is, doubtless, much that is beautiful in the warm russet tints of the fading trees and decaying leaves; but the pleasure derived from contemplating them is strangely blended with melancholy as we look round upon the dying and the dead. In the spring all things were budding with hope, in the summer all was in meridian beauty; but now nature is clothed in gloom, and whether the mind contemplates her as having lost the beauties of summer, or preparing for the stern rigours of winter, there is little to animate or to cheer. Farewell to the early morning walks of summer, farewell to the delightful evening rambles, farewell to the long calm twilight. Farewell to the fragrant hayfield, to the dewy rose, to the shady bower, to the almost human voice of the cuckoo, to the liquid melody of the nightingale, and

the thousand delights of summer. We must betake ourselves now to our indoor gratifications, our books, and our firesides, and endeavour thus to compensate for the cheerlessness without. We must endeavour to acquiesce cheerfully in all God does, and be thankful for what he denies as well as for what he gives. As it is necessary that there should be winter as well as summer, let us learn to be grateful for the comforts which God has bestowed upon us to make us happy even in the dullest and most inclement seasons.

Autumn is a fitting season for calculation and retrospective inquiry. The harvests are gathered in from the fields, and the fruits and productions of the earth having arrived at maturity, are safely stored. The prudent farmer calculates as to the breadth of land he has sown, the outlay he has expended, the harvest he has reaped, and thus endeavours to form a correct estimate of the profits of the year. Should we not imitate his anxiety respecting things of higher moment? How have we been sowing? To the flesh, reaping corruption; or to the Spirit, reaping life and peace? What has been our spiritual profit during the year? Have our crosses and vexations ploughed up our hard hearts, and made them soft? Has the dew of God's grace melted us into penitence and love? Has the sunshine of God's smile warmed us into earnestness and zeal? What has become of those seeds of Divine truth which have been dropped into our hearts? Have they been cordially received and cherished, and allowed to germinate and develop themselves in holy habits and useful acts; or have they perished within us because the soil of our hearts was so unfit to receive them? What have we done with those exhortations from without, and convictions within, which have so often recalled our wandering hearts to duty and to God? Where is *our* harvest? Are we disgracing the season by barrenness, when all things have so well fulfilled the promise they gave in spring? Are we mindful of Him who hath tended us so long and so well, and who reasonably looks for the fruits of autumn, as well as the budding of spring and the blossom of summer? How many such inquiries ought the season to suggest to us?

The autumn is also an appropriate season for forethought and preparation.

The farmer anticipates the storms and the frosts of winter, and busies himself in making due preparation for them. He provides for the shelter of his cattle, the housing of his grain, the storing of his fruit, and makes a thousand other prudent and necessary arrangements. While yet the sun shines warm and the sky is serene, he collects fuel in anticipation of the frost and snow, and sees to it that his sheds are firm and the thatch whole, that he may be prepared for the rough weather of winter. How worthy of imitation, in affairs of greater importance, is such prudence and forethought! The sunshine and the summer of life are rapidly passing away, and even to the young the autumn may have already arrived, and the winter of death may be near. Have we set our house in order? Are we prepared to die as well as to live? Are we looking to the foundations of our hope of a blessed immortality? Have we built upon that "sure foundation," Jesus Christ? Or is the lamentation of the prophet of old over Israel applicable to us:—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved?" Jer. viii. 20. Let us not forget, in the pleasures and pursuits of time, the realities of eternity; let us not dream away what little may remain of life; but do at once what we know ought to be done, for the winter of death will soon overtake us, and the last day will try us, and test the sincerity of our faith, and overwhelm the unbeliever and hypocrite in eternal shame and ruin! S. W. P.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

IN Manchester, we are told in the "Daily News," it is the custom of the criminal class to celebrate the liberation of a comrade by a day of carousal. They wait at the door of the prison, carry him off in triumph, and thus guard against any extraordinary circumstance, any exception to the general rule, which might occur to save him. But of late years, it seems, an opposition has started; an influence of an opposite kind is lying in wait, and now and then a brand is plucked from the burning. This opposing force, it may be thought, is the respectable class of Manchester, who have thus arrayed themselves against the criminal class. Alas! no. The good angel is a solitary individual—a humble workman in a foundry, who obeys the Divine impulse

without knowing why; and without a theory or a plan, neutralizes alike the destinies of the law and the allurements of the law-breakers.

This individual is Thomas Wright, an old man of threescore-and-ten, and the father of nineteen children. The following account is given by the paper we have mentioned of the way in which his attention was first attracted to the prison world:—"There was a man of a sailor-like appearance who had got work at the foundry as a labourer; he was a steady and industrious workman, and had obtained the favourable notice of Mr. Wright. One day the employer came and asked if he (Wright) was aware that they had a returned transport in the place? He had learned that the sailor was such. Mr. Wright desired to be allowed to speak with the man, and ascertain the fact. Permission was given; and during the day he took a casual opportunity, not to excite the suspicions of the other workmen, of saying to the man, 'My friend, where did you work last?' 'I've been abroad,' was the reply. The man was not a liar. After some conversation, he confessed, with tears in his eyes, that he had been a convict. He said he was desirous of not falling into ill courses, and kept his secret, to avoid being refused work if he told the truth. Wright was convinced that in the future he would act honestly, and repairing to their common employer, begged, as a personal favour, that the man might not be discharged. He even offered to become bound for his good conduct. This was ten years ago; and the prejudice against persons who had ever broken the law was more intense than it is now. There were objections; and other partners had to be consulted in so delicate a matter. Great numbers of men were employed in the foundry; and should the matter come to their knowledge, it would have the appearance to them of encouraging crime. This was on the day of paying wages for the week. Before night, however, Wright had the satisfaction to obtain a promise that, upon his responsibility, the convict should be kept. The following day Wright went to look after his *protégé*—he was gone. On inquiring, he found he had been paid off and discharged the previous night. It was a mistake. The first order for his dismissal had not been countermanded, and gone he was. Mr. Wright at once sent off a messenger to the man's

lodging to bring him back to the foundry. He returned only to say the man had left his lodgings at five o'clock in the morning, with a bundle containing all his property under his arm." In short, notwithstanding every effort of this benevolent person to find him, the poor convict was never more heard of.

This incident made Mr. Wright think as well as feel. The case was only a solitary one. He had been attracted to the man by the mere circumstance of their passing a portion of the day at the same work; but were there not hundreds of other cases, of equal exigence, which had as strong a claim upon his sympathy? He went to the New Bailey, and conversed with the prisoners, passing with them his only day of rest—Sunday. The jealousy with which the authorities at first viewed his proceedings was gradually changed into approbation; and at length, when a prisoner was about to be discharged, he was asked if he could find the man a situation. He did so. "This was the commencement of his ministry of love. In ten years from that time, he has succeeded in rescuing upwards of three hundred persons from the career of crime. Many of these cases are very peculiar; very few, indeed, have relapsed into crime. He has constantly five or six on his list, for whom he is looking out for work. Very frequently he persuades the former employer to give the erring another trial. Sometimes he becomes guarantee for their honesty and good conduct; for a poor man, in considerable sums, 20*l.* to 60*l.* In only one instance has a bond so given been forfeited, and that was a very peculiar case. The large majority keep their places with credit to themselves and to their noble benefactor. Most of them—for Mr. Wright never loses sight of a man he has once befriended, through his own neglect—attend church or Sunday-school, adhere to their temperance pledges, and live honest and reputable lives. And all this is the work of one unaided, poor, uninfluential old man! What, indeed, might he not do were he gifted with the fortune and the social position of a Howard?" — *Chambers' Journal*.

A HAPPY CHANGE.

THE late Mr. Burchell, afterwards known as the rev. T. Burchell, of Jamaica, was, when a young man, in the

habit of early rising, and frequently with the Bible, or other religious book as his companion, walked in a wood, enjoying its quiet seclusion. On one of these occasions, we are informed,—

"He found himself suddenly confronted with one of the gamekeepers; who, springing from behind some trees, and supposing the wanderer to be in quest of game, presented a gun at his breast, at the same time telling him he was a dead man if he did not stand still and surrender. He was startled a little; but, soon recovering himself, said that his only object in coming there was to enjoy privacy with his book. The keeper not being quite satisfied, first demanded his address, and then a sight of his books. He immediately took a small Bible out of his coat-pocket. The keeper appeared surprised; and, after having entered into conversation with him, told him to consider himself safe at all times on any part of the property.

"He went in a different direction the next three or four mornings, but determined afterwards to resume his favourite walk; he met the nobleman's servant at the same point, who, accosting him respectfully, begged of him, if it were not asking too much, to read a chapter out of his Bible, and explain it to him; adding, that he had waited there two hours each morning since the first meeting, greatly fearing he should never see him there again. The request was gladly complied with. The youthful Christian, now unexpectedly led by circumstances to assume the character of an instructor, became much interested in the man, and frequently resorted to the spot, where he was sure to find him anxiously awaiting his arrival." These interviews were not in vain. The casual encounter of the young Christian and the gamekeeper, unpromising as it appeared, issued in the conversion of the latter, whose cottage speedily became a temple, consecrated by the Divine presence.

SELF-JUDGMENT.

If we would understand our own characters, and the influence we exercise on others, we must test ourselves in the light in which they regard us. We may often learn more from the opinions of our enemies, than from those by whom we are esteemed.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF JEWISH HISTORY.

"O thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
 Loved for thy mercies, for thy power adored;
 If at thy name the waves forgot their force,
 And reflowing Jordan sought his trembling source;
 If at thy name like sheep the mountains fled,
 And haughty Siron bow'd his marble head;—
 To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
 And raise from earth thy long-neglected vine!"—
 HEBER.

It has been remarked that sacred history abounds in instances of the apostasy of the Israelites while governed by their own kings and judges; but that modern instances are rare of conversion or perversion, as the case may be,* from their ancient faith. This has been cited in proof of the failure of persecution when employed in the professed cause of religion, by those who thus desecrate God's temple by introducing the abomination that maketh desolate, and for the time endeavour to effect a junction between Christ and Belial. The Jewish people have been signal sufferers in times past, in that Christendom which cursed those for whom Paul's heart bled. The voice of prophecy has in them met its realizing echo; age after age, generation after generation, have they been driven to and fro, scattered and exiled from hearth and home, till their lot at some periods came nigh to His whom their fathers crucified and slew; for they too, while the foxes had holes and the birds of the air had nests, they too, like the despised Nazarene, had not where to lay their heads.

We do not now speak of the civil restrictions, etc., imposed on this devoted people in the several countries of the world, since the crisis of their separation from the fatherland they love so well. Suffice it to allude to their oppression under some of the successors of Constantine, of their hardships under the feudal system, their subjection to arbitrary taxation, and exclusion from equitable protection. These matters affected property and social ease; and the Jew was too haughty, and was too exuberant in self-respect to become dejected when smitten only thus far. An able writer, speaking of this remarkable race, observes: "We read of their being contemned, and infer that they must have been humiliated; we are informed that they were rejected, and conclude that they must have felt themselves outcasts;

* That is, conversion to Christianity; perversion to Mohammedanism, or any other false system.

when their name was a mockery, we are led to believe that they must have felt it as a reproach; and thus we insensibly confound the opinions of the persecutor with those of the persecuted. A greater error on the subject could not well be committed. The Jew knew himself despised—he never felt himself degraded. He regarded himself, on the contrary, as superior to those who scorned him. His was the heritage of nobility conferred by Jehovah himself, when he called Abraham from the land of the Chaldees. His patent was dated from Mount Sinai, and the 'Hear, O Israel!' from childhood familiar in his ears, was as it were a repetition of a summons to enter on the privileges of his high rank. Persecution but rendered him more keenly alive to the spiritual dignity of his race. He saw in it only the *Goyim*, the rejected nations of the earth, raging furiously together, and the people 'imagining a vain thing.'

Contumely and civil restrictions he could easily brook. But there was a sharper side to the two-edged sword that swept down the ranks of outcast Israel. Popular tumults were abundant in the middle ages, and the hatred wherewith the mob regarded these homeless sojourners was truly ferocious—it had in it a malignancy, a fretful excitement that deserves the epithets, "earthly, sensual, devilish." Whenever a revolt took place, however unconnected its origin might be with the Jews, it was a matter of course that their families should furnish victims, not a few, to the violence of the outbreak. In addition to this, charges and accusations, cruelly forged and vexatiously revived, were brought against them; the invariable result of which was their increased insecurity and multiplied woes. Thus they were reviled in England as having conspired with the Saxons, and then again of having invited the Normans,—of having brought the plague designedly to Marseilles, and of practising sorcery and black arts against the lives of most of the crowned heads of Christendom. Again and again were they charged with having abused and crucified the children of Christians; and it is averred that these charges were often mooted in order to extort from the harassed defendants princely treasures for princely need. This extortion, however, was the lighter portion of the penalty; for, independently of the exactions imposed by the

state, their lives were sacrificed in indiscriminating rancour by the aroused populace.

In illustration of the above remarks, let us cite a paragraph or two from the page of history. Menzel, the historian of Germany, when describing the outset of the first crusade, in the eleventh century, tells us that the crusaders, "acting on the notion that the infidels dwelling in Europe should be exterminated before those in Asia should be attacked, murdered twelve thousand Jews. In Treves, many of these unfortunate men, driven to despair, laid violent hands on their children and themselves, and multitudes embraced Christianity, from which they lapsed the moment the peril had passed. Two hundred Jews fled from Cologne, and took refuge in boats: they were overtaken and slain. In Mayence, the archbishop, Rudhart, took them under his protection, and gave them the great hall of his castle for an asylum; the pilgrims, nevertheless, forced their way in, and murdered seven hundred of them in the archbishop's presence."*

Again: the same author, when engaged in the events of the fourteenth century, writes as follows: "The hatred of this persecuted race had slumbered since the crusades, but now awoke with redoubled fury in Austria and Bavaria, on account of the desolation caused by the prodigious quantities of locust (which spread over a space of nine English miles in breadth, and more miles in length than the most rapid horse could gallop in a day), which was declared to be a punishment inflicted by Heaven on account of the desecration of the host by the Jews, and a dreadful massacre ensued in both these countries, A.D. 1337. The severe penalties inflicted upon the murderers by the emperor Louis put a stop to the slaughter. In 1349, the appearance of the pestilence and of the flagellants was again a signal for massacre; the pestilence was declared the effect of poison administered by this unhappy people; the infatuated populace could no longer be restrained; from Berne, where the city council gave orders for the slaughter to commence, it spread over the whole of Switzerland and Germany; thousands of Jews were slain or burned alive, and mercy was merely extended to children who were baptized in the presence of their parents, and to

young maidens, some of whom escaped from the arms of their ravishers to throw themselves headlong into the flames that consumed their kindred. All who could took refuge in Poland, where Casimir, a second Ahasuerus, protected them, from love for Eather, a beautiful Jewess. Poland has since this period, swarmed with Jews."*

To take another illustration. At the latter end of the fifteenth century, the bigotry of Isabella of Castile and the policy of her consort, Ferdinand of Arragon, were directed against their Jewish subjects, and occasioned the exile of the majority of them from the Spanish dominions. At this period, the king of Portugal was John II.; a monarch who, whether from pure or interested motives, offered an asylum to the fugitives. They crowded by thousands to his frontiers, and settled themselves beneath his sway. The Spaniards, however, imbued with the spirit of the inquisition so recently established amongst them, dispatched monks from Castile to rouse the fanaticism of the Portuguese against the Israelitish emigrants. John II. died in 1495, and there "arose another king, (Emmanuel,) who knew not Joseph." This sovereign gave orders, as we are informed by the Portuguese historian, Jerome Osorio, that all the male children of the Jews under fourteen should be taken from their parents, and never allowed to see them more, in order that they might be educated in the Christian faith. "Some," this writer states, "to avoid such wretched indignity, threw their children into deep wells; while others, transported with rage, put them to death with their own hands." In connexion with this period we cite the words of Sismondi: "It is fearful to contemplate with what rapidity fanaticism and intolerance, when once excited amongst the people, exceed the views even of their promoters. On the occasion of a newly-converted Jew, in the year 1506, who had appeared to disbelieve some miracle, the people of Lisbon rose, and having assassinated him, burned his dead body in the public square. A monk, in the midst of the tumult, addressed the populace, exhorting them not to rest satisfied with so slight a vengeance, in return for such an insult offered to our Lord. Two other monks then raising the crucifix, placed themselves at these

* Menzel's "History of Germany," sec. clxv.

* Menzel's "History of Germany," sec. clxxviii.

words at the head of the seditious mob, crying aloud only these words: "Heresy! heresy! exterminate! exterminate!" And during the three following days, two thousand of the newly-converted Jews, men, women, and children, were put to the sword, and their reeking limbs, yet warm and palpitating, burned in the public places of the city.*

This is the race concerning whom the word of the Lord came to the prophet,—
"Thus have they loved to wander, they have not refrained their feet, therefore the Lord doth not accept them; he will now remember their iniquity, and visit their sins. Then said the Lord unto me, Pray not for this people for their good. When they fast, I will not hear their cry; and when they offer burnt-offering and an oblation, I will not accept them: but I will consume them by the sword, and by the famine, and by the pestilence," Jer. xiv. 10—12. This is the race concerning whom a poet of our day has said,—

"Now wither'd, spent, and sere,
See Israel's sons, with glowing brands,
Tost wildly o'er a thousand lands
For twice a thousand year."

Their history is a warning to all churches, a mournfully clear utterance, telling how evil and bitter a thing it is to depart from the living God. This utterance they involuntarily express; for the veil is still on their heart, and they are mere organs of the Divine inspiration, like Balaam prophesying against his will. Cowper has graphically portrayed the climax of apostasy attained by the Jew, and his consequent downfall from his high estate—applying the fact and the inference to Britain:

"The Prophet wept for Israel; wish'd his eyes
Were fountains fed with infinite supplies:
He saw his people slaves to every lust,
Lewd, avaricious, arrogant, unjust;
He heard the wheels of an avenging God
Roll heavily along the distant road;
Saw Babylon set wide her two-leaved brass
To let the military deluge pass;
Jerusalem a prey, her glory soild,
Her princes captive, and her treasures spoil'd;
Wept till all Israel heard his bitter cry,
Stamp'd with his foot and smote upon his thigh:
But wept, and stamp'd, and smote his thigh in
vain;
Pleasure is deaf when told of future pain;
And sounds prophetic are too rough to suit
Ears long accusom'd to the pleasing lute;
They scorn'd his inspiration and his theme,
Pronounced him frantic, and his fears a dream;
With self-indulgence wing'd the fleeting hours,
Till the foe found them, and down fell their
towers."

* Slemondi's "Literature of Southern Europe," chap. xi.

"How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, and cast down from heaven unto the earth the beauty of Israel.—The Lord was an enemy: he hath swallowed up Israel; he hath swallowed up all her palaces: he hath destroyed his strongholds, and hath increased in the daughters of Judah mourning and lamentation.—The Lord hath done that which he had devised; he hath fulfilled his word that he had commanded in the days of old: he hath thrown down, and hath not pitied," Lam. ii. 1, 2, 5, 17. Ichabod is the heraldic crest of stricken Israel. They were practical atheists under a theocracy; they shut their eyes on the words of the scroll, and their ears to the voice of the charmer; and we gaze with awe (may it be with profit also) at the predicted and now fulfilled results:

"Where now the pomp, which kings with envy
view'd?
Where now thy might, which all those kings
subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless force, and meagre want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless fear,
While cold oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade."

F. J.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Our path, (says Dr. Dixon,) across Goat Island brought us close to the American fall. I sat down on the root of a tree, on a level with the crest of the cataract, and almost near enough to touch the waters with my foot. My companion, who had often seen these wonders of nature previously, left me alone, and amused himself by walking about the island. I sat silent and motionless a long time, looking with a sort of vacant astonishment on the whole scene. The thoughts, "It is grand! it is sublime! it is awful!" crossed my mind, but nothing definite had fixed itself there; all remained in the same confusion, chaos, stupefaction. At length, as if awakening from a dream, I exclaimed, "How beautiful!" And then, in a moment, a thrill ran through my soul, like an electrical shock, which at once scattered the mists; and I exclaimed, loud enough to have been heard, "Ah, yes, that is it, that is it,—it belongs to the beautiful!" This was a new idea, a reve-

lation, and transformed the whole scene in an instant into perfect unity and glory.

With this general notion, this new instrument, I began to examine the several objects around; endeavoured to analyze, to separate, the elements; to watch the extraordinary movements of the liquid machine which was moving so majestically around me: and yet, at the same time, to combine, to grasp the whole. Is beauty compatible with sublimity? Can the two attributes exist in one and the same object? Must the sublime be necessarily devoid of the beautiful?—must the beautiful be destitute, *per se*, of the sublime? These are questions which have engaged the attention of great authorities. Generally speaking, they seem to have entertained the notion that the ideas are incompatible,—that the beautiful and the sublime belong to distinct and separate departments, whether of nature or of thought; and that no union, no harmony, no concord of circumstances, can blend the beautiful with the sublime, or the sublime with the beautiful, constituting them one and the same object. We venture to differ from these authorities; and our proof, our demonstration, is the Falls of Niagara.

No one doubts as to their sublimity; the grandeur of the scene is too palpable, too imposing, too overwhelming, to admit of doubt on this point. The subject admits not of reasoning—it is a matter of mere sensation. No human being ever beheld these wonders without doing homage to this sentiment. Many have, probably, been unable to comprehend their own sensations as they have looked upon the astonishing phenomena; but they have felt their power, and been subdued into reverence and awe. It seemed almost impossible for me to stir for a great length of time; an irresistible fascination seizing all my faculties, as if overshadowed by the presence of a mystic power, whose voice was heard in the thunder of many waters, as well as his majesty seen in the grandeur of every object around.

But the sensations of pleasure and happiness are produced by the beautiful; and, at the same time, I considered Niagara as the most sublimely beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. Heaven was most propitious! The sun shone forth in all his glory, the skies were lofty, blue, clear, and stretched over an infinite span, an ample arch, such as is only seen in

such climates on a summer's day. Seated on the roots of the tree before mentioned, I began to employ my new power, the idea of the beautiful, and soon found its use. Above the crest of the cataract, the water was of a yellow colour; but I saw that as soon as it passed, with the exception merely of slight streaks of its primitive hue, and in one or two places of green, which only heightened the effect, it instantly changed into perfect white. This brilliant and dazzling white, as pure and spotless as snow, was predominant, and gave its character to the whole scene. By intense gazing, I next perceived that the descending waters did not retain a smooth, glassy, stream-like surface, but broke into crystals, as the dew-drops of the morning, losing their watery appearance; and were made brilliant and sparkling, like gems, by the illumination of the sun's beams. This magnificent expanse of crystals was next seen falling from the precipice in countless myriads, not in confused heaps, but in perfect order, as an immense roll of beautiful drapery studded with brilliants, and united by the force of some common element. This unity and order is, in fact, one of the peculiarities of the scene. It might be expected, that the "flood of many waters" was dashed over stones and rocks, and broken into fragments. Not so. The flow is perfectly regular; and the splendid sheet of white and dazzling fluid, of gems, is seen to fall in a regular and continued stream. The only deviation from this regularity is, the apparent formation of a beautiful curve at the Great Fall, the bend or concave side being inward; whilst below, the flood of white foam spreads itself out, like the robes of sovereignty at the feet of a mighty prince. But this splendid robe does not present the aspect of an even surface; it is gathered into festoons, as if so formed for the purposes of ornament. The crest of the precipice is evidently uneven, there are rocky projections; and yet these are not sufficiently great to divide and break the waters in their fall, whilst the stream retains its unity. The effect of this is to grasp the flood, as if by the human hand, into folds, which fall gracefully down, and add much to the beauty of the scene.

Here, then, is the combination of beauties seen at Niagara. Let the reader imagine a rock, with a crest three parts of a mile in length, and 160 or 170 feet above the level ground; then let him

imagine some mysterious power everlastingly rolling from this crest a robe of hoar frost, white, dazzling, pearly, descending like beautiful drapery, festooned and varied, yet regular in form, with a long train spread on the level plain below; and he will have the best idea which I can give of the garniture of Niagara. Conceptions are difficult, perfect description impossible; nature has, however, supplied us with the power of short ejaculations in the place of all other means of expression; and after gazing with indescribable intensity on this glorious object, I could only exclaim,—“It is like beautiful robes falling from the shoulders of a goddess!”

As soon as some necessary preliminaries were disposed of, we went to see the Great Fall. The river at this point is about three-fourths of a mile across; the Fall itself is in the form of a crescent, the curve inward, and is often called the Horse-shoe Fall, by reason of its resemblance. The descent of the water at the American Fall is 164 feet; and at this greater one, 158 feet. Below the cataract, the river is only half a mile in breadth, being, as we see, contracted after its descent, whilst its depth is said to be 300 feet. This rush of water is connected with distant forces. The river forms the outlet of the waters of the great upper lakes, which, together with Erie and Ontario, drain, according to professor Drake, of Kentucky, an area of country equal to 40,000 square miles; and the extent of their surface is estimated at 93,000 square miles. These lakes contain nearly one-half of the fresh water on the surface of the globe.

On arriving near the Fall, I placed myself on Table Rock, the usual and best position to obtain a perfect view. With all the characteristics of beauty mentioned in connexion with the first scene described, we have here many additional elements brought to view. The difference is in position, extent, greatness, and, if the term may be employed, the unity and perfection of the object. The lesser Fall is that of a branch stream,—this is the parent river: the former finds its way into the channel from the side, the bank,—this spans the channel itself; the crest of the smaller precipice, is nearly a straight line,—this is a beautiful curve; the dependent stream looks like an accident, a phenomenon, that need not have been, and in which,

even now, some change might possibly be produced; but the Great Fall looks like “the everlasting hills,” as, so to speak, an eternity, an essential, original, immutable power of nature. A stranger, having never seen this Fall, would be led to imagine that something extremely confused must prevail, like the heavens in a storm, cloud crossing cloud,—or like the ocean, agitated by opposing currents. Nothing could be a greater mistake. The very opposite is the fact. The day does not break, the tide does not flow, the planet does not move in its orbit, with greater regularity and certainty than Niagara. From Table Rock, or my bed-room at the hotel, I always saw the same calm, unruffled, majestic object. No diminution or augmentation of water appeared, but a constant, inexhaustible roll of the torrent; nothing analogous to the rise and fall of the tides, or the ebbing and flowing of the sea, occurs, but one deep, even, everlasting movement; winds and storms will scatter the spray before the cataract is reached, but after the waters have passed they can have no effect; they cannot turn the stream one hair's breadth, or stop its course for a moment. There is something perfectly awful in the idea of the undeviating uniformity of all the forces seen to be at work at this Great Fall.

We behold motion, calm but rapid,—uninterrupted, irresistible, eternal,—with the feeling, that this motion has been in progress for hundreds, for thousands of years; for aught we know, from the beginning of time, or, at any rate, ever since the flood. We see force and power,—palpable, tangible, concentrated, and, to man, omnipotent,—always at work, and unwearied, silent, majestic, like the omnipotence of God! We contemplate a created sovereignty, a kind of rectoral glory, enthroned; a power, concentrating itself at this point in lofty grandeur, as if to render itself visible,—then sweeping along, and, in regard to all within its sway, helpless in resistance; like the mighty stream of time, bearing the fate and destiny of nature and empires into the abyss below, the *Hades* of all created things. We follow the course of the waters, and see, at a prodigious depth, a frightful gulf, scooped out as if to embrace the descending flood, and conduct it to some new destiny,—as the present receives the past in its passage onward, and impels it by a new impulse, together

with all it bears on its tide, to the mysterious future. We stretch our gaze over this yawning deep, and perceive that the water has changed its aspect altogether. It now has a milk-like appearance, and is tossed, agitated, whirled, infuriated,—heaving its bottom to an immense height, and sending forth its spray and mist to be arched by the rainbow, and painted by sunbeams with every variety of colour; thus imitating the progress of human events in reducing old, great, majestic, time-worn forms of power into chaos, and then handing them over to other agencies to receive some new form, to run in new channels, and push their way into an untried destiny.

Such were the thoughts which passed through my mind: but who can grasp, who can describe, the combined effect? We have no analogies in nature. These Falls are alone in the universe; they stand in peerless majesty; nothing is like them. The sublimity consists in their combined majesty and beauty. Their grandeur is not in the slightest degree in harmony with that of the Alpine mountains, rugged heights, and overhanging rocks, covered with clouds, and lost in darkness. It is rather as if Nature had sat in council with herself to create a living embodiment of her utmost power, sovereign glory, irresistible force, rapid motion; and then throw around the representation of her visible symbol,—instinct with the life of many, of all, elements,—a covering of exquisite, of inexpressible beauty.

There this living monument stands, a glorious emblem of the majesty of God! It has been looked upon with wonder next to adoration by a countless number of visitors; these have all received different impressions in accordance with the structure of their nervous systems, the powers of vision, and the faculty of combination. Many have given their impressions to the public; some in classic and eloquent, impassioned and poetic strains; some, again, in scientific and geological language; but all have come short, all have failed. This attempt to convey the impressions of another soul, the feelings of another heart, is equally short of the truth, is equally a failure. Who can describe thunder? Who can paint the rainbow? Who can exhibit the ocean in language? Who can grasp the infinite? God has left, in all his dominions and works, space for imagination. Every-

thing has its mystery,—nothing its limits. Niagara stands a mystic creation, defying the admeasurements of the human intellect. But he welcomes all who approach to indulge the feelings of admiration, wonder, awe. And by the eternal roar of his glorious music, he sends up sounds of adoration to God, and challenges for his Creator the homage of all hearts!

SAIB; OR, SCENES IN THE GHAUTS.

MANY are the passes of the Alps and the Pyrenees; and almost numberless the ghauts of India, from Guzerat to Bengal, and from the Mysore to Cabul. Thousands have perished in these passes in times of warfare, when hostile bands have crested the heights, and rocky fragments have been rolled from the precipitous steeples on the devoted heads of the hapless victims below. There are ghauts of an arresting kind among the mountains of Kafferistan, Taghau Sufi, Shakh-i-Barenta, Kuruk, Pughman, and Paraparmisus; and no stranger has trodden the Defile of Charon, the Ghaut of Gushah Jaher, or the Pass of Khyber without emotion. Well known are these ghauts to Saib, a Mysore captain, who is now attached to the East India Company's troops. The father of Saib fell at the storming of Seringapatam, fighting against the British power; but Saib afterwards joined the conquerors as a trustworthy leader:

A firm ally, he acts a faithful part;
Keen is his blade, and ardent is his heart.

* * * * *

Saib as a soldier is inured to toil and danger; for he has served in the Carnatic, Orissa, and Bengal, Bahar, Oude, and Allahabad, Malwa, Agra, and Delhi. He is now among the mountains of Moulton. The sun is sultry, steep are the surrounding heights, and narrow and rugged the ghauts he has to tread. Separated from their party, Saib and a few others are bearing along a disabled sepoy, who has fallen from a rocky ridge. The poor fellow is suffering from thirst, but how shall it be assuaged? To the westward the mighty Indus is rolling onward his waters to the Arabian sea; but where now shall a fountain be discovered in the mountains of Moulton? The glaring sun

Throws round his burning beams on every hand,
O'er hills, and deserts, and a thirsty land.

* * * * *

A few companies of British soldiers with a band of sepoys are forcing a pass in the Punjaub,—the lower part of the province of Lahore. Abrupt are the heights, narrow is the ghaut, and madly desperate are the Sikh soldiery; fearful is the charge of well-mounted Sikhs; with Hindoo faces they are active as Mahrattas, and fierce as Affghans, but yet they prevail not, for the steadiness and discipline of British troops outmatch their intemperate courage. A few of the British and of the sepoys are wounded, while many a turbaned head lies prostrate on the ground. Saib, with his followers, has beaten back a Sikh leader, and twice has parried the blows that would have cloven the helm of a British soldier. A confused retreat is taking place, for the British carbines have emptied the Sikh saddles, and the sepoys are pushing onward through the ghaut:

Swift fly the routed Sikhs, but fast they fall;
Her swifter speeds along the fatal ball.

* * * * *

Saib has crossed the Indus, for the British commander has led on his forces, traversing the plains, and threading the ghauts of Affghanistan, to unseat from his throne the Ameer Dost Mohammed, and to restore to Shah Shooja-ool-Moolk his ancient possessions. He is now in Cabul, the Affghan capital, near two thousand miles from Calcutta, and more than two thousand from Madras. Cabul, about a mile in length, and more than half a mile in breadth, winds round the base of a high hill, where, by the dip of another hill, is found the pass, or ghaut, which leads to the plain of Chaler Deb, or the Four Villages, one of the most beautiful spots in Affghanistan. Cabul is surrounded by a mud wall without a ditch. It is inhabited by Affghans, Kuzillashes, or Persians; Tajiks, the aborigines of the country; Huzaras, or mountaineers, interspersed with a few Jews and Hindoos. The picturesque mountains at different distances around are those of Pughman, the Koh Damon, and the stupendous peaks of the Hindoo Kosh, covered with eternal snows:

Abrupt and bold from desert plains they rise,
And love their wintry summits in the skies.

* * * * *

Time has rolled on, and the Shah Shooja-ool-Moolk is seated on his precarious throne at Cabul. As yet all is quiet

in the Affghan capital, and Saib is a rover amid its varied scenes. Now he is musing on the banks of the Cabul river; now conversing with the pilgrims about to start for Mecca; now seated in the Pahlawan Khanoh, the Court of Wrestlers; and now listening to the Sawab's band. The Killahs, or Castles of Jaffur Khan, Rika, and Mahomed Khan, the Bala Hissar, or High Fort, the Tower of Ulako, and the Tomb of Timour Shah are all imposing objects at Cabul; and so are the bridges of Jubar Khan and Guzah Jah. The fortresses, and gardens, and palaces, and temples, and bridges, and surrounding hills, arrest the eye of the spectator. "Drink wine," said the emperor Baber, "drink wine in the citadel of Cabul, and send round the cup without stopping; for it is at once a mountain, a sea, a town, and a desert." Saib has wandered to Thung-i-Khar, the Defile of Charon. The lowing of herds is loud in the ghaut, and loud, too, are the shouts of the cattle-drivers. There they go, winding round the base of the hill:

How picturesque the Ghaut and mountain high!
How large the herd, how wild the driver's cry!

* * * * *

No more shall Saib gaze on the Tomb of Timour Shah, nor wander at his ease in the Garden of Husyn Khan; for an insurrection has broken out in the city: treachery and violence have been at work in Cabul. Sir A. Burnes is dead; the envoy, sir W. Macnaghten is no more; and other officers have fallen beneath Affghan hands. Brilliant sorties from the camp and the Bala Hissah have been made in vain,—for the Affghan masses appear to be innumerable. Elphinstone is drawing away his forces from Cabul. They are pouring out of the cantonments and taking the road to Jellalabad, weakened, wearied, and dispirited, ill-clad, ill-fed, and ill-provided with ammunition. And are these the victorious bands that stormed Ghuznee? Are these the conquerors of Cabul? What strange extremes has war for all its votaries! How much better is the palm branch than the slaughtering sword! Ready for contention, and resigned to all the trials of an ignominious retreat, Saib, with the troops, is on his way to the mountain ghaut:

Prepared in strife to spend his latest breath,
And tread the pathways of despair and death.

* * * * *

And yonder is the entrance of the Khurd, or little Cabul Pass, and there is the Castle of Butkhak, belonging to the Nawab Jubar Khan, the brother of Dost Mohammed. How abrupt rise the eminences on each side the pass! What a place in which, cooped up between the two mountainous ridges, to be surprised by an enemy! On go the British troops and the sepoy, and the camp-followers by hundreds and by thousands. The markhur and kock, or wild sheep, are hunted by the Affghans on the mountains of Kuruk; much rather would they hunt the British troops. There is an air of sadness in the retreating host. Courage they have, and endurance, even to death; but their eyes are not sparkling with hope, nor are their hearts animated with confidence. Saib bears himself bravely, but as he nears the ghaut, there is a sternness in his look, and now and then he grasps the hilt of his sword. Alarm is at last spreading through the ranks,

For mingled sounds come booming from afar,
Like that of armies hurrying on to war.

Who shall describe the miseries of war? Who shall paint the horrors of retreat and discomfiture when pursued and overtaken by an overwhelming, cruel, and merciless enemy? Not yet has Akbar Khan declared his inability to restrain the vindictive Affghans; not yet have the fanatic and slaughter-breathing Ghazees rushed onward like a flood, but guile and treachery are abroad. They have cast the net skilfully; they have spread the snare secretly and silently; and vigilantly will the watch be kept till their victims are vainly essaying to escape, like a flight of birds fluttering in the toils. Why does a cloud gather on the brow of Saib? Why does he look around him as one anticipating sudden calamity? He knows too well that the heart of the Affghan is deceitful, and that his hand is cruel. Though no blow is yet struck, legions are gathering near them. Yonder are the mountains and the ghaut, and there the avalanche will descend:

If solitary death the heart appal,
How fearful is the sight when thousands fall!

Saib has struggled with his enemy in many a scene of strife; he has forced a way through the narrow ghaut, fought on the sandy plain, and grappled hand in

hand on the rocky rampart; but his peril is now imminent as he marches on with his companions in war. Forward go the devoted host; and now they have all but reached Jugdulluck, a place that should be called the Golgotha of Affghanistan. It is in the Pass of Khurd; and multitudes are there pressing onwards, while danger and death are hovering around them. Four thousand soldiers, six hundred of them Englishmen, with women and camp-followers, amounting altogether to ten or twelve thousand souls, are on the brink of an eternal world. The Affghans are upon them. See! the destruction has begun, and the infuriated Ghazees are at work with their murderous blades. Rage with his blood-shot eyes, and Slaughter with his reeking hands, are leagued with cruel War; Pity is not felt and Mercy is unknown. On goes the furious massacre! Affghans and Kuzilashes, Tajiks and Huzaras, rival each other in their savage ferocity. The white snow of the Ghaut of Khurd is dyed with crimson, and Jugdulluck is polluted with treachery and blood. Saib is wounded; thousands are lifeless on the ground, nor is there even the hope of escape:

The flying Sepoy climbs the hills in vain,
And death finds him who lingers in the plain.

Carnage has held his frightful revel; and the victor Affghans are weary with the work of death. The dead and the dying present a hideous spectacle! for more than ten thousand maimed and mangled bodies are stretched upon the ground. Saib might even now, perhaps, escape from this valley of slaughter; but see! he has turned back, wounded as he is, to defend to the last a fallen private of his company. In vain he grapples with his surrounding enemies; for at the moment his sword has found its way to a foeman's heart, an Affghan blade has passed through his own. What a tale has been told of the Khurd Cabul Pass! War, look at thy work; followed as it will be by the pestilence and the day of revenge, and the tears of the fatherless, and the moans of the widow! Where thou goest, go violence, and oppression, and cruelty, and death, followed by weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Oh! when will all thy fearful bolts be hurled,
And Peace and Mercy drive thee from the world?

M.



The Sovereign of Persia.

THE FESTIVAL OF NUROOZ.

SIR R. K. PORTER has thus described the first day of this Persian solemnity:—The festival was anciently held to commemorate the commencement of the natural new year, by the entrance of the sun into the sign Aries; and so noted did it become in the ideas of the people and the habits of royalty, that the conversion of the nation to Mohammedanism, and the alteration of the commencement of the year by the adoption of the lunar calendar, were not sufficient to insure its abrogation, or even to diminish much of its splendour. Rather than give it up, the Persians have been content to endure from other Moslems the reproach of impiety, in the maintenance of a festival which originated with the fire-worshippers of old. They have, however, changed its ostensible object to a celebration of the

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election of Ali to the caliphate. It has, however, sustained some abridgment. It formerly lasted six days, but is now limited to three. The solemnities of the first day are the most important and magnificent, and the lively description of its circumstances, which sir Robert Ker Porter has given, is that which, with some curtailment, we shall adopt.

"It was a fine morning, and at eight o'clock we mounted our horses, proceeded through narrow streets, and a part of the bazaar, which terminated at the outer gate of the ark.* After passing over an open space, we crossed the bridge of the citadel, and thence were conducted into a very large square. A dome-shaped building of wood, open to the eye, appeared in the middle of the place, and under its roof stood the enormous brass

* Citadel, or palace.

cannon which Chardin mentions having seen in the Maidan-shah,* at Ispahan. It was brought from that capital several years ago, and stationed here, on a huge and apparently movable carriage. Old guns, of various calibre, all equally awkward and unmanageable, and mingled with a few of modern fabric, stand round the sides of this central structure. Not far distant, about two hundred swivels lay in rows on the ground. They belonged to the camel corps, who were on duty to salute the king on his entrance into the great assembly of his people. And, indeed, it might well have that title, for persons of all ranks were thronged together within the walls of the outer court. Persians of the lowest orders, some decently attired, others in the rags of mendicants, khans in *khelats*, (the robe of honour,) covered with gold and brocade, servants in gorgeous coats, and soldiers in their military garbs—all pressed on each other in one equalizing mob. It was not practicable to get our horses through such a mass of human beings, so we dismounted at the entrance of the square, and following the necessity of shouldering our way to the opposite egress, tried, by that wedge-like motion, to make a passage to the royal portal. Awe of the chief headman did not widen the path an inch, neither did the hard-plied kicks of the *chargé d'affaires'* domestics in front effect the slightest breach; they might as well have battered a wall. However, we got through at last, with no small impression made upon our court-apparel, and the shawls of our waists rent into as many strips as we had tugs in our passage. Leaving the throng behind, we turned under a narrow and dark archway to a low and very small door, and entered through it at once upon the quarter of the palace. It showed a spacious area, shaded with trees, and intersected by water. In the centre stood the splendid edifice, where his majesty was to sit to receive the homage of his subjects. We were led towards the southern aspect of this place, the grand saloon fronting that way, where the ceremony of royal presentation was to be performed, and were carefully stationed at the point deemed best for seeing and hearing the great king. Before his majesty appeared, I had time to observe the disposition of the scene in which this illustrious personage was to act so conspicuously a part.

* Royal square.

" Rows of high poplars, and of other trees, divide this immense court, or rather garden, into several avenues. That which runs along the midst of the garden is the widest, inclosing a narrow piece of still water, stretching from end to end, and animated here and there with a few little *jets d'eau*, the margins of which were spread with oranges, pears, apples, grapes, and dried fruit, all heaped on plates, set close together like a chain. Another slip of water faced diagonally the front of the palace, and its fountains being more direct in the view of the monarch, were of a greater magnificence and power, shooting up to a height of three or four feet—a sublimity of hydraulic art, which the Persians suppose cannot be equalled in any other country. Along the marble edges of the canal and fountains were also placed fruits of every description, in pyramids; and between each elevated range of plates, with these their glowing contents, stood vases filled with flowers, of a beautiful fabric, in wax, that seemed to want nothing of nature but its perfume. In a line, beyond these, was set a regular row of the finest china bowls, filled with sherbet. In the parallel files, down the sides of the wide central avenue, stood the khans and other Persians of rank, arrayed in their most costly attire, of gold and silver brocade, some of them wearing in addition the royal *khelat*, which usually consists of a pelisse lined with fine furs, and covered with the richest embroidery, their heads bound with cashmere shawls of every colour and value.

" The royal procession made its appearance. First, the elder sons of the king entered, at the side on which we stood, Abbas Meerza taking the left of the whole, which brought him to the right of the throne. His brothers followed, till they nearly closed upon us. Directly opposite to this elder rank of princes, all grown to manhood, their younger brothers arranged themselves on the other side of the transverse water. They were all superbly habited, in the richest brocade vests and shawl-girdles, from the folds of which glittered the jewelled hilts of their daggers. Each wore a robe of gold stuff, lined and deeply collared with the most delicate sables, falling a little below the shoulder, and reaching to the calf of their leg. Around their black caps they also had wound the finest shawls. Every one of them, from the eldest to the youngest,

were bracelets of the most brilliant rubies and emeralds, just above the bend of the elbow.

"At some distance, near the front of the palace, appeared another range of highly revered personages — mollahs, astrologers, and other sages of this land of the east, clothed in their more sombre garments of religion and philosophy. There was no noise, no bustle of any kind; every person standing quietly in his place, awaiting the arrival of the monarch. At last, the sudden discharge of the swivels from the camel corps without, with the clang of trumpets, and I know not what congregation of uproarious sounds besides, announced that his majesty had entered the gate of the citadel. But the most extraordinary part of the clamour was the appalling roar of two huge elephants, trained for the express purpose of giving this note of the especial movements of the great king.

"He entered the saloon from the left, and advanced to the front of it, with an air and step which belonged entirely to a sovereign. I never before had beheld anything like such perfect majesty; and he seated himself on his throne with the same indescribable, unaffected dignity. Had there been any assumption in his manner, I could not have been so impressed. I should then have seen a man, though a king, theatrically acting his state: here I beheld a great sovereign, feeling himself as such, and he looked the majesty he felt.

"He was one blaze of jewels, which literally dazzled the sight on first looking at him; but the details of his dress were these:—A lofty tiara of three elevations was on his head, which shape appears to have been long peculiar to the crown of the great king. It was entirely composed of thickly-set diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds, so exquisitely disposed as to form a mixture of the most beautiful colours in the brilliant light reflected from its surface. Several black feathers, like the heron plume, were intermixed with the resplendent aigrettes of this truly imperial diadem, whose bending points were finished with pear-formed pearls of an immense size. The vesture was of gold tissue, nearly covered with a similar disposition of jewelry; and crossing the shoulders were two strings of pearls, probably the largest in the world. I call his dress a vesture, because it sat close to his person, from the neck to the bottom of the waist, showing a

shape as noble as his air. At that point it devolved downwards in loose drapery, like the usual Persian garment, and was of the same costly materials with the vest. But for splendour, nothing could exceed the broad bracelet round his arms, and the belt which encircled his waist; they actually blazed like fire, when the rays of the sun met them; and when we know the names derived from such excessive lustre, we cannot be surprised at seeing such an effect. The jewelled band on the right arm was called 'the mountain of light,' and that on the left, 'the sea of light.'

"The throne was of pure white marble, raised a few steps from the ground, and carpeted with shawls and cloth of gold, on which the king sat in the fashion of his country, his back supported by a large cushion, encased in a network of pearls. The spacious apartment in which this was erected is open in front, and supported by two twisted columns of white marble, fluted with gold. The interior was profusely decorated with carving, gilding, arabesque painting, and looking-glass, which latter material was interwoven with all other ornaments, gleaming and glittering in every part from the vaulted roof to the floor. Vases of water flowers, and others containing rose-water, were arranged about the apartment.

"While the great king was approaching his throne, the whole assembly continued bowing their heads to the ground, till he had taken his place. A dead silence then ensued, the whole presenting a most magnificent and, indeed, awful appearance; the stillness being so profound among so vast a concourse, that the slightest rustling of the trees was heard, and the softest trickling of the water from the fountains into the canals.

"In the midst of this solemn stillness, while all eyes were fixed on the bright object before them, which sat, indeed, as radiant and immovable as the image of Mithras itself, a sort of volley of words, bursting at one impulse from the mouths of the mollahs and astrologers, made me start, and interrupted my gaze. This strange oratory was a kind of heraldic enumeration of the great king's titles, dominions, and glorious acts, with an appropriate panegyric on his courage, liberality, and extended power. When this was ended, all heads still bowing to the ground, and the air had ceased to vibrate with the sounds, there was a pause

for about half a minute, and then his majesty spoke. The effect was even more startling than the sudden bursting forth of the mollahs; for this was like a voice from the tombs—so deep, so hollow, and at the same time so penetratingly loud. Having thus addressed his people, he looked towards the British *chargé d'affaires*, with whom I stood, and then we moved forward to the front of the throne. The same awful voice, though in a lowered tone, spoke to him, and honoured me with a gracious welcome to his dominions. After his majesty had put a few questions to me, and received my answers, we fell back in our places, and were instantly served with bowls of a most delicious sherbet, which very grateful refreshment was followed by an attendant presenting to us a large silver tray, on which lay a heap of small coin, called a *shy*, of the same metal, mixed with a few pieces of gold. I imitated my friend in all these ceremonies, and held out both my hands to be filled with the royal largess, which, with no little difficulty, we passed through our festal trappings into our pockets.

"When the rest of the gratulatory compliments of the day had been uttered between the monarch and his assembled nobles, the chief executioner, our former herald, gave us the signal that all was over for that morning. We then retired, as we came, under his auspices, but, if possible, with still more pressure and heat than we had battled through on our approach."

ORIGIN AND POWER OF THE BRAHMANS.

THE antiquity of the Brahmans is of higher date than that of any class in history. Before the Egyptians of Pharaoh's time, or the Chaldeans of Nebuchadnezzar's day, the authority which they exercised was far greater than any we read of as attaching to the priests of Egypt or to the descendants of Levi—to the soothsayers of Chaldea, or to the augurs of Rome. The superstitions over which they have presided, and do still preside, are some of the darkest and most hideous which have ever disgraced the human understanding; the sanctity which they arrogate to themselves is such as no class of men ever ventured to claim. Their learning was amazing,—second only, or perhaps equal, to that of ancient

Egypt. The immunities which they have ever demanded of the devotees to their faith, have been greater than those we read of in any other class of sacred order among any other nation. The reign which they have exercised, as to its duration, is one of the most remarkable features in their history. Whether they have been favoured by kings of their own faith, or whether they have been oppressed by foreign invaders, from the earliest time to the present day they have had an influence, not even questioned, over a people whom they treat as scarcely deserving to breathe the same air with themselves. The priests of Memphis, who contended against Moses, have passed away; the Chaldeans, who were fabled wanting and unlearned to read the writing on the wall of Belshazzar's hall, are gone; the gods of Greece and Rome are household words among us, and are looked upon as elegant allegories to represent human passions; the Jewish nation has lost its temple, its Urim and its Thummim, its daily sacrifice and its royal priesthood: but the Brahmans, who were from before all these, remain a sacred race.

The present state of this order, however, is the most interesting. For nearly 4,000 years they had exclusive sway over their fellow-countrymen. The storm which Tamerlane swept across Asia did not touch them; the irruption of Kublai Khan into China, they never heard of; Mohammed's invasion, and his attack upon their temple at Jumnauth, his cutting down their idol, his carrying away the jewels of the shrine and the gates of the temple to Güzni; all this did but make them martyrs, and therefore the more respected. The decrees of the rajahs—the various emperors of Delhi which insisted on the observances of the Mohammedan religion—served but to bring the persecuted priest into higher repute of sanctity; but no edict of conquerors, no prostrating of idols, no persecution of priests, was found available to destroy their existence. And yet the simple process of laying open the word of God, and teaching the philosophy of civilized man, have caused that this order, so far as regards their priestly arrogance and their ecclesiastic immunities, is on the decline; and modern education has shown the meanest Hindoo that he has capabilities of acquiring knowledge equal to those of the highest Brahman; and although he may still remain too superstitious to venture on pronouncing the

sacred monosyllable "om"—a privilege, or rather a rite, reserved only to the holy order—yet he finds, that though a Sudra, he can acquire the sciences and learn foreign languages as well as a Brahman. And he sees, perhaps, more clearly than his high-descended fellow-student at a college, that all the hypotheses on which their common faith is based, are without the feeblest foundation in reason or philosophy; for the same sacred book which asserts the divinity of a Brahman and the abjectness of a Sudra, in explaining the natural philosophy of the universe, sets out that this earth is a large extended plain. The natural consequence of such teaching as that we have spoken of, is the humiliating of him who was before enshrined in his arrogated sanctity, and the exalting of him who, of birth as ancient as his superior, although of order very far beneath, is yet of intellect equal.

Let us first look at the antiquity of this race of priesthood. Their own dates of course are fabulous; many million years of men make one day and night of the supreme Brahma, and the Brahmans sprung from his excellency of Brahma many million years ago—years of *his* life. These exaggerations are natural, or at any rate common, in all cases where a people are ignorant and superstitious, and have a priesthood crafty and learned. We have instances of such arrogant pretensions in the early history of all countries whose early history is hid in the mist of ages. The probable date of their origin, with its accompanying story, may be this. It is well ascertained that those inhabitants of India who are of the Hindoo religion, were not the original possessors of that continent, but that they drove out a more ancient race than themselves. Remnants of this race are to be found in the north of India and in the mountainous districts there—fastnesses such as those to which fugitives have ever resorted in the event of foreign invasion, just as the old Britons fled to the mountains of Wales when the Saxons broke faith with them, and became enemies instead of allies.

These original inhabitants of India were the descendants of the sons of Shem, respecting whom it is said, "By these were the nations divided in the earth after the flood," Gen. viii. 32. For it is said again, that "they journeyed to the east" at the time that some particular tribes of them settled on the plains of

Shinar, where, by a miraculous interposition for the more effectually separating mankind into different nations, and thus peopling the world and rendering the families of man independent of each other, the language of the builders of Babel was confounded, and they were "scattered abroad upon the face of all the earth," Gen. xi. 8. We are authorized thus by Holy Writ to say, that the original inhabitants of the east were the descendants of Shem, and they would naturally carry into the country of their adoption the various legends which they had heard at different times from their ancestors—Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Salah, and others, and many such traditions of wonders done in former worlds still exist. But with respect to the Brahmans; where do they come from with their quaint theories, their dark enigmas, and their claim of intimacy with the Deity?

Four hundred years after the central part of Asia had been peopled by the dispersion of the descendants of Shem, and when men had grown to forget God and to set up idols for their own worship, it pleased God to take one man whose descent is traced, Abraham (the son of Israh), who was one of that family which remained where Shem had settled, and did not follow the wanderers to the east, and to call him out from his country, and from his kindred, and from his father's house into another land,—to make him heir to the promises, and to confide to him the original judgment given in Eden between the Seed of the woman and the serpent—"I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel," Gen. iii. 15. And to this day the Hindoo goddess, Kalee, has in her effigy her heel placed upon a serpent's head. Abraham had several sons, Ishmael and Isaac being his elder. He sent Ishmael away because the promises were to Isaac, and after that he married another wife, Keturah, and had six sons: "And Abraham gave all that he had unto Isaac; but unto the sons of the concubines, which Abraham had, Abraham gave gifts, and sent them away from Isaac his son, while he yet lived, eastward, unto the east country," Gen. xxv. 5, 6.

The descendants of these men were they who carried superior learning and a more defined religious creed into the countries of the east, four hundred years after their collateral relations had settled there.

These were the men who could come to those relations which wandered from Syria before Abraham's day, and tell them that God had talked with their ancestor under the oak at Mamre. That God had said, "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do; seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him?"—That Abraham, their ancestor, was the friend of God; that he had at one time pleaded with God, face to face, for a doomed province; that, at God's command, he had prepared to offer up a human sacrifice—his own son; that all the promises of the Redeemer of the world, whom they called Khristna, and who was to be thereafter born on earth, and during his life was to perform signs and wonders, destroying demons, and going about doing good—just as the life of Khristna is related in the Vishnu Puran—that the promises of this Redeemer were centred in their ancestor, Abraham. They told old world stories, too, which had been repeated to them by their father, Abraham, and which he had heard from Shem himself; for Abraham was 150 years old before Shem died, and, in all probability, Shem, the patriarch, dwelt with the quiet inhabitants at Ur, instead of wandering with the vagrants on the plains of Shinar.

When these new colonists, driven from the presence and possessions of Isaac, crossed those rivers now known as the Oxas, the Indus, the Hydaspes, the Assindines, the Hydrastes, and the Hyphases, or Sutlege, and came among their kindred, whom they had not known of for four hundred years, bringing such splendid traditions with them, no wonder if, when the name of "Abraham" was in every ceremonial, and in every rite, and in every injunction of their creed, the men acquired the name of "Brahman;" and this is the more probable from two other circumstances, that Brahma is the appellation of their chief deity and of their ancestor, and also that this word has no definite meaning in their present language. There is perhaps, therefore, little doubt but that the priests of the Brahminical religion brought their name and the elements of their faith from the land from which Abraham sent his sons to the east country.

Nor is it any extravagant hypothesis if we suppose also that the works of the Deity himself came to be imputed to their great ancestor, Abraham. We have spoken

only of one remarkable coincidence in the traditions of the Brahman's with those of the Christian religion. We may mention another, in passing. Among their holiest books (books of whose origin there is scarcely even tradition) the foremost nearly stands the Vishnu Puran;—the Puran (that is, the old history) of Vishnu, who is an incarnation of the Deity. In this Puran, invoking Vishnu, he is called the "existent imperishable Brahma, who is spirit, who is the cause of creation, preservation, and destruction,—who is the parent of nature and intellect." Many other epithets are set down, which we need not look into: but in the fourth chapter of the first book, Vishnu is also called "Narayana;" and sir William Jones says, in his comment on this well-known passage of the Puran, taken from a verse of Menu, a work still more holy, "The waters are called 'Nara,' or the Spirit of God; and since they were his first 'ayana,' a place of motion, he is thence named 'Narayana,' or the 'Spirit of God moving upon the waters;'—the same expression which Moses uses in the second verse of the first chapter of Genesis." We thus have the origin of this priesthood from some of the traditions which yet exist among them, and see that their own traditions confirm the surmise that they went eastward about 1847 B.C. But let us look now at the authority which they have constantly exercised.

This race is not royal, nor have they ever presumed to assert royal authority, except so far as connected with their sanctity; there, indeed, they are a royal priesthood. But though not exercising the executive power of the state, (an authority which they could well afford to leave to more vulgar hands, while they directed the councils of the sovereign in public, and insisted on the immunities of their various collegiate bodies in private,) they were prime-ministers, explainers of auguries, revealers of the Divine will, and, at every point, the masters of their own kings; nor were they singular in this—for the custom in all barbarous and superstitious nations is to set the priestly authority above the kingly. In the earliest time, we find Noah a preacher of righteousness, and performing a priestly sacrifice; his kingly authority came simply as the head of his family. In after time, although Moses was the leader and lawgiver of the people of Israel, yet his authority ceased with his life, and his successor was a man of another tribe;

but the collateral and co-ordinate dignity of the priestly adviser was secured in the hereditary line of Aaron. We need not refer particularly to the subsequent history of the tribes of Israel. The priesthood, whether they belonged to the direct line of Aaron, as Eli did, who governed Israel for a time, or whether they were prophets chosen from other tribes, were ever the most supreme men in the councils of the sovereign; or, at any rate, if the sovereign would not receive them into his councils, they exercised an influence on the people much more dangerous to his authority than as if they had sat at his council board. The cases are patent of Samuel and Saul, of Nathan and David, of Elijah and Ahab, of Jeremiah and Zedekiah, and of Joshua and Zerubbabel. In other countries the same sovereignty existed, in those intimate, or supposed to be intimate, with the oracles of God, over those who were merely secular rulers. Although Nebuchadnezzar might be the lord of what he called "This great Babylon which I have built," yet he did but few acts without consulting his soothsayers, and Chaldeans, and wise men; nor did he think it below him to fall on his face and worship a stranger youth who had been bred up in the sacred college; and Nebuchadnezzar's magnificent son, though he did not scruple to profane the vessels from the temple of a God which he did not acknowledge; yet, as soon as he had evidence of what he considered the miraculous learning of a servant of that God, hesitated not for a moment to clothe Daniel with scarlet, and to put a chain of gold about his neck, and to order proclamation to be made that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

And so all down the stream of time, priests and wise men have ever arrogated to themselves, and had conceded to them, authority superior to lay rulers.

This human frailty, of course, did not escape so subtle an analyser of the human mind, and of its motives and springs of action, as Mohammed was; and, accordingly, whilst he made his step-son, Ali, general-in-chief of his armies of proselytes, he himself took the ecclesiastical character of Prophet.

In Europe, too, and in our own country, it was but three hundred years ago since all high offices of state were under the superintendence of the clergy. The lord-chancellor was always a clergyman, and, with the exception of Hubert de Burgh, some distinguished ecclesiastic

ever presided over the councils of the sovereign. No wonder, therefore, if the Brahmans, as an order of priesthood, should be always about the court, whether the court of the kings in their metropolises, or of the governors in their provinces, and should exercise that influence which that order has ever exercised. * * * They, of necessity, were judges of what tenets were heretical and what orthodox; and heresy, by the Hindoo law, excluded from the throne.

The following story is to this effect, from the Vishnu Puran:—"Pratipa, one of the kings of India, died, leaving three sons, Devapi, Santanu, and Bahlika. The first adopted in childhood a forest life, that is, a hermit's life; and Santanu became king. In the kingdom over which Santanu ruled there was no rain for twelve years. Apprehensive that the country would become a desert, the king assembled the Brahmans, and asked them why no rain fell, and what fault he had committed. They told him he was, as it were, a younger brother, married before an elder; for he was in the enjoyment of the earth which was the right of his elder brother, Devapi. 'What then am I to do?' said the raja: to which they replied, 'Until the gods shall be displeased with Devapi, by his declining from the path of righteousness, the kingdom is his, and to him, therefore, you should resign it.' When the minister of the king, Asmarisarin, heard this, he collected a number of ascetics, who taught doctrines opposed to those of the Vedas, and sent them into the forest; where, meeting with Devapi, they perverted the understanding of the simple-minded prince, and led him to adopt heretical notions. In the mean time, Santanu, being much distressed to think that he had been guilty of the offence intimated by the Brahmans, sent them before him into the woods, and then proceeded thither himself, to restore the kingdom to his elder brother. When the Brahmans arrived at the hermitage of Devapi, they informed him that, according to the doctrines of the Vedas, succession to a kingdom was the right of the elder brother; but he entered into discussion with them, and in various ways advanced arguments, which had the effect of being contrary to the precepts of the Vedas. When the Brahmans heard this, they turned to Santanu, and said, 'Come hither, raja; you need give yourself no further trouble in this matter: the dearth is at an end.

This man is in a fallen state, for he has uttered words of disrespect to the authority of the eternal, uncreated Veda; and when the elder brother is degraded, there is no sin in the prior espousals of his junior.' Santanu thereupon returned to his capital, and administered the government as before; and his elder brother, Devapi, being degraded from his caste by repeating doctrines contrary to the Vedas, India poured down abundant rain, which was followed by plentiful harvests." According to some ancient books, this unfortunate prince, who was thus adjudged by the Brahmans to be deposed of his kingdom, is still alive, at a place called Kalapagrama, where, in a subsequent age, he is destined to be the restorer of the Kshatriya race, a caste which has now become exploded, or at least scarcely discernible. But of castes we shall speak hereafter.

All authority can only be sustained by physical power or moral influence. It was necessary, therefore, for men of a peaceable order to invent and impose on the minds of all, whether of the people or of the sovereign, occult theories, fearful mysteries, and dark and dread super-stitions. The theory of their own origin, and that of the three other classes is thus set out in the Puran, to which we have referred:—"When the truth-meditating Brahma was desirous of creating the world, there sprang from his mouth beings specially endowed with the quality of goodness; others from his breast, pervaded with the quality of foulness; others from his thighs, in whom foulness and darkness prevailed; and others from his feet, in whom the quality of darkness predominated. These were in succession beings of the several castes, Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras, produced from the mouth, the breast, the thighs, and the feet of Brahma." And the duties of the various classes are thus set forth:—"The Brahman should make gifts, should worship the gods with sacrifices, should be assiduous in studying the Vedas, should perform ablutions and libations with water, and should preserve the sacred flame. For the sake of subsistence, he may offer sacrifices on behalf of others, and may instruct them in the shastras (the sacred books); and he may accept presents of a liberal description, in a becoming manner (or from respectable persons, and at an appropriate season). He must ever seek to promote the good of others, and do evil unto none; for the

best riches of a Brahman are universal benevolence. He should look upon the pearls of another person as if they were pebbles. * * * These are the duties of a Brahman.

"The man of the warrior tribe (the Kshatriya) should cheerfully give presents to Brahmans, perform various sacrifices, and study the Scriptures. His especial sources of maintenance are arms and the protection of the earth. The guardianship of the earth is, indeed, his especial province. By the discharge of this duty a king attains his objects, and realises a share of the merit of all sacrificial rites. By intimidating the bad and cherishing the good, the monarch who maintains the discipline of the different castes secures whatever region he desires.

"Brahma, the great parent of creation, gave to the Vaisya the occupations of commerce and agriculture, and the feeding of flocks and herds for his means of livelihood; and sacred study, sacrifice, and donation are also his duties, as is the observance of fixed and occasional rites.

"Attendance upon the three regenerate classes (the above-mentioned castes) is the province of the sudra, and by that he is to subsist, or by the profits of trade, or the profits of mechanical labour. He is also to make gifts, and he may offer the sacrifices in which food is presented, as well as obsequial offerings.

"Besides these their respective obligations, there are duties equally incumbent on all the four castes. These are, the acquisition of property for the support of their families, tenderness towards all creatures, patience, humility, truth, purity, contentment, decency of decoration, gentleness of speech, friendliness; and freedom from envy and repining; from avarice, and from detraction. These also are the duties of every condition of life.

"In times of distress, the peculiar functions of the castes may be modified. A Brahman may follow the occupations of a Kshatriya or a Vaisya; the Kshatriya may adopt those of a Vaisya, and the Vaisya those of a Kshatriya; but these two last should never descend to the functions of a sudra, if it be possible to avoid them; and if that be not possible, they must at least shun the functions of the mined castes."

Such are the distinctions and duties of the various castes. A moral code, or rather a conformity for worship, is then set out by the tutor to his pupil in the

same Puran. "Janardana" (the giver of the soul, an appellation of Vishnu,) "is propitiated by a man who observes the institutions of caste, order, and purificatory sacrifices; no other path is the way to please him. He who offers sacrifices, sacrifices to him. He who murmurs prayer, prays to him. He who injures living creatures, injures him; for he is all beings. He is propitiated by him who is attentive to established observances, and follows the duties of his caste. The Brahman, the Kshatriya, the Vaishya, and the Sudra, who attends to the rules enjoined his caste, best worships Vishnu. He is most pleased with him who does good to others; who never utters abuse, calumny, or untruth; who never covets another's wife or another's wealth, and who bears ill-will towards no one; who neither beats nor slays any animate or inanimate thing; who is ever diligent in the service of the gods of the Brahmans, and of his spiritual preceptor; who is always desirous of the welfare of all creatures, of his children, and of his own soul; in whose pure heart no pleasure is derived from the imperfections of love or hatred."

A moral code could scarcely be drawn out more beautiful, and mild, and gentle, than this; except for this one circumstance by which it is made to contain the elements of tyranny, and to encourage the principles of superstition. Throughout the whole of it the Brahman appears at the head of the nation, and the chief of all the tribes; and although he may be considered as of the race of mortals, as being one of four classes, yet at the conclusion of what we have quoted, the three lower classes are left unconsidered, and the Brahmans are classed with the gods.

It is said that he may receive alms; but any suggestion which the giving of alms would naturally raise in the mind of the bestower, that of superiority is carefully guarded against, for the Brahman must only receive alms from respectable persons, and at an appropriate season; and, indeed, the law of Menu is more explicit than that in this Vishnu Puran, and lays it down for a maxim, "That the Brahman receives but his *own* in alms; that all things on earth, and in air, and sea, are his, and that by his favour other mortals enjoy life."

But such lofty pretensions should be followed up or authenticated by some acts, either authoritatively on the part of

him who asserts his superiority, or submissively on that of those to whom the assertion is made, and from whom the submission and the credence is required.

When the pretension to any mythical sovereignty is well-founded, the miraculous acts which give thought to the claim come from the party insisting on belief. The miracles of our Saviour were performed openly; in the street, in the temple, before five thousand men on the banks of a lake, in a burying-ground, in short in every public resort of men. He never asked any one to believe him. It was, "Believe me for the very work's sake." When Moses asserted his mission before Pharaoh, it was with signs and wonders done by himself. He asked for no belief; he called for no assent to the Divine nature of his commission. When the prophet of Israel had assembled all Israel to Mount Carmel, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and all the prophets of Baal, and the prophets of the groves, with whom his quarrel was, his speech was short, and his issue most pointed: "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him;" and the trial was, "The God that answereth by fire, let him be God:" and he performed the miracle at once, at the hour of the evening sacrifice. But there were other men there at that brook, the priests of Baal, who had acquired their ascendancy over the minds of the people, by their own devotion to the service of Baal; for it is said, "They cut themselves with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them." Now here is an instance of belief in a faith, and enthusiasm, derived from that belief, arising from another cause than that of the sober evidence of the senses — the enthusiasm, namely, of having suffered for a cause. The suffering seems to give a devotee a vested right to future happiness, and therefore he believes in the faith for which he has suffered, all the more intensely.

It is even this order of enthusiasm which is raised by false prophets and in the cause of an untrue religion. The Mohammedan wisely gave up the case of miracles at once, and said that the Koran itself was the greatest of all miracles, and used to enforce his belief with the edge of his sword, and declared that nothing more was requisite to authenticate his Prophet's mission. The Hindoos have no relation of miracles; for the many thousand legends which exist in their

books can scarcely be called records of miracles so much as the vagaries of fancy; as for instance, the story that all the gods met on a particular occasion to charm the ocean, and the account of the numerous wonders produced by such process of charming; how Krishna transformed himself from one animal into another to the working of his destined exploits, and the like; but instead of performing miracles, they inculcated hideous superstitions and enjoined fearful rites, such as the compilers of their sacred books had never thought of; and the performance of these rites, and the belief in these superstitions, had something of the same effect as miracles in giving at least a character of sanctity to the rite, and especially of authority to the priest who officiated at it. Mothers threw their first-born into the Ganges; fathers compelled their sons to swing at Churruck Pooja; swinging at the extremity of a horizontal revolving beam fixed transversely at the top of a mast which was driven into the ground; the beam had a rope hanging down at either end, the one rope had a large hook at its extremity which was driven into the back of the devotee, the other rope was held by an official who ran round and round the mast, thus lifting the victim many feet above the ground. Widows would not endure life, (for such were the injunctions of the priesthood, though the Menu expressly lays down rules for the conduct of a widow,) but calmly ascended the funeral pile, and were burned with the bodies of their husbands. And not half a century ago, if one walked out in the morning amongst the most calm and romantic villages in India, he would chance to come upon a small shrine of the goddess Kallee, who is specifically the goddess of human sacrifice, and before the threshold of her temple he would see the usual sacrificial block of India, the forked branch of a tree planted in the ground before the altar of the goddess; and there, out in the road, he might behold the headless body of some pilgrim who had offered his life to this dread deity; the sacrifice had been performed during the night. The head of the victim was laid at the foot of the goddess, and the blood poured out in a basin before her shrine.

These were common scenes but a few years ago. It is scarcely necessary to say, that they were permitted through a fear, most unnecessary (as has since been

shown) that it was dangerous in a newly-conquered country to meddle with the religious observances of a people, however revolting those observances might be to a civilized mind. A curious instance of the security with which such barbarous practices may be put down, and of the readiness with which the great body of a nation will assist beneficent conquerors who strive to free them from the thralldom of a tyrannical priesthood, may be here mentioned. When, fifteen or sixteen years ago, the question was agitated in India as to the feasibility of abolishing the practice of female immolation, it was instanced by the advocates for the abolition of that rite, that but a few years before the government had, without any damage to their rule, stopped the practice of casting children alive into the Ganges. The very idea of this latter custom was so revolting to the minds of the new and more enlightened generation which had sprung up, that they could not believe the existence at any time of such custom; although the every day witnessing of the practice of suttee had inured them to look on that but as an ordinary and ancient rite—a rite detestable to most men, even to many of those Brahmans who did not act as priests at sacrifices, but yet an ancient rite insisted on by the priesthood; for the Brahminical order at this time has grown to be divided between those who are priests and those who do not officiate at sacrifices,—just as the Levitical order was, in its inception, divided between the whole tribe of Levy, and the descendants of Aaron in particular. Brahmans are all alike holy, with the exception that one particular family called Koolins, in no way of necessity practising the functions of the priesthood, are more holy than all the rest of the caste. The abolition of this rite, so hateful to all but those who get their bread by it, was clamoured against as the men of Ephesus clamoured respecting Diana. The rite, however, was abolished; the assisting at it was declared a capital offence; the people were everywhere grateful, some few of the exclusive and priestly Brahmans excepted; and now, from the source of the Ganges to its confluence with the sea, no widows are immolated on its banks.

In connexion with this part of our subject, it will not be uninteresting to the reader if we give him an extract from the leading Indian newspaper respecting the last great act of Lord Hardinge's

administration—the abolition of suttee (or the practice of burning widows alive) throughout the territory of the Punjaub which he had just conquered. The article was written on the 6th January, 1848 :

“ We cannot allow lord Hardinge's parting notification regarding the abolition of suttees in Rajpootana, among the Sikh states, and in Cashmere, to pass without a more distinct notice. If among those triumphs in India which have excited the envy and admiration of European nations, the triumphs of humanity by which our progress has been successively marked are deemed the most gratifying, with what feelings of satisfaction will the announcement be received that the barbarous rite of female immolation has now been abolished in the remotest Hindoo principality ! The work which lord William Bentinck commenced in 1830 has been consummated, at the end of seventeen years, by lord Hardinge ; for although there are some insignificant Hindoo states which have not yet come into our arrangements, and it is possible that a suttee may be here and there surreptitiously perpetrated, yet this practice, which has polluted the soil of India for twenty centuries, and to which the Hindoos have clung with as much tenacity as if it were the glory rather than the opprobrium of their system, has been prohibited, under the severest penalties, by all the public authorities, Christian, Hindoo, and Mohammedan, from the valley of Cashmere to the island of Ceylon. It is a noble and magnificent victory over the strongest national prejudices, and it may well make us proud of the empire we have established in India.

“ The history of this great measure, the lustre of which will increase in proportion as that of our other victories becomes dimmed by age, is not without matter of deep and profitable instruction, and should be carefully studied for the guidance and encouragement it affords us in our future career. The reader scarcely needs to be informed that the repugnance to the abolition of this custom among the public functionaries of the Indian government in former days amounted almost to a feeling of hostility. The natives affirmed it to be part and parcel of their religion, and whatever was thus represented as having a religious sanction, was deemed sacred in the eyes of those who then enjoyed paramount influence in our public councils, without any troublesome inquiry regard-

ing the morality or the humanity of the practice. The great obstacle to the abolition of this rite, from the time when the question was first agitated, consisted much more in the prejudices of our own countrymen than in those of the natives. It was the European officers of government who stood in the way of this great measure, and by their own squeamishness emboldened the natives to demand the continuance of the custom, on the ground of prescription of rights. With some we believe the motive of opposition was an unfeigned apprehension of provoking disaffection among the natives ; but the greater number of those who resisted every attempt to abolish the rite were influenced, we think, by those Asiatic feelings which grew out of a long alienation from the hallowed associations of their native land, and gradually induced them to look without repugnance, if not with some degree of complacency, on the most revolting practices of Hindooism. They closed their eyes on the fact that the Mohammedans had repeatedly and peremptorily forbidden suttees in various principalities with the most perfect impunity, and that the supreme court had never allowed an act of female immolation to be practised within the circle of its local jurisdiction. That they cordially disapproved of the cruelty of putting defenceless women to death, we cannot for a moment doubt ; but these feelings of humanity and justice were fatally weakened by the dread of offending what were termed native prejudices, and of touching that ‘ empire of opinion ’ which we were said to have established in India, though they never paused to inquire whether this empire consisted in an opinion of our pusillanimity or of our courage.

“ For many years the abolition of suttees was ranked among those subjects which the public press was not allowed to discuss in India. The slightest agitation of it in the newspapers was considered dangerous to the stability of our rule. When the quarterly series of the ‘ Friend of India ’ was established nearly thirty years ago, a very temperate article was published in one of the numbers on this delicate question, in which the propriety and the safety of abolishing the rite was urged upon the attention of government, and in the mildest and most moderate language. No editor who valued his reputation would, at the present day, venture to write in so tame and subdued

a tone on a question in which the dearest interests of humanity were involved. Yet a gentleman, then one of the members of council, and subsequently the governor-general of India (provisionally), went into council with a proposal that the journal should be suppressed. Lord Hastings replied, that he had carefully read the article, and could perceive nothing objectionable in it, and he refused to sanction any interference. The apprehension implied in the proposal to suppress the offending journal was generally common to all the members of the Company's service. The opinion of the public officers was, for the most part, so generally opposed to any attempt at abolition, that government did not deem it prudent to venture upon a measure in which it could not expect the support of its own officers. The abolition was represented as fraught with the most imminent danger to our own rule, and it was believed that our very existence, as a power in India, depended upon our permitting the annual sacrifice of a thousand women. In the ten years preceding lord William Bentinck's arrival in India, however, many of the European Indians of the old school, whose generous sympathies had been withered by too long and uninterrupted a residence among Asiatics, had been removed, some by death and others by retirement; and a more healthful feeling and a tone of higher and bolder morality had begun to pervade the service. Still, when lord William Bentinck called for the opinion of the public functionaries on this important question, not a few were found to denounce all interference as a breach of our national compact and a rash endangering of our supremacy. But the act was passed: a little opposition was got up by some native opposition gentlemen in Calcutta, backed by the Europeans, who had resisted the abolition to the last; but it was soon discovered that the fears, under the influence of which we had allowed thousands of innocent victims to be sacrificed on the shrine of superstition, were the creation of our own weak and prejudiced minds, and that nothing was to be apprehended from the Hindoo population, even though we did abrogate a practice which they deemed sacred, at the call of humanity. The lesson which the history of the abolition teaches should not, therefore, be lost to the cause of public improvement; and we must ever bear in mind that a measure which, twenty years ago, was con-

sidered as involving the highest political danger, has been found to be perfectly safe, and that a governor-general has now openly congratulated India that this diabolical rite has been abolished in the remotest Hindoo principality."

M. N.

TRUE SATISFACTION.

TRUE satisfaction is a blessing nowhere to be found in this world. The mind of man is restless and insatiable, ever reaching after something which it does not possess. It is also big with the principle of immortality. Nothing within the bounds of time can impart to any man full satisfaction. It is not only the poor, the sick, the disappointed, of whom we speak, but of all human kind. You may take the child of fortune, and discover in him a restlessness which tells you that there is a void which needs filling up. Whatever seeming or real earthly good you may possess, you have a desire after something more. The present satisfies you not. You do not live upon the present, but upon the anticipated future. You move in a kind of futurity. This is natural, and we do not blame you for looking for something beyond the present. The cravings of your mind demand it. The immortal principle which busies itself within you, cannot be confined to the enjoyment of the present. What we desire is, that the pursuits of your mind, and the affections of your heart, may go after those things which delude not the grasp. Let no energies be cramped, let the heart widen itself after happiness; be not satisfied with the present, but see to it that the nature of that which you seek be satisfying. Let it be something which will correspond with the endless thirstings of an immortal soul.

All that the world gives and promises is, in its very nature, unsatisfactory. You are not content with what you now have. And if you had all the riches, and honours, and could enjoy all the pleasures of the world, you would be still reaching after something more. All the water which you can draw out of this world's cistern, cannot quench the thirst of a soul. And as Jesus said to the Samaritan woman, so we say to you, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again."

Turn, then, to the waters which satisfy:

No longer hew out cisterns which will hold no water—no longer pursue the shadows of imaginary bliss; but listen to the words of wisdom, and receive the gift of God, which is “living water,” of which whosoever drinketh shall never thirst. You have often gone to your own wells; you have often filled your vessels with unsatisfying water; you are now, it may be, endeavouring to fill that soul which you have ever failed to satisfy. Give attention, then, to Him, “greater than our father Jacob,” who says, “If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water,” which would be in thee “a well of water springing up into everlasting life.”

Now, we have already noticed, that there can be no happiness where there is no life, and that life must precede the blessings of life. The Holy Spirit's influences have been represented as water upon the dry ground, moistening and fertilizing it—giving life. We have now to mention the satisfying character of his fertilizing, renewing powers.

He is as a well of springing water. He is called in another place, “the Comforter.” Hence he is a well of comfort. Comfort continually flows upward into the soul, from his abiding presence. This is the great secret of true peace. Men marvel at the steady calm of the true Christian, and wonder that he is unmoved by his troubles. But the regenerate possess an internal fountain which continually sends out sweet consolation. If all the upper currents of happiness are frozen, his peace, like those rivers which take their rise from under seas of ice, flows forth from underneath them. Its spring still sends forth its living stream. Its source is untouched. The well of living water is never frozen. Its streams never stagnate. Its water is continually supplied fresh from the fountain of life. As no well supplies itself with water, neither does this. The reservoir, whence it is supplied, is in Christ. And as long as Christ is full of grace, the well will be never dry. The peace, the consolation of the true believer will never cease to flow;—the water in him is “a well of water springing up into everlasting life.”

Such is “the gift of God.” Such is the blessing which Christ gives to whomsoever he be that asketh of him. Such is the gift with which he was ready to bless the Samaritan woman. This is the water

which quenches the thirst of immortal souls. Other springs of comfort fail; but this is a well whence the living water perpetually flows. Would that you knew “the gift of God!” You would then not rest content till this spring of salvation had found access to your heart. If you had once partaken of these waters, you would soon despise, as insipid, the sweet-poisoned streams of this world's pleasures. Those satisfy; these do not. Whosoever drinketh of the water which supplies the wells of this life, “shall thirst again.” But whosoever drinketh of the water which Christ giveth, shall never thirst.

But, be not deceived. Satan transforms himself into an angel of light. He counterfeits blessings. He imitates this “living water,” and deceives many. He persuades men, without sufficient evidence, to believe that they are “born again”—that they possess the well of the water of salvation. Therefore we entreat you to probe the evidences of your conversion. Be not content with the bare probability of the fact, nor with the good opinions of others. Let the gauge of gospel truth enter your heart, and prove whether there is in it living water “springing up into everlasting life.”

You know the course of nature. “The spring, proceeding from its perennial source, and flowing onward, purifies its channel as it runs. It carries down before it that which is impure and muddy, and would impede its current, and what remains is clear and beautiful. Such, likewise, is the effect of the Spirit of Christ upon the soul. It meets, at first, with much that is of an uncongenial nature, much that would sully and corrupt it. But this it gradually clears away. The ‘lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life,’ and whatsoever ‘is not of the Father, but is of the world’—these it carries off, and suffers not to rest and choke the stream. The purer properties of the renewed heart, temperance, and patience, and godliness, and meekness, and charity—these are sure to shine beneath the flowing water, and reflect that ‘Sun of righteousness’ from which their beauty is derived.”

A gradual increase of purity of heart, and a growing conformity to the image of Christ, are infallible evidences of the existence of the stream of life. If there be no reflecting forth of the character of Christ, there can be no indwelling of the Spirit of Christ.

But let no humble and anxious inquirer after life be discouraged. There are degrees of grace. Of these we are not speaking, but of the reality. The degree will increase, if the reality be secured. A well is not filled in a moment; it fills by degrees. "The spring, small commonly at its source, gains strength as it flows along. So the Spirit in the heart may at first be as a drop, to which other and fresh drops are continually added, till it becomes a clear and sparkling stream."—*"Jacob's Well," by the Rev. G. A. Rogers.*

CURIOSITIES OF GLASS-MAKING.

FILLING THE POTS.

THE following are fragments from a valuable work, "Curiosities of Glass-making," by Mr. Apsey Pellatt:—In a glasshouse in England, the pots are filled but once a week, usually on Friday or Saturday morning. Wood vessels, like handbarrows, are used for bringing to the furnace the mixed materials, which are thrown into pots holding about eighteen cwt. each, in quantities of about four cwt. at a time, with iron shovels, allowing sufficient time between each filling for melting down the various charges, until the pot is entirely filled with fused glass. By this method, every pot in the furnace is fully charged with liquid metal in about twelve to fifteen hours; air-bubbles and striæ then abound, and they are not expelled until thirty to forty hours more have elapsed, during which period, namely, from fifty to sixty hours, the gas and air-bubbles are driven off, and the mass becomes homogeneous. English melting-pots being usually much larger than the French, require a longer period for fusion, thus increasing the difficulty if a second filling be required during the week; but the glass is not usually so pure as the first, though less time being allowed for the second fusion. When all the pots are filled, and the mouths are securely stoppered, clayed up, the founding commences, during which thirty to forty hours (as before alluded to) the furnace is urged to its utmost intensity. No pyrometer is used, as the heat varies according to the condition of the furnace, aspect and intensity of the wind, quality of the fuel, and attention and tact of the *tisseur*, attendant, or stoker. Nevertheless, there are certain signs by which a

practised eye can detect the fitness or unfitness of the metal for working. These are—the whiteness of the flame, exuding from the furnace on each side of the pot; also, by occasionally withdrawing, with an iron rod, a little of the melted glass from the top of the metal, through a small sight-hole in the stopper, and at fixed times taking proofs of the metal. Saturday and Sunday are the days when the furnace requires the greatest heat, so that the working may be commenced early on Monday morning.

Before setting in the glass furnace, great care is necessary to anneal a pot in the arch, and a week or more should be allowed gradually to bring it to a white heat, ready for pot-setting. This work is always performed towards the end of the week; and is a hot and fatiguing operation. All hands must be present, and absentees, except from illness, are severely fined. The men are provided with suitable dresses, to shield them from the open blaze of the furnace. The old pot, being no longer useful by age or accident, is then exposed, by pulling down the temporary brickwork. A large iron bar, steeled and sharpened at the point, is placed across another bar, to operate under the pot as a fulcrum. Several men rest their entire weight on the end of this long lever, and after one or many efforts, and perhaps many more simultaneous blows of the bar, used as a sort of battering-ram—the whole pot, either wholly or by pieces, is detached from the siege of the furnace. About six or eight men take afterwards each a bar about five feet long, like a javelin, steeled and sharpened at one end. They rush forward in face of the fiery furnace, guarding their faces with their protecting arms, and aim a blow at such of the irregular rocky incrustations of clay as adhere to the siege. This operation is repeated until the pieces of partially vitrified clay are wholly removed from the position on which the old pot stood, which should be repaired with clay and sand. The new pot, at a white heat, is then removed from the annealing pot-arch, and carried on the end of a two-wheeled iron carriage, with a long handle, by four or more workmen, who carefully set it, or tilt it backwards into its proper position in the furnace.

ANNEALING.

The time for annealing varies from six to sixty hours, the weighty articles

requiring the most heat and time. The best arrangements for annealing may be foiled, should the glass-blower unnecessarily lose time after finishing the work, as the hotter the goods enter the arch, the better. On this account, the large goods receive a final reheating at the mouth of a pot heated by beech-wood, and called the glory hole. Successful annealing depends much upon the proper direction of the wind. The best aspect for this purpose is when it passes over the fuel of the hear, towards the hear chimney, so that the hot air is always radiating in the downward current upon the goods.

Annealing may sometimes appear complete in glass articles that have borne the friction of deep cutting, which, when long after exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, become fractured, as it were, spontaneously. A large quantity of flint or compounded glass, manufactured at the Falcon Works (of a beautiful topaz tint, coloured by uranium, which became richer in hue by diminishing the usual proportion of lead and by increasing the alkali,) fractured three months after it was cut. Complaints from purchasers both at home and abroad reached the Works, and the whole had to be replaced at the expense of the manufacturer. Excess of alkali causes continual exudation, the cementing property escapes, entire fracture is the result, and no remedy can check the evil. A piece of ancient light blue glass, since it came into the possession of the British Museum, has spontaneously fractured, and some parts almost to pulverization—an effect caused by its excess or impurity of alkali.

MANIPULATING OPERATIONS.

The manipulatory operations of glass-making are totally dissimilar to casting metals of any kind. Scarcely any advance in this department of the manufacture has been made for above two hundred years; and the tools then used for blowing and shaping the various articles have been since but little improved. The reason is obvious; the formation of the infinite variety of wares produced in flint-glass houses, relies more upon skill, adroitness, and tact, which may be termed the *main-d'œuvre* of the art, than upon the ingenuity of the tools:—in truth, the perfection of the product of the furnace, as regards its workmanship, depends chiefly upon the tact and intu-

ition of the glass-blower, avoiding, as much as possible, the use of tools.

VENETIAN GLASS.

As glass-house manipulators, the Venetians were pre-eminent; they produced, if not the most elegant, at least extremely curious work. In the manufacture of glass beads the Venetians have no rival, their price being far below English competition. The Venetian glasses, termed “filligree,” have recently been made in France and Bohemia, and a few specimens in England. Before ornaments or vessels can be blown, small filligree canes, with white or variously-coloured enamels, must be drawn by the following process:—Pieces of plain, coloured, or opaque white cane, previously drawn, are first whetted off to the required lengths, and then put into a cylindrical mould, with suitable internal recesses; and both cane and mould are thus submitted to a moderate heat. The selection of the colour of the canes depends upon the taste of the manufacturer; two to four enamelled canes are chiefly used, alternately, with about half the number of coloured. The blower then prepares a solid ball of transparent glass, which, being deposited in contact with the various canes, at a welding heat, causes them to adhere. This solid ball is then released from the mould, is reheated and marvered,* till the adhering projecting ornamental canes are rubbed into one uniform mass; the ball is next covered with a gathering of white glass, which must then be drawn to any size and length that may be required.

The Venetian ball is a collection of waste pieces of filligree glass, conglomerated together, without regular design; this is packed into a pocket of transparent glass, which is adhesively collapsed upon the interior mass by sucking up, producing outward pressure of the atmosphere. Some of the ancient specimens have apparently been decomposed on the exterior, but can be again restored by the glasscutter's polishing wheels.

The *mille fiore*, or star-work of the Venetians, is more regular in design than the balls, but of the same character. It was formed by placing lozenges of glass, cut from the ends of filligree canes, ranging them in regular or irregular devices, and encasing them in flint transparent glass. A double transparent glass

* That is, rolled on a smooth cast-iron table.

cone receives the lozenges between the two surfaces. The whole is reheated; a hollow disk communicating with the blowing-iron, adheres to the neck, and the air is exhausted or sucked out of the double case. After being re-warmed, it becomes one homogeneous mass, and can be shaped into a tazza, paper-weight, etc., at pleasure.

Frosted glass, like the *Vitro di Trino*, is one of the specimens of Venetian work not previously made by the Egyptians and Romans, and not since executed by Bohemian or French glass-makers. The process of making it, until recently practised at the Falcon Glass Works, was considered a lost art. It has irregularly veined marble, like projecting dislocations, with intervening fissures. Suddenly plunging hot glass into cold water, produces crystalline convex fractures, with a polished exterior, like Derbyshire spar: but the concave intervening fissures are caused, first, by chilling, and then reheating at the furnace, and simultaneously expanding the reheated ball of glass by blowing; thus separating the crystals from each other, and leaving open fissures between, which is done preparatory to forming vases or ornaments. Although frosted glass appears covered with fractures, it is perfectly sonorous.

COLOURS ON GLASS.

The principle of casing a layer of colour upon flint crystal glass, or as many layers or varieties of colour on each other as may be required, was well known to the ancients who made the Portland and Naples vases. Only one operation need be explained, as every additional coating is merely a repetition of the same process. Presuming, therefore, that any two or more glasses intended for casing have been mixed of the same specific gravity, to give them the capability of harmonizing—that is, contracting and expanding equally—the blower has to gather a ball of solid glass, intended for the interior layer, in the usual manner, which, in this instance, may be considered to be of white crystal glass. About the same time, his assistant prepares a casing of colour, knocking off the knob, to open and shape it somewhat like the bowl of a wine-glass, or the broad end of a large egg-shell; this is set into a metal stand, on the floor, merely to steady the case, or shell; while the blower takes the lump of flint or white glass, and gently

blows it into the coloured case or shell, to which it immediately adheres; and when submitted to the flame of a pot-hole, or, if a large piece, to the flame of the castor-hole, it is found to weld perfectly. If various coverings are needed, as many coloured shells must be prepared as required, and each melted in by fresh warming, until the entire number are obtained and cased. The whole are afterwards rewarmed, expanded, and shaped into vases, tazzas, or such other articles as the manufacturer requires, by blowing, and the usual appliances of moulds, tools, and rotatory motion.

CAMEO INCrustation.

Cameo incrustation was unknown to the ancients, and was first introduced by the Bohemians, probably about a century since; and bas-relief casts of busts and medals were entirely isolated by them within a coating or mass of white flint glass. The figure intended for incrustation must be made of materials that will require a higher degree of heat for their fusion than the glass within which it is to be incrustated; these are China clay, and super-silicate of potash, ground and mixed in such proportions as upon experiment harmonize with the density of the glass; and this, when moulded into a bas-relief or bust (in plaster of Paris moulds,) should be slightly baked, and then suffered gradually to cool; or the cameos may be kept in readiness till required for incrustation; for which purpose they should be carefully reheated to redness in a small Stourbridge clay muffle. A cylindrical flintglass pocket is then prepared, one end adhering to a hollow iron rod, with an opening at the other extremity, into which the hot composition figure is introduced; the end is then collapsed and welded together by pressure, at a red heat, so that the figure is in the centre of the hollow hot pocket glass muffle. The workman next applies his mouth at the end of the tube, while rewarmed the glass at the other extremity; but instead of blowing he exhausts the air; thus perfecting the collapse by atmospheric pressure, and causing the glass and composition figure to be of one homogeneous mass.

—◆—
When you have nothing to say, say nothing; a weak defence strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.—*Colton*.



The Snowy Owl.

THE SNOWY OWL.

THE snowy owl, (*Surnia nyctea*, DUMERIE.) This beautiful bird, which emulates the hawk in its daring progress, as well as in its habits of hunting by day, is a native of the arctic regions of both continents, occasionally venturing as far south as the northern limits of the British dominions, having been seen in Shetland, and occasionally in the Orkney isles. The thick and downy texture of its plumage declares it to be a dweller among the snow-clad wastes,

"Where tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year."

In fact, not a single point is left exposed; the bill is almost concealed amidst the mass of plumage enveloping the head; the tarsi and toes are covered with an exuberance of long, thick, hair-like feathers, leaving the claws alone visible, which are strong, curved, and extremely sharp. Nor is the suitability of colour less remarkable, the whole of the plumage being of the purest white, with thinly scattered semilunar bars of brown on the back and under surface. The head is small, in comparison with that of the

owls in general; the eyes are deeply set, and the brows project, as in the falcon; the irides are of the most brilliant golden yellow.

That the snowy owl is constituted as a hunter by day is wisely ordered, on behalf of a creature inhabiting the frigid regions of Greenland, Lapland, Siberia, and the latitude of Hudson's Bay. In these desolate climes, where the sun in summer never dips below the horizon, and the darkness of winter is dispersed by the unceasing flashes of the aurora borealis, the snowy owl may be seen sweeping along in search of prey: the arctic hare, the ptarmigan, and various small quadrupeds, constitute its food; and with a boldness like that of the peregrine falcon, it will follow the hunter by the day together, skimming down from its perch, "when a bird has been shot, with such rapidity as to carry off the prize before the sportsman can get within reach of it." Wilson observes, that the usual food of this species is "hares, grouse, rabbits, ducks, mice, and even carrion;" and that, "unlike most of his tribe, he hunts by day as well as by twilight, and is particularly fond of

frequenting the shores and banks of shallow rivers, over the surface of which he slowly sails, or sits on a rock a little raised above the water, watching for fish. These he seizes with a sudden and instantaneous stroke of the foot, seldom missing his aim." The notes of this northern hunter of the arctic wilds are congenial with the gloomy scenery, adding "horror even to a Greenland winter." Among these scenes of silent desolation, the snowy owls rear their progeny, building their nest on the ground, or on rocks; the young are two in number.

The plumage becomes more and more purely white with age, till at last few or no traces of brown remain; the head is unadorned with egrets or elongated plumes, and the beak and claws are black. Length, two feet; expanse of wings five feet two inches.—"*Natural History of Birds*," published by the Religious Tract Society.

NINEVEH AS IT IS.

No. II.

To the interesting labours of Mr. Layard we again recur, as revealing some of the most important discoveries of modern times, and also illustrating the results which have rewarded intelligent, persevering, and well-directed research. In the descriptions of the labours to which his attention was specially turned, he varies his narrative by allusions to the scenery of the land in which he was engaged. "It was cold and damp," says he, on one occasion, "and the Arabs, collecting brushwood and trunks of trees, made a great fire, which lighted up the recesses of the jungle. As the night advanced, a violent storm broke over us; the wind rose to a hurricane—the rain descended in torrents—the thunder rolled in one long peal—and the vivid streams of lightning, almost incessant, showed the surrounding landscape. When the storm had abated I walked to a short distance from the tents to gaze upon the scene. The huge fire we had kindled threw a lurid glare over the trees round our encampment. The great mound could be distinguished through the gloom, rising like a distant mountain against the dark sky. From all sides came the melancholy wail of the jackals—thousands of these animals having issued from their subterranean dwellings in the ruins, as soon as the last gleam of twi-

light was fading in the western horizon. The owl, perched on the old masonry, occasionally sent forth its mournful note. The shrill laugh of the Arabs would sometimes rise above the cry of the jackals. Then all earthly noises were buried in the deep roll of the distant thunder. It was desolation such as those alone who have witnessed such scenes can know—desolation greater than the desolation of the sandy wastes of Africa; for there was the wreck of man as well as of Nature."*

The social and domestic condition of the Arabs is ever interesting, and on it Mr. Layard has thrown much light. The people from a neighbouring encampment having arrived in close proximity to the observing Englishman, he tells us that the scene was one of activity and bustle. Every one appeared desirous of surpassing the others in violence of action and vehemence of shouting. A stranger would have fancied that the people were all quarrelling; in which, out of several hundreds of men and women, no two persons could agree. The confusion, however, arose from a friendly debate in reference to the site of the respective tents; and when the matter had been settled to the general satisfaction, without recourse to any more violent measures than yelling and shouting, each family began to raise its temporary abode. The camels were made to kneel, and were then deprived of their burdens—the donkeys were brought to the various spots at which their loads were required—the women spread the coarse, black, goat-hair canvass—the men rushed about with wooden mallets to drive in the stakes and pegs; and in a few minutes the dwellings which were to afford them shelter were complete. The women and girls, to whom all household matters were consigned, then went forth in search of water, or to collect brushwood or dry twigs for the fires, and the men assembled in the tent of the Sheikh, and crowding in a circle round the entire trunk of an old tree which was soon enveloped in flames, prepared to pass the remainder of the day in that desultory small talk about stolen sheep, stray donkeys, or unsuccessful attempts at plunder, which fills up the leisure of the Arab, unless he be employed in the more exciting engagements of plunder or war.†

Various reasons having induced Mr. Layard to decide on the removal of some

* Layard, vol. ii., chap. xii.

† Ibid.

of the larger sculptures from the excavations, arrangements were made for this purpose. It was important also that they should not be sawn in pieces, as had formerly been done with a pair of bulls; but it required considerable ingenuity to contrive a means of their transport entire. A carpenter was sent to the mountains to fell the largest mulberry-tree he could find, or some wood of equally compact grain, and to bring beams and pieces of the trunk to Mosul. With the aid of a pair of strong iron axles, purchased from the dragoman of the French consulate, a cart was made of rough but firm construction, each wheel being formed of three solid pieces, nearly a foot thick, from the trunk of the mulberry-tree, and bound together by iron hoops. The vehicle was looked upon with wonder and admiration by thousands of the people. Crowds went to gaze at it, as it stood in the yard of the vice-consul's khan, and the pasha's artillery-men, who, from their acquaintance with the mysteries of gun-carriages, were regarded as authorities on such matters, daily declaimed on the properties and use of the cart to a large circle of wondering listeners. But when the news was heard that it was about to leave the gates and to be drawn over the bridge, the business of the place was completely suspended. Secretaries and scribes from the palace deserted their divans; guards left their posts; the bazaars were cleared; and half the population assembled on the banks of the river to witness the manoeuvres of the vehicle. A pair of buffaloes, with the assistance of a crowd of Chaldeans and shouting Arabs, forced the ponderous wheels over the rotten bridge of boats. "The multitudes seemed to be fully satisfied with the spectacle. The cart was the topic of general conversation in Mosul until the arrival, from Europe, of some children's toys—barking dogs and moving puppets—which gave rise to fresh excitement, and filled even the gravest of the clergy with wonder at the learning and wisdom of the infidels."

Having reduced the weight of the sculptures as much as possible by sawing away from the back that which was not intended to be seen, it was necessary first to remove the bull from the ruins in order to get it on to the cart in the plain below. A trench was accordingly made, about fifteen feet wide, in some places twenty deep, and nearly two hundred feet long. The principal difficulty was

to lower the mass; for during its descent it could only be sustained by ropes, which if of insufficient strength, the sculpture would be precipitated to the ground, and, in all probability, broken. The few ropes Mr. Layard possessed had expressly been sent across the desert from Aleppo, but they were small. From Bagdad a thick hawser had been obtained, made of the fibres of the palm, besides two pairs of blocks and a pair of jack-screws belonging to the steamer of the Euphrates expedition. The sculptures were wrapped in mats and felts to preserve them from injury, and they were to be lowered on rollers which had been laid on the ground. But Mr. Layard must now tell his own story in his admirably descriptive style:—"My men being ready," says he, "and all my preparations complete, I stationed myself on the top of the high bank of earth over the second bull, and ordered the wedges to be struck out from under the sculpture to be moved. Still, however, it remained firmly in its place. A rope having been passed round it, six or seven men easily tilted it over. The thick, ill-made cable stretched with the strain, and almost buried itself in the earth round which it was coiled. The ropes held well. The mass descended gradually, the Chaldeans propping it up with the beams. It was a moment of great anxiety. The drums and shrill pipes of the Kurdish musicians increased the din and confusion caused by the war-cry of the Arabs, who were half frantic with excitement. They had thrown off nearly all their garments; their long hair floated in the wind; and they indulged in the wildest postures and gesticulations as they clung to the ropes. The women had congregated on the sides of the trenches, and by their incessant screams, and by the ear-piercing *tahlehl*, added to the enthusiasm of the men. The bull once in motion, it was no longer possible to obtain a hearing. The loudest cries I could produce were lost in the crash of discordant sounds. Neither the hippopotamus hide whips of the Cawasses, nor the bricks and clods of earth with which I endeavoured to draw attention from some of the most noisy of the group, were of any avail. Away went the bull, steady enough, as long as supported by the props behind; but as it came nearer to the rollers, the beams could no longer be used. The cable and ropes stretched more and more. Dry from the climate, as they felt the strain, they creaked and

threw out dust. Water was thrown over them, but in vain, for they all broke together when the sculpture was within four or five feet of the rollers. The bull was precipitated to the ground. Those who held the ropes, thus suddenly released, followed its example, and were rolling one over the other in the dust. A sudden silence succeeded to the clamour. I rushed into the trenches, prepared to find the bull in many pieces. It would be difficult to describe my satisfaction when I found it lying precisely where I had wished to place it, and uninjured! The Arabs no sooner got on their legs again, than, seeing the result of the accident, they darted out of the trenches, and, seizing by the hands the women who were looking on, formed a large circle, and, yelling their war-cry with redoubled energy, commenced a most mad dance. The musicians exerted themselves to the utmost, but their music was drowned by the cries of the dancers. It would have been useless to endeavour to put a check upon these proceedings. I preferred allowing the men to wear themselves out—a result which, considering the amount of exertion and energy displayed both by limbs and throat, was not long in taking place.” *

The night, after so successful an undertaking, having been spent by the Arabs in eating and dancing, they proceeded, apparently unfatigued, and still singing and capering, to the mound. The sculpture having been placed on the rollers, the men had now only to pull it along, and to bring those rollers to the front over which the mass had passed. Having conveyed it in this manner down the side of the mound, it was lowered on to the cart, and this was soon ready to be dragged to the river. Buffaloes having refused to move the load, though aided by men, the work had to be accomplished by men to the number of about three hundred, who screeched at the top of their voices, while the musicians drummed and fided with all their might. The procession was closed by the women, who favoured the multitude with a very shrill accompaniment to the noise, while horsemen performed various feats around, dashing backwards and forwards, and charging with their spears. The procession was re-arranged on the following day; and, with the exception of a night attack of some Arabs who had regarded the ropes, mats, and felts with jealousy,

* Layard, vol. II., chap. xiii.

and the cart having once stuck in the sands, the bull was triumphantly dragged down to within a few hundred yards of the river, where a platform was erected to receive it, and where a guard of Arabs encamped till the lion could be brought down, and the two embarked together for Bagdad. By a very similar process to that just described, the lion was also brought to the banks of the Tigris, where it rested with the bull till the necessary arrangements were completed for their embarkation.

But though these physical obstacles had thus to be encountered, Mr. Layard found others even more difficult to be subdued. The raftmen of Mosul refused to render any assistance in the navigation of the river in the required part. Their fathers had never done it, and they therefore resolved not to lend any aid in the design. At length, a poor debtor of Bagdad preferred the desperate undertaking to the certain prospect of a prolonged residence in the gloomy subterranean abodes of his unfortunate class, though it was impossible to persuade him that his raft would ever reach its destination, that he could survive the enterprise, or that Mr. Layard had a greater stake in the matter than himself. Having at length been induced to sign the contract, and to make up his mind as well as possible to submit to his hard fate, he protested in a long speech, by the prophet, that he would undertake the work for no one else in the world, and adopted a variety of other devices to gain more money. But Mr. Layard cut short his complimentary discourse, and hinted that he was now in the power of an authority from which there was no appeal. The raft was made; though he strenuously opposed any suggestions for its improvement, but “like many other injured men, he fell a victim to the ‘right of the stranger,’ and had to sacrifice, at once, prejudice and habit.” Having at length reduced his refractory workmen, who struck for higher wages, to the utmost penitence, the rafts received their cargoes, and were floated down the stream. As he contemplated the receding vessels, Mr. Layard says, “I could not forbear musing upon the strange destiny of these burdens, which, after adorning the palaces of the Assyrian kings, the objects of wonder, and perhaps the worship, of thousands, had been buried unknown for centuries beneath a soil trodden by Persians under Cyrus, by Greeks under

Alexander, and by Arabs under the first successors of their prophet. They were now to visit India, to cross the most distant seas of the southern hemisphere, and to be finally placed in a British museum. Who can venture to foretell how their strange career will end? "•

Mr. Layard vividly describes the scene which the mount of Nimroud presented during the excavations. It was a curious sight, he tells us, to observe on all sides, issuing from the earth, long lines of wild-looking beings, with dishevelled hair, their limbs only half concealed by a short loose shirt, some jumping and capering, and all hurrying to and fro, shouting like madmen. Each carried a basket, and, as he reached the edge of the mound, emptied its contents, which raised a cloud of dust. He then returned at the top of his speed, dancing and yelling as before, and again suddenly disappeared in the bowels of the earth.

If the principal trench is entered by a flight of steps rudely cut in the earth, perhaps a Bedouin sheikh with his followers will be encountered, as they gaze with astonishment at the work. Each holds his long spear, tufted with ostrich feathers, in one hand, and in the other the halter of his mare, which stands patiently behind him. He rises as he hears approaching footsteps, and if it is wished to escape the embrace of a very dirty stranger, it will be best to escape into the trenches. Passing a pair of colossal lions, winged and human headed, which form the portal, and entering the subterranean labyrinth, bustle and confusion seem to reign supreme. Arabs run about in different directions; Chaldeans in their striped dresses and curious conical caps are digging with picks into the tenacious earth, raising a dense cloud of fine dust at every stroke; wild strains of Kurdish music may be heard occasionally issuing from some distant part of the ruins, and if caught by the parties at work, the Arabs join their voices in chorus, raise the war-cry, and labour with renewed vigour. Enter the principal hall, and sculptured gigantic-winged figures, carrying mysterious symbols in their hands, are seen. One of them has fallen across the entrance, and there is just room to creep beneath it. Slabs of alabaster, fallen from their original position, are in different directions, and the foot treads in a maze of small bas-reliefs, representing chariots, horsemen, battles,

• Layard, vol. ii., chap. xlii.

and sieges. "Whichever way we turn, we find ourselves in the midst of a host of rooms, and without an acquaintance with the intricacies of the place, we should soon lose ourselves in this labyrinth. The accumulated rubbish being generally left in the centre of the chambers, the whole excavation consists of a number of narrow passages, panelled on one side with slabs of alabaster, and shut in on the other by a high wall of earth, half-buried, in which may here and there be seen a broken vase, or a brick painted with brilliant colours. We may wander through these galleries for an hour or two, examining the marvellous sculptures or the numerous inscriptions which surround us. Here we meet long rows of kings, attended by their eunuchs and priests—their lines of winged figures, carrying fir-cones and religious emblems, and seemingly in adoration before the mystic tree. At length, wearied, we issue from the buried edifice by a trench on the opposite side to that by which we entered, and find ourselves again upon the naked platform. We look around in vain for any traces of the wonderful remains we have once seen, and are half inclined to believe that we have dreamed a dream, or have been listening to some tale of eastern romance. Some, who may hereafter tread on the spot when the grass again grows over the ruins of the Assyrian palaces, may indeed suspect that I have been relating a vision."•

To the courage, energy, and talent of the distinguished author of these deeply-interesting volumes, it is but just to pay our tribute. The efforts he has made, and the results that have arisen, will be remembered with gratitude by his countrymen and by the lovers of knowledge in every land. Nor ought we to forget to express our humble acknowledgment to the God of providence, who has thus revealed so rich a source of knowledge in reference to a nation so interesting to every student of his holy word.

F. S. W.

ALFRED, A STUDENT AND AN INSTRUCTOR.

WITH the assistance of learned men, Alfred,† in the thirty-ninth year of his age, began to study the Latin language

* Layard, vol. ii., chap. xlii.

† It is now precisely a thousand years since Alfred was born.

and literature. To read the authors of ancient Rome in their original tongue, was a happiness he long had coveted. Asser has not only recorded the date at which Alfred first entered upon his new studies, (A. D. 887,) but has detailed the circumstance which prompted him to the effort. "On a certain day," says Asser, "we were both of us sitting in the king's chamber, talking, as we were wont, on divers kinds of subjects, and I chanced to read to him a quotation out of a certain book. He listened to me most attentively, and giving me a book which he carried in his bosom, in which the daily courses and psalms, and prayers which he had read in his youth, were written, he commanded me to write in it the passage I had just quoted. Hearing this, and perceiving his devout desire of studying the words of Divine wisdom, I gave, though in secret, boundless thanks to Almighty God, who had implanted such a love of wisdom in the king's heart. But I could find no space in the book wherein to write the passage, for it was full of various matters; wherefore I made a slight delay, chiefly, however, that I might excite the bright intellect of the king to a deeper acquaintance with the Divine testimonies. Upon his urging me to make haste, and write it quickly, I asked him, 'Do you wish me to write the quotation on a separate leaf; for, perhaps, we shall find one or more extracts which will please you, and in such a case we shall be glad that we have kept them apart?' 'Your plan is good,' replied the king; and accordingly I soon got ready a sheet, in the beginning of which I wrote what he commanded me; and on the same day I wrote therein, as I had anticipated, no less than three other quotations which pleased him; and from that time, as we talked constantly together, other quotations pleased him, so that the sheet soon became full, and deservedly so; according as it is written, 'The just man builds upon a moderate foundation, and by degrees passes to greater things.' Thus, like a most industrious bee, he flew here and there, asking questions as he went, until he had eagerly and unceasingly collected many various flowers of Divine Scriptures, with which he thickly stored the cells of his mind."*

This book, which appears to have existed in Malmesbury's days, became the king's constant companion. Had it been preserved to our own time, even though

it consisted of extracts from different authors, it would have been a most curious and interesting document, as an index to the mind of its royal compiler. The principal use he made of it was to insert in it passages of Holy Scriptures, which he had translated into Anglo-Saxon; and it is not wonderful, therefore, that he was wont often to declare, that from this book he derived no small comfort.

It was very natural that Alfred should wish at once to impart to his people some of the benefits of his new attainment. His own feelings upon the subject are well explained in a preface to "Gregory's Pastoral," a book which, by his direction, was translated by Werfrith, bishop of Worcester, for the instruction of the clergy. It was written originally by pope Gregory, for the instruction of the bishops of the church, and called his "*Liber Pastoralis Curæ*," and was much valued at that period. In the preface to the translation, Alfred speaks first of the state of learning which once existed among the Anglo-Saxons, in the days of Bede and Alcuin, and then proceeds to contrast with it the melancholy ignorance that, at the time when he was writing, prevailed in his kingdom. "I would have thee know," says Alfred, addressing Werfrith, "that it very often comes into my mind what wise men in bygone days existed in England, as well laymen as ecclesiastics, and how happy those times were for all the people; how the kings who then governed ruled in obedience to God and his written will; how alike successful in peace and war, they preserved inviolate their domestic polity, and abroad gave tokens of their valour; how in those days they flourished equally in wisdom and prudence. Moreover, those who exercised the spiritual functions of ministers were diligent alike in learning and teaching, in the fulfilment of all the duties which they owed to Almighty God. Men were wont, moreover, formerly to seek wisdom and learning in this country; but now we must go out of it to obtain knowledge."

After drawing this contrast between the past and present state of learning in his kingdom, and attributing its decay to the ravages of the Northmen, Alfred thus explains the motive which induced him to endeavour in his own person to set the example of improvement: "When I thought earnestly upon this subject, I began to wonder greatly that those illustrious scholars who, in bygone days,

* Asser, p. 56.

flourished in England, and who so thoroughly understood those works of learning which were within their reach, never translated any part of them into their native tongue. But I soon answered myself and said, that these, our ancestors, never thought that any of their descendants would be so reckless, or that learning would ever have so much fallen, and so intentionally omitted the translation of any of those writings, in order that more languages might be known by our countrymen. Then it came into my mind that the law of God was first revealed in the Hebrew tongue, and that after the Greeks had learned it, they turned it, together with many other books, into their own language; and the Latin-men likewise, when they had learned it, they, by wise interpreters, turned it into their own tongue; and in like manner, almost every Christian people have caused some part of it to be translated into their own language.

"Wherefore I think it better, (if such be your opinion,) that we also should translate some books, such as we shall deem most necessary, and which may be understood by all, into the tongue which is intelligible to every one. And we will take care, moreover, (which we shall very easily accomplish, by Divine assistance, if we still enjoy peace,) that all the youth of the English nation, especially the sons of wealthy freemen, who are well able to give their children a fitting education, shall be brought up to learning, and shall enter upon no other employment until they can read accurately English writings. Moreover, let teachers instruct in the Latin language those who would wish to advance in learning, and to attain a higher position.

"When I considered how the knowledge of the Latin tongue had fallen in England, (albeit very many could read English writings,) then I began, amid other and manifold business of the kingdom, to turn into the English language this book, which, in Latin, is called '*Pastoralis*,' in English, '*Hirde boc*,' (or, 'The Herdsman's Book,') sometimes translating it word for word, sometimes putting sense for sense, so as I had learned from Plegmund, my archbishop, and Asser, my bishop; and from Grimbold and John, my mass priests. After I had obtained from them a thorough understanding of the book, I turned it into English in such a way as I could most easily express its meaning. I have

sent one copy of the book to every bishop's seat in my kingdom; and on every one there shall be an *æstel*, which is of fifty mancuses. And I command, in the name of God, that no one remove this *æstel* from the book, nor the book from the church, as it is uncertain how long there may be such learned bishops as we have now, thank God, everywhere. Wherefore it is my will that the books remain always in their places, unless the bishop should wish to have them, either for the purpose of lending them to any one, or of writing other copies from them." *—"Life of Alfred the Great," published by the Religious Tract Society.

OLD HUMPHREY AT THE CHEDDAR CLIFFS.

It was on an autumnal morning that I left the ivied old manor-house of a sweetly secluded village, to pay a visit to the far-famed Cheddar Cliffs, which I hardly need say are situated in the neighbourhood of Bath and Wells. As I mounted the gig that was to bear me to my anticipated destination, my kind-hearted friends were clustered at the manor-house gate, opposite the church tower; Esther, Harriet, and the serving-boy were peeping from another part of the premises; the sky was blue, and lit up with sunny beams, issuing from behind a white cloud with golden edges; the sleek skin of the bonny bay mare, harnessed to the gig, looked as if neither corn, currycomb, nor brush had been spared, and the fresh pink that bloomed at my bosom had just before been plucked by the kind hand of my young friend Emily. Smack went the whip, round went the wheels, and away went the bonny bay mare.

Never did Robert Stock, the serving-man, to whom was entrusted the important commission of driving me to Cheddar, appear to better advantage. There, with his dark hair and ruddy cheek, he sat beside me, in his Sunday gray coat, showy waistcoat of white flowers on a blue ground, with sober drab below, and gaiters of the same colour; a tall and handsome specimen of English peasantry. Robert Stock having put aside the scythe and the sickle, and

* The original, together with a Latin translation of Alfred's Preface to Gregory's Pastoral, is printed by Wise, at the end of his edition of Asser's Life of Alfred.

abandoned for the day his ordinary pursuits, looked all hope, holiday, and good-humour.

As we whirled on, I took a retrospective glance at the inmates of the habitation I had so recently left. An aged pilgrim, journeying to a better country, was among them; over her silvery head had passed nearly ninety summers and winters. Around her gather, at the hour of prayer, the members of the family, when the head of the household presides, in his customary place, as the family pastor. The word of God, and prayer, and praise succeed each other, and the Redeemer's name is magnified:

The Son of God, the Lord of life!
How wondrous are his ways;
Oh for a harp of thousand strings,
To sound abroad his praise!

And one was there, the mistress of the household, unusually endowed with accomplishments and mental gifts, ever ready to use them in setting forth the Redeemer's glory. And another, whose heart glowed with holy ardour for the welfare of Israel, the despised people of God. Her purse, her time, her hand, her head, and her heart, are all put in requisition for their welfare. The long-bearded Israelite, the travelling pedlar of the tribe of Jacob, the wandering Jew, finds a welcome at the old manor. No deriding voice, no insulting remark meets his ear. The assisting hand is stretched out to him in his wants, and the holy oracles that his fathers loved, foretelling the coming of the Messiah, are read to him. Nor was Emily forgotten, nor the sweet tones of her guitar, accompanied with the words,

"There's nae room for twa, ye ken;
There's no room for twa;
The heart that's given to God and heaven
Has nae room for twa."

After a rapid drive of about two hours, we approached the spot where Mendip Hills have been cloven by a heavenly hand. As we advanced, the ground by degrees became undulated and broken. Then an isolated rock, rich with varied verdure, arrested the eye; the cliffs became higher, the defiles deeper, the scene more striking and impressive, until at last, rapidly increasing in interest, the Cheddar Cliffs burst upon us in all their grandeur and sublimity. The almighty power of Him who sitteth on the throne of heaven had evidently been exercised,

convulsing the earth, upturning the rocks, and rending the everlasting hills. The stony eminences appeared to have been torn asunder, as if launched in wrath by the hand of the Eternal; the lightning brand and resistless thunderbolt had smitten and scattered them. While I gazed with awe and wonder on the astounding spectacle, in imagination the heights and the depths became eloquent.

A voice from the cliffs, the rocks, the inland heights overhanging the narrow defiles, lifting up their heads to gaze upon the distant deep, to the world of waters. "Mighty ocean, we see thy heaving billows, we listen to catch thy murmurs!

"And all the language of thy sounding waves."

"We, also, are the workmanship of the Most High, the handiwork of the Eternal!"

'The rugged cliff, the mountain high and bare,
And ocean's angry flood his praise declare.'

A voice from the chasms of the riven earth, the deep, dark caverns rich in stalactite and spar, to the sun, and the moon, and the stars. "Ye spangled heralds of the King of kings, sent out with messages of love to man. He who made you in the heights, formed us in the depths. He who arrayed you with light, clothed us with shadows. We, also, wear the impress of Almighty power; we have been moulded by the fingers of the Holy One: 'All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made.'"

His are the caves, in gloomy depths that lie,
And all the golden stars that stud the sky.

It would be hard to say what mighty convulsion formed the Cheddar Cliffs, upturning the solid earth, and laying bare to the eye the stony masses that before were buried in obscurity and darkness. It might be an earthquake, or a volcanic explosion, or the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep at the time of the deluge; but whatever it was, He alone,

"Who rides the whirlwind and directs the storm,"

could have accomplished so mighty an achievement.

Cheddar Cliffs present to the eye the most picturesque and impressive scenery, rising up in various altitudes, from 100 to near 500 feet. They appear

like clusters of stupendous, embattled towers; their sides in part ornamented with a profusion of trees, plants, and clustering ivy: they are much frequented by jackdaws. One highly romantic rock runs up to the height of 480 feet. I have gazed on the receding tops of mountains, nearly ten times as high, without being equally awe-struck; for some of the Cheddar Cliffs are more than perpendicular, beetling over the narrow rifts below.

On entering the deep defile between the eminences, which runs in a tortuous and serpentine direction, I met with a civil, modest, well-behaved boy, who pointed out to me the highest cliffs, the most romantic rocks, and the places most remarkable for accidents which had occurred. "I mind," said he (to mind is to remember) "three men falling from the cliffs. Another boy and I were standing up in the crack there, out of the mizzling rain, when a stone came rattling down from above, and directly a man who had been catching jackdaws followed it, and fell heavily on the ground. We came out of the crack, and ran away as fast as we could, to tell somebody, for we were too frightened to stop. Two or three people came back with us, and we found the man quite dead; his face and his head were knocked about sadly. Two men fell from the top of the other side yonder: one of them lodged on the ledge, there, half-way down, and he lived as much as ten or twelve hours after; but the other came right down to the ground, and died directly."

Life is short enough, without our wooing destruction, by indulging in reckless daring: at the best "it is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," Jas. iv. 14.

Our young guide showed us a cave on the right side of the cliffs, going down the pass, in which he said a woman had lived alone for five years. It was also inhabited at one time by a married couple, who had children; but as they were in constant fear that their little ones would fall down the cliff, they abandoned their rocky dwelling.

Long did I wander among the cliffs, both at their bases and on their summits, admiring their height, their form, and their beauty; gathering plants and flowers of different kinds. How wonderfully varied are the works of our great Creator! Great art thou, O Lord, and

great are thy power, thy wisdom, and thy love! "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God," Psa. xc. 2.

While sitting with Robert Stock in the only house of entertainment close to Cheddar Cliffs, the following printed circular was put into my hand:

"Extract of a letter from the rev. W. D. Conybeare to Dr. Buckland.

*"Stalactite Cavern, Cheddar,
July 1, 1843.*

"Dear Buckland,—Happening to be visiting a friend, with my youngest son, I chose to go round from Branwell hither, to show him Cheddar Cliffs, and visited the cavern, more to show it to him than expecting to see anything myself; but it ought to be better known. You must come and see it yourself; it is really the only graceful cave fit for ladies to see we have—the only thing I ever saw that at all realizes my idea of Antiparos. It has one main porch, with three or four lateral branches, narrow fissures, about ten or twelve feet broad, and some thirty and forty feet high, vested and draped with the most fantastic marble of stalactite one can conceive. Make this known as the prettiest thing in the island, and come and see it.

"Yours,

"W. D. CONYBEARE.

"N.B.—No admission to the cavern on the sabbath."

This cavern was discovered by accident, when an enlargement of the premises appearing desirable, an excavation was made: it is now a source of much profit to its possessor. You may be sure that I paid it a visit before I left the place.

Mr. Cox, the proprietor, led the way into the cavern, with a cluster of ten tapers on a board, fastened to the end of a long stick, or pole, followed by myself and Robert Stock. At one time we bent our bodies, to creep through the holes and low-browed arches which seemed to forbid our further progress. At another, we stood erect, looking up to the high roof above us, enriched with Nature's matchless sculpture. I absolutely revelled in the scene; and when a second cluster of tapers lit up the cavern, what with the cathedral-like solemnity, and the vivid lights and awful shadows of the place,

my mind was excited almost to enthusiasm. I longed to hear the sound of human voices "hymning our great Creator;" I gazed on the gloomy recesses around me:

Though silent, lone, and dark, and drear,
The Lord of heaven and earth was there!

It would be hopeless to attempt to describe the endless variety of hues, forms, beauties, and monstrosities that are mingled together in the stalactite cavern. Every winding avenue, every abrupt turning, and every projection and recess teems with interest and peculiarity. Among the varied sculpture of the roof, and the supporting pillars and walls, resemblances the most striking, of different objects, meet the eye. The furniture of a Hindoo temple attracts your attention in one place; columns, capitals, and exquisite architectural tracery in another. Here there is a projection like an Egyptian mummy; there a dark hollow, that has been likened to the Black Prince; while scattered around are unnumbered fountains, vases, tubes, and stalactites, of different colours; with niches, grotesque figures, and resemblances of fowl and foliage; tablets and turkeys, goose, tongue, bread, and bacon.

But full of interest as were the different parts of the cavern, there was one scene extravagantly beautiful; and that was where the miniature crystal pools, lit up by the blazing tapers, mirrored back the elaborately-ornamented roof in their transparent depths. Oh! what a fairy creation of all forms, hues, lights, and shades was there exhibited! What writhing serpents, twining roots, and interlacing branches! What an exhaustless exhibition and infinite variety of

Fantastic forms, and beauty in repose!

Many of the stalactites are musical when struck with a key, or piece of iron; emitting metallic sounds, and somewhat resembling those of musical glasses.

After leaving the cavern, I ascended the heights opposite the sheet of transparent water, and the cascades. There was a flag-staff and flag on the summit, for a pleasure-party had arrived at Cheddar Cliffs, with a band of music. The prospect was fine, and I looked with a strange interest at Glastonbury Tor, and the ruins of old Glastonbury Abbey; where, as old chronicles declare, pilgrims assembled to see the holy thorn, said to

have been planted by Joseph of Arimathea.

As I gazed on the scene before me, it was beautiful, pleasant, yea, heart-cheering to behold happy faces defiling along the passes; spreading among the cliffs, mounting the heights, sketching the most interesting objects, or sailing on the miniature lake; while the waterfall glittered in the sun, the white clouds sailed along the sky, and the band struck up a spirit-stirring strain. Around were sylvan scenes,

Secluded valleys fair, and mountains bold;
And skies of blue, and dun, and glittering gold.

What a luxury there is in a liberty-loving mood to roam abroad amid secluded scenery; to climb the heights, to delve the depths; to ramble unrestrainedly amid objects of interest; to gaze on earth and heaven, and to breathe freely the balmy breezes as they blow! I felt grateful for the happiness I enjoyed, and prepared rather unwillingly to take my departure. Hardly, on my descent from the cliffs, could the bonny bay mare, who had been well corned, be held in by the ostler, till I mounted the gig; and no sooner was she "let go," than off she set at a rate that added to her already well-earned reputation; honest Robert Stock sitting erect, and looking better than ever. Thus I bid adieu to the impressive scenes which had afforded me so much gratification; and thus ended a happy day, spent at the cliffs of Cheddar.

THE INQUISITION.

ON the suppression of the Tribunal of the Holy Office at Rome, by the Constituent Assembly, in February, 1849, the authorities took possession of the buildings, and made a careful inventory of their contents.

The first place visited was the ground-floor of the edifice, where were the prisons, and the stables, coach-houses, kitchen, cellars, and other conveniences for the use of the assessor and the father inquisitors.

Some new doors were opened in the walls, and part of a pavement raised; in this operation human bones were found, and a trap-door discovered. Digging very deep in one place a great number of human skeletons were found, some of them placed so close together, and so

amalgamated with lime, that no bone could be moved without being broken. In the roof of another subterranean chamber a large ring was found fixed. It is supposed to have been used in administering the torture. Along the whole length of this same room stone steps were attached to the wall,—these probably served for the prisoners to sit or recline on. In an under-ground room was found a quantity of very rich black earth, intermingled with human hair, of such a length, that it seemed women's rather than men's hair; here also human bones were found. In this dungeon a trap-door was formed in the thickness of the wall, which opened into a passage in the flat above. Among the inscriptions on the wall were many of very recent date, expressing in most affecting terms the sufferings endured in these chambers. The person of most note found in the prisons of the Inquisition, was a bishop named Kasner, who had been in confinement for above twenty years.

The inventory of the contents of the ground flat being finished in a few days, it was then thrown open to the impatient curiosity of the public. The crowd that resorted to the scene was very great, and the public indignation rose so high that there was a loud and general cry for the destruction of an edifice of such detestable memory.

Passing to the upper flat, the attention of the government was especially directed to the chancery and the archives; the first containing all the current affairs of the Inquisition; the second, jealously guarding its acts from its institution until now. It was shown from documents, that the cardinal's secretaries of state procured information as to suspected individuals, both at home and abroad, and obtained knowledge of state secrets by means of confession. In fact, there exist long correspondences, and voluminous processes, and severe sentences, pronounced upon *La Giovane Italia*, *La Jeune Suisse*, the masonic societies of England and Scotland, and the anti-religious sects of America, etc.

Passing the archives, it appeared on first entering as if everything was in its usual place; but, on further inspection it was found, with astonishment, that though the labels and cases were all in their places, they were emptied of the packets and papers and documents indicated by the inscriptions without. They were probably burned by the Dominican fathers.

The hypothesis receives weight, from the circumstance that, in November 1848, shortly after the departure of the Pope from Rome, the civic guard came in much haste to the holy office, from having observed great clouds of smoke issuing from one of its chimneys, accompanied by a strong smell of burnt paper. The fact is certain, that, in the archives of the Inquisition, the most important trials were not to be found; such, for instance, as those of Galileo Galilei, and of Giordano Bruno; nor was there the correspondence regarding the Reformation in England, in the 16th century, nor many other precious records. There remains, however, nearly complete, a collection of decrees, beginning with the year 1549, down to our own days. They are divided year by year, each volume containing the decrees of one year. Of these, of all that was contained in the chancery and archives of the holy office, a catalogue was taken, with every legal formality of certification. We may thus sum up the results of the inquiry:

The court of Rome availed itself of the tribunal of the holy office for temporal and political ends.

To succeed in its purposes, the holy office had especially recourse to confession, of which it made the most enormous and abominable abuse, not only violating its secrecy, but tampering with its integrity.

By means of confession, the most odious licentiousness was insinuated in the confessionals.

The holy office corrupted all classes, buying information and secrets.

Lastly; the ecclesiastical nuncios at foreign courts were in constant correspondence with the holy office, and, from possessing means of procuring intelligence quite peculiar to themselves, kept the court of Rome informed of the most hidden political secrets.—*Daily News*.

ON DOING GOOD.

THERE was a set of magistrates at Sparta, called the Agathœrgoi. They were men who, after long military service, had grown old in their country's cause, and who in a certain rotation became free from further active duties. The first year of their discharge was always spent in visiting various countries for the common interest of their state, and in advancing,

to the best of their powers, the welfare of Sparta. It was from thus seeking the good of their country that they gained their name, Agathoërgoi, or "doers of good." They were an envied set of men—as all such men ever will be in this world. Their fellow-citizens suspected their motives, and questioned their sincerity, and in their envy sometimes even banishment was the reward which followed the annunciation of discoveries, which, when received, proved of the greatest advantage to the state. [Herod. i. 67.]

We have still "doers of good" among us, who meet with no less unjust and unhappy treatment at the hands of others than these Lacedemonian magistrates did. They have not, indeed, any mere temporal object before them, to advance the welfare and increase the grandeur of which it is their constant aim and study. There is a higher and nobler one—the glory of God, and the welfare of men. The state for which they toil is the whole race of men; the prize they look for is the salvation of men's souls. And they are not alone in this work; they have a pattern to follow, which is no mere phantom of the imagination, but one which has been revealed from heaven—a living model, even Christ Jesus, who spent his life in going about "doing good." We may not always recognise them; there is a modesty and shrinking from the gaze of the world which hides them from us; but God knows them and blesses them; and a thousand poor withered frames, that could not tell where the morrow's sustenance might be found, or whose souls were "perishing for lack of knowledge," know them too, and bless their gentle steps and beaming eyes.

But who are these "doers of good?" Are we amongst them? Christ was a pattern to all his followers, not to a selected few only. Thus, we should each of us strive to follow his example now, if we hope to "be like him" hereafter, when we "see him as he is." The word "good" is the same as "God," so that God is the Good Being; and hence to do "good" is to do God's work, or to act as God would do. Thus we read such expressions as being fellow-workers together with God, 2 Cor. vi. 1. And this work of his he has imposed upon each of us, differing according to the circumstances in which he has placed us. So much of it as is personal—as concerns

our own selves individually—must be our first and most earnest care. To know ourselves—to watch and struggle against the evil passions of our nature, and deny the worldly and carnal appetites of our hearts—to acknowledge God's mercies continually in preserving us in health, peace, and comfort—to seek his guidance for all our projects and desires—to acquaint him with every most secret wish of our hearts, "casting all our care upon him"—devote ourselves entirely to his sacred service, and "be found in him, not having our own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, "the righteousness which is of God by faith," Philip. iii. 9. These are all personal duties, and pre-eminently important. We neglect God's work if we neglect them; and in proportion as we "keep our own heart with all diligence," can we look for success or happiness in a wider sphere of "doing good." Christ, our pattern, neglected not these duties. He was oftentimes kneeling in prayer, resisting temptation—ever "about his Father's business."

Then, there are social duties. These have their scope in the family or the immediate circle of friends and associates which every day gathers around us. They would include the proper use of influence, the eloquence of a good example, the due exercise of discipline or submission. They show themselves in the counsel of the parent, in the love and obedience of the child, in the considerate kindness of the master, and the hearty willingness of the servant; in the assembling each member of the family around the domestic altar, to begin and end each duty and pleasure with God; in strict integrity and uprightness in the least as well as the greatest matter of life and dealing with our fellows; in the narrowed circle of friendship, and in the widening crowd of business. There must be an unshrinking consistency of character, an unflinching avowal of principle. No one must mistake "whose we are, and whom we serve," for a hypocrite does Satan's work, not God's work, as he tries, beneath the semblance of God's people, to hide his secret love of self and the world: and in Christ, our model, were all these displayed to the fullest. He was "subject" to his parents, and in his last moments of life and agony committed his mother to the care of his beloved disciple. Then his brethren and disciples were uppermost in his heart

and prayers. The 17th chapter of John contains one of these prayers, and shows how entirely he had forgotten himself in his love and anxiety for them. All his life long he "did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously," 1 Pet. ii. 23. Never did he desert his sacred cause, nor flinch from the denunciation of sin, in whatever delusive shape or aggravated form he encountered it. No one mistook him. He was the "man of sorrows" from the manger to the cross.

Such are some of the social duties which are entailed upon each of us, and which St. Paul sums up in a few words: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," Eph. iv. 32.

And the third class are what may be called general duties. The world is our sphere, and men our object—their souls and their bodies. We are told that by a rule of the ancient Persian worship, no one might implore blessings on himself alone. His whole nation, and particularly his sovereign, were to have the first share of his prayers. The same idea has been beautifully expressed by Pope in the following lines:

"God loves from whole to parts; but human soul
Must rise from individuals to the whole:
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads:
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race."

It can be no very different idea that we learn from that prayer which our Lord himself gave us as a model for our own, in which we are taught to address God as "Our Father;" but St. Paul's words, 1 Tim. ii. 1, are most conclusive when he exhorts that prayers and intercessions be made "for all men," "for kings, and for all that are in authority." Our first efforts, therefore, undoubtedly, should be directed to the immortal souls of our fellow-men—those sparks of God's own image which death cannot annihilate. Still these poor perishing bodies must not be forgotten. Each class of misery should have our prayerful consideration and proportionate assistance. It is often

by affording relief for the body that an entrance is gained to the heart. Christ went about healing the sick, raising the dead, giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and so won his way to "preach the gospel" to the poor, and lead back wanderers to his fold. If a man sees you know, and pity, and strive to relieve his temporal wants, he will the more readily give you credit for knowing and feeling his spiritual needs. Thus, literally and emphatically, it is the duty of the sincere follower of Christ "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction"—to be ready to give and glad to distribute—by personal ministrations to pour solace into troubled hearts, and, like the good Samaritan, afford the temporal relief which may be needed, and when you come again, repay whatsoever else may have been required. This privilege may not be within the reach of some. Their duty, then, is to enable others to work who can—by assistance, by encouragement, by prayers—to seek continually His blessing upon such efforts, who never turned his face away from any poor man, but had a blessing for the lowest and vilest. But it is within the range of the duties of many who think they have nothing to do with it—who fancy if they do God's work in themselves or their families they may be "at ease in Zion;" and so their hands hang down, and their knees are feeble all through God's days and hours which he has given them for "doing good" in. But there can be no surer evidence to "them that are without"—that, like the Macedonians of old, we have given ourselves unto the Lord,—than a constant and earnest desire to go about "doing good:" and in the discharge of this part of God's work, we shall find ourselves most closely connected with those which we have before considered; the experience of the closet will have taught us what misery and guilt Christ Jesus has delivered us from "by the sacrifice of himself." We shall have seen the "judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries;" and so it will be our cry, like Esther's, "How can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?" and thus the welfare of "our own house" will be nearest to our hearts. We shall surely thence again be led to see how the whole world is but one family—how all were fellow-sinners, and by the death of Christ made heirs to the same salvation, if they

will receive it, and how all should now be walking together along the heavenward road, towards the strait gate and narrow way that leadeth unto life. And so it will be our constant aim to turn some prodigal to that Father's house from which he is far wandering, by telling the welcome that awaits him, and the pardon that we have ourselves found. Christ, our great Teacher, knew and felt all our sorrows and difficulties in such a work, for he passed through them all, and has left us upon the beach of life such footprints for our guidance, as no lapse of ages can ever wear out, nor the roughest tide of persecution wash away.

S. F. J.

THE FUNGUS, OR MUSHROOM TRIBE.

No. II.

THERE is a large number of plants, the *hydna* of the botanist, called familiarly spine stools and prickle stools, found upon the trunks of trees, and on the decayed timber of our moist woodlands. The older English botanists thought them all poisonous, and those of dark tawny brown and of blackish tint are, to say the least, very suspicious. But the yellow *hydnum* and the imbricated *hydnum*, as well as some others, are much used on the continent as food. The former is sold regularly in the Austrian markets, as well as in France; and when broiled with pepper, salt, crumbs of bread, and savoury herbs, is said to taste like veal; and considering the nature of its condiments, it may be supposed to be palatable, though it has little flavour without them. In France it is called *eurchon* and *rignoche*, and in the Vosges, where it is a common article of diet, it has the name of *barbe de vache*, and *pied de mouton*. The familiar name of prickle stools was given to these fungi, because the under surface of the cap is studded with tubercles, which Linnæus compared to the prickles of a hedgehog.

One of the best flavoured mushrooms is the eatable *boletus*, a very common plant in France, where it is much valued. It is also used in Hungary in soups, and the Germans and Poles regard not only this, but several other kinds of the *boletus* as delicious. Nor is it as food alone that the *boletus* germ is esteemed. The touchwood *boletus* and the tinder *boletus* are used for the manufacture of the substance called German tinder, for which purpose they are boiled in a strong lye,

and after drying, are boiled again in a solution of saltpetre. This touchwood *boletus* is also used as a styptic, and when beaten into square pieces, is well known to surgeons as the agaric of the oak, and was once much renowned for stopping the wound of amputation. In Franconia this plant is beaten into square pieces, which resemble a soft leather, and being sewed together by the peasantry, it is used for clothing. The sulphur-coloured *boletus*, which, when pounded, has also been used for tinder, has been found to contain oxalic acid. The *boleti* are succulent plants, growing chiefly singly, and on the ground in woods and pastures.

One of our largest British fungi is the scaly *polyporus*, which is a common plant on the trunks of willow, oak, and walnut-trees. Burnett mentions one which was seven feet five inches in circumference, and weighed thirty-four pounds after it had been cut four days. This exceeds in size even the gigantic *bovista*, some plants of which are four or five feet in circumference. Mushrooms are mentioned by Matthioli which weighed thirty pounds each; and Burnett thinks that probably the scaly *polyporus* was the kind alluded to by this writer, as well as by one who recorded, in the "*Journal des Savans*," an instance of mushrooms growing on the frontiers of Hungary, which made a full cartload. Dr. Lindley speaks of the huge *boletus*, which in Java "spreads out its many-handed body from the trunks of aged trees, like a vegetating demon;" and some of the tuberiform fungi are said to be so large that masses of these plants, of a brown colour, have been thought by Europeans travelling in tropical lands, to be a number of couching lions. They are said to be two or three feet in diameter, and are termed tuberiform from their similarity to the tuber or truffle.

Some of the mushroom tribe have excited the attention of botanists, by the singular circumstance of their appearing only at certain intervals. Thus in the year 1692, Tournefort discovered an extraordinary fungus growing on an old beam of the abbey St. Germain. This he minutely described; and some years since, a similar fungus appeared on an old piece of wood, in a blacksmith's cellar in the Haymarket. It was about twelve inches in height, and was found by our botanists exactly to answer the description given by Tournefort. Another

singularity of this production was, that when cut down it appeared on the following year, and also for several succeeding seasons, as if it had a perennial root, which is not the case in general with fungi, except some which grow on the roots of trees. This mushroom grew on a beam which seemed generally firm and sound; but as moisture oozed from a fissure on which it was rooted, there was probably some internal decay going on. Had not this mushroom been previously described, our botanists would have regarded it as a new species; and, indeed, a new species of fungus was, a few years since, discovered in a spot which would have seemed as little likely to prove a field for the botanist. But those who use their eyes, will sometimes detect wondrous works of God, where they would be unnoticed by the careless and unobserving; and Sowerby discovered an interesting species of fungus, even on the top of St. Paul's cathedral.

An amusing anecdote is quoted by Burnett, from a statement given by Mr. Joseph Jefferson. A mason, residing in Basingstoke, who had contracted for the paving of the town, was surprised at finding that a large paving-stone was lifted an inch and a half out of its bed. On examining into the cause of this, it was found that a toadstool, six or seven inches in diameter, had gradually grown to such a firmness as to produce this effect. The troublesome plant was extirpated, and the evil apparently remedied; but, to the dismay of the contractor, scarcely a month had elapsed when the adjoining stone was lifted out of its level in a similar manner. Two large toadstools were now found to have performed this unwelcome feat. They were not so large as the preceding, yet they caused no less trouble and expense; and great was the alarm of the mason, and all whom it concerned, lest the soil under the pavement of the good town of Basingstoke should prove so fertile in toadstools as to render it necessary, in the course of a short time, entirely to repave the streets. Happily, however, the mischief terminated here; but it is wonderful to relate, that the last raised stone weighed eighty-three pounds, and each stone about the size of twenty-two inches by twenty-one. How great, therefore, must have been the power of these apparently fragile plants!

The various species of the *morel* have been, for ages, esteemed as delicious, and

used to season ragouts, stews, and soups. They are fungi of a large size, and are most frequently found in the early part of the year. They have one advantage over most other genera of this tribe, that none are poisonous, though some are tasteless enough. The kind called the eatable *morel* has really a delicious flavour, whether used to season dishes, or cooked alone, or eaten fresh. On lands on which trees have been burned down, these plants are found in greatest quantity; and so readily do they sell in the markets of Germany, that some peasants who collected them, ventured to burn down forests, in order to ensure a good crop, until, by the interference of the magistrate, this destructive practice was prevented. The *morel* varies much both in colour and figure. The species called the oblivious *morel* is thought to have the highest flavour. It is common in spring time in the fields of France. The different species of *kelvella* are thought on the continent to resemble the *morel* in flavour; but they are not so good, though wholesome.

The *tuber* or *truffle*, another eatable fungus, is much valued by epicures; rather, perhaps, for its stimulating qualities than for its flavour, though some writers praise it both for invigorating powers and rich taste. It is generally agreed that of all the esculent fungi, the truffle is really the best. It is a roundish, fleshy plant, sometimes growing singly, at others gathered in numbers together; but always underground, generally at about a foot and a half from the surface of the soil. It is most abundant in dry fields of reddish loam, and the finest are found near the roots of the elm, holly, and some other trees. The smallest are about the size of a pea; the largest are sometimes a pound in weight, and in Italy they often are found weighing four or five pounds. The scent of the truffle is powerful, and dogs are employed by truffle-gatherers to detect these plants by scent, when they scratch away the earth and bring them to the surface. This fungus was in olden times called the under-ground edible mushroom, or Spanish *trubbe*. Dr. Robinson says that our common English esculent truffle is the same as the Italian *tartuffe*, or *tartafolle*, and observes that these plants are twice as large at Rome and Florence as with us. This mushroom is found in most countries of Europe, and also in Japan and Hindoostan.

The ancients wrote much respecting the truffle, some extolling its properties, others regarding it as unwholesome; but it seems doubtful if the kind known to the moderns is the same as that which they intended. From the description which they give of the reddish colour of the plant, it is thought to be the common wild truffle of Italy, which is not valued by the Italians of the present day. The ancients had also the African truffle, which they called the Libyan tuber; which being produced only on burning sands, was called also sand-truffle. Martial alludes to this, and says that the finest of them break the surface of the earth into cracks.

In Italy, France, England, and other parts of Europe, truffles are found chiefly on dry lands and hill sides. Heat and rainy weather appear to favour the luxuriance; hence an old notion prevailed, that they were produced by thunder, and the ancients termed them thunder-roots. Swine are fond of this mushroom, and skilled in detecting it; and on this account it has been called swine's-bread. For many years these animals were used by truffle-gatherers to root out the truffle, and the Italians still train them for this purpose; but the superior intelligence and docility of the dogs render them far more suitable assistants. An instance is recorded of a man who had the faculty of detecting this plant by its odour. Truffles are often eaten on the continent, after being roasted in ashes; and they are also mixed in sauces and ragouts, or fried in slices with oil, salt, and pepper. The luxurious Athenians are said to have raised a family of slaves to the rank and honours of citizenship, for having discovered a rich mode of preparing them for the table; and this mushroom is still sold at a high price in the London markets. Most persons accustomed to the country have observed on our pasture lands the different species of the fungus, called the puff-balls, especially the wolf puff-ball, which is common. This plant is a round substance, turning as it grows old to a dingy brown, and when fully ripe exploding and emitting its seeds in the form of smoke; and if gathered about the autumnal season, the pressure of the fingers will cause the brown powder to fly up in the face of him who touches it. This powder has the singular power of resisting moisture. Keith says of it, that if a little of the powder be strewed upon the surface of water placed in a

bason, the hand may be plunged in the liquid, and thrust to the bottom of the vessel, without being wetted by a single drop of water. A very singular fungus, called the *stettate sphacrobolus*, is found in British woods, in autumn, on fallen and decayed trees, or on heaps of sawdust, or in the tan-pits of hot-houses. In its early stage this plant is a pale yellow ball, several being crowded together in patches, and enveloped and bound down by a kind of woolly or cottony web, which is soon rent and destroyed as the young fungi grow and push through it, when they resemble little smooth mustard-seeds. After a time, each ball bursts into several starry rags, and projects from its opening a smaller globe, which consists of a white powdery mass of seeds, and which is ejected like a bomb from a mortar, to the distance of six or eight inches, and falls with so great a force that its noise is distinctly audible when fallen to a distance; the outer skin of the ball is found empty, the inner globe of seeds having flown out in its passage through a hole in its base. When we consider that the little ball which throws its seed with such force is not larger than a pin's head, its power of projecting it to so great a distance is truly wonderful. Among the bright colours which render some of the fungus tribe so beautiful, the various shades of red, from the delicate carmine to the richest scarlet, seem most prevalent. Tints of yellow, like gold, and brilliant orange, are also not uncommon; and the white of the mushroom is generally clear and beautiful. Some fungi are, however, of a pale grey, and many vary in all the shades of brown. The common plant, called the pipestool, which is often found on old oaks and other trees, is of the hue of bullock's liver, and when cut is marked with red and white streaks. The French call this fungus *langue de bœuf*.

It is very rarely that any of the larger fungi have any tinge of green, though some of the smaller, as the mouldiness on the orange, have this colour. When it occurs, however, it is never of the bright green of the laurel leaf, or the deeper hue of the fir, but is of a verdigris green. This is the case with the verdigris *peziza*, which is of an intense and beautiful green throughout its structure, and dyes with its tint the damp, decayed branch on which it grows. Paler and more delicately green, though of the same colour,

is the fragrant *agaric* of our moist woods, which is not uncommon on such spots, and peeps up among the scattered dry leaves, or the bright green moss, at the foot of the trees.

Even more beautiful than the green *peziza* is that favourite of the *cryptogamic* botanist, the scarlet *peziza*, or, as it is sometimes called, the scarlet *lachnea*. This plant may be found in spring on the dried branches of the woodland, its white cups lined with the most brilliant carmine colour which can be imagined. Dr. Greville has compared its outer part to a coat of ermine, and its soft downy fabric renders this description very significant; while the contrast of this with its interior makes it so lovely an object, that scarcely a flower of field or garden can compare with it in beauty.

THE CHIEF GOOD OF MAN.

THE blessed God knows himself to be our chiefest good, and therefore knows that the knowledge of all other things would do us no real good without the knowledge of himself. All the creatures are but his servants. The sun, moon, and stars are but the creatures and servants of the most high God; and to know them and all their motions would be of little advantage to us, unless we know their Master. As a man that is ambitious of honour and high places, useth his acquaintance with the king's servants only as an introduction to an acquaintance with their lord and master; he knows that the donation of honours, and collocation of places and offices, are all in the hands of the king, and therefore to know his servants will do him no good without the knowledge of the king himself: so God is the fountain of honour and glory; all creatures have but a glory derived from him; they can confer no glory on their fellow-creatures, and they will part with none of their own. There is no creature that will part with its glory, or lose its glory, to confer it on thee. The sun will not lose its light and place in the heavens, to translate it to thee; and if they would, it is not their own to dispose of. Besides, the sun may shine upon thee, but it cannot shine peace into thy conscience. The earth may afford thee wine and oil, but cannot yield thee the grapes of saving joy, and the oil of gladness wherewith to anoint thy soul.

The knowledge of Jesus Christ is unspeakably important to us all; and yet to know Christ is but as a means and a door to let us into the knowledge of, and acquaintance with, God himself. Hence the saying of Christ, "I am the way; [not the end;] no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." We must not terminate the knowledge of Christ in Christ himself; but use it as a medium and way to bring us to the Father. Wherefore saith the Scripture, "Who by him do believe in God, that raised him up from the dead;—that our faith and hope might be in God."—*Froyzel*.

SCRIPTURE MINERALS AND JEWELS.

ADAMANT, OR DIAMOND.

"As an adamant harder than flint have I made thy forehead," Ezek. iii. 9.

"The sin of Judah is written with the point of a diamond," Jer. xvii. 1.

The diamond (Heb. *Schmir*, Greek *Adamas*) is the most valuable of the precious stones. It is the brightest and clearest substance in creation, and of the most unyielding quality. It is chiefly found in India in the sands of rivulets, in the provinces of Golconda, Visapour, Bengal, etc. The common mode of obtaining diamonds is to turn the course of the stream, and to wash, sift, and pick the sand to separate the precious stones. There are diamond workings, as they are called, in South America and other places.*

Near the capital of the Brazil country, Do Serro do Frio, flows the river Do Milho Verde, where the miners used to dig for gold, or rather to extract it from the alluvial soil. During their search for gold, they found several diamonds, which they were induced to lay aside in consequence of their particular shape and beauty, though they were ignorant of their value. At length, in the year 1728, a miner came to the country, who, suspecting these stones to be diamonds, made some experiments on the subject, and satisfied himself that his conjecture was well founded. He set himself, in consequence, to search for diamonds in the alluvial soil of the country, and the other miners followed his example. Diamonds were even found among the sand of the river, though in less abundance. Ever since that period, the searching for dia-

* "Minerals and Metals," *Google*

monds in that country has been continued with good success.*

The diamond may be broken with a hammer; but it can only be cut or polished by itself. The Indians cut and polish these stones by rubbing them against a flat wheel of steel, nearly the size of our plates. Oil and diamond powder are spread upon the wheel, causing the stones to run quicker. Those stones, in which there are defects, are pounded and used for this purpose. Emery is generally used in this country.

It is a pleasing sight, on the day of sale, to see the young children of the merchants and others, from the age of ten to fifteen or sixteen, all assembled under a great tree which is in the market-place, each with a quantity of diamonds in a little bag hung on one side; and on the other a purse fastened to his sash, in which some have from five to six hundred pagodas of gold. There they sit watching till some person comes to offer them diamonds for sale.† There is an allusion to the practice of children sitting in the market, in Luke vii. 32.

Commerce in the diamond was carried on at a very early period; for we find the Tyrians traded in all manner of precious stones. The king of Tyre had his robes decorated with diamonds and other precious stones, Ezek. xxxiii. 13. Such glittering array is very common in the east. A traveller thus describes the sultana of Egypt:—Her dress was a *choli*, made in Turkish style, only more closed over the neck. On the head was a sort of skull-cap, formed entirely of diamonds. Around this was twisted an embroidered kerchief, and on the left side, near the ear, was placed a sprig of flowers, made of enormous diamonds; earrings, a single pair, shaped like a drop, as large as the end of my little finger; and on her little finger was a most superb diamond ring. Around us stood the hundred attendants, dressed in coloured silks; and every one, even of the lowest rank, with heads covered with diamonds. The pipe-stems and sockets of the coffee-cups were also covered with these precious stones. Such a glitter I never saw before.‡

A modern traveller, in a splendid account of an audience at the court of Persia, thus finishes the description of the monarch:—"His dress baffled all

description. The ground of his robes was white, but he was so covered with jewels of an extraordinary size, and their splendour, from his being seated where the rays of the sun played upon them, was so dazzling, that it was impossible to distinguish the minute parts which combined to give such amazing brilliancy to his whole figure." And that the same impression of admiration and awe are aimed at by other monarchs of the east, appears from the following description of an Indian prince at a review:—"He wore on this day a pelisse of purple velvet, braided with small diamonds. These were in such profusion, that the reflection of the sun's rays effectually prevented the irreverence of a continued gaze." It was probably by such a studied contrivance on the part of Herod (Acts xv.), that he produced such unbounded rapture among the people when they cried, "It is the voice of a God, and not of a man."* But because he gave not God the glory he was smitten with a grievous disease, and died. God, who is alone to be praised and held in reverence, will not be mocked: "I am the Lord: that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another," Isa. xlii. 8.

The uses of the diamond, besides being universally sought after as a beautiful ornament, are to serve as sockets for the pivots of the principle wheels in clocks and watches, to form lenses for microscopes, and for cutting glass by glaziers. The art of cutting and polishing precious stones is of very ancient date. On each of the twelve stones in the sacred breast-plate was engraved the name of one of the twelve tribes of Israel; and the onyx stones on the high priest's shoulders contained these twelve names, six on each, "with the work of an engraver on stone," Exod. xxviii. 9—21. The earliest Greek artist mentioned as an engraver of stones, is Theodorus, of Samos, who flourished at least 700 years later than the time of Moses. It is therefore probable that the diamond was used for the purpose of engraving, at a very early period.

The *Smyris*, a hard impenetrable stone, was used by the ancients in cutting and polishing crystal and other stones. Some consider that this is the stone intended, Ezek. iii. 9: but it seems most probable that the word should be translated diamond here, as it is, Jer. xvii. 1. The Scripture allusions to this stone, both as to the uses to which it has been applied,

* Phil. Trans., 1731, vol. xxxvi. p. 199.

† Tavernier.

‡ Journey to Cairo, Jerusalem, etc.

* Jameson's "Eastern Manners."

and its unyielding nature, convey important lessons to the mind. Thus, when the prophet wished to show how deeply rooted was the hold which the sin of idolatry had taken on the hearts of the Jews, he said: "The sin of Judah is written with the point of a diamond;" they showed it in their lives and on their altars. All their doings were mingled with idolatrous practices. Again, the unyielding nature of the adamant is used to denote the courage with which God would endure his servant the prophet: "As an adamant harder than flint have I made thy forehead." It is further used as a metaphor to denote hardness of heart: "They have made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law," Zech. vii. 12. They were resolved that nothing should make an impression upon them;—a true picture of "the carnal mind," which is enmity against God."

AGATE—JASPER.

"And I will make thy windows of agates," Isa. liv. 12.
 "And the building of the wall of it was jasper."
 The first foundation was jasper," Rev. xxi. 18, 19.

The agate (Heb. *Shebu*, Greek *Achates*) is a beautiful semi-transparent stone. It has a variety of colours and shapes. In some we see waving lines and figures of trees, clouds, or rivers, and in others appear forms of moss, ferns, etc., which some think are really these vegetables encased in them. The latter are called Mocha stones. This stone, says Theophrastus, was first found in the river Achates (now the Drillo), in Sicily, whence it took its name. Another writer thinks its Hebrew name is derived from Sheba, whence the Tyrians obtained all manner of precious stones, Ezek. xxvii. 22.

The agate is very abundant, and is chiefly found in Amygdaloid* rocks, imbedded round their base, like almonds in a cake. It is also found in the pudding-stone of Siberia, in the Wolga, in Germany, and likewise in Scotland; and is sometimes called the Scotch pebble. It varies in size from a pin's head to a foot; but is generally only two or three inches in diameter.

The banks of the Mississippi abound in these stones; for the action of the air and moisture upon the rocks and mountains in which they lie imbedded, loosens the case in which they are inclosed, and

they roll out into the water, and are washed down the streams. "In some places," says an American traveller, "within four or five years, I have found some very beautiful agates in the streets of the towns, and in a stroll of half an hour have loaded my pockets with them."

Jasper (Heb. *Jaspeh*, Greek *Jaspis*) resembles agate in its variety and structure: indeed some varieties are called indifferently by both names. It is a hard stone of a brilliant green colour, sometimes clouded with white, and spotted with red or yellow. It is opaque, except at the edges. The oriental jasper, from the high polish it takes, its variety of colour, and its durability, is much valued for vases, seals, etc. In Aden were baths lined with marble and jasper.

This stone, with the agate, was worn on the high priest's breast-plate; and it was doubtless introduced into Palestine at a very early period; for the Syrians traded with agates, and all manner of precious stones, at the Tyrian fairs, Ezek. xxvii. 16. The jasper was well known in the east, and was among the stones chosen to represent the strength of the heavenly city: "The foundation of the wall of the city was garnished with all manner of precious stones." Many of those precious stones are so very rare, that their value exceeds that of the finest gold; and that this gorgeous magnificence, and all the various kinds of brilliants with which the walls of the holy city are described as decorated, are actually displayed on the squares and halls of royalty in the east, is attested by the most honourable and best informed writers.*

"In many of the mosques, the walls, columns, and minarets," says Paxton, "were of the choicest marble, granite, and porphyry, inlaid with agates and precious stones. The ornamental parts were of gold and silver, or consisted of the most elegant borders, with festoons of fruits and flowers in their natural colours, composed entirely of agates and other precious stones." How does this description convey to our minds the beauty of the figurative language in Isa. liv. 12, which promises sublime and spiritual joys to the people of God, by alluding to these ornaments and decorations in eastern palaces! † H. H.

* "Eastern Manners."

† "Scripture Illustrations."

* From a Greek word, signifying, "resembling an almond."

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

FIVE days on the Atlantic! It is necessary to allow about five days for time to get accustomed to the motion of the ship, and to the novelty of the scenes which surround one at sea. This time has now expired; and as I presume, (says the rev. Jacob Abbott,) that very few of my readers will have had the opportunity of seeing the interior of a sea-going steamer, I will undertake to give you a description of our ship, and of the mode of life which we lead on board.

In commencing this description, I am seated at a table in a little cabin which is below the principal deck of the ship. The room is, perhaps, eight feet wide and twice as long, and it has a table which nearly fills up the whole of the interior. There is a little fireplace, with a grate, at the middle of one of the sides of the room, with marble jams and mantel, and a large mirror over it. There are two lamps, one on each side of the mirror, suspended at the end of brass branches in a peculiar manner, so as to keep them always in a perpendicular position, notwithstanding the pitching and rolling of the ship. I call them lamps, but they are really candlesticks, the candles being concealed from view and pressed upward by a spring as fast as they are consumed, so as to keep the flame always at the same level, at the bottom of a small ground-glass globe. They have, therefore, the appearance and the name of lamps, though they burn only spermacetti, as oil would be inconvenient to manage at sea. Their mode of suspension keeps them always upright; the compasses, the chronometers, the barometer, and, in fact, everything which it is desirable to keep steady at sea, are usually mounted in the same way: it is called hanging them on gimbals.

Between the fire-place and the table of the little room which I am describing there is but a very narrow space, scarcely more than is necessary to allow two persons to pass one another. Behind the table a sort of sofa extends along the whole side of the room. This sofa answers for a seat by day, and it makes two berths at night; and in order to confine the two nocturnal occupants, each to his proper portion, it is divided into two sofas by a sort of arm in the middle. The whole room is handsomely finished with oak panelling, and is lighted, though somewhat dimly, by little windows, up

high, on each side, consisting of a row of single panes of glass, opening out upon the main-deck, and which in rough weather have to be closed entirely. An enormous leather bag hangs in one corner of the room, to receive the letters which the passengers may have brought on board, but which they are forbidden by law to take on shore at Liverpool.

This little cabin is a rendezvous for gentlemen; there is another, similar to it, further forward, for the ladies; and from these two centres narrow passage-ways lead all through the 'between decks' of the ship, with state-rooms on each side of them. These state-rooms are very small, with two berths in each, one above the other, and with sundry toilet conveniences, which are all secured in some way or other against the effect of the ship's motion. The tumbler sets into a brass ring which projects from the wall. The pitcher has a socket to receive it. The lamp is in a little triangular closet, between one state-room and the next, with panes of ground glass, through which its light is transmitted in each direction. This lamp is accessible only through a small door opening into the passageway: it is hung on gimbals. It is lighted by the steward every evening at dark, and is extinguished at midnight, and is thus not under the control of those who use it at all.

This little world of "state-rooms" is usually the scene, for the first week after going to sea, of a great deal of misery. Even if the weather is not rough, the ship writhes and twists restlessly on the swell of the sea, producing a giddy and swimming sensation of the head, which soon results in a general derangement of the system, and in pain and distress far more hard to endure than that generally occasioned by much more serious maladies.

The whole of this region of cabins and state-rooms, with the various passages connecting them, is below the main-deck. Two winding stairways lead us up, and upon the main-deck we have a very different scene. First, there is the great saloon, extending from the stern forward nearly to the middle of the ship. Within this saloon there are two ranges of dark mahogany tables, one on each side, with a passage-way between them. Behind the tables, and against the sides of the saloon, a row of sofas, or rather, one continued sofa, extends, and hair-cloth settees, well cushioned and stuffed,

are arranged on the outside, all being fastened to the floor. The passageway, above referred to, is between these settees, and is quite narrow; all the rest of the space in the room is occupied by the tables and the seats. Over each table is a long mahogany shelf, two stories high, the edges of the lower part and the whole surface of the upper one being perforated and cut into sockets to receive decanters, tumblers, and wine-glasses, and to hold them so as to prevent their being disturbed by the motion of the ship. These shelves are very elegantly made, and being brass-mounted, with a peculiar apparatus to allow of their being raised a little out of the way after the dinner is over, and always having their glittering contents upon them, they make a very brilliant appearance. There is a row of small windows on both sides of the saloon, each consisting of one pane of plate-glass, and fitted with a curtain of crimson damask. The remaining portion of the walls and the ceiling over head is of panel-work, highly ornamented, and of dark and sober colouring.

This saloon has to answer the purposes of parlour, sitting-room, dining-room, reading-room, and lounge. The whole interior aspect of it is very elegant and comfortable when only moderately occupied; but it is not always very comfortable when it is full, as it is at lunch and dinner, and at other times when cold or wet weather drives the gentlemen in from the decks. Look into it now at any ordinary time, and you see the settees occupied by gentlemen in all attitudes, and engaged in all occupations. Some are reading books, or English newspapers bought at Halifax; some are playing backgammon, chess, or cards; some are talking; some are asleep. Here a party of half a dozen have collected around a group of decanters and wine-glasses, and are drinking one another's healths; and there a few ladies, better sailors than the rest, are making a desperate effort to amuse themselves, with the assistance of a polite officer of the ship, in writing *crambo*. Children are running up and down, or kneeling upon the settees so that they can look over upon the tables, amusing themselves or their older fellow-passengers with their playthings, or with their childish conversation. This state of things can, however, never continue for more than two hours at a time, as we have full, formal meals five times a day,

making one every four hours, except that the interval between dinner and tea is but two hours. Thus the occupations of the company are continually interrupted by the coming in of the stewards with their cloths, to spread the tables. However, if you will just let them lay the cloth itself, you may then go on with your work if you please, whether it is writing, reading, or a game; they will set the places all around you, and leave you undisturbed till the very ringing of the bell. Under these circumstances, the saloon is kept in a constant state of movement and change from morning to night. We begin with breakfast, which continues from half-past eight to ten, each guest appearing when he is ready, and ordering what he pleases. Let it be what it will, within any reasonable limits, it is sure to be prepared and placed hot before him in a very few minutes. At eleven they begin to lay the cloths for lunch, which is brought upon the table as soon as the captain and the mates "make it eight bells" on the deck above, that is, ascertain, by an observation of the sun, with their quadrants and sextants, that it is noon at the place where we happen to be. At lunch the tables are loaded with tureens of broth, cold meats of every variety, lobsters, sardines, baked potatoes, baked apples, stewed prunes, crackers and cheese, and plenty of bottles of porter and ale. After the tables are cleared from lunch there is a short interval again for reading and writing in the saloon: but at three o'clock a general interruption to these occupations takes place by the appearance of the cloths for dinner. Thus the apartment is kept in a continual state of movement and bustle from morning to night, the scene closing between ten and eleven by a supper for all who choose to take it, very luxuriously served.

This saloon, which is built upon the principal deck of the ship, does not occupy the whole breadth of it. There is on each side of it a long and narrow space between the saloon and the sides of the vessel, which forms a sort of promenade. It, of course, has the deck for its floor; the sky is overhead, and the side of the saloon, with its row of small plate-glass windows, on one side, and the bulwarks of the ship on the other. Here the children play, and promenaders walk to and fro; and, in particularly warm and sunny weather, little groups, or individuals in solitude, sit upon camp-stools

or settees, or upon a sort of mast or spar, which lies securely lashed along under the bulwarks, ready to be used in case of need, and occupy themselves in reading or conversation, or in simply waiting for time to pass along. There is no view of the sea from these promenades, on account of the bulwarks, which, instead of being, as in ordinary steam-boats, only breast high, are made, as is usual with sea-going vessels, much higher than one's head, so that it is necessary to clamber up upon the spar in order to get a view of the waves.

Forward of the saloon, and in a line with it upon the deck, and separated from it by a covered passage-way, is a congeries of little apartments—in all scarce twelve feet square—which seems to be China closet, wine-cellar, pantry, and larder all in one, and from which issue the seemingly inexhaustible supplies for the table. The covered passage-way above referred to leads across from the promenade on one side of the ship to the other, and from it there is a communication with the saloon on one side and this pantry on the other side. The two staircases by which we ascend from the cabins and the state-rooms, land, likewise, here. Across this passage-way the stewards bring at meal-times the endless supplies of every imaginable article of food or refreshment, with which they load the tables five times a day. The supplies, it is true, are kept up by a set of wild-looking men, half cooks, half sailors in appearance, who run continually to the windows of these apartments outside, at the proper hours, with great covered dishes which they bring from various cabooses and kitchens further forward. Notwithstanding this, however, the immense capacity of this small space, and its seeming power to supply every imaginable demand upon it, excite continual wonder. One of my messmates, accustomed by many previous voyages to these scenes, was very free in calling, at any time, for any thing which he happened to feel a fancy for, whether it was on the table or not; and it was always produced without any question and with very little delay. Upon my expressing my surprise at the ampleness and abundance of their stores and preparations, "Oh," said he, "they have got every thing on board, and so I just take the liberty to call for anything I happen to want. I reason, that when I pay ten dollars a day for my board, I am entitled to have what I ask for. The captain, it

is true, does not reckon it so. He calls it four cents a mile for travelling conveyance; I call it ten dollars a day for board; and as both modes of viewing the subject seem equally correct, I choose to act on mine."

Directly forward of what I have been describing we come to the centre of the deck, in the middle of the ship, where there are openings and passages leading down to the engines and machinery, and also to the forward cabin. You look through a grating into one of these openings, and see iron ladders leading down to a second floor of grating many feet below, and beneath that a second series of ladders conducting to a still greater depth, where you see the glow of fires, and piles of coal, and black, Vulcan-like looking men, replenishing and stirring the fires with enormous implements of iron, seemingly too ponderous for human strength to manage. You wonder what there can be valuable or desirable in life spent in such occupations and in such a den.

Forward of this is a very important place, being the only part of the ship where you can be in the open air, and yet have a shelter over head. Imagine a space ten feet square, with a wooden grating for the floor, and the capstan in the centre of it. There is a partition forward of it, behind which the enormous smoke-pipe ascends into the air. The heat from this pipe pours out very abundantly through a lattice-work in the partition, so that the passenger can warm himself by it if he is cold. The space is open on the two sides to a broad passage-way along the deck, beyond which, however, it is protected on the sides of the ship by the paddle-boxes, kitchens, and various offices. Thus, while it is in a great measure open to the air, it is protected from the rain by the saloon deck which extends over it, and it is cut off by the surrounding structures from all prospect of the sea. This is the great rendezvous of the smokers, who stand about the capstan, or sit on the settees and camp-stools. Here, also, the half sick come in bad weather, for it is the only sheltered place about the decks. Here they come, therefore, when too unwell to bear the confined feeling of the cabins and saloon, to enjoy the fresh air a little—fresh air which is composed in about equal proportions of the heat of the boilers, the smoke of the cigars, and all the winds of heaven.

There is, however, one other place of tolerable shelter, which, after all, is, on the whole, better than this. It is directly above it, on the saloon deck, close by the naked smoke-pipe, where it comes out into the open air. This smoke-pipe is very large, perhaps eight feet in diameter, and is painted of a fiery red, with black bands encircling it. The saloon deck is elevated, and entirely exposed to the sky. It extends from the smoke-pipe back over the saloon to the stern for about half the width of the ship. Two winding stairs lead up to it. It is surrounded by a brass railing, which is covered with canvass at sea, but is very bright and elegant in port. Here, in fine weather, you can sit, or you can walk up and down, if your head is sufficiently steady. You have an unobstructed prospect of the sea, and you can watch, conveniently, all the operations of the sailors in heaving the log, and in making and furling sail, and also those of the officers in taking the observation at noon. But you must be warmly clothed, for there is always a cold wind drawing over the decks of a sea-going steamer. When it becomes too cold, or when it begins to rain, you can go to the smoke-pipe, and by placing your camp-stool on the sheltered side of it, find a tolerable protection from the rain; and, at any rate, you find the effects of a little wet more tolerable than that of the cigars in the more sheltered place around the capstan just below. The result is, that all ladies, and nearly all gentlemen, except the smokers, when they wish to feel the warmth of this enormous tube, prefer to seek it in the open air above, rather than in the half-confined inclosure below.

If now we descend to the main-deck, we find a large open space, far forward, which is the chief scene of the movements and operations of the seamen. Here are the guns, the anchors, the spare spars, and numberless coils of rigging. Here, in pleasant weather, they repair the worn or damaged sails, spreading them down upon the deck. Here the carpenter, using a heavy plank for a bench, temporarily supported on anything which comes to hand, makes a new grating, or repairs some damage in the wood-work of the ship. He has to stop his work for a moment occasionally, to grasp his bench, at the approach of some heavy swell of the sea, to prevent its being overturned. Here the boys belonging to the families of passengers come to play

with the cordage, or to make new arrows for their bows, or to shoot. In front of this space, directly in the bows of the boat, is a small raised deck, called the fore-castle, on which a look-out man keeps watch for ships or land ahead. Beneath it is an unexplored and inaccessible den, where the sailors find what little repose their life allows them.

THE WOODS AND THE WOODMEN.

MANY a pleasant day we spent at that season in nutting in the great wild woods; and many a journey we took there with the wagon, fetching timber for the winter fires. The woods, indeed, are delightful haunts at all seasons. To say nothing of the birds, and squirrels, and other wild creatures that haunt them, there is generally something going on in a wood that is interesting. There are the men busy felling trees, or making charcoal, or loading and carrying away timber. Nothing can be more pleasant than to watch the woodmen at their work: to see them hewing, stroke after stroke, till down comes the tall tree with a crash like thunder, and the smash of lashing and crushing boughs that resound through the wood. It is curious, too, to see in what a little time they will bring down a tree of eighty feet high, and half-a-yard in diameter. With a saw, after having just hewn round the stem of the tree, so as to clear it from the bark, I have often seen four men at work—three pulling the saw, and one pulling it back again—cut down fir-trees of this size in five minutes each on an average. To see them lop the boughs, bind the branches up into fagots, or bavons, as they are in some places called, and pile the thicker boughs up in square stacks for firewood; to see them load the heavy trees on their drays, with ropes, and pulleys, and levers, and lead them away; or to see them, as they often do, dig their sawpit in the woods, raise a shelter from the wind over it, and make themselves a hut of boughs to take their dinners in; and then, with their fire burning cheerfully in cold weather, set to work and saw up the trees into boards and other pieces of timber,—all this is very interesting to witness. There is something very beautiful and primitive in all these operations in the wild woods. The woodmen have a rustic, picturesque, and quiet country air about them that is pleasing. They often are

very good-natured, quiet old fellows, who have a deal of knowledge of country matters; and have a sort of simple sylvan unction in their way of telling you things, that is very agreeable. I have always liked to talk to them, and have learned many things from them of the habits of birds and animals that I otherwise should not have known. You find them sometimes employed in peeling the bark off the oaks before they fell them; which is done in summer, or rather spring, just as the leaves are coming out, and when the woods are very pleasant. It is quite worth while to watch them. To see how easily and clearly they strip off the bark in large sheets, with a particular instrument, and leave the giant tree naked to the very extremities of its branches, and then drive down short stakes of the figure of a Y, at some distance, laying a pole over them to rear up the bark to dry against them. And when these ranges of bark have stood in the woods for some months, perhaps, some day you find the tanners busy there, piling it in great loads on their wagons, and carrying it off to tan leather with.

The charcoal-burning is an object of interest too. Huge piles of wood cut into certain lengths, and cloven, if too thick, to a suitable bulk, are made in the woods. These are covered with turf and earth, and are kept burning day and night, watched by the men so as to prevent much flame bursting out, for that would spoil the charcoal, burning the wood to ashes, instead of that black, light, charred mass which is wanted. Night and day they watch it, and when the whole mass is charred, carefully stopping up every crevice, or vent of flame, they thus put it out, then throw it open, and spread it to cool.

These operations in the woods give continual changes of scenery. At one time where stood grand old trees, you find them cut down, and lying in all their heavy bulk, their arms lopped, and perhaps their bark stripped. Perhaps the next time you approach that place, inwardly lamenting that your favourite trees are gone, you find the ground where they stood all thickly sprinkled with primroses or cowslips, or azure with one wide profusion of blue bells; and in the fagot-stacks around, blackbird and thrush nests, that it is a pleasure to peep into. It is difficult totally to defeat the continual efforts of nature to adorn her wild scenes with beauty.

But the grandest sport of all was going acorn-gathering out in the oak-woods, when they were arrayed in their russet hues; and the high winds came sweeping around, and the dark-brown glossy acorns came rattling down, and lay thickly on the leaf-strewn earth. Ay, that was delightful!—Every thing was wild and excitingly gloomy. The squirrels might be seen springing from bough to bough; the rooks and jackdaws come in crowds to claim their share; and all the old sows in the neighbourhood, at the very first sound of the autumnal blast, had rushed away instinctively to the oak-wood. The roaring of the wind was to them as the sound of a trumpet, telling them that acorns were falling in thousands; and if confined in their styes they would scream with rage, and when let out trot off with a savage eagerness that defied all opposition of lads or dogs, sticks or stones. People often say pigs can see the wind; pigs scream in a high wind—they scream for impatience to be under the oaks and the bushes where the mast is falling in a delicious plenty. Pleasant is it to hear the roaring winds of autumn, and see the withered leaves running along the ground in crowds, like a huge flock of birds racing in a madness of mirth.—*Hovitt's "Boy's Country Book."*

TIME.

TIME is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable; and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit; and it would be still more so, if it had. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain; and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of predators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all; nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world.—*Colton.*

REJECT NOT THE GOSPEL.

BARE your brow to the lightning; open your bosom to the thunderbolt; but, oh, do not increase the Divine displeasure, and the severity of your final doom, by your settled rejection of Heaven's last, best gift.—*Wagh.*



Murder of Admiral Coligny.

MURDER OF ADMIRAL COLIGNY.

THE tolling of the cathedral bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, in Paris, close to the palace of the Louvre, was the signal for Protestant slaughter, on the day of St. Bartholomew. The duke of Guise was to begin it by the murder of Coligny. Companies of citizens had been formed to continue it, and the guards of the duke of Anjou, professedly stationed for the safety of the Protestant dwellings, after the attack on the admiral, were ready to despatch the people they pretended to guard from danger. A white band on the left arm and a white cross in the hat distinguished the citizen troops. The streets were suddenly illuminated by flambeaux, and lights blazed in the windows of the Louvre.

The wounded Coligny, reposing on the
DECEMBER, 1849.

faith of a king, was sleeping, as a Christian at peace with God may sleep. The doors of his house were burst open; a horrified attendant appeared in his room. The admiral asked what was the matter. "My lord, God calls us to himself!" was the answer: a beautiful one, and worthy of a follower of Coligny.

"Save yourselves, my friends," replied the admiral. "All is over with me; I have long been ready to die." The murderer appeared. "Art thou Coligny?" he demanded. "Truly I am he," was the martyr's reply. "Young man, you ought to respect my gray hairs." He was instantly killed.

Guisse with his comrades were under the window, and to satisfy the former that the opponent of his father was really dead, the body of the murdered old man was thrown out of it to them. That

window is still to be seen in Paris. Guise wiped the blood from the venerable face, to see if it were the very same, and then said, "Venomous beast! thou canst no more infuse thy poison." Ah! how little did he then foresee that his own dead body would be thus spurned by a royal foot, and these very words repeated over it! The martyr of Protestantism was gone to be with that all over-ruling God who maketh even the wrath of man to praise him. And what mattered it to him that his lifeless clay was dragged in wild triumph through the streets, mutilated, and gibbeted?

The general massacre commenced, Guise leading it on, and crying to the soldiers and citizens that it was by the king's order; exhorting them to kill every Huguenot. They did not need exhortation.

"The streets," says a French writer, "were covered with mangled bodies. The doorways, both of palaces and private dwellings, were deep in blood. Yells and murderous cries filled the air, mingled with reports of pistols and muskets: the shrieks of the slaughtered, and the sound of the dead falling from windows, or from the tops of the houses, or dragged along the ground with hideous howlings. . . . Houses were sacked and robbed. Carts passed, sometimes filled with spoil, sometimes loaded with dead to be cast into the Seine." That river was red with the blood that ran through the streets, and more especially through the court of the Louvre, the king's own palace, in the neighbourhood of which nearly all the Protestants had been brought to reside. The massacre was carried on with equal diligence within the very walls of that palace.—"*Protestantism in France*," published by the Religious Tract Society.

TEMPERANCE AND INTEMPERANCE.

It was a splendid night. The full-orbed moon had risen high in the firmament, giving a silvery brightness to the edges of the clouds which floated by, and pouring a flood of radiance on the world beneath! The dark hue of the trees wherever they clustered, with their wide-spreading branches and thickly-set foliage, contrasted beautifully with the lighter tints of others, either standing apart, or of slighter and more graceful structure,

as well as of smaller and more tender leaf; and especially with that vivid and lovely green which, at such a time, lies like a mantle on the open park, and field, and meadow. The blueness of the hills was upon them;—the mist rising in the dells, as it glistened in the moonlight, looked like a lake of the desert when the mirage occurs; and here and there appeared, in upland and valley, a dwelling which could only be tenanted by the rich, or in which some cottager found a home. But no door was open,—no smoke arose, whose spiral column lends to the landscape by day a beautiful feature; every window was darkened, except when the moonbeams lit up its large or humble panes;—no lowing, no bleat, no twitter of living thing disturbed the stillness of the scene. It was two hours after midnight by the village clock, and it seemed as if all animate nature were sunk in one dense slumber.

It was not so, however; for just then a vehicle dashed through Merston at a frightful rate. Loud and harsh were the sounds of the horse's hoofs, as he struck in his gallop the flints in the road, sending forth their sparks. Again and again did some huge stone threaten an overthrow, but the wheel only grazed its side, or safely passed over it, until, just beyond the village, it caught the end of the brickwork of a little bridge, when the vehicle overturned with a loud crash, and its burden was instantly cast to a short distance.

The keeper of the turnpike-gate, which a few paces onwards extends across the road, had not settled himself to slumber after rising to let through a wagon laden with corn, when he heard the noise, and rushing forth, he discovered a man lying on the green turf, as if asleep. He knew now it was Jacob Hudson,* and at first supposed he was in his usual state of intoxication when out at that hour; but in vain did he call upon him to rise,—in vain did he lift and shake his limbs; and on kneeling down, and looking intently on that upturned and rigid face, and listening eagerly amidst the perfect stillness of the night, he was terrified on finding Hudson had ceased to breathe.

The dreadful case was now clear; the gate-keeper had observed, the day before, Jacob's new horse; it had now shaken off its tracings, and was standing perfectly still, and had evidently run away when the reins dropped from the driver's

* See Visitor for July.

hands; but it was doubtful whether his death was caused by a fit of apoplexy or by the violence of his fall.

At an early hour the melancholy fact had passed through the village and the neighbourhood, and one of the first to hear it was Caleb Ford. The sternal condition of the drunkard instantly flashed on his mind, and his heart sank within him at the thought; the next was the inquiry, "What can I do to turn this affecting death to any good account?" He knew its bearing on himself; he was deeply concerned that it might have a salutary influence on others. "I am not a minister," he said to himself, "or I could find many a text to urge on the minds and hearts of those accustomed to gather around me; but I can tell my neighbours what I think about temperance, and this may be of service." Everywhere he went that morning, Jacob's death was uppermost; his purpose was, therefore, naturally and easily introduced, and no difficulty arose either to prevent or delay its accomplishment.

"I should like, my friends," he said, when all were assembled, "to say a few words to you about the best means of promoting health and continuing life, so far as they are dependent on the regulation of the appetite; and I am glad to see so many of you ready to listen to what, with a sincere and anxious concern for your welfare, I desire to communicate. And here may be mentioned the remarkable fact, that as there is constantly going on in the human frame a process of waste, so there must be also, for the continuance of life and health, a corresponding process of supply. Most wisely and graciously has the Great Creator and Benefactor of our race adapted the one to the other. Apart from growth or disease, whatever may be the quantity of food taken, or the circumstances in which it is received, it is found that the same individual, after having increased in weight to the extent of about what is taken, will return, in the space of twenty-four hours, to nearly the same standard."

"That is very singular," said Watkins: "I should like to know what you think, Mr. Ford, about George Bradshaw's notion—that we should live on nothing but vegetables. It seems to me that they could not keep up a proper supply."

"My view," replied Caleb, "is certainly at variance with George Bradshaw's. The structure of our teeth and

of our stomachs clearly shows to me that our diet was not intended to be restricted to one of the kingdoms of nature. It is possible for man to subsist exclusively either on animal or vegetable food; but the most perfect development of the frame, the highest mental vigour, and the soundest health, are found among those who combine both in their ordinary sustenance. Experience, however, proves that more vegetable than animal food is generally salutary; but here there is a variation according to circumstances. A person of sedentary habits will be oppressed, and even become diseased, by an amount of animal food which would be necessary to health and vigour when there is strong and violent exercise."

"I can clearly understand that," said Clare; "young Edwards, who is the most delicate and tender young man I know, and who is again at home to get up his health, has a small piece of toast and a cup of milk-and-water for his breakfast; while I should soon be faint if I had not plenty of what is solid and good; and yet I think I am no glutton."

"I fully believe you are not," said Caleb; "and I think you will find that a due admixture of animal and vegetable substances is best for you all. Let us now look, for a moment, at the receptacle for our food; well may it receive our frequent and grateful consideration. The inner coat, or covering of the stomach, is provided with innumerable little teats, from which issues a pure, limpid, colourless fluid. This is the gastric juice. It does not appear to accumulate during fasting, and it generally requires food, or some other stimulus, in order to its discharge. And here it is especially worthy of remark, that its quantity is more proportioned to the wants of the system than to the amount of food received; so that if there be any excess of food, mischief arises. Ellis the miller, and Jeffrey the brewer, have their hoppers so contrived, that only a certain quantity of wheat should be supplied to the millstones, or of malt to the rollers. Only let the supply be excessive, and the machine will either stop or some part of it will give way."

"Ay, that it will, Mr. Ford," said Clare, "as I have often seen; apply too much steam to a locomotive, and there will soon be a burst: and even the bellows of my forge requires to be managed so that there may not be too much fire."

"Exactly so," rejoined Caleb; "and,

in like manner, if an excess of food be taken, there will be always left a mass of undigested matter, producing irritation, pain, and disease. It is true, that some persons who eat excessively, affirm that they suffer no inconvenience, or that if there be a slight fullness or oppression, it soon passes away. But, though the injury may not be felt at the time, it is no less real: often does it lay the basis of permanent disease, or hasten the termination of life. And most beneficently is it ordered that the stomach should refuse to digest a superfluity of food; were it otherwise, there would be an undue quantity of blood, and, as the result, paralysis, apoplexy, death!

"But again: the stomach has an outer or muscular coat, in which are bundles of fibres, so arranged that, by alternately contracting and relaxing, they may straiten and lengthen the diameter of the stomach in all directions, and thus thoroughly mix up the gastric fluid with the food; while, by another action, the outer part of the mass which is most reduced, is forced to the lower end of the stomach, and through that into the highest portion of the intestines, so that the food which has hitherto been less affected, may be now acted on fully.

"The mass thus digested is called chyme: it is semi-fluid, grayish, and has a slightly acid taste; but another change takes place, for the liver gives forth its bile and the pancreas its juice, so that it may become chyle. It is now taken up by the lacteals, which are prepared to select every nutritious particle, and to reject whatever else there may be in the fluid; and then, by others, it is conducted to the heart, and having been duly acted upon by the atmosphere inhaled in breathing, it is fitted to take its part in the general circulation."

"That is very wonderful, Mr. Ford," said Sims; "I never understood it before; but now I see, that as whatever the body wants comes from the blood, so the food keeps up a fresh supply of this fluid: then, I should think, whatever makes blood most readily is the best for us."

"Just so," said Caleb; "thus animal food is not only digestible, but nutritious, and its proximate principles are similar to those of the human frame. The principal of these are *fibrine*, as the fibre of flesh which has been long boiled—the remains of meat, for example, boiled down for soup, and which is the most

nutritious of all; gelatine, which is found as in chicken, calf's-foot, and, unlike *fibrine*, is most easily digested; albumen, as the white of an egg; and oil, both of which require to be combined with other substances. Let there, then, be taken a proper quantity of animal food, with, as we have seen, a due proportion of vegetables; and though in every movement of a limb or a muscle there is a physical loss, and when toil is hard and continuous the loss is great, the means are provided by which, under the blessing of God, it may be fully repaired, and health and strength be enjoyed."

"It is plain, Mr. Ford," said Hilton, "that we take a great many things that only do us mischief."

"Beyond all question," said Caleb; "and we need not ramble far to observe the consequences of so doing. Look, for example, at that man, whose bloated body, flushed countenance, and foetid breath, whatever be his pretences, or efforts at concealing his gross vice, declare him to be intemperate. Mark his redness of eyes; for his depraved habits cause his visual organs to become inflamed and weak, and hence the tears that so frequently start forth and moisten his cheeks. His face is of the same hue—a perfect contrast to the freshness of health; for its pimples and inflammation prove that peccant humours have been generated, and come to supply the vacancy of proper nutrition. Observe that tremulous hand, which shows that a destroyer is approaching the very citadel of life. Ah! could you see the drunkard when he rises in the morning, you would have evidence that then this relaxation of the joints and trembling of the nerves are specially experienced. His system is like a clock which has run down; and, to wind it up again, he increases the mischief by the dram of spirits or of opium to which he repairs. It is adding poison to that which already revels and riots in his frame. The liver, too, contracts, and no longer prepares the secretions which are necessary to change food into blood; digestion is impaired; the loss of appetite ensues; the stomach is given up to indigestion, fermentation, and acidity; the heart is the seat of trouble and violence; the brain is disordered and inflamed; the temper is like a train of gunpowder prepared for ignition by any spark, or ungovernable and violent as the helm driven hither and thither by raging winds and mountain waves; the soul is filled with

darkness and terror; and when the man dies, you may write on his tombstone—'A suicide,' as truly and emphatically as if he had put a razor to his throat, or rushed headlong into the river."

"That is a terrible picture, Mr. Ford," said Watkins; "but I fear it is too true. I should be sorry to reckon up all I have seen in my time, who, I have thought, killed themselves by drink. And then, when I have had to go to our quarter sessions, how many persons have been charged for what they did when intoxicated."

"I have observed the same thing," said Caleb, "at the assizes, and at all the London courts I have ever attended. Mr. Justice Patteson, recently addressing a jury, said: 'If it were not for this drinking, you and I should have nothing to do!' Mr. Justice Erskine, when lately sentencing one who considered himself a gentleman to six months' hard labour, for a crime committed through strong drink, declared 'that ninety-nine out of every hundred criminal cases were to be traced to the same cause.' Mr. Justice Coleridge, not very long ago, went so far as to say, 'that he never knew a charge brought before him that was not, either directly or indirectly, connected with intoxicating liquors.' And it has been attested, in evidence before the House of Commons, that more than half of our lunatics are plunged into all the miseries of insanity through strong drink. We have heard of victims slain at the altars of idols; but where is there a Moloch like that of intemperance? Where others have massacred its hundreds, this has destroyed millions."

"I know a man," said Hilton, "who seems scarcely ever sober, and perhaps you know him, too, Mr. Ford: do you think that he is utterly lost?"

"I do," said Caleb, "except on the alternative of a prompt and entire abstinence from all that is intoxicating. No palliative will do. Every plea for any, is only one for a greater or less degree of mischief to the body and the mind. It assumes that, though absolutely stripped of its cogs, the wheel would not work, yet that some may be removed with impunity; that though one oar may be smashed, the boat may be easily and safely landed with the other. In the case of the drunkard, the unnatural war that has been carried on against health and life must at once be brought to a close, and only then will the spring of existence recover its

tone, digestion become efficient, appetite return, the nerves acquire tension like those of a well-tuned harp, the muscular system be restored to its vigour, the heart send forth its pure and vital streams, the brain be clear and fitted for effort, the burden which intemperance lays on the conscience be removed, and all the blessings of temperance be richly enjoyed."

"I should think," said Sims, "you are inclined to say much, Mr. Ford, in praise of water."

"I certainly am," replied Caleb; "and it would be well if the obligations of all nature to it were fully known. No other liquid than water can yield that which is necessary for the seed to germinate, the branches and roots to shoot forth, the leaves to unfold, the flowers to open, and the fruit to expand. A large amount of fluid is exhaled from the leaves, but the process may go on to any extent, so long as the plant is freely supplied with water. Water, therefore, contributes to the fabric, though the most gigantic in the vegetable world, and is equally essential to all its products. Nor is animal life less dependent on its presence. Whatever animal substance we deprive of its liquid by drying, whether the soft mass of a jelly-fish or the hard shell of a lobster or a crab, the soft nerves and muscles of a human body, or its hard bones and teeth, nothing escapes but water. It is water alone that can dissolve the substances taken into the stomach; and its power as a solvent depends on its purity. The gastric juice itself is only water, with a little acid, and a small quantity of animal matter. It is water that forms all the fluid portion of the blood, which, mingled with the solid matter of the various textures, gives them the consistency they require, and which frees the system from whatever would encumber or do it injury."

"Well, Mr. Ford," said Hilton, "after what you have told us, I think we must all try and be more temperate."

"I shall rejoice," said Caleb, "in any real and solid improvement. It is possible, however, to suppose that what is called temperance, or a due regulation of appetite, is everything. But I would have you all to consider it is not. There is a wide difference, indeed, between the temperance of impulse and excitement, and that of enlightened and sound principle. The claims of God must be regarded, or we shall never rightly attend to the claims which are personal. A man

may be moral without being religious; he must be religious in the highest and best sense of the term to be approved of God. But I have now accomplished the purpose I entertained; I shall be both glad and thankful to find it is attended with any personal or relative benefit."

Caleb's party left him with varied emotions; but many felt much, though they spoke little; and as he closed the door, he said to himself, "I wonder whether I can do anything for the poor widow and children of Jacob Hudson: if I am spared till to-morrow, I must see and do whatever is practicable." C. W.

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

DO YOU THINK ON THE PAST AND THE FUTURE?

WE all think of the present; our wants and our welfare require it; present hopes and present fears, present joys and present griefs, agitate or influence our minds. It is so; it will be; it must be so; it cannot be otherwise. The present has a claim on our time, but not on all our time; it has a claim on our thoughts, but not on all our thoughts. Do you think on the past and on the future?

*Do seasons past appear before your eyes,
And scenes of future gloom and glory rise?*

Those that love pleasure more than profit, think of little else than the present; they like the present, cling to the present, enjoy the present, praise the present, and have abundant proverbs that uphold the present: "The present hour is worth the future year." "One to-day is worth ten to-morrows." "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." All these are good when properly used, but they use them improperly. The foolish think only of the present, but the wise think on the past and the future.

Sometimes the past is hung with shadows; our cares and griefs, our losses and crosses, our errors, our terrors, and our tears, rise uppermost in our view. At other times it is gilded with sunshine—our happy childhood, our youthful sports, our holidays, our hopes and our expectations spring to our remembrance, and we are once more young, and light-hearted, and happy. Such is the past, dark or light, welcome or forbidding, according to the scenes that appear before us:

*These by-gone scenes our conscious senses bind,
As Memory's pencil paints them on the mind.*

The future is clear or clouded, as hope looks upon it, or despondency. As the past affects the present, so the present affects the future. How is it with you? Is there a storm gathering, or has the tempest passed by? Are the skies yet dark, or is there a bow in the cloud? Some in their future see heaven opening before them; others see nothing but fearfulness and coming judgment. Do you think on the future, and persuade others to think upon it? The future should be regarded as a good, a boon, a blessing for which we cannot be sufficiently thankful.

Do you try to get good from the past by profiting from your experience? You know more than you did; are you wiser and better for your knowledge? You have seen your errors; are you striving to amend them? Are you less thoughtless, less rash, less confident in yourself? Are you more humble, more careful, more given to doubt your own judgment? Do you think more lowly of yourself, and more highly of your heavenly Father? The past should make the proud humble, the rash careful, the foolish wise, and this wise man wiser than ever:

*Be thine the calm or storm, the breeze or blast,
Be wise betimes, and ponder on the past.*

Do you try to get profit from the future? Are you drawn to good by your hopes of future joy? Are you driven from evil by your fears of future woe? Do you look on the future? think on the future? provide for the future? The heedless fly may wing his way into the web of the spider, and the excited moth may singe her spotted wings,—they see not the future; but you have thought and understanding, turn them to profit by bringing them to bear upon the future: A sunny future lightens the burden, heals the sore, sweetens the toil, nerves the spirit, and cheers the heart. Alan Quintin asks you again, if you think on the past and the future?

Do you make the past a means of glorifying God by calling to remembrance his mercies? Has he created you, preserved you, and redeemed you? Has the angel of his presence been with you in childhood and youth, manhood and years? Has he guarded you, guided you, borne with you, and forgiven you, and strewn with a liberal hand your paths with blessings? Has he done all this, and are you forgetting him? Oh, call to

mind his mercies! Glorify him by bringing the past to your remembrance, and bless him, and praise him, and magnify his holy name:

Look back on all the paths thy feet have trod,
And bless and praise and glorify thy God.

Do you honour God by your thoughts on the future? by believing him? by trusting him? by resting your hope and your all on him? by calculating on the fulfilment of his promises? and by saying, not with your lips, but with your heart, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee?" This is the way to change winter into summer, and sorrow into joy! This is the spirit that will lift you from the earth, and give you wings on your way to the skies!

But think not that Alan Quintin is always doing what he recommends you to do; that he is looking back to the past and forward to the future as often as he ought to do; he knows that he is not, and it is the knowledge of his own negligence that leads him to suspect yours. If, then, we have both lost our way, let us both try to find it. If we have both fallen into the bog, let us help one another out of it. Let us profit by the past, improve the present, and be encouraged by the future that is before us:

Our mercies past, when present cares annoy,
Should gild our hopes of future peace and joy.

"What makes you think that God will never forsake those that trust in him?" was asked of an aged Christian. "Because he has promised," was the reply. "And what makes you think that he will keep his word?" "Because he never yet broke it." Here is encouragement for us all! Here is enough to make us cry aloud, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!" The past declares God's faithfulness, the present confirms it, and the future will only make known more clearly his fidelity and truth. Do you think of the past and the future? and is the present made brighter by them both?

We judge our earthly friends by what they do, rather than by what they say, and why not judge of our heavenly Friend by the same rule? Ask, then, the question, Christian reader, what has God done for thee? or rather, what has he not done for thee? Has he not made thee? given thee thy faculties of body, soul, and spirit? placed thee in a beautiful world? afforded thee the means of

grace, and the hope of glory? Yea, given his Son to die for thee upon the cross, prepared for thee a mansion of boundless bliss, and put into thy hand his holy word to comfort thee on earth and guide thee in the way to heaven! Surely thy cup runneth over with blessings! Surely the past, present, and future, will hardly suffice thee in setting forth his glory:

To sing his praise let heart and soul be given,
Sing loud on earth, and louder still in heaven!

The past has already been the present, and soon will be the future. Hours, days, and years, like riches, make to themselves wings and fly away; let them bear on their wings some record of our love, our gratitude and joy. Let us so ponder on what is, was, and will be, that the past, the present, and the future may give praise to the Redeemer, and promote the peace of our own souls.

WOLVERTON.

AMONG the millions of passengers who annually travel by railway in Great Britain,* few have at all an adequate idea of the extent or completeness of the arrangements necessary for the efficient working of establishments at once so vast and so complicated in their details. Opportunity has already been obtained of describing the *dépôt* at the metropolitan terminus of the London and North-Western Railway, and it may not now be uninteresting to give a brief insight of the great locomotive repairing station of the southern division of this line.

"The age of great cities" has been a theme worthy the attention of the most profound and philosophical minds, and still involves problems which even they have been unable to solve. Nor is the history of many of the towns of our own land devoid of interest. Circumstances new, and often unanticipated, have not unfrequently collected together masses of population which would otherwise have been spread over extensive districts. Thus it is with the railway towns of this country, which have arisen with the exigencies of the time. Crewe with its 8,000 inhabitants, Swindon with 3,000,

* During the half-year ending December 31st, 1848, the number of passengers amounted to 31,630,291; the number of miles of railway open being 5,079.

and Wolverton with 1,500, are well deserving of notice. To the last, however, we must now confine the attention of the reader.

The workshops at Wolverton have been well said to form an immense *Hôtel des Invalides* for the sick and wounded locomotives of the southern division of the North-Western line. As the station is entered from the south, through a broad and open cutting, a goods-siding and coke-shed are passed, and the "up" and "down" platforms, with their refreshment-rooms, are reached. Beyond these the "hospital" is seen, the workshops on either hand being half hidden from the view by intervening engines and tenders. Sometimes as many as sixty or more engines are here under repair at the same time—a fact which may convey some idea of the resources of the establishment.

On entering the factory, (as it may be styled,) there may be seen working, by the power of an eighteen-horse steam-engine, twelve turning-lathes, five planing machines, three slotting-machines, two screw-bolt machines, and a turning-lathe, from which a shaving of cold iron will sometimes flow, forty feet in length, without breaking. There are also foundries for iron and brass, machines for grinding and polishing; shears for cutting and stamps for punching cold iron, as if it were pasteboard; an oven for heating the tires of wheels; and a smith's shop, containing twenty-four forges, all of which may be seen in operation at once. In a finishing store are fifteen turning-lathes, five slotting-machines, five planing, one screwing, two drilling, and two shaving-machines; in another shop are sixteen turning-lathes, two drilling-machines, one slotting, one screwing, one nut, one cylinder-boring, and one shaving-machine; while in the great storeyard is an hydraulic press of the power of 200 tons, capable of wrenching off or squeezing on wheels on their axles.*

"At a short distance towards the south," says sir F. B. Head, "we entered a beautiful building, lighted during the day by plate-glass in the roof, by gas at night, and warmed by steam. In its centre there stands a narrow elevated platform, whereon travels a small locomotive, which brings into the building, and deposits on thirteen sets of rails on

each side, twenty-six locomotive engines for examination and repair. On the outside, in the open air, we found at work what is called 'a scrap drum,' which, by revolving, cleans scraps of old rusty iron, just as a public school improves boys by hardly rubbing them one against another. The scrap iron, after having been by this discipline divested of its rust, is piled on a small wooden board for further schooling, and when sufficiently hot, the glowing mass is placed under a steam-hammer alongside, whose blows, each equal to about ten tons, very shortly belabour to 'equality and fraternity' the broken bolts, bars, nuts, screw-pins, bits of plate-iron, etc., which are thus economically welded into a solid mass or commonwealth." In these shops wheels and straps are continually moving in various directions, imparting the motive power to the various machines which are applied, with unerring force and precision, by skilful artisans. Men and boys here pursue their undertakings from "early morn to dewy eve," at the various parts of engines, in making, or modifying, by means of the foundry and the forge, the anvil and the vice, the plates, rivets, bolts, nuts, screws, pistons, cylinders, rods, valves, guards, tubes, stays, splashers, or wheels, or some one or other of the 5,416 pieces of which a locomotive is composed. Here, too, may be seen engines in all sorts of conditions of existence, as well as positions in which they undergo their repairs; massive boilers, raised up, with men at work beneath, furnaces repairing, tubes replacing, tenders reduced almost to their original elements, funnels lying about or being patched, wheels being renewed or repaired; and all proceeding under the superintendence of able engineers, and in the constant remembrance of Mr. Robert Stephenson's well-known maxim, that "a locomotive engine must be put together as carefully as a watch."

As a circumstance indicative of the extent of the whole establishment, it may be mentioned that the gas consumed in its various departments amounts to no less than seventy or eighty thousand cubic feet per day. Nor can this be surprising when the repairs necessary in so complicated and expensive a machine as the locomotive are at all appreciated. Besides ordinary preservation in working order, it is estimated that passenger-engines require new tubes and other heavy repairs after running an average of

* Quarterly Review.

about 95,000 miles, which will incur an expenditure of about 400*l*. This will restore it to a condition which will enable it to work another distance of 95,000 miles; at the end of which it will require still heavier cost. After performing this service, it will be ready to run a similar distance, at the termination of which repairs will be necessary to the amount of about 400*l*; but after running 95,000 miles more, the engine will require re-erection, at a cost of about 1,000*l*., always assuming that it has meanwhile been maintained in as perfect working condition as practicable. The total of these periodical outlays is 2,480*l*., and the mileage 380,000 miles, giving 1.56*d*. per mile as the average deterioration of the machinery. The usual distance run per annum is about 30,000 miles; which allows about three years and a quarter as the time at which the periodical repair is necessary. The number of engines on the southern division of the London and North-Western Railway require no small amount of labour and expense to keep them in efficient working order, and therefore no surprise will be excited at the magnitude of the establishment at Wolverton.*

If the visitor will now step into the street, he will find it, emphatically, part of a railway town. It is built of red bricks, and is composed of "242 little red-brick houses—all running either this way or that way at right angles—three or four tall red-brick engine-chimneys, a number of very large red-brick workshops, six red houses for officers, one red beer-shop, two red public-houses, and, we are glad to add, a substantial red school-room and a neat stone church, the whole lately built by order of a Railway Board, at a railway station, by a railway contractor, for railway men, railway women, and railway children; in short, the round cast-iron plate over the door of each house, bearing the letters L. N. W. R., is the generic symbol of the town."

The company has, indeed, evinced great interest in the welfare of the population of this town, as respects their physical, intellectual, and moral condition. At its western boundary are 130 plots of

ground, each of about 324 square yards, which are let to those who wish for a garden; and accordingly, when there is a piece vacant, it is leased to him who stands first on the list of applicants. A reading-room and library, with coals and gas, are supplied to the men, free of charge. The library contains about 700 volumes, and has been established nearly ten years. There is also a "Station Lending Library," containing about 600 volumes, for the servants of the company at the various stations, to which they are conveyed free of expense in boxes, each of which is capable of containing from twenty to fifty volumes. The books are of all kinds, excepting those on religious controversy and politics. They are placed in charge of the chief clerk at the stations; the books are exchanged as soon as read; and the boxes are removed from one station to another as often as is requisite. Exact accounts are kept of the number of times the volumes are issued; and the result shows that they are extensively read, and the liberality of the company, in many instances, highly esteemed. It is gratifying to observe a general feeling of confidence exhibited by all classes of the workpeople in their employers, an admiration of the completeness of the details of the company, and a desire to induce others to entertain similar feelings. The committee of the library consists of twelve of the mechanics, chosen in rotation.

A school-house, for the education of the children of the company's servants, has also been erected in a healthy locality. In the centre of this building is a school for girls, the eastern wing is set apart for boys, and the western end is employed as an infant-school. The boys pay special attention to those branches of knowledge which may aid them in after life,—for the majority of them intend to enter the company's service. The infant-school especially deserves notice; "but," says an observer, "what particularly attracted our attention was three rows of beautiful babies, sitting as solemn as judges, on three steps, one above another, the lowest being a step higher than the floor of the room. They were learning the first hard lesson in this world, namely, to sit still." The walls of the school-rooms are supplied with large maps, and there are globes, drawings of animals, an extensive apparatus for explaining the animal powers, and a box of geological specimens. The church is about

* "On the northern division of the London and North-Western line there are 220 engines and tenders, each averaging in value nearly 2,000*l*., of which at least 100 are at work every day. Besides repairing all these, the establishment at Crewe has turned out a new engine and tender every Monday morning since the 1st of January, 1848."—*Sir F. B. Head*.

a hundred yards to the east of the schools, and is the property of the Radcliffe trustees, who are the patrons of the living, and who furnished the ground on which it stands. The cost was more than 4,000*l*. A room in the library is also fitted up as a Wesleyan chapel, and is well attended; and on Tuesdays and Fridays about a hundred of the servants attend a prayer-meeting. A Sunday-school is attached.

As an expression of interest in the schools, nearly three hundred of the children were on one occasion conveyed to Tring and back, in a special train, granted by the directors for the purpose. Most of the children wore the ribbons which had been given to them on the occasion of her Majesty passing Wolverton not long before. They were accompanied by the rev. George Weight, M.A., who is the perpetual curate of the station. Some of the children carried the school flags and banners, and a band of music was in attendance on the outside of one of the carriages. About twenty teachers were also conveyed free, and nearly forty relatives and friends of the children at a nominal charge. At Tring they were liberally supplied with fruit, cake, capillaire and water, etc., by the secretary of the company, Mr. Creed. A large number of books, expressive of satisfaction with the conduct of the children, were distributed; and the party returned to Wolverton, with only the regret that their holiday hours had been too short.

It may not be irrelevant here to make brief allusion to the duties of an important and intelligent class of men, who have risen under the exigencies of the time to an arduous position, but one which leads them not unfrequently to be overlooked by the community in general. The great responsibilities devolving upon the engine-drivers and firemen of our railways demand that their personal qualifications should be unexceptionable, as to their sobriety, activity, presence of mind in emergencies, and constant watchfulness; as to them are entrusted the lives and limbs of nearly 150,000 passengers every day, besides property to an almost incalculable amount. It is, however, but just to observe, that they have, as a body, proved themselves equal to the requirements of their office, and exhibited a promptitude of resource in instances of difficulty and danger.

The engine having been previously

fully prepared by parties appointed for the purpose, the furnace already burning with its accustomed intensity, and the tender laden with a ton of coke and a thousand or fifteen hundred gallons of water, the engine-driver and fireman make their appearance about half an hour before the time of starting with the train. They immediately proceed to make a critical examination of the various parts of their friend, the locomotive—for they are as much attached to their specific engines as sailors are to their ships, and allude to them with mingled esteem and affection—in order to see that nothing has escaped the observation of the workmen and fitters who have been employed in preparing “her” for the journey. The lamps are examined, to see that they are properly trimmed, and are put in their places; all parts subject to friction are duly oiled; the furnace is replenished with coke; the pumps and feed-pipes are specially observed as the engine moves out of the shed; the wheels, axles, and breaks are critically noticed; and if anything is found defective, it is instantly remedied, or the circumstance is reported to the foreman on duty, who directs another engine to be substituted. All that skill, experience, and care can furnish to secure the efficient discharge of the duties of the establishment are in general supplied.

If everything is now ready, the engine-driver will procure from the foreman's office a train, and coke, and mileage ticket, to be filled up by him, so as to show the time at which the train started, the number and description of the carriages of which it was composed, the distance the engine runs, and the coke consumed on the journey,—the accuracy of the last items being secured by the signature of the man from whom he receives the fuel, while he in return signs the cokeman's book for the quantity he receives. Having obtained also a time-table, by which to regulate the speed of his engine, seen that his tools and spare stores are in order, and made any arrangements which may appear desirable, the engine crosses over to the main line in front of the train, five minutes before the time of starting. Great caution is exercised in attaching the engine to the train, so as not to move a single carriage, in order to guard against injury to any passenger who may be in the act of stepping in or alighting from a carriage at the moment, and the couplings

are made to secure the tender to the leading carriage. The engine-driver now comes under the order of the first guard of the trains, in all matters affecting its starting, stopping, or movements, and in cases of accident must, if required, disconnect his engine, and proceed for assistance as he may be directed. He must also give his advice to the guard, in every way he can, in all cases of emergency, and promptly attend to all signals or orders, as far as the safe and proper working of his engine will admit.

The train is now ready. The signals are exchanged, and the order, "all right," to the engine-driver, is given. The regulator is slowly opened, so as to let the steam from the boiler into the cylinders, and the engine and train at once move, the speed being gradually increased till the proper ratio is gained. The machinery of every part now requires supervision, and the driver is at the same time responsible for seeing and immediately obeying any signals made by officers on the line, or by the guards on the train.

Such is a very brief sketch of the arrangements which are necessary in the starting of every engine; and now the train is hurrying along rapidly to the place of its destination. On it goes through verdant fields and meadows,—now rising prominently to view, as it sweeps along the summit of some high embankment, and anon hidden from sight beneath the earthy walls of the cutting, or within the bosom of the mountain. Still it advances "o'er the land, swifter than flight," while many an eye brightens as the ear catches the sound of—

"First the shrill whistle, then the distant roar,
The ascending cloud of steam, the gleaming
brass,
The mighty moving arm; and on again
The mass comes thundering like an avalanche
o'er
The quaking earth; a thousand faces pass—
A moment, and are gone like whirlwind sprites,
Scarcely seen; so much the roaring speed begets
All sense and recognition for a while;
A little space, a minute, and a mile.
Then look again, how swift it journeys on—
Away, away, along the horizon,
Like drifted cloud, to its determin'd place;
Power, speed, and distance melting into space!"

But what of the travellers? While the train is thus almost on the wing, surpassing the eagle in its flight, many of them are reclining in their easy chairs, thinking or sleeping, reading or writing, as if they were in their own happy homes

—safer, indeed, than there, for thieves cannot rob them by day, nor burglars alarm them by night. "The steam-horse starts neither at the roar of the thunderstorm, nor the flash of its fire. Draughts of a purer air expel the marsh poison from its seat, before it has begun its work of death; and surrounded by conductors, the delicate and timid traveller looks without dismay on the forked messengers of destruction, twisting the spire, or rending the oak, or raging above the fear-stricken dwellings of man."

F. S. W.

CHRIST THE KING OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

CHRIST, by offering up himself a sacrifice unto God, is become unto his people a King of righteousness, or, the Lord our righteousness, in which sense he is called "the Prince of life," Acts iii. 15; that is, he hath all power given him, as a Prince, to quicken and to justify whom he will, John v. 20, 21. And this comes from his sacrifice and perfect obedience to us imputed, and by faith employed and apprehended; for having fulfilled the righteousness of the law, and justified himself by rising from the dead, he became, being thus made perfect, the Author of righteousness and salvation to us, Heb. v. 9. We had in us a whole kingdom of sin, and therefore there was in Him that should justify us a kingdom of grace and righteousness; "that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord," Rom. v. 21; and therefore we are said to be justified by the righteousness of God, Rom. iii. 21, 22; that is, such a righteousness as is ours by gift and grace, not by nature, Rom. x. 4; and such a righteousness as God himself did perform, though in the human nature, in our behalf, Acts xx. 28; Phil. ii. 6—8.

And this is the ground of all our comfort, the best direction in all our miseries and extremities whither to flee. A king is the greatest officer amongst men, and his honour and state is for the support, defence, and honour of his people: he is the father and the keeper of the laws. If I want any of that justice and equity, of which his sacred bosom is the public treasure, I may freely beg it of him, because he is an officer to dispense righteousness unto his subjects; so also is Christ unto his church. I find myself

in a miserable condition, condemned of sin by the conscience, by the testimony of the word, by the accusations of Satan, and full of discomforts. God is a God of justice, and a consuming fire; myself a creature of sin, and all stubble; Satan the accuser of the brethren, who labours to blow up the wrath of God against me. In this case, what shall I do? Surely God hath set his King on Zion; and he is a King who hath life and righteousness to give to me; who hath grace enough to quench all sin, and the envenomed darts of Satan; in whom there is erected a court of peace and mercy, whereunto to appeal from the severity of God, from the importunity of the devil, and from the accusations and testimonies of our own hearts. And, indeed, he had need be a King of righteousness who shall justify men; for our justification is in the remission of our sins; and to pardon sins, and dispense with laws is a regal dignity; and God taketh it as his own high and peculiar prerogative—"I, even I, am he that bloteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins," Isa. xliii. 25. No man, nor angel, nor created power, no merit nor obedience, no rivers of oil nor mountains of cattle, no prayers, tears, nor torments, can wipe out the stains, nor remove the guilt of any sin; I only, even I, and none else can do it. None but a Divine and Royal power can subdue sin, Micah vii. 18.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

EMINENT NATURALISTS.

No. II.

REAUMUR was one of the most ingenious naturalists that France has produced. He made considerable attainments in natural philosophy, and applied a great part of his knowledge to the improvement of the arts. We owe much of our knowledge of marine animals to him; but his most remarkable work is one on insects, extending to six quarto volumes. With great truth he remarks: "The number of observations necessary for a tolerably complete history of so many minute animals, is prodigious. When one reflects on all that an accomplished botanist ought to know, it is enough to frighten him. His memory is loaded with the names of 12,000 or 13,000 plants, and he is expected to be able to recall on occasion the image of

any one of them. There is, perhaps, none of these plants that has not insects peculiar to itself; and some trees, such as the oak, give sustenance to several hundreds of different species. And, after all, how many are there that do not live on plants!—how many species that devour others!—how many that live at the expense of larger animals, on which they feed continually!—how many species are there, some of which pass the greater part of their time in water, while others pass it entirely there! The immensity of Nature's works is nowhere more apparent than in the prodigious multiplicity of those species of little animals."

To aid his inquiries, Reaumur kept insects of all kinds, for the purpose of examining their structure, habits, and changes. His knowledge of the wasp is said to have been attained as the result of twenty years' observation. He was not merely an intelligent, but an indefatigable observer; and there is evidence that he continued his labours with a direct reference to the great and glorious Creator. "Although," he says, "we would greatly restrict the limits of the study, there are persons who will think them still too wide; there are even some who consider all knowledge of this part of natural history as useless, and who unhesitatingly pronounce it a frivolous amusement. We are equally willing that these pursuits should be regarded as amusements, that is, as studies which, so far from being troublesome, afford pleasure to the person who engages in them. They do more—they necessarily raise the mind to admire the Author of so many wonders. Ought we to be ashamed of ranking among our occupations, observations and researches, of which the object is an acquaintance with the works on which the Supreme Being has displayed a boundless wisdom, and varied to such a degree? Natural history is the history of his works; nor is there any demonstration of his existence more intelligible to all men than that which it furnishes."

Extended as Reaumur's great work is, it does not include all he designed. He proposed to add to it an account of locusts, grasshoppers, and the large tribe of wing-sheathed insects, called the *coleoptera*; but death came before he had completed his plan.

Charles Linnæus, a native of Sweden, is entitled to very honourable mention.

So humble were his circumstances in early life, that when at the university of Upsala, he was chiefly dependent on the kindness, and even charity of his associates, of whose meals and worn-out clothes he was glad to partake. And yet some of his benefactors were scarcely better off than himself; for he was often obliged to mend the old shoes they gave him with pasteboard and birch bark. It is difficult to conceive rightly of the indigence to which he was reduced; and it is truly gratifying to add, that at a subsequent period he publicly expressed his gratitude to Divine Providence for the support he had experienced amidst his several privations. "I thank thee, Almighty God," was his language, "that in the course of my life, amidst the heavy pressure of poverty, and in all my other trials, thou hast been always present to me with thy omnipotent aid."

His most intimate friend at Upsala was Peter Artide. Speaking of him, Linnæus says, "He excelled me in chemistry, and I outdid him in the knowledge of birds, insects, and botany." Artide probably imbibed the spirit of his companion, for he subsequently produced a work on fishes, by which he has long been known. A new career was now opened before Linnæus, on his being appointed by the society instituted at Upsala for examining the natural productions of the kingdom, to explore, as a scientific traveller, the remote and desert regions of Lapland. His outfit was not a little amusing. "My clothes," he says, "consisted of a light coat, of West Gothland linsey-woolsey cloth, without folds, lined with red shalloon, having small cuffs and collar of shag; leather breeches, a round wig, a green leather cap, and a pair of half-boots. I carried a small leather bag, half an ell in length, but somewhat less in breadth, furnished on one side with hooks-and-eyes, so that it could be opened and shut at pleasure. This bag contained one shirt, two pairs of false sleeves, two half-shirts, an inkstand, pen-case, microscope, and spying-glass; a gauze cap, to protect me occasionally from the gnats; a comb, my journal, and a parcel of paper stitched together for drying plants, both in folio; my manuscript '*Ornithology*,' '*Flora Uplandica*,' and '*Characteres Generici*.' I wore a banger at my side, and carried a small fowling-piece, as well as an octagonal stick, graduated, for the purpose of measuring. My pocket-book contained

a passport from the governor of Upsala, and a recommendation, from the academy."

At Jockmock, the schoolmaster and the priest tormented him "with their consummate and most pertinacious ignorance." The latter began his conversation with remarks on the clouds, showing how they strike the mountains in their passage over the country, carrying off stones, trees, and cattle. "I ventured," says Linnæus, "to suggest that such accidents were rather to be attributed to the force of the wind, for that the clouds could not of themselves lift or carry away anything. He laughed at me, saying, surely I had never seen any clouds. I replied, that whenever the weather is foggy, I walk in clouds; and when the fog is condensed, and no longer supported in the air, it immediately rains. To all such reasoning, being above his comprehension, he only returned a sardonic smile. Still less was he satisfied with my explanation, how watery bubbles may be lifted up into the air, as he told me the clouds were solid bodies. On my denying this, he reinforced his assertion with a text of Scripture, silencing me by authority, and then laughing at my ignorance. He next condescended to inform me, that after rain, a phlegm is always to be found on the mountains, where the clouds have touched them. Upon my replying that this phlegm is a vegetable, called nostoc, I was, like St. Paul, judged to be mad, and that too much learning had turned my brain."

We cannot follow him through the incidents of a journey, whose whole extent was about 3,800 English miles. "Most toilsome was it; and I confess," he says, "that I was obliged to sustain more hardship and danger in wandering through this single tract of our northern world, than in all the travels which I undertook in other parts, though these were certainly not without fatigue. But when my journeys were over, I quickly forgot all their dangers and difficulties, which were compensated by the invaluable fruits obtained on these excursions."

Various were the incidents, extended the travels, and unceasing the labours of his after life. The first edition of his "*Systema Naturæ*," which consisted of fourteen folio volumes, was printed at Leyden, in 1735. Dr. Turton translated it into English in 1806; in which language it forms seven volumes, octavo. "We may venture to predict," says sir J.

E. Smith, "that as it was the first performance of the kind, it will certainly be the last; the science of natural history is now become so versed, that no man can ever take the lead again as a universal naturalist." Linnæus was not without a sense of the claims of Jehovah. Over his room was the inscription, "Live in innocence, for God is present."

Linnæus commences and ends his more important works with some passage of Scripture expressive of the power, glory, and beneficence of God, the Creator and Preserver of all things. In his lectures and excursions he availed himself of opportunities of dwelling on these topics, and "on these occasions," says one of his biographers, "his heart glowed with celestial fire, and his mouth poured forth torrents of admirable eloquence."

Most cordially do we unite in the following exhortation of this eminent naturalist:

"Let us consider the works of God, and observe the operations of his hands. Let us take notice of, and admire his infinite wisdom and goodness in the formation of them. No creature in this sublunary world is capable of so doing beside man, and yet we are deficient herein. We content ourselves with the knowledge of the tongues, or a little skill in philosophy, or history perhaps, and antiquity, and neglect that which to me seems more material—I mean, natural history and the works of the creation. I do not discommend or derogate from those other studies; I should betray mine own ignorance and weakness should I do so; I only wish they might not altogether jostle out and exclude this. I wish that this might be brought in fashion among us. I wish men would be so equal and civil as not to disparage, deride, and vilify those studies which themselves skill not of, or are not conversant in; no knowledge can be more pleasant than this—none that doth so satisfy and feed the soul; in comparison whereto that of words and phrases seems to me insipid and jejune. That learning (saith a wise and observant prelate) which consists only in the form and pedagogy of arts, or the critical notions upon words and phrases, hath in it this intrinsic imperfection, that it is only so far to be esteemed as it conduceth to the knowledge of things, being in itself but a kind of pedantry, apt to infect a man with such odd humours of pride, and affecta-

tion, and curiosity as will render him unfit for any great employment."

Cuvier stands at a later period pre-eminent in connexion with the rise of the very important science of comparative anatomy. It had been supposed that all animals might be referred to man as a common type; but he showed that many presented characters, and even distinct organs, not discoverable in the human race. It was therefore necessary to assume other types of form; and Cuvier, in his great work on the animal kingdom, arranges all living creatures under four great divisions, the animals in each having a different structure from those in the others, or rather being formed on a different plan.

On his arrangements important improvements have since been made, which cannot now be minutely described, and for which the reader must be referred to the best works on natural history. It is due, however, to the eminent men already named, that their labours should be held in grateful remembrance. W.

"USE IS SECOND NATURE."

No common saying may, perhaps, be more frequently quoted than this. The truth of it is so fully exemplified a hundred times a day in our own experience, that we need not look round to others to realize its force or meaning. If we take our intellectual feelings and tastes, we shall not fail to remember some time when such studies and pursuits as may now afford us no less delight than instruction were regarded as nothing but a task and a toil to be engaged in. Who does not remember what a drudgery it seemed when in his school-boy days he first began to spell out the strange characters of a dead language, and yet others passed easily over the same passages, and even admired them. It may have been surprising to us that even experienced eyes could discover anything to admire in so dreary a waste as that page seemed to be to us; but we find the solution now as we perhaps charitably accounted it then, in the old saying, "Use is second nature." Twice such time's use may have spread its circling arms around us too, and inclosed us within its potent grasp. The dry pursuits of boyhood may have become the intellectual luxuries of maturer years, and thoughts which then

seemed shadowy, vague, and unmeaning, may have developed themselves into realities and truths which are the very vital principles of the mind's best exercises.

But the same influence may, perhaps, be more powerful over the body than the mind, or at least its effects are more easily and readily discerned. To take only the sense of taste: it has been observed by sir Francis Bacon, that our taste is never pleased better than with those things which at first created a disgust in it; and we must all know how many things which are at first noxious to the palate, have grown into luxuries from the force of habit. Before the drunkard had for the first time in his life drained the burning draught, and sold humanity and reason to the "mockery," "wine," (Proy. xx. 1,) he would have trembled were he told of the hell that lurked within that cup, and have fled from it as "for his life." But who knows not the effect of habit on such a character? One after another, each hope and feeling which make life run happily, and stamp an English home as the dearest fireside in all the world, are drowned and lost in the depths of intoxication; and how then can the tears of a heart-broken wife, or the tatters of a starving family, have any softening influence on such a heart as his?

But we would rather now deduce some reflections from this often-quoted maxim, than endeavour further to enforce a truth which every one will be ready to admit. From what has already been remarked, we must have seen how habituating oneself to any course, for good or evil, creates not only an appetite for such a pursuit, but also a relish and pleasure in pursuing, whether it refer to the mind or the body. How careful, then, should we be in contracting habits! How watchful and suspicious of their character, seeing they have so immense an influence in directing and deciding our destinies for time and for eternity! A habit is not like Jonah's gourd, which springs up in a night and will wither at to-morrow's sunrise: it is like the forest oak, which, though all unseen, still towers more lofty and gains fresh vigour with every day-dawn, spreading wider and wider its sturdy branches, till its roots have tangled themselves into the very essence of the soil, and it stands scatheless and untottering amidst the terrors of the tempest and the flight of years. We

may not ourselves know the beginning of a habit. A passing bird may let fall a seed upon the mountain, which he was bearing away to his helpless brood; and thence may have sprung the fairest cedar that waves upon the sides of Lebanon. A casual incident or strange influence may have planted in our breast some such chance seedling, whence has grown up a habit which has rooted itself into our very being. We must never forget, then, that a habit is a growing good or evil: it has never attained its fullest vigour, nor scattered its most abundant odours, while the principle which gave birth to it remains within. When that spark is extinct, we shall have no more fuel for the flame.

And then there is no difficulty in keeping alive a habit which we may have contracted. When once its seed is within the heart, it will immediately "take root downward and bear fruit upward." There is no fear of its withering from inattention to it: it will draw for itself moisture and sustenance to its need, and poison or purify all around it. Any soil is deep and firm enough for it—any climate congenial; the peaceful valleys of England; the savage wilds of Africa; with civilized and barbarian; with prince and peasant; with Jew or Gentile—habit alike finds an atmosphere in which it can live, and "flourish and abound."

It behoves us, then, as our chief care, to watch these principles of right and wrong; they must not worm themselves into our hearts "at unawares:" they must be watched, and weighed, and tried. By such a process of refining, the dross will soon separate itself from the true metal. Seeking grace to banish the seductive causes of evil from our hearts, it will be scarcely possible that the seeds of evil shall find an entrance there, to vegetate and flourish, till habit has flung round body and soul the inextricable thralldom of its poisonous tendrils.

And if we wish to keep ourselves free from evil and bad habits, the surest way to attain such an object is, to be ever desirous and aiming to form good ones. The two cannot exist together. If the heart has closed with one set, it must reject the other: "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? Can the fig-tree bear olive berries, either a vine, figs? so can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh," Jas. iii. 11, 12. And if we would enjoy the eternal pleasures of that world

into which "shall in no wise enter anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie," it is absolutely necessary for us to "live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." To use the words of a late eminent writer—"That state of bliss we call heaven will not be capable of affecting those minds which are not thus qualified for it; we must, in this world, gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in her during this her present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life." We read of going "from strength to strength," of being "changed from glory to glory," and of other expressions, which would all teach us that our duty in this life is to contract habits of virtue and godliness, and thus fit ourselves, as much as in us lies, for the participation and enjoyment of the glories that shall hereafter be revealed.

And we are left in no doubt to determine what this preparation must be, or how such habits are to be formed on earth as may commence for us while we contract them the very employment and bliss of heaven. "The kingdom of God is within you," was our Lord's reply to the proud observer of external forms and ritual ceremonies. There are still the elements of our own heaven or hell, if we will look for them. We know that the heart is God's throne, the body the temple of his Spirit, the tongue the organ of his praise. If, then, that throne is usurped by self, or anything but God; if that body becomes tainted with the defiling touch of sensuality, and God's image is debased by degradations from its Divine nature, which ought not to be "once named amongst" beings endued with reason and elevated with a soul: if that tongue descends from its high office of blessing God, to curse men; tuned to the discordant chimes of slander or quarrel, and "set on fire of hell," we can have no doubt what kingdom is within us, or to what issue our habits are hurrying us. But if, on the other hand, our habits have been moulded into such forms as St. Paul enumerates to the Galatians, (chap. v. 22—24,) if we have made

"faith in Christ" the rock upon which all our hopes are built, round which all the graces of the Christian character cluster, drawn towards it as to a magnet, whence to sever them would be to destroy: then we shall already have caught some faint echoes of the songs of the redeemed above. Already we shall have felt evidences of a heaven within, and, piercing beyond the dull limits of earth and the horizon of time, we shall have found our souls illumined by the first beams of that fulness of joy which we hope hereafter, through the merits of Christ, to realize in the eternal splendours of his immediate presence.

S. F. J.

THE ROCK MANAKIN.

THE rock manakin, (*Rupicola crocea*), one of the most elegant birds of the present family of *Passerine*, and the type of the genus *Rupicola*, is a native of South America, inhabiting the rocky and mountain districts along the rivers of Surinam, Cayenne, and Guiana. Most probably it is to be found along the whole range of the river Amazon, and its tributary branches. Latham states, "that it is nowhere so frequent as in the mountain Luca, near the river Oyapoc, and in the mountain Courouaye, near the river Aprouack, where it builds in the cavernous hollows and dark recesses: the nest is composed merely of a few dry sticks, and the eggs are two in number, of the size of those of a pigeon, and equally white." The rock manakin is a shy and solitary bird, giving preference to silent and secluded glens and rocky ravines, where it appears to pass an undisturbed existence. Waterton informs us, that it is a native of the woody mountains of Macoushia, a tract on the Apoura-poura, a tributary river falling into the Essequibo from the south, inhabited by the Macoushi Indians, so celebrated for their skill in preparing the deadly vegetable poison wourali, with which they smear the points of their arrows. "In the daytime it retires amongst the darkest rocks, and only comes out to feed a little before sunrise and at sunset: it is of a gloomy disposition, and never associates with the other birds of the forest."

The rock manakin is about the size of a small pigeon; the general colour of the plumage is rich saffron yellow, with a tinge of orange; the head is ornamented with a beautiful crest, flattened at the



The Rock Manakin.

sides, and rising like a fan. The secondaries and tail-coverts are square, as if cut at the ends, and the wing-coverts are elongated into loose flowing plumes. The tail is brown, tipped with yellow. The female is not so fully ornamented with crest and plumes as the male, and her colour is of an uniform brown. We are aware of no instance of a living specimen being brought to Europe.—*Natural History of Birds.*

THE MARQUIS OF VICO.

No. III.

DURING Galeazzo's sojourn in Italy, Hieronymus Fracastoro, a renowned philosopher, poet, and physician, had, at the request of the aged marquis, taken great pains to persuade Galeazzo to submit to the will of his father, and to give up the new sect, full of deceit and lies, to which he had joined himself. Galeazzo answered only from the word of God, and that he used with such power, that the man of learning had nothing to say

against it, and even apologized for his unrestrained vehemence. Seeing that his father had less reason to dread the effects of his change, as to temporal matters, Galeazzo hoped his opposition would be in some degree lessened, and he returned to Geneva with an easy mind, wishing not to be idle, but to promote good order, as far as he could, in the congregation of the Italians. Many families had recently forsaken their fatherland, and added to the number of these exiles who had fled to Geneva, in order to profess their faith without molestation. Galeazzo travelled with Calvin as far as Basle, and there he met with Celsus Maximilianus, a member of the noble family of the count of Martinenge, who had once, by his eloquence, risen to a post of eminence in the Roman Catholic church, which he had afterwards abandoned. Celsus had thoughts of going to England, but Galeazzo persuaded him to return with him to Geneva, where he might enjoy liberty of conscience, and the society of the excellent Calvin, and other men of piety. The church of

Geneva was then in its most flourishing condition, especially the Italian branch of it. The count Maximilian was appointed to be their preacher, and a number of elders were chosen, to be his assistants in watching over the doctrines propagated and the moral conduct exhibited among their members. Of these Galeazzo was one of the most eminent; and as long as he remained among them he was a support and a protector to their little band.

He had, however, fresh conflicts to endure on his own account, in 1555. His maternal uncle, the cardinal and inquisitor-general Caraffa, being raised to the papal see, the marquis hoped that he would compel Galeazzo, if not absolutely to return, at least to choose some other home and mode of life. He sent a letter to his son, desiring him to meet him at Mantua; and supplying him also with another letter of protection, Galeazzo complied, and on June 15th they met with the same kind and friendly reception at Mantua as he had done before. His father then briefly stated his wishes. The pope, he said, had granted him a favour that had considerably lightened the burdens of his declining years; he had granted permission for his nephew to settle in any part of the Venetian states, where he might enjoy full liberty of conscience, and remain perfectly undisturbed, whatever opinions he might choose to hold. The aged parent then asked his son, tenderly, how he could refuse such offers, and conjured him to comply with them. Galeazzo answered, that he was far from despising the favours that were shown to him; for the proposals made seemed altogether so reasonable, that it would be wrong to hold out against them. The requirements of his father, and other motives also, would have made him ready to obey at once, if his conscience had not been concerned; and among these might be enumerated the privileges of his birth and station, and the endearing society of his wife and children. Galeazzo had recourse to prayer; he sought from God the wisdom which he needed, in order to point out the path which it was right to pursue. After secret retirement, he felt that it would be wrong to court the favour of him who had already declared war against the saints of the Most High. To separate from the society of the faithful would be, in some degree, to renounce his faith, and cast a stumbling-block in

the way of others; at least it would be conferring with flesh and blood. His pious heart resolved to reject the advantages offered to him, and worldly honours had no charms for him. The more he prayed over this resolution, the stronger it became; and at last he was able to represent to his parent the reasons for his refusal.

Seeing that all his arguments were of no avail, the marquis returned to Naples, and told the pope how obstinately his son persisted in disobedience to him. Galeazzo, however, attended his father as far as Ferrara, where he was introduced to the duchess of Ferrara, by Francisco Porta, a man of learning, who afterwards acquired much credit at Geneva as a Greek professor. The princess received him very graciously, and discoursed with him as to the circumstances of his journey; also referring to Calvin, to the church of Geneva, and to the particulars of their doctrine, and sent her own carriage with him as far as Francolini, from whence he proceeded to Geneva, through Venice and the Grisons. On the 14th of October he reached the end of his journey, and was joyfully welcomed by his friends and fellow-Christians.

This severe storm having passed away, a still heavier tempest followed. Vittoria, the wife of Galeazzo Caraccioli, loved her husband with unusual tenderness, and frequently wrote letters, inviting him to return to her. When she found that no answer was returned to them, she requested a personal interview with him, in one of the Venetian cities. To this her husband consented; but his motives were very different to hers. She trusted to gain him over by her entreaties, embraces, and tears; he hoped rather to persuade her to follow him, and to lay aside her former prejudices. She set out for the family estate of Vico; he travelled towards Lesina, on the opposite coast of Dalmatia, where it was agreed they should meet; but he waited in vain. She came not, nor did any clue as to the cause of his disappointment ever reach him.

His two elder sons were, however, sent over to see him; and their visit, after so long a separation, greatly cheered his heart; but it must have been very painful to him to find that this long journey was entirely in vain. He sent them home, and returned to Geneva. Scarcely was he arrived there, when he received

fresh letters from Vittoria, in which she conjured him to take the trouble once more to return to Lesina, where she promised sacredly that she would meet him. This was no easy task for him, when labouring under considerable exhaustion both of body and mind, for the present light and easy modes of travelling were then unknown. His former disappointment, and the fear of being again deceived, might have closed his ear against her request; nevertheless, he went, blaming himself for not carrying her with him when he left his fatherland, and for not more fully explaining to her the true doctrines of the gospel in such a manner as to cause her to feel an interest in them. In order to travel with safety through the Grisons, he purchased the privilege of citizenship in that place, and left Geneva on March 15th, 1558. Having safely arrived at Lesina, he learned that his father, his wife, and children, with the kinsman who had formerly visited him, were already at Vico; but had never been known to pass over to Lesina. He waited long and anxiously, and at last himself crossed over to Vico, which was a very daring step, and might have endangered his life; but he undertook it, not upon any earthly considerations, but in order to promote the glory of God and the happiness of his family, and he placed his whole confidence in the almighty power of Jehovah.

The vessel carried him safely, and he sent a messenger to apprise his father-in-law of his arrival. What was passing in his mind can scarcely be described. The joyful prospect of again embracing those dear to him, with the painful recollections inspired by the sight of his native shores, produced a striking alteration even in his appearance and gestures. The marquis eagerly sent his grandson forward, with two servants, to meet his long lost son, whose visit was an unexpected pleasure to them all.

But the joy of Galeazzo was disturbed by those anxieties from which he was never free, either by day or night. He knew that his intentions differed from those of his relatives, and his cares were not what theirs were. He often afterwards told his friends at Geneva that his mind, when at Vico, was in a constant state of alarm, lest he should be imprisoned for life in some fearful dungeon, and never allowed to enjoy the conversation of his friends, or the reading of the Holy Scriptures. On the first day of his

appearance, every face beamed with kindness and joy; but soon their animation changed to sorrow, gloom, and apprehension. He had no sooner acknowledged to his father his determination to abide by the truth which he had embraced, than he was interrupted by sighs and groans. He then took his wife aside, and asked her to go with him, and live with him, promising her the free exercise of her religion, and solemnly declared that he never could consent to forsake the faith for which he had given up his earthly home, friends, and possessions. But what was the grief of the unhappy woman, when she found herself deprived of the hopes on which she had so fondly built during the last few days! She declared that she never could live in a country where the Roman Catholic religion was not supreme; nor could she live as his wife, unless he would renounce his heresy. As Galeazzo afterwards mentioned to his friends, it was a fact that her confessor had forbidden her to associate with him, under pain of excommunication. His mind was deeply wounded by her refusal; but he remained firm, and told his wife that if she would not live with him in obedience to the ordinance of God, he was justified in leaving her. To Vittoria, who truly loved him, this separation was likely to prove most painful; but she thought that her husband only spoke in order to try her. He saw his task was hopeless, and he repeated his former declaration; but when the time fixed upon for his departure was come, he felt that the bitterest draught of his afflictions still remained untouched, while his father gave way to loud and unavailing regrets. Although his own resolution remained unchanged, yet the embraces of his family had more power over him than he had expected. Having left his father's apartment, he found below his wife and children, his cousin, and the servants, all weeping. Vittoria embraced him with much affection, and begged him to have pity on her and her family. His children hung about his knees, bursting into tears, and stretching out their arms, entreated him not to go away from them. His kinsman and the other spectators looked on with much concern, and were so much depressed by the parting scene, that they could not utter a word. Among his children was a girl of twelve years old, who, with tears and sighs, so earnestly clasped her arms round the knees of her father, that he

was unable to withdraw himself from her embrace.

His own heart was so deeply pierced by this sad separation, that he felt, at the moment, as if he could not possibly survive; yet, with a strength which no mere mortal could have exerted, he was raised above all these allurements, and mastering his own feelings, he left the home of his fathers, which was then a house of mourning, and hurried to the haven, where he entered the little vessel that conveyed him to Lesina. But, like the restless waters of the ocean, his mind was full of sad thoughts. The condition in which he had left his beloved ones, and the sorrowing images of his children, hanging round him and weeping, constantly recurred to his thoughts. He remembered the abode of his ancestors, the fields and farms of which he had once been thought the rightful heir. He saw his family standing on the shore, and straining their eyes to watch the ship which conveyed him from them. He thought of the reproaches of his father, and he was sorely troubled; but while the pilot fearlessly steered his vessel in the midst of storms, giving his whole mind to ascertain that he was taking the right course, Galeazzo might have compared to the rudder the word of God, which alone could guide him to his desired haven. The mercy of God, which had first made him anxious for the salvation of his own soul, and had also given him an opportunity of performing his duty to his wife, and in some degree repairing his former omissions, must have cheered his spirit, and nothing else could have supported him.

Galeazzo landed at Lesina, and from thence, in another ship, he sailed to Venice. There he met with several friends, likeminded with himself, who were filled with uneasiness on account of the dangers of his visit to Vico, and were eager to congratulate him upon his safe return. He next travelled through La Vatteline, encouraging the believers whom he met with; and on October 4th he once more arrived at Geneva, and was most heartily welcomed. When his associates there had heard his adventures, they wondered at his unusual courage, and thanked God for the favours he had received.

Galeazzo had spent nine years at Geneva; when he inquired of Calvin, whether, by the laws of God and man, he might be allowed to consider himself

as separated from his wife, as he truly had cause to do. Calvin, with his usually acute mind, saw that such a step might lay him open to reproach and blame, especially as his family was one of high rank, and no precedent of the kind existed among that class in Italy. He would not undertake to decide so important a matter himself, and he advised Galeazzo to confer with Peter Martyr and other friends among the Swiss divines, and to be guided by their decision. He did so; and their united opinion was that Galeazzo might, without sinning against his conscience, take another wife, as his first consort had willingly broken through the ties that had connected them. Galeazzo also applied to the magistrates of Geneva, and he chose his second wife; not for the sake of her wealth, or beauty, or noble birth, but he chose one with whom he could dwell in piety and peace through the remainder of his life. She was a widow, from Rouen, in France, about forty years old, of the name of Anna Framiere, well known for her piety and virtue, and her adherence to the true faith; who had, like others, come to Geneva to enjoy liberty of conscience. He married her, in his forty-third year, on January 16th, 1560, and they lived from that time in undisturbed and holy harmony. But, as Calvin had expected, many were displeased at this step, and the enemies of the truth failed not to reproach the Protestants for it. We may wish that he had remained single,—although the papists are certainly mistaken in regarding marriage as a sacrament; but when the morality of the age in which all this took place is fairly considered, it may be well to suspend, or at least to moderate, our censures.

His two men-servants were dismissed, and two maids hired; and he kept up a system of economy, which enabled him always to be charitable to the needy. He, who in his own country might have risen to the highest dignities, now walked on foot, and was not ashamed of going in person to market for the fruits and herbs that his household required. He wore no outward ornaments that could attract attention, nor was he distinguished from his neighbours, excepting by his unaffected piety. Yet all respected him, and even his looks were regarded with deference. No entertainments were given to which he was not invited; but on these occasions he never accepted any place of distinction: and though he never himself

used the title of marquis, which had been given to him by Charles v., yet he was everywhere known by it.

Many persons of note, who travelled through Geneva, gave him the same tokens of consideration and respect which they would have done if he had still remained in the imperial court. None, in short, passed that way without desiring to see and speak with him. Thus in his humble dwelling he received visitors, not as a private man, but as a prince might have done. But he was most pleased when any of his own countrymen called upon him, and nothing could be more interesting than his style of conversation; he had an excellent memory and much vivacity, and had in his early years often attended Charles v. in his campaigns, of which he could relate particulars, to which his guests would listen with the deepest attention.

To the poor and distressed Galeazzo was kind and affable, and he treated them with the true sympathy of one who felt they were his fellow-creatures. Although not rich, he was liberal, and no one applied to him for help without receiving from him such relief as he could bestow. He was a frequent visitor of the sick, and would stand beside them, giving them such comfort as would carry them above all the sufferings they had to endure. He daily attended the public worship of God, and attentively listened to the preached word; and he also diligently studied the Scriptures at home. He was very careful to use his utmost endeavours to promote the public peace. His pursuits were not what his own ease or interest might have dictated, but what were calculated to promote the glory of God and the welfare of true believers.

His trials were not yet ended, for he suffered much in the later years of his life. He had frequent attacks of asthma, which allowed him no rest by day or night. Sometimes he had to sit up the whole night, vainly trying, by change of place, to find the rest of which he was deprived. At this time, the son of his natural sister came to Geneva, bringing him letters from Vittoria and her eldest son, accompanied with many pressing entreaties that he would at last abandon his errors, and return to his fatherland. The chief plea urged at this time was, that his obstinate adherence to the despised religion which he professed had hindered his son Charles, who was in the

church, from rising to the dignities of a bishop and cardinal. It may be supposed that such proposals were by no means satisfactory to Galeazzo, who heartily despised all mere worldly titles and honours. He threw the letters into the fire, and sharply rebuked the messenger, desiring him to cease from his vain discourse; adding, "No news of my son would pain me more than to know that he has chosen to ruin himself, in order to obtain the praise of men. From my heart I desire to be no hindrance in the way of his advancement; but I pray that he may have grace to follow my example, to renounce the ways of ambition and worldly pride, to choose the path that leads to heaven, to know the truth, and obey the gracious calls of the Saviour. May he obtain those honours and preferences which are reserved for all who truly overcome temptation."

The monk, (for such was the condition of the letter-carrier,) however, ceased not to press Galeazzo to change his mind; using the most degrading allurements, promising him, in case he would return, a large sum of money, to be paid by a banker of Lyons, or, in case he preferred it, at Turin. Galeazzo for a long time patiently endured his solicitations; but at length he applied to the magistrates, for their assistance in banishing the stranger from their city. Another relative of the same order, soon after his removal, came thither, with the same design, which he urged in a similar manner; and although these repeated entreaties could not shake the firmness of Galeazzo, he could only find comfort and support under them in the exercise of prayer, by which he was enabled to realize that, as the sufferings of Christ were accomplished in him, his consolations also abounded through Christ, 2 Cor. i. 5. The physicians in vain endeavoured to restore his shattered constitution, his friends and his second wife were unremitting in their endeavours to soothe his sufferings; but the time was drawing near when he was to become a partaker of the joys of immortality. His disease gained ground; and at last, in the presence of his spiritual pastor, who was in the act of prayer for him, his soul gently returned to God who gave it, and his sorrows were exchanged for everlasting rest. This was in the year 1586, when he was sixty-nine years and four months old.

Galeazzo Caraccioli was not one of the

reformers, nor of the greatest benefactors of mankind; but he deserves to fill an honourable place in the list of those noble-minded men, who were numerous in the age of the Reformation. Others may have done more for religion; but he gave up his all for it. Others might gain, but he lost by it; they may have risen, but he was reduced by it. In his forbearance and self-denial he proved himself to be a Christian, for he evidently took up his cross to follow his Lord. He resisted the temptations of riches, in a manner that few besides have done; and the consideration of his example is well fitted to humble our high thoughts, to strengthen our courage, and quicken our confidence in God, as well as to stir up our minds to greater thankfulness for the liberty of conscience we enjoy, and for the men who were instrumental in securing that blessing.

FROM THE TRAVELLING NOTE-BOOK OF
OLD HUMPHREY.

My face is pale, my pulse languid, and this overwrought brain of mine is crying out for a little respite; but the time of my annual holiday is arrived, the season when I usually enjoy a little recreation. When fresh air and change of scene are attended with God's blessing, they work wonders in a little space; and I doubt not that soon I shall feel "strong as a giant." Even now I fancy myself to be among the buttercups and daisies, and breathe more freely than before. But I must away, for these railway worthies will not wait for any one. Well would it be for us on leaving home, either for business or pleasure, if we could always commit ourselves to the care of our heavenly Father, in the same acquiescing and confiding spirit with which Moses said, "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence," Exod. xxxiii. 15.

I am at the station, and have procured my ticket; but what a rush there has been, just as if the train would set off without passengers. Here have a dozen ardent young fellows, in their anxiety to procure their tickets, jostled me about like a countryman in a London crowd, paying no more respect to my gray hairs than if I had only twenty years graven on my brows. Well! well! I must take it all with good temper, for no doubt they have their good points as well as their

bad ones. We must bear and forbear largely in this world, if we wish to get through it with anything like comfort. Perhaps, after all, there is not one among the dozen who would not willingly do me a kindness, if he had it in his power. Oh that we were all "kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love!" Rom. xii. 10.

We are in rapid motion, and the vapouring engine, panting and snorting, rushes, like a war-horse with his neck clothed with thunder, headlong on its onward course. In what quick succession do the pictures that present themselves flit by. An orchard laden with fruit attracts my attention; but while I gaze, it is gone. A grove of fine, tall, spreading trees casts a depth of shade, gratefully contrasting with the sunny glare; but the grove has disappeared. White and ruddy-brown cattle are standing under a lordly oak, lashing away with their tails the tormenting flies from their backs and sides: already have we left them far behind. Three swans are gliding gracefully along the surface of a pond that is partly overgrown with rough sedge and bullrushes; but I see them no longer. The reapers yonder are busy with their sickles, some cutting corn, while others are binding the sheaves; but like the rest, they have also flitted by. As it is with the orchard, grove, cattle, swans, and reapers, even so will it be with all terrestrial things. To-day we gaze upon them, but who shall say this of to-morrow? True it is that our time passeth away "as the swift ships; as the eagle that hasteth to the prey," Job ix. 26.

The rattling train has gradually diminished its speed. It is now standing still, and most of us have entered the refreshment-room at the station, where the well-dressed waiting-women are supplying the wants and the whims of the passengers, from the profusion of eatables and drinkables spread out before them. Ardent eyes, hasty feet, and urgent voices are all in requisition. One passenger despatches the wing of a fowl and a glass of sherry; another hurriedly sips a cup of chocolate; while a third, less dainty, and more economically inclined, contents himself with a biscuit or a bun. How graciously and how bountifully are our wants, temporal and spiritual, provided for by our heavenly Father! "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; because his mercy endureth for ever," Psa. cxviii. 1.

Already have we hurried through four or five counties, and arrived at the end of our journey. How rapidly a hundred miles and more have been compassed! This railroad travelling is a positive prodigy. "Eclipse," the famous race-horse, is outdone; even the fabled giant, in his "seven-league boots," has met with a rival in speed. But fast as the railway carriage flies, time flies faster. Are we hastening onward in the "broad" or the "narrow way?" for "broad is the way that leadeth to destruction;" and "narrow is the way which leadeth unto life," Matt. vii. 13, 14.

My Christian-hearted host and hostess have received me. The garden is lovely, the house is full of comfort, the table is well supplied, the four-wheeled carriage is easy; the horse is spirited, yet tractable. Edward, the man-servant, is a credit to himself and his master; and now agreeable drives, and pleasant company, and domestic peace, and kind attentions await me. Callous indeed must I be, if my heart be not thankful. "O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation," Ps. xcv. 1.

My kind host has taken me a delightful drive: but now I am alone. I have climbed the heights across the river; and the city, the beautiful city of Bath, wherein buildings and trees in full foliage are harmoniously mingled, lies full before me. The spiry churches, the splendid cathedral, the magnificent crescent, the wide streets, with palaces of houses, rivaling the better part of London, and all built of white stone, are spread out as a picture. Oh! it is a gem of a place, and, like the "Happy Valley," it is encircled with hills, over which the clouds drive in mists, which sometimes obscure them, and then the glowing sun once more breaks out and illumines them. There are the park, the cemetery, the running river, and the bridges; and here comes the rushing railway train, cleaving the city in twain with its line of white smoke, that is even now passing away as I gaze on its transitory existence. The city is goodly and fair to look upon. May a holy influence watch over it for good: for "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain," Ps. cxxvii. 1.

And this is the Bath pump-room, in which so many celebrated characters have appeared; some to drink the waters of health, and others to partake of gaiety and pleasure. An eminent and friendly

physician has taken me to many of the public places of the city, and refreshed my memory by striking relations of the past. Truly this place is a stage on which rank, fashion, frivolity, and folly have played their parts. Here flourished Beau Nash, as-master of the ceremonies, among the polite and gay; making laws to regulate their assembling together, enacting the dress in which ladies should appear, and refusing their admission if they disobeyed, whatever their rank might be. He lived on the follies of mankind, and died poor, neglected, and miserable. I am told that the people of Bath allowed him almost to starve, and then, after his death, erected a statue to his honour. The errors of others should always remind us of our own. Alas! what is the number of my transgressions? "They are more than the hairs of mine head," Ps. xl. 12.

I am now at the Wick Rocks, Wick-under-Landsdown, on my way to the Granville Monument, and the place is worth walking fifty miles to see. If the rocks are not vast enough to be magnificent and sublime, they are in a high degree bold, picturesque, and beautiful. The craggy cliffs, the wide rift between them, the romantic mixture of rock and foliage, the clear crystal water, and the old mill in ruins in the deep hollow, present a picture unusually attractive. I have just turned over a large stone, but finding beneath a colony, consisting of a small speckled toad, a white snail, beetles, worms, earwigs, and spiders, I have gently replaced it again with care. These creatures have not hurt me, and not willingly will I injure them. I love the sunshine; but as they prefer the shade, they shall have it to themselves, in quietude and peace. The same almighty hand that formed me, fashioned them; for "all things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made," John i. 2.

I have been to an institution for idiot children, which I trust will become, in the hands of the Most High, a widespread blessing. Some of the young people were the children of nobles, and others of lowlier origin; but alike limited in their understanding. Having left Bath, I am now domiciled in the old manor-house of a lovely village. The church, and the churchyard, and the old yew-tree, are but a stone's cast from the walls of the venerable dwelling. Wherever I go, flowers appear to be scattered in my path, and pleasant sunbeams to fall

on my head. Outside the old manor all is quietude and rural retirement, and inside is hospitality and Christian love. How sweet, how consoling, how encouraging the words of the apostle, "Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you," 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

And can it be that my visit is ended? Even so. I have roamed to interesting places, rambled and ridden abroad in pleasant company, mingled in village parties, attended the house of God, joined the teachers at the Sunday-school, and greatly enjoyed both the domestic hearth and the family devotion; and now, with a heart full of affection for my friends, have bade them farewell. An hour ago, in a country omnibus, I unexpectedly met with a respectable friend, on her way to Ireland, and accompanied her as far as Bristol. Again am I about to enter Herefordshire, where, for the better part of thirty years, I have been all but an annual visitor. How is my brow graven, and the hair of my head changed since those earlier days! Well! "goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

These short scraps in my note-book, brief though they are, will serve to remind me of much kindness from my fellow-beings, and of manifold mercies from the hands of my heavenly Father. I am now in a cottage in a garden, where often I have partaken of as much comfort and joy as friendship and affection could provide for me. Strange and mysterious changes have taken place in the neighbourhood since last I entered this pleasant dwelling. Oh that, amid the "sundry and manifold changes of the world, joyous or afflictive, our hearts were more fixed where true joys are alone to be found!"

Again have I visited my old haunts, Lasket-lane, the Ford and the Ferry, the Knolly-field, Carey and Capler Woods, and the "Old Court House," dear "Old Fawley." I was received by my honoured hostess with her usual kindness, and greeted with the customary hearty shake of the hand from the only son that now remains at the farm. While at the Old Court House, the past was busy at my heart; for I could not but call to mind, with strong affection, many with whom I had companionized, now, as I believe, in a world of glory. What a flitting dream are the days gone by, and what a fading heritage is human life!

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," 1 Pet. i. 3, 4.

I have hurried away from Herefordshire to Berkshire, where the greatest attention has been paid me. Kindness has liberally provided for my comfort, Hospitality has banquetted me with dainty meals; and now, while many a son and daughter of affliction are hiding their houseless heads in nooks and corners, here am I in a handsome carpetted bed-chamber, whose window looks out upon a lovely lawn and flower-garden. The room is papered with painted moss-roses, geraniums, and forget-me-nots; and the luxurious bed has fringed pillows. There are mirrors, and chimney ornaments, washhand-stand, towels, scented soaps, pomatum, powders, oils, pastiles, pincushion, combs, and hair-brushes beautifully japanned, with pearl and painted flowers; here are handsomely-worked slippers for my feet, and beside them a rushlight in a tin preserver. How much have I to move me to thankfulness and praise! Let me now "lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety," Psal. iv. 8.

Quitting my Berkshire friend, and again entering a railway carriage, I soon arrived at the Great Western Station, at Paddington; and now, mercifully strengthened in body and in mind, I have once more reached my quiet dwelling in safety. True it is that in London I am in the "city of the plague;" but He who has preserved me abroad, can preserve me at home; for with him it is a light thing to protect those who trust in him, amid a thousand dangers.

Since I left London, the pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday has stricken down thousands. How is it, then, that so much surrounded as we are by temporal death, we do not cling more tenaciously to that gracious declaration of the Holy Scriptures, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life?" John iii. 16. Every day, every hour seems to cry with a loud voice, "The time is short."—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

THE FUNGUS, OR MUSHROOM TRIBE.

No. III.

AMONG a tribe of plants, most of which have either no odour at all, or else one of a most fetid description, it is rare to find species which are fragrant. Yet our elegant pale-green, fragrant *agaric* has a very pleasant scent of new-made hay, which is much more powerful when the weather is dry; and one variety is scented like the aniseed. A few others have also a sweet smell, and one is described as having the odour of spirit, another of flour, another of burnt sugar, and a fourth of almonds. One plant is called the mouse mushroom, because of its positive odour of mice, in which it resembles the flower called hound's tongue, of our hedges.

The scent, however, of several species of the mushroom tribe is so offensive as in some instances to be quite intolerable. This is the case with the *fetid merisma*, which after gathering, becomes insupportable by its odour, and if placed, before properly dried, among the other plants of the herbarium, will impart to them an equally offensive property. It is a leathery mushroom, of a purple brown colour, but is not a common plant.

A far more common toadstool, however, and one of whose disgusting odour no words can convey an idea, is the common stinkhorn, or *fetid phallus*. This is one of the most singular of its tribe. It arises from the ground, covered by a wrapper, which is like a hen's egg. After a time, this wrapper suddenly bursts, and its rupture is sometimes accompanied by a noise as loud as the report of a pistol. A hollow stalk then arises from out of the centre of the torn wrapper, which quickly grows to five or six inches in height, and one in thickness, and withers almost as rapidly as it grows. The cadaverous scent of this plant is so powerful, that none but a botanist, who really wished to examine it, would expose himself to the annoyance of its presence. Dr. Greville observes of it, "Few people will believe that it loses its offensive character when held immediately under the nose;" to which Burnett says, "I can add my testimony;" and he adds, that such as have the courage to smell it when near, will find it less disagreeable than at a distance; for it seems when close to have a slightly pungent scent, like that of volatile salts.

One author says that the only way of carrying it home is, to keep it close to the nose. Its offensive odour has, however, an attraction to insects, for crowds of flies alight upon its cap, which being covered with a glutinous substance, detains them in numbers. It has been thought that the dead bodies of these winged multitudes afford some nutriment to the fungus, by which it is enabled to perfect its seed. In Holland this plant is made into poultices, and though so disagreeable, it does not appear that it is in any way deleterious, if eaten. All the different species of stinkhorn grow with inconceivable rapidity. Sowerby says of the scentless species, "I have often placed specimens by a window over night, while in the egg form, and they have been fully grown before morning." This writer also remarks, that they have never grown with him during the day time.

Those larger or middle-sized fungi which are found rooted on the fallen trees, or growing on the trunks of the standing ones, and which when the woodland paths are moist with long-continued rain, are of almost a liquid nature, are the *tremella* of the botanist. This plant is, even in its firmest state, little more than a jelly, and the genus received its name on account of this tremulous, soft, tenacious substance. These jellies are very similar to plants of the lowest forms of *algæ*, as the common jelly worts; but as the fungi grow older, they wither, become hard, and are more like lichens. They are of a yellowish, whitened, or brown colour, and woodmen call them witches' meat. They are very destructive plants to the wood on which they are found.

Some of those smaller fungi, commonly known by the name of tuft blights, are very beautiful when seen under a microscope; and some, like the velvety spots made on the black poplar leaves by the golden *erineum*, are very ornamental even without its aid, though very destructive to the foliage. Some of these little fungi grow in circles, or patches, others singly, and they seat themselves on the stems, leaves, and flowers of living plants, and cause their early decay. Many grow alike on several kinds of plant, others are peculiar to one. Thus one orange-coloured minute fungus belongs especially to the flax, another to the yew, a third gathers on the crane-shells; others on the birch, the sycamore,

and various flowers and trees. One little fungus pierces quite through the leaves of the box; another crowds the under surfaces of the deeply-notched leaf of the dandelion; and our rose branches are often spotted in autumn with the dull black rose fungus; while a sad-looking fungus often thickly scatters itself over the leaves of some of our trees, as the willow, the poplar, and especially the maple-tree; and producing on the leaves of this latter broad black spots, it seems as if ink had been sprinkled in large blots over the foliage, and quite destroys the cheerful beauty of the broad leaf, by thus attiring it in the garb of mourning.

The mildew which arises on decaying fruits, as well as on other species of food, as bread, or cheese, should be an indication to us of the unwholesome, or at least doubtful nature of these kinds of food, while in this condition. The pale green masses which we see on our oranges when we have kept them too long, is very familiar to us, and consists of potatus of the fungus, called by botanists the *fasciated acrosporium*.

The smaller plants of the fungus tribe are far more injurious than any of the larger ones; thus the blight on the corn, occasioned by the growth of a minute parasitic fungus on the leaves, stems, and floral envelopes of the living plant, is often a source of real calamity. Every species of corn is subject to it; and so completely, in some of the worst cases, does it rob the corn of its flour, that bran is the only produce to the farmer for all his labour, and scarcely an atom of flour is yielded by each grain, though the wheat will serve as seed-corn.

The common grass blight, as this troublesome plant is called, attacks the stems and leaves, at first in orange-coloured streaks, which afterwards become of a dark and chocolate brown. Each individual is so small that a pore on a straw will produce from twenty to forty fungi, and every one of them is supposed to yield at least one hundred reproductive particles, so that the progeny from a single pore is enough to infect a whole plant. The mildews or blights, commonly called by farmers smuts, dust brands, and pepper brouds, are formed of two species of *uredo*, which were named from *uro*, to burn or scratch, from the old idea that the plants which suffered from them were discoloured by the injurious scorching of the heavenly bodies.

The rust upon corn is owing to the ravages of the minute fungi called *ecidium*.

The parasitic fungi, called the dry rot, occasion much trouble by their destruction of wooden buildings; and are so great a pest to timber, that they can scarcely be considered as of less importance than the blights of the corn. Several species of fungi produce this evil on timber. Then there are fungi which seat themselves on the roots of plants, which they thus destroy. One fungus grows on the roots of saffron, in France, and is so pernicious that it is called *la mort du safran*. It spreads rapidly over a whole crop, and the smallest quantity of infected earth will communicate this destructive vegetable, even if the land were not planted with saffron till twenty years after.

The mushroom tribe are not numerous in the warmer regions of the world, and in the moist lands of the tropics they are exceedingly rare; while little is known of the species which is found there, except that they are very different from the European kinds. In the coldest countries of the world, fungi swarm in abundance; and so numerous are the species that it is impossible to form an idea of their number. The greatest variety is found in Sweden and the adjoining countries. Dr. E. D. Clarke, speaking of *dalecarlia*, says, "Here a botanist might amuse himself amidst the supreme court of *cryptogamia*, by selecting, in their best dresses, the most luxuriant fungi and mosses which, perhaps, he will find in all Europe. Every species of *morel*, in the most grotesque forms, like a very buffoon of plants, and of uncommon size, grows here; also various kinds of club moss, especially the *arbor vitæ* leaved, and the interrupted species; the former, called *jamma* by the Swedes, is the common tenant of all the sterile forests of Sweden. It is often used by the natives in giving a yellow dye to their wool. Of the *morels* we observed, that in proportion as their growth was the more luxuriant, so much the more remarkable was the plant for its strange and misshapen appearance. It was hardly possible to view some of them without laughing, so uncouth and ridiculous were their forms: we might almost fancy that there existed a spirit of fun and caricature in the lowest order of vegetable beings." It must be ob-

served here, that Dr. Clarke includes in his remarks, not only the eatable *morel*, but two species of fungus referred by later botanists to another genus, the plants now called *fetid morel*, or more familiarly by the expressive but inelegant name of *stinkhorn*, one of which has been described on a preceding page.

The dark circles among the grass of our meadows, so commonly known by the name of fairy rings, often contain a number of mushrooms. The origin of these singular rings, after much philosophical inquiry, is still uncertain; but they are thought by most scientific men to be caused by the growth and decay of the fungus tribe of plants. There is no doubt, as the rev. Gilbert White, of Selbourn, long since stated, that the origin subsists in the turf, and is conveyable with it. This writer remarks, that the turf of his garden walk, brought from the neighbouring down, abounded with these rings, which continually varied their shape and position on the grass; discovering themselves now in circles, now in segments, and sometimes in irregular patches and spots. He observed, that wherever they existed in his garden, the rings were full of puff balls, the seeds of which were doubtless conveyed in the turf.

Some very ingenious arguments have been brought to favour the idea that the fairy rings are caused by lightning, and Dovaston stated it as his opinion that they are occasioned by electricity, and that the fungi which are seen on these rings are the effects rather than the cause of these appearances. This tribe of plants seems peculiarly influenced by thunder storms, and many of them spring up with inconceivable rapidity after them. Dr. Wollaston, however, thus accounts for these productions. Mushrooms are said never to rise in two successive seasons in the same spot. This writer considered that the individual fungus exhausts the soil of the nutriment requisite for the growth of the species. The ring, consequently, extends annually, for no seeds will grow where their parents grew before them, and the inner part of the circle is already exhausted by the previous crop; but when the fungus has decayed, nutriment is supplied for the dark coarse grass, which usually springs up within the circle.

Clare describes the poor widow who gained her livelihood by selling water-

crasses and mushrooms, as searching on these circles for the latter plants:

"And ere one sunbeam glistens in the dew,
The long wet pasture-grass she dabbles through,
Where sprout the mushrooms in the fairy rings."

Another poet has made an interesting allusion to the popular legend that the rings were caused by fairy footsteps. Speaking of the disappointment of hopes relating to the things of earth, in which the young and ardent spirit so often indulges, she thus describes them:

"Hopes, which like fairies, when they part,
Leave wither'd rings about the heart."

There are two elementary principles found in fungi, which are peculiar to them, *fungin* and *boletic* acid. Some have also yielded crystals of oxalic acid, and some are thought to contain prussic acid. Several plants, of the *agaric* or mushroom family, have coloured powders in their gills when ripe, which are fitted for the use of the artist. Mr. Sowerby, who has made beautiful illustrations of the English fungi, coloured some of his drawings with this material. The black and brown powders found in the puff balls, and which gave rise to their familiar country name of snuff-box, are fitted for the use of the artist by the simple addition of a little gum-water; and some fungi which, on decay, dissolve into inky liquids, furnish by these an admirable brown tint, when the liquid is boiled with spice and filtered.

Among more than thirteen hundred species of the mushroom tribe which grow in Great Britain, scarcely more than half a dozen are used as food. Some kinds have been named as affording tinder, and many more might be enumerated. Thus the soft tinder *polyporus*, a black, sooty-looking fungus, found at all seasons on beech-trees, is much used on the continent for this purpose, while on the Highlands of Scotland, the shepherds on the hills manufacture it into *amadou*, for their own use. Some fungi are burned to stupify bees, and some are kindled by the Laplanders to destroy the gadfly.

A. P.

THE OLD POEM.

It is said of Dr. Franklin, that, during his long residence in Paris, being invited to a party of the nobility, where most of the court and courtiers were present, he

produced a great sensation by one of his bold movements, and gained great applause for his ingenuity.

According to the customs of that age and country, the nobles, after the usual ceremonies of the evening were over, sat down to a free and promiscuous conversation. Christianity was then the great topic. The church was always ridiculed, and the Bible was treated with unsparing severity.

Growing warmer and warmer in their sarcastic remarks, one great lord commanded, for a moment, universal attention, by asserting in a round voice, that the Bible was not only a piece of arrant deception, but totally devoid of literary merit. Although the entire party of Frenchmen nodded a hearty assent to the sentence, Franklin gave no signs of approval. Being at that time a court favourite, his companions could not bear a tacit reproof from a man of his weight of influence. They all appealed to him for his opinion. Franklin, in one of his peculiar ways, replied, that he was hardly prepared to give them a suitable answer, as his mind had been running on the merits of a new book of rare excellency, which he had just happened to fall in with at one of the book-stores; and as they had pleased to make allusion to the literary character of the Bible, perhaps it might interest them to compare with that old volume the merits of his new prize. If so, he would read them a short section. All were eager to hear the doctor read them a portion of his rare book. In a very grave and sincere manner he took an old book from his coat-pocket, and with a propriety of utterance read to them a poem.

The poem had its effect. The admiring listeners pronounced it the best they had ever heard or read. "That is pretty," said one. "That is sublimity," said another. "It has not its superior in the world," was the unanimous opinion. They all wished to know the name of the work, and whether that was a specimen of its contents.

"Certainly, gentlemen," said the doctor, smiling at his triumph, "my book is full of such passages. It is no other than your good-for-nothing Bible, and I have read you the prayer of the prophet Habakkuk."

Let every reader learn wisdom from this incident, and especially to appreciate the unequalled sublimities of the Bible.

THE SEASONS.

THERE is no season which, rightly improved, is not capable of affording delight; each having its appropriate phenomena, and its natural influence over the spirits.

In spring, the heart responds to the new-born beauty, the lightsome gladness, the exhilarating and ever-varying aspect of that joyous season. As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed, and winter's chilliness often returns after the sun has set, reminding us of the changefulness and uncertainty of even the brightest scenes below the skies. The clouds of sorrow and the storms of adversity may obscure our prospects, or destroy our bliss; and it is only the Christian, who, amid the desolation of his hopes, is yet able "to rejoice in the Lord, and to joy in the God of his salvation."

Ere long, however, in obedience to those unerring laws by which the seasons succeed one another in their appointed order, the soft and tepid breezes loosen the clods of the valleys, and the husbandman joyously prepares the soil for the reception of the precious grain, which he scatters far and wide in liberal profusion, singing as he goes, with his eye fixed in hopeful anticipation, as though already waved before him the golden ears, bending with the weight of an abundant harvest.

Nor is this the only beauty of the season of spring; vegetation feels its penetrating and revivifying influences; the sun, as if awaking from a profound sleep, shines forth with increased strength, and piercing with his beams recesses dark and deep, where, leafless and forlorn, have stood, for months, trees, plants, and shrubs, he exerts his genial power below the earth, which quickly brings to its surface those exhalations which tend again to cover its surface with a robe of living green; and we behold the face of nature, arrayed in all its fresh features of grace and loveliness, with feelings of increased admiration for temporary gloominess and sterility.

Thus summer is introduced, rich in the perfected beauties and productions of spring. Oh, how the grateful heart luxuriates amidst the thousand treasures which have been poured into her lap! especially when we realise the fact of their coming from Him who, with the munificence of a God, giveth us all things richly to enjoy; of which, if we are Christians, our reli-

will be tenfold, since, in those gifts, we shall not only recognise the gracious Giver, but use them with the full sense of their having been provided for our benefit and delight :

" His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all!'"

In this season of universal perfection and abundance, the eye, the ear, and the heart are full of delight; everything appears not only possessed of life, but as having it "more abundantly." The flowers with their million dyes; the hedge-rows crowded with delicate wild-flowers; the trees, with their umbrageous foliage; the insect and reptile tribes rushing into life, as it were, with impatient haste to flutter on the wing, or to creep upon the warm and dusty earth;—these everywhere abound; where'er we tread we cannot turn from them; they go before us; they follow us o'er land, o'er stream, o'er mountains, hills, or valleys; all nature teems with life, and light, and happiness; and the labour, which now occupies so many in the fields, serves but to lend enchantment to the scenery by which we are everywhere surrounded!

Among these engagements of the summer season, there is one that strikes the mind of a stranger, or the merely superficial observer, with something of cruelty—we refer to sheep-shearing, a description of which has been so graphically given by the author of "The Seasons:"

" Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 't is not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved;
No, 't is the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who, having now to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again."

Such a picture, to the reflective mind, may serve well to remind us of the kindness and mercy which there often is in that discipline exercised by the Almighty upon his children, who, ignorant of his intentions towards them, mourn over their sufferings, and desire, sometimes impatiently, their removal; and not, until released, do they discover it was for their ultimate comfort and welfare these pains were inflicted. Happy they who at such times can say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!"

" Beneath His smile my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possess'd;
I'll praise His name for grace received,
And trust him for the rest."

Many more are the interesting occupations which grace this busy period; some of which we should like to bring before the reader did space permit; but we must content ourselves by closing our remarks on summer by those beautiful lines which follow the poet's admiration of the orb of day—the sun of nature's system—the delegated source "of light, and life, and grace, and joy below:"

" How shall I then attempt to sing of Him
Who, Light himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retired
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken?
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd overflowing all those lamps of heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundless sky:
But, should he hide his face, the astonish'd sun
And all the extinguish'd stars would loo's'ning
reel
Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again."

If thus his works declare his wisdom, power, and love; if all nature be vocal in his praise, how much more should man, whose enjoyment they were designed to promote, proclaim the love and goodness of the great Creator! How beautiful is the order in which the seasons occur!—one gradually introducing another; the adaptation, too, visible in the construction of every living thing, and the provision made for their necessities, all proclaim the wisdom and the mercy of a God! From the minutest substance that has life, to his most perfect creature man, is alike discernible the hand of the omnipotent One. Who is not particularly struck by the gradual approach of autumn? The bright flowers of the months of summer are followed by those of more sombre hues; the luxuriant green of the forest-trees, which have afforded a graceful shade to the eye, and a cool retreat from the piercing rays of a vertical sun, now assume a robe of variegated colours; and the flowers, so late of gay and dazzling brightness, give place to those of richer, but less brilliant hues, which, however, better harmonise with the general aspect of the season, and, from their novelty, yield as much delight and satisfaction as those of the by-gone season.

Besides such changes, what, to him who contemplates, who sees God in all around, and within him, must be his feelings, as he views, waving before him, the golden harvest, which speaks of plenty for man and beast! Does not the

heart of such an one exult, ay, overflow with exuberant gratitude towards Him who openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing. Nor, indeed, will he stop here; he will realise the faithfulness of God in his promise, that seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, day and night, should never fail. His thoughts will be also carried forward to a remoter period, of which these scenes are only symbols—the end of the world, when the angels shall be commanded to put in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe. This fact is almost forced into view amid the occupations of this interesting season; we are inevitably led on to the great concluding and most momentous event that befalls mankind—the fact of our dissolution. This, whenever it occurs, is the end of time to the individual—time in this world. But time is but a link in the chain of eternity, and the only link which is dissolvable death cuts asunder—that portion which unites us to earth; the remainder runs out into eternity, and, in reality, is eternity. Death, therefore, is a serious thing when viewed in reference to eternity, on account of the certainty of its arrival, the import of the message of which it may be the bearer, and the endless duration of which it is the precursor. Whatever be the *destiny* of the nations, we know this, that to old or young, rich or poor, it is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that the judgment. If we were to keep closely before our minds all the features of harvest time, we might ask, “When are people ripe for their removal hence?” It is certain that sin ripens the transgressor for eternal woe; but when he is ripe it is not easy to decide. The most grossly and openly vicious are not always the most guilty before God. We see a profligate wretch, and deem him ripe for ruin, and wonder he is not cut down; when, perhaps, though not immoral, we ourselves are much more criminal in the sight of Him who judgeth righteously. He, perhaps, never had our advantages, and was pressed by severer temptations than we ever knew. If asked, therefore, when a man is ripe for destruction, we acknowledge we cannot determine. But it must be wise to beware, and to keep from every approximation to such a dreadful state. However, the Lord knoweth them that are his, and them that are not his; and he chooses the most proper time to

remove them—the wheat for the barn, and the chaff for the burning. It behoves therefore, to “watch and be sober,” since “we know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh.”

Autumn, also, reminds us of another season—winter, of which it is the herald. Happy indeed are they, who, having duly regarded those that have preceded, are especially mindful of this—so full of images calculated to bring to our mind our latter end, from its resemblance to our mortal pilgrimage, of which, indeed unitedly, the divisions of the year furnish a striking symbol.

The winter of life will, however, have passed away ere we shall be in the enjoyment of an endless spring. Let us, then, seeing that this event will as surely befall us as does summer succeed spring, and winter autumn, not heedlessly disregard its approach, for

“All men think all men mortal but themselves.”

“There is a peculiar inveteracy of thoughtlessness in reference to death, beyond any other of the futurities of our earthly existence.” The reasons of this comparative indifference have, we think, considerable weight in the following reflections:—“Death is the stepping-stone between the two worlds; and so it somewhat combines the palpable of matter with the shadowy and the evanescent of spirit. It is the gateway to a land of mystery and of silence, and seems to gather upon it something of the visionary character which the things of faith have to the eye of the senses. It is not a thing unseen; but being an outlet to the region of invisibles, there settles upon it a degree of that faintness and obscurity wherewith the carnal eye regards all that is told of the matters of eternity. And so, amid all the varieties of temperament in our species, there is a universal heedlessness of death. It seems against the tendency of nature to think of it. There is an opposite bias that ever inclines us away from this dark contemplation towards the warm and living realities of the peopled world around us. The mind refuses to dwell on that dreary abode of skulls and of sepulchres, and makes it willing to escape from all the hideous imagery, to society, and to business, and to the whole interest and variety of life. Instead of some mighty impulse being required to dispossess us of the thought, it costs us an effort of unnatural violence

to uphold it in our bosoms. The thing is known, but it is not considered; and the giddy dance of life is carried onwards as if there were no destroyers on the way; the tide of human existence is borne as restlessly along as if there were no grave to absorb it." Happy, thrice happy, then, the man who has so learned to number his days as to apply his heart unto wisdom.

But what, it may be asked by some, has all this to do with the season of the year? We think that we have sufficiently showed that it has much. There are reflections arising out of that comparatively dark and loveless season—winter, when coldness and sterility pervade the surface of the earth, which so lately was covered with beauty and abundance, and whose treasures refreshed and enriched us on every hand, that are calculated to wean us from earth, and to inspire us with aspirations after a fairer and happier clime. Not that we would depreciate winter—far from it; had we time we might dwell long upon the value of this interesting season. It has its joys and its privileges; among the latter, not the least, we think, is the leisure it affords for serious thought, and preparation for a future and better state of existence. Our remarks being necessarily restricted within a given space, we have preferred confining them to those practical lessons which especially concern the immortal soul, rather than to a description of the labours or the sports that relate to the wants or the pleasures of time.

Should these reflections be productive of a serious concern in the breast of one of our readers, to secure to himself the blessedness of coming to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe in his season, and of being gathered into the garner of the Lord, our aim will have been fully answered, while he who is the great Lord of the harvest of souls shall have the praise and the glory. S. S. S.

SUNSET IN THE DESERT.

In the evening, after the labour of the day (says Mr. Layard), I often sat at the door of my tent, and giving myself up to the full enjoyment of that calm and repose which are imparted to the senses by such scenes as these, gazed listlessly on the varied groups before me. As the sun went down behind the low hills which separate the river from the desert,

even their rocky sides had struggled to emulate the verdant clothing of the plain;—its receding rays were gradually withdrawn, like a transparent veil of light from the landscape. Over the pure cloudless sky was the glow of the last light. The great mound threw its dark shadow far across the plain. In the distance, and beyond the Zab, Keshaf, another venerable ruin, rose indistinctly into the evening mist. Still more distant, and still more indistinct, was a solitary hill, overlooking the ancient city of Arbela. The Kurdish mountains, whose snowy summits cherished the dying sunbeams, yet struggled with the twilight. The bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, at first faint, became louder as the flocks returned from their pastures, and wandered amongst the tents. Girls hurried over the greensward to seek their father's cattle, or crouched down to milk those which had returned alone to their well-remembered folds. Some were coming from the river, bearing the replenished pitcher on their heads or shoulders; others, no less graceful in their form, and erect in their carriage, were carrying the heavy load of long grass which they had cut in the meadows. Sometimes a party of horsemen might have been seen in the distance, slowly crossing the plain, the tufts of ostrich feathers which topped their long spears showing darkly against the evening sky. They would ride up to my tent, and give me the usual salutation, "Peace be with you, O Bey!" or, "Allah Allwak, God help you!" Then driving the end of their lances into the ground, they would spring from their mares, and fasten their halters to the still quivering weapons. Seating themselves on the grass, they related deeds of war and plunder, or speculated on the site of the tents of Sefuk, until the moon arose, when they vaulted into their saddles, and took the way of the desert.

The plain now glittered with innumerable fires. As the night advanced, they vanished one by one, until the landscape was wrapped in darkness and in silence,—only disturbed by the barking of the Arab dog.

THE GRIQUAS.

THE Griquas are indolent, apathetic, and content with little. With a horse and gun, a Griqua is rich—very rich if, in addition to these, he owns a wagon

and a plough. Notwithstanding this natural indolence, they have (thanks to their religious instruction) made considerable progress in civilisation and improvement. Thirty years ago, Mr. Anderson, to whom they are indebted for their advancement, found them poor, barbarian, and pagan, wandering about on the banks of the Gariep with a few flocks, knowing nothing of Europeans but their name and their vices. The kind missionary offered himself to become their instructor, followed them with his family through all the vicissitudes of their nomadic life, and, under the Divine blessing, became the instrument of their conversion and civilisation. After five years of fatigue and toil, he succeeded in getting them to settle. The greater part renounced their superstitions and their wandering mode of life. . . . They have given up their miserable huts for houses more healthy and more commodious, and their sheepskin cloaks for European clothing. They are regular in their attendance at religious worship, and they begin to enjoy the blessings of a partial civilisation effected by Christianity. Taste and skill in vocal music is one, and not the least interesting, trait in their character. Their voice is not deep-toned, but is pretty flexible, and is raised without difficulty to the highest notes. That of the women is particularly sweet and harmonious. In the evening, after the cattle have been brought back from the fields, they collect in groups before their houses, and by the light of the stars, sing some of the sweetest of England's sacred airs. Those of New Sabbath, Gloucester, Milburn, Auburn, Miles-lane, Calcutta, Smyrna, and "God save the Queen," are familiar to them. Happily ignorant of all profane song, they know nothing of music but its moral and religious influence. They sing only the praises of God—such as have been left to them in simple and beautiful Dutch verse, by the pious Dr. Vander Kemp, or composed by their missionaries. —From "*An Explanatory Tour to the North-East of the Cape of Good Hope.*" By the Rev. T. Arbousset and F. Daumas, of the French Missionary Society.

ADVANCE OF THE AGE.

OF the blessings which civilisation and philosophy bring with them, a large

proportion is common to all ranks, and would, if withdrawn, be missed as painfully by the labourer as by the peer. The market-place which the rustic can now reach with his cart in an hour was, a hundred and sixty years ago, a day's journey from him. The street which now affords to the artisan, during the whole night, a secure, a convenient, and a brilliantly-lighted walk, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, so dark after sunset that he would not have been able to see his hand, so ill-paved that he would have run constant risk of breaking his neck, and so ill-watched that he would have been in imminent danger of being knocked down, and plundered of his small earnings. Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, may now have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as, a hundred and sixty years ago, all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant prince like Clayton, could not have purchased. Some frightful diseases have been extirpated by science, and some have been banished by police.—*Macaulay.*

CHARITY.

"My own experience, and every succeeding year of my protracted life, have more and still more convinced me that 'the end of the commandment is charity;' that by this chiefly we are known to be the disciples of Christ, and that the deficiency of brotherly kindness and true Christian love, more perhaps than all other 'things that are wanting,' hinders the spread of the gospel, and the good fruits of Christianity. Little need we wonder that the apostle, who continually, and the more as he advanced in age, exhorted Christians to 'love one another,' was 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.'" —*Bishop Gresweld.*

INCALCULABLE INJURY.

THE person who corrupts the faith, or taints the morals of another, may commit such an injury as the whole world could not compensate; and if he draw his brother into sin, it is hardly to be conceived, much less to be expressed, how wide this sin may extend, and what numbers it may be the cause of corrupting and ruining hereafter.—*Tucker.*

